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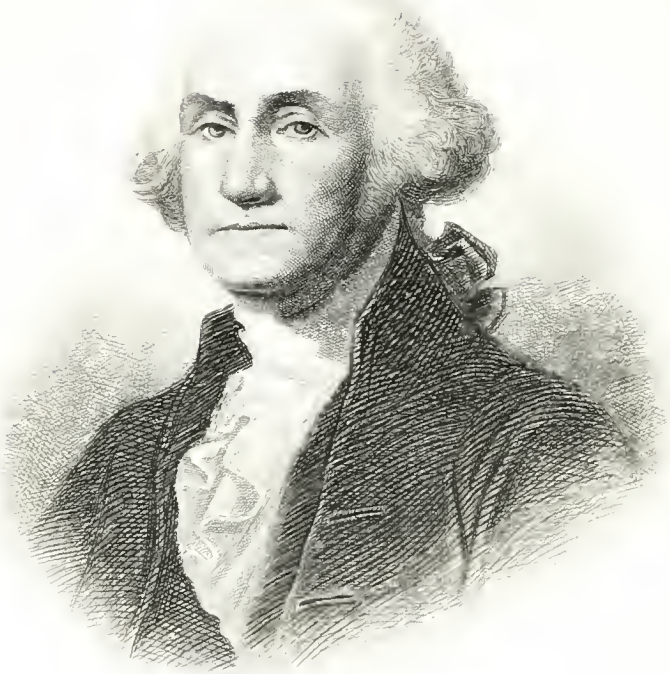
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Geo Washington

OUR PRESIDENTS

OR THE

LIVES OF THE TWENTY-THREE PRESIDENTS
OF THE UNITED STATES

BY

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL PORTRAIT OF EACH BY SOME OF THE
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PREFACE.

ON the last day of April, 1889, our country will have had a century of Presidents. Yet it is improbable that the majority of Americans will, on that day, be aware that it is one of the great dates of history. For it will then be a hundred years since George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States.

The great historic scene, with all its circumstances and surroundings, is familiar to us. We still see the tall, stately figure, the grave, striking face, as Washington, "in his dress of American manufacture," stood before the awed, breathless crowds of that old New York, the chief actor in a drama such as the world had never before witnessed.

It is evident that our first President must have taken his oath of office with feelings which could never be wholly reflected by any of those who came after him.

Yet I think, if he could at that hour have looked down the long line of his twenty-one successors, it would have gladdened his soul to know how many of these would make it their supreme aim to serve their country—so far as lay in them—with his own wise, far-seeing statesmanship, and his own simple, patriotic devotion.

The man or woman to whose lot it shall fall to write the biographies of the Presidents of a second century, will, it is hoped, find as much worthy of honor and praise, as the author of these brief sketches has found. It must also be true in that far-off day, as in the present one, that "those who think best of men judge them most truly."

V. F. T.

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OUR PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is not impossible that some persons who have heard George Washington speak may be alive at this day.

As his death, however, took place a fortnight before the close of the last century, it is doubtful whether any memory now retains an echo of the voice which must have been heard, if at all, in the far, dim morning of childhood.

But while it is true that George Washington died less than ninety years ago, we know almost as little of his childhood as we do of Shakspeare's.

The few anecdotes which have floated down to us are of doubtful authenticity. This fact appears the more singular because he lived in a region where family traditions and records are cherished with utmost pride and care.

One cannot help wishing that some neighbor might have had a prescience of the future greatness of that young boy who was playing in the Westmoreland meadows. If his stately mother, Mary Ball Washington, had only kept a journal of those early years of her first-born child! Or if, long after, it had occurred to the wife to take down from her husband's lips some of the stories she, at least, must have heard! For in that happy, closing year of his life, when his soul was at peace, and no sound of war was in the air, and the two sat around the fire-side at Mount Vernon, the heart of the man must have been

sometimes stirred with memories of his youth. Story and anecdote of one sort and another would be sure to follow. All these would have been precious to later generations. But, at that time, the pen work of American women was, with rare exceptions, limited to occasional family and friendly letters.

Every child knows the date of the birthday which gives him his first holiday after New Year's. On the winter morning of February 22, 1732, George Washington first saw the light in the low, steep-roofed home which stood a story and a half high on Bridge's Creek, and which was flanked at either end by immense chimneys.

A little later his baby eyes were probably dazzled by the flames in which that old roof-tree went down. His earliest memories and associations must have centered about the home on the Rappahannock, to which his family soon removed.

George Washington had been born into a good place. He came of a stanch, vigorous, energetic English breed. The atmosphere in which his childhood opened was a simple and wholesome one.

All the influences about his early years must have been of a pure, sound, elevating character. A home where the conscience was so early appealed to, and the best instincts developed, would not, as in so many instances, leave much for later years to painfully and laboriously unlearn.

His early boyhood must have been a healthy, happy one, crowded with hearty, robust activities and sports in the outdoor world that lay so fair and vast about him; the dark, solemn wildernesses stretching away to unknown horizons, while the great snow-daisied meadow which formed the scene of his childish sports sloped down to the swift-glancing, brown-gleaming Rappahannock.

When the boy reached his eleventh year death crossed the threshold. At that time his father died. Through all his

busy, crowded life George Washington's memory must often have reverted to the day when his mother sat a widow among her group of young children, and looked on him, her first-born, through her tear-dimmed eyes. He must have felt then—the boy always grave and thoughtful beyond his years—a sudden access of responsibility. His father's mantle had, in some way, fallen on his young shoulders.

After this time the current of George Washington's life, which thus far has flowed hidden and silent among his early years, leaps out, a sparkling joyous current, into the sunshine.

George had two half-brothers—the father having been twice married. Laurence, the elder, wedded the young daughter of the Fairfaxes. This brought the boy of eleven into family relations with all that was most refined and elegant in the old colonial society of Virginia.

The eldest of Augustine Washington's sons inherited the fine qualities of his race ; he had the cultivated tastes and habits acquired at Oxford, where, after the fashion of the time, he had been sent as the eldest son to complete his education. He was fourteen years the senior of George, who adored his splendid elder brother, accomplished by study, travel, and foreign society. Laurence appears to have been worthy of this admiration, and the young brother sought to form his own life and character after the example constantly before him.

Laurence inherited from his father, who left large landed estates, a noble domain on the banks of the Potomac. It was called Hunting Creek ; but Laurence, in honor of the admiral under whom he had served in the West Indies, named his estate Mount Vernon, little dreaming of the world-wide celebrity it was fated to attain.

At Belvoir, only a few miles distant, the Fairfaxes had their home, which, in its luxurious appointments, as well as in its domestic and social habits, must have greatly resembled an

English country-seat of that day. The house was filled with gay young Fairfaxes, and George, closely connected with their elder sister, made frequent visits to Belvoir as well as to Mount Vernon. He lived awhile, too, with Augustine, the younger of the half-brothers, and attended Mr. Williams' school. This was, no doubt, an improvement on the one to which he had been first sent, kept by the sexton, where he had learned to read and write, and had studied the rudiments of arithmetic.

George Washington was intended by his family for a Virginia planter; his education was conducted with sole reference to this fact. It was of the most practical kind. Nobody appears to have thought of sending the eldest son of the second wife of Augustine Washington to Oxford, to follow in the steps of his half-brother. George learned early to draw up all varieties of business documents. In this work he showed remarkable skill and thoroughness. His exercise-books, written in a large, bold hand, still remain, and are models of their kind. What is more remarkable, and more precious still, as furnishing a keynote to his character and temperament, are the hundred and ten rules on morals and manners which the exercise-book contains.

Some of these rules are of the most minute and painstaking kind. They show a deep conscientiousness, and a patience, thoroughness, and scrupulous regard for details, most unusual in a boy of the writer's age. His rigid training was no doubt partly responsible for this.

For there was a good deal of the stuff of a Roman matron in that Virginia widow who was bringing up her young family on the banks of the Rappahannock. The domestic manners were formal and ceremonious, and would appear to our free-and-easy life burdensome and absurd; but beneath all the formality, beautiful and sterling virtues flourished vigorously.

Augustine Washington, the father of George, had given

the highest proof of his confidence in his wife's character and abilities, by appointing her guardian of their children.

George Washington was, in his early teens, a large-limbed, powerful young fellow, with a grave, thoughtful face, with blue eyes and brown hair. He was singularly quiet, shy, and keenly observant. He had no brilliant conversational gifts, though he had a quiet sense of humor. The thing about him most likely to strike an observer was his immense enjoyment of all out-door sports and games. He was a splendid athlete. In all exercises which required long-breathing power, steady nerves, and well-trained muscles, George Washington won the prize among his young companions. Here he showed to much better advantage than he did in the gay drawing-room at Belvoir, where his native shyness often made the tall, grave, handsome youth silent and awkward.

Those who knew him best were quite aware that under the silence and shyness were a strong will and a swift temper; and whatever confidence they may have had in his word, they were not likely to regard him as a youthful saint.

The air about him at that time must have been heated with war-tales. Indeed, his childhood had been filled with stories of Indian ravages on the border, told probably in the long winter evenings when the household sat about the fire, and the flames roared in the big chimney.

Among the daisies of the old Westmoreland meadow he had, a mere child, formed his companies and drilled his small playfellows. Anybody who had watched their maneuvers must have felt there was the making of a soldier in that young boy.

But Mrs. Washington cherished other than military ambitions for her son. The dearest wish of her heart was that he should follow in the steps of his father, become the head of the household, and a Virginia planter.

This desire once briefly and reluctantly yielded to her son's wishes, backed, no doubt, by Laurence's influence. The latter inherited the martial spirit of his race. English naval officers, with whom he had served in the West Indies, were frequent guests at Mount Vernon. Here the talk could not fail to run much upon military affairs. George, thrown at his impressible age into this society, must have been greatly stirred by it. His soul took fire. At fourteen—it must always be borne in mind that he looked and seemed older than his birthdays—a passion to enter the navy took possession of him. This was a cruel frustration of all the mother's hopes. Everybody knows the story of the consent won from her unwilling lips, and how, at the last moment, when the midshipman's warrant had been procured, and the trunk was on board the ship-of-war, her heart failed her. She withdrew her consent. It must have been a cruel blow to a boy of fourteen, his soul on fire with dreams of future honor and glory to be won in his new career. But he does not appear to have rebelled; he was made of the same stuff as his mother; he returned to school; he studied surveying; he took great delight in it, and soon became an admirable scholar in this department.

When George Washington was sixteen a new figure comes into the foreground of his life, the figure of one destined to have a commanding influence on all the years of that opening manhood. This was Lord Thomas Fairfax. He was a man of singular character and history. He came to America to visit his cousins at Belvoir, and to look over the immense landed estates which he had inherited from his mother, and which were under the care of his cousin, William Fairfax, Laurence Washington's father-in-law.

The advent of the shrewd, eccentric old nobleman at Belvoir, with his knowledge of courts, of the army, of the world, must have created a profound sensation. It could not have

been long before he and George Washington met. Lord Fairfax soon discovered that the tall, shy youth of sixteen had some traits in common with his own. Each had the same delight in the wide, free life of the fields and woods ; each had a passion, too, for hunting the game to cover.

These common sympathies brought the polished English nobleman and the shy Westmoreland youth much together. Out of this friendship grew an event of vast consequence to young Washington's future.

Immense tracts of Lord Fairfax's estate lay in the Shenandoah Valley, beyond the great walls of the Blue Ridge. Nobody knew their extent ; very few cared about it. Pioneers from the northern colonies, especially from Pennsylvania, attracted by the beauty and fertility of the land, established themselves wherever they chose, in utter disregard of the owner's title.

Lord Fairfax at length resolved to have his estates surveyed. He actually proposed that the boy of sixteen, with whom he had hunted in the Virginia woods, should undertake this immense task.

In March, 1748, the little party set out on its perilous journey into the primeval wildernesses. Washington was accompanied by young Fairfax, the brother of Laurence's wife and six years George's senior. It is said that the young explorers were much attached to each other.

If the trip was full of perils and hardships, it had also immense fascinations for youth and health and courage. Washington now had his first taste of that frontier life of which he was to have so varied an experience. He learned what keen pleasure it was "to sleep on the hard ground, lying well wrapped before a blazing fire, with no roof but the skies."

The small party which accompanied Washington did good work at the surveying, in which he appears to have taken the

lead. His diligent study served him well now. Some days, we read, he earned twenty dollars—immense wages at that time for a youth of sixteen.

But there was much rough experience to encounter. The wild March storms often burst furiously upon the little party. They were forced to swim their horses over rivers swollen by freshets. At other times they hunted the game with which the woods abounded, and, in one place, where the company had halted, the Indians came in suddenly from the war-path. But they must have been friendly, for they treated the pale-faces to a war-dance. A youth of sixteen would not be likely to forget the weird, savage horror of that scene in the primeval wilderness.

When he returned to Lord Fairfax, George Washington's school-days were over. He had performed his task so well that he soon afterward received a commission from the governor as public surveyor.

The three following years were spent in congenial work. This life of field and wilderness educated George Washington for his future career as no books, no teachers could have done. It laid the foundations of his splendid health; it steadied his nerves, until no roar of wild beast, no war-whoop of savages, could shake their trained calmness; it fitted him for all the hardships and exigencies of the soldier's life; it inured him alike to summer's heat and winter's cold, while it made him keen to detect any danger, and swift and brave to meet it.

But those three years were not all spent in the wilderness. They were brightened by frequent visits to his mother, to Mount Vernon, to Belvoir. The young surveyor also visited Lord Fairfax in the cabin he had built in the Shenandoah Valley, and pored over the volumes which the nobleman had brought from England.

While Washington was busy with his government surveys,

the events which were to form so thrilling a chapter in American history were coming to the front.

Two nations had long been bent on obtaining supremacy in America. The English had planted their colonies along the Atlantic coast and "guarded the front door of the American continent." The French had held steadily to their plans of building forts in the interior. They meant the chain should be secure—not a link missing from Canada to Louisiana.

Of course each nation had followed the bent of its own genius in laying the foundations for its supremacy in America. The English planted their farms and built their towns; the French raised forts and established trading-posts. Every year the English pushed deeper into the lonely forests and stretched their clearings farther to the west. One almost seems to catch from that far-away time the ringing of the axe in the wilderness, the hum of busy industry, and the old songs with which the brave pioneers set to their work, resolved, with Anglo-Saxon grit, that the fair land beyond the Alleghanies should be theirs and their children's forever.

But another race, with all its old Gallic courage and shrewdness, was there too. It had pre-empted the land, and it had come to stay. It perceived with alarm and wrath that each year the English clearings drew nearer to the French posts, over which the Bourbon lilies waved in the great interior, west of the Appalachian Range.

Then there were the Indians—a foe that English and French must alike count with. The savages regarded both the white races with jealousy and rage that often flamed up in terrible vengeance.

The pale-faces were to the tribes the foreign and hated foe who had seized their ancient hunting grounds. But the Indians sided sometimes with the French, sometimes with the English, as interest or caprice dictated; while frequent and

bloody wars between the tribes weakened their numbers and wasted their strength.

Meanwhile, the great aim of each race was to secure possession of the Ohio Valley. Each, as we have seen, set about achieving its purpose by characteristic methods. The French steadily added to the number of their forts in the interior; the English organized the Ohio Company. Laurence Washington was the head of this company. Events were marching rapidly. It was evident that the immense area of the Ohio Valley was to be the scene of a fierce struggle for dominion.

All this sounds strange and remote as the Wars of the Roses. Yet these things happened, we have to tell ourselves, only in the last century, and when that was just crossing its meridian.

The colonies now took the alarm. There was talk of war on every side. Military drills suddenly became the fashion in the quiet old Virginia towns. It was significant that at this time George Washington began to study military treatises and take lessons in sword exercise.

But all this was brought to a sudden close by the alarming condition of Laurence Washington's health, impaired by his life in the West Indies. He was forced at this juncture to leave his young wife and daughter and go to Barbadoes for the winter. His brother accompanied him.

This was the only time in which George Washington ever set foot on any soil but his native one. During this absence he had two experiences, widely unlike. He took the small-pox, and always retained slight marks of it; he visited the theater for the first time.

But the invalid's health did not permanently rally; he barely reached Mount Vernon to die there in July, 1752.

George Washington's heart and hands must have been full at this time. The youth of twenty was appointed one of the executors of Laurence's estate, and in case the young daughter

died Mount Vernon was to revert to the brother, between whom and her father had existed so close an affection. Washington now went to live at Mount Vernon. It was to be home to him for the rest of his life.

The story of the years that followed is crowded with picturesque events, and is full of breathless interest. It fires one's heart to read of that time. But to dwell on it would be to expand this sketch to a volume. To this period belongs that expedition to the French out-posts which runs like a romance. Washington accomplished the journey amid every conceivable peril over ice-bound rivers, through frozen wildernesses. At last the young American confronted the wily, polished French officers in their own quarters, and amid their Indian allies. He found himself forced to match his coolness, his inborn candor, his untried sagacity, with veterans trained in camps, and with treacherous savages. It was a wonder that he ever lived to relate his return from the lonely out-post. "The terrible hardships broke down even the strong pack-horses. Washington and Christopher Gist, the seasoned frontiersman who accompanied him, were forced to alight, leave the rest of the party to come on by slower stages, while the pair struck into the snow-bound wilderness on foot. At one point in this journey the Indian guide, believing the white men in his power, attempted to shoot them." Washington escaped all these dangers to barely save himself from drowning when he slipped from the raft of logs into the icy current of the Alleghany. It seemed at that critical moment that the life which was yet to prove so infinitely precious to his country was hardly worth a pin's fee.

But he gained the settlements at last, much exhausted though not permanently injured by that terrible journey. A little later he reached the capital and laid the results of his mission before the governor of the colony. He had executed his

delicate and trying task with astonishing tact and sagacity. From that moment he was, we read, "the rising hope of Virginia."

A lowering May morning of 1754 forms an important date in American history and in the life of George Washington. At that time the first gun was fired in the long contest between the English and French for possession of the Ohio Valley. Washington was in that battle. Young Jumonville, the French commander, was killed. The Americans won the victory, and sent twenty-one prisoners to the colony.

"I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound," Washington is reported to have written to his brother. The words do not sound like him, but he was only twenty-two, and in the flush of his first victory.

He must have smiled grimly to himself when, on the following 4th of July, he led his defeated and draggled little army from Great Meadows. During these months he had seen another side of war than the swift whistling of bullets. His fiery temper had been tried by all sorts of vexations and disappointments. These were largely the result of the incompetency, jealousy, and obstinacy of the colonial government. He was at last reduced to extremities; his supplies had failed; his troops were starving.

The draggled little army marched bravely away—drums beating and colors flying—from an enemy whose numbers made it impossible to prolong the contest. George Washington's heart must have been very heavy on that 4th of July. How little he could dream that date would yet be illuminated with undying glory for himself and his country!

Twenty-two years from that time he was to draw his sword under the old Cambridge elm in another and longer contest.

The history of the long struggle for possession of the Ohio Valley, and the part Washington played in it, cannot be dwelt upon here.

There came an hour which must have seemed, in the completeness of his triumph, to reward him for all his wrongs and toils and sufferings. That hour fell on November 25, 1758, when the young Virginia colonel marched with the advanced guard into Fort Duquesne, and planted the English colors where the French had waved so long. The enemy, reduced to extremities, had blown up the magazines, set fire to the fort, and departed the night before.

The long struggle between the two peoples for the land whose eastern wall was the Alleghanies, had ended in victory for the race which had begun its career in America by tilling farms and planting towns on the Atlantic seaboard.

A few months later George Washington was settled at Mount Vernon. He had inherited this noble domain at the death of Laurence's daughter. It was to be the dearest spot on earth to him for the rest of his life.

Everybody knows how unexpectedly he met the beautiful Martha Custis—how her charms fascinated him on the first interview, and what an impression the young officer's handsome presence and stately bearing made on her—how his wooing prospered, and how their wedding took place in the January which followed the close of the campaign.

The next sixteen years of George Washington's life were spent at Mount Vernon. Their story reads like some charming idyl, so filled does it seem, at this distance of time, with all congenial activities, with home quiet and affection, with perfect health, with generous hospitalities, and with pure and ennobling social enjoyments. The picture of this period is set in the framework of the noble estate which had fallen to the proprietor. It seemed a fit environment for him, with those beautiful groves, those vast woodlands, those far-stretching fields, ripening through the long Virginia summers into splendid harvests.

Of course there must have been a reverse side to the shield.

Those sixteen years could not have been the scene of flawless happiness which they appear as they smile on us across more than a century. Yet George Washington was probably at this time one of the happiest, as he was one of the busiest of men. The superintendence of that immense estate involved burdens which would have weighed down a less stalwart nature, but they sat lightly on that vigorous, energetic manhood.

Washington's promptness, order, and business thoroughness were now brought into full play, and enabled him to get through with a vast amount of work which would have sorely perplexed a less methodical temperament. Such a man would be certain to rise early and make the most of the morning hours. He rode over the grounds while the grass was still drowned in dews, giving the most careful attention to every department of his farm, as he loved to call the great domain. Nothing escaped his keen eyes ; no detail was too small for his attention. He was a kind and just, but no doubt he often seemed an exacting master.

The old passion for the chase always revived with the hunting season. Then the busy, dignified master of Mount Vernon put aside all business to go out with the hounds. He and his neighbors had merry mornings in the woods. On these hunts he must have felt himself very much the boy he had been when he and Lord Fairfax chased the game to cover.

The bright sixteen years went their smooth, swift course, and then the clouds gathered slowly but surely. The life so full, happy, prosperous, was to be followed by another, burdened with such cares and trials as, in many respects, never fell to the lot of mortal.

It is impossible to enter here into a history of the causes which at last wrought their legitimate result in the American Revolution. We know how one oppressive measure after another, whose purpose could only be to suppress the liberties

and ruin the manufactures of America, at last goaded the colonies to rebellion.

In the quiet home by the Potomac a man whose name was not familiar to English ears watched with saddened but resolute heart the gathering of the storm.

Washington's love of country was the deepest feeling of that strong, reserved nature. When the test came, every other affection, every other interest had to yield to this supreme one.

Yet the prospect of rebellion when he first forced himself to look it in the face must have been terrible to him. He had nothing to gain, he had much to lose, even in the case of a successful issue, to a strife begun under such immense disadvantages for the colonies.

All the military ambitions of his youth had long been laid to rest. His temperament, education, surroundings, made him conservative. His early associations, the long military service of his youth, had strengthened his attachment to the mother country, and his pride in the ties that bound the colonies to their old home.

Washington's hope that England would be wise and relent in time yielded very slowly. He saw one high-handed measure follow another, whose purpose could only be to crush the liberties and ruin the prosperity of his country. The air around him shook with the dangerous wrath of freemen.

During all this trying time Washington maintained his calmness of speech and bearing. Yet under these the fire burned bright and steady. He was not silent when the time came to speak, nor idle when it came to work. In every assembly where Virginia freemen met to protest against the tyranny of England, or to assert the rights and liberties of British colonies, one man was, if possible, in their midst; one man's strong, brief sentences had the ring of unfaltering patriotism, of undying courage.

Perhaps George Washington was never himself conscious of the precise hour when he made up his mind where the war—if it came to one—between England and America would find him. Yet, what tremendous issues for his country, for the world, were to hang on the decision of that unknown hour!

Another hour, which in reality was George Washington's summons to the field, and which every schoolboy knows, struck in the pleasant April morning, when "the shot was fired that was heard around the world."

On the twentieth of the following June the continental congress at Philadelphia appointed George Washington commander-in-chief of the American army. The next day he set out for the camp.

On July 3, 1775, he took command of the forces assembled at Cambridge. The General was now in the prime of manhood, forty-three years of age. His tall, stately figure, his noble face, his dignified presence—all the ideal of a soldier—made a profound impression on the people who had crowded into Cambridge to see the new commander.

Under the old elm, among whose green leaves the winds still play softly as they did on that historic summer morning, Washington wheeled his horse and drew the sword, which he then ardently hoped to lay down in the next autumn, but which he was destined to bear for the next eight years.

This is not the place to relate the long drama of the American Revolution. When its unspeakable toils and sacrifices, its defeats and sufferings, were crowned at last with the splendid victory, and the final surrender before the allied armies at Yorktown, George Washington stood before the world, the Deliverer of his country, the foremost man in American history.

The close of the war of the Revolution is followed by one scene after another of thrilling interest, in which Washington is the central figure. Not the least of these scenes is that

solemn, pathetic one, where he met his officers for the last time, and parted with them in New York.

Nineteen days after that event Washington, with a simple, characteristic speech, resigned his commission before a large audience assembled at Annapolis, and craved leave of Congress to retire from the service of his country.

On the following night—it was Christmas eve—he was at Mount Vernon. With what unspeakable feelings he must once more have kept the ancient holiday under his own roof-tree!

He returned to the old life and habits with the old zest. His highest ambition, to repeat his own grandly simple words, was “to be a farmer and live an honest man.”

But his country could not leave him to the privacy of his home, to dear domestic ties, to the old enjoyments and activities of his domestic life.

The Confederacy, from which so much had been hoped for America and for humanity, proved, in its practical workings, a failure.

After three years at Mount Vernon, years whose domestic happiness had been shadowed by anxieties for his country, the Convention assembled at Philadelphia framed the Constitution, and George Washington was, in the following spring, unanimously elected first President of the United States.

The great soldier might well be appalled by the new duties and responsibilities which confronted him on every side. These were of a nature which demanded the highest qualities of statesmanship. There were no precedents, no traditions to guide him. The young nation had been impoverished by the long war of the Revolution. Its domestic affairs were in utmost confusion. Its foreign relations were ill-defined, unsatisfactory, and might, at any moment, become so dangerous as to threaten its existence.

All eyes were fastened on the brave figure which stood at

the helm of the ship of state, as she moved out on unknown, perilous seas.

The fortunes of the nation seemed to hang on the skill, energy, and wisdom of one man.

The history of his administration is a record of the sound judgment, courage, and devotion with which he guided the ship of state for the next eight years over the stormy waters. Washington had proved himself a great soldier; he showed now the instinct of the wise, conscientious, far-sighted statesman.

It is only fair to say something here of the part Mrs. Washington played at this time. The wife of the President of the United States must always be an object of interest to her countrywomen. She is, for the time, the representative of American womanhood to her nation—to the world. That her character and bearing should lend grace and dignity to her high position, must be desired by every woman who cares for the honor of her country. Martha Washington came, like her husband, to bear a new name, to fill a new place. The social duties which it involved proved at once a burdensome tax on the President's precious time. His wife exerted herself to relieve him. She was accustomed to the accomplished circles of the old commonwealth. As lady of the nation she presided with an ease and dignity which had become her second nature.

But it was not as the gracious, affable wife of our first President that Martha Washington shows her finest quality. Many women of her day could, no doubt, have played her rôle there with equal satisfaction. But not *all* women would have left the elegant seclusion of Mount Vernon to share the hardships and privations of the army's winter-quarters. Martha Washington was not daunted even by the miseries and sufferings of Valley Forge.

She seems to have been remarkably well adapted to a man

of her husband's character and habits. She was not a woman, however, of marked mental gifts. She did not possess the strong intellectual tastes, the delight in books, the sensitive imagination, of which the woman, who a little later took her place, had given such proofs in her private correspondence.

But Martha Washington showed, through all adverse fates, the heart and temper of a true woman, and proved herself worthy of the immortal name she bears.

On March 4, 1797, George Washington, to his unspeakable relief and happiness, closed his administration. It is touching to see how tired he had grown, how he looked forward to his release from the weight of public affairs, as the prisoner looks forward to the first hour of his freedom.

He returned as soon as possible to Mount Vernon. His prolonged absence only served to enhance his love for this place. It had been the gift of the beloved dead. Its name was associated with those gallant services in the West Indies which had cost the young owner his life. It had been the home of Washington's youth, of his manhood, the scene of all the happiest events and memories of his life. Whenever he alluded to the estate, to its delightful air, its noble river, its beautiful groves, its vast woodlands, the haunts of deer and foxes and all wild game, its fields ripening into their splendid harvests, the usual reserve of his speech waxes into enthusiasm. That fair, ample domain was an earthly paradise in the eyes of George Washington.

He resumed the old life with the old energy and activity. Again a tall, stately figure rode about the grounds in the early mornings. Washington superintended his workmen, planned his improvements, attended to all the details of his affairs, precisely as in his youth. Yet his hair was getting white; he was growing, as he said of himself long before to his soldiers, "an old man."

His time was much consumed by the guests who crowded to that quiet home. His hospitalities taxed the resources which had suffered heavily during his long public service. He soon discovered that every distinguished foreigner who set foot on the western shores was eager to meet America's most illustrious citizen.

But he carried his cares and his years bravely, and his splendid health and tireless activity were the source of constant satisfaction to his friends.

He had no children of his own, but his family relations and those of his wife brought a good deal of gay young life to Mount Vernon at this time.

Washington was fond of reading, but his opportunities for study had always been of the most meager kind. Under any circumstances he would not, probably, have made a scholar in the technical sense of the word. The bent of his genius was eminently practical. He had a passion for horses, for trees, for the wide, green, pleasant earth, for the fields and the forests.

The peace of Mount Vernon was rudely broken once more. The war clouds again loomed threatening above the horizon. They showed themselves this time in a quarter where they would have been last looked for. The French Directory, angry and resentful at what it regarded its grievances, and accustomed to deal with nations in the most high-handed fashion, passed measures which struck a deadly blow at American commerce.

This was received with a storm of indignation which swept through the country. War with our ancient ally seemed for awhile inevitable. There was only one man whom the nation would place at the head of that army. The commission which appointed Washington commander-in-chief was promptly carried to Mount Vernon.

It was a most unwelcome honor. But the gray-haired soldier could not bring himself to refuse the last of his life to

the country to whom he had given the strength of his youth, the prime of his manhood. He soon found himself compelled to leave Mount Vernon again. He took up the old wearisome burden of military cares. He organized the new army, appointed its officers, and attended to infinite details which must have told heavily on his waning vigor.

The arrogant Directory was not prepared for the storm which it had aroused in America. When France was satisfied that her ancient ally really meant, if things came to the worst, to go to war with her, she retreated from her first position.

America gladly responded to the new advances, and the difficulties between the two nations were happily adjusted.

Washington returned once more to Mount Vernon. He was never to leave it again.

Days followed full of restful quiet and content. In the early mornings a stately figure, which had long moved at the head of armies, might have been seen riding about Mount Vernon, the thin gray hair shining about the calm, fine face.

George Washington's life and that of the century in which he had done his work, were drawing to a close. He was nearing his sixty-eighth birthday.

The Washington breed was not a long-lived one, but it seemed as though the greatest of the stock might enjoy a hale old age. As that last autumn of the century passed into winter, Washington appeared to those about him in perfect health and vigor. He was leading a busy but tranquil life; he was still alert with interest on all that concerned his country; he was, with all his old energy, projecting improvements and supervising affairs at Mount Vernon.

One morning he took a ride around his grounds in the rough December weather. When he returned to the house, snowflakes glistened in his white hair. He had spent too much of

his youth in wilderness and camp to have any fear about the weather, and went to dinner in his damp garments.

But the next morning he complained of a sore throat, while the snow, continuing to fall, prevented his taking his usual ride. In the afternoon, however, when the weather cleared, he went out, and marked some trees which he wished cut down. So the earliest account of his activity begins with a tree and ends with one! When he returned to the house that afternoon he had taken his last walk around Mount Vernon.

But that night the trouble in his throat increased, and by the next morning it was evident to the household that he was seriously ill. Doctors were summoned, who endeavored to relieve the sufferer after the bungling methods of their time. But all their efforts were in vain.

From the beginning the illness was a "swift descent to death." Washington seems soon to have given up all hope of his recovery, though his iron constitution did not yield without agonizing struggles.

The old courage and calmness ring through George Washington's last utterances, though these were few, for his disease—acute laryngitis—made speech extremely painful to him.

The death he had faced so often on the battle-field had stolen upon him unawares in the peace and security of home; but it found him ready. To use his own words, "he was not afraid to go."

The illness lasted forty-eight hours. At last the agonized breathing grew easier. "Washington withdrew his hand from his secretary's, and felt his own pulse." This act showed the clearness of his mind, as well as the habit of the soldier. Then a change crept over his features.

The next morning, when the late winter sun came over the horizon, George Washington was lying dead in the simple chamber at Mount Vernon.

The life that had begun a few miles away, in the low-roofed home on Bridge's Creek, one winter's morning when the century was still in its youth, ended when that century had only a fortnight's more lease of life.

The date of George Washington's death reads :

December 17, 1799.

JOHN ADAMS.

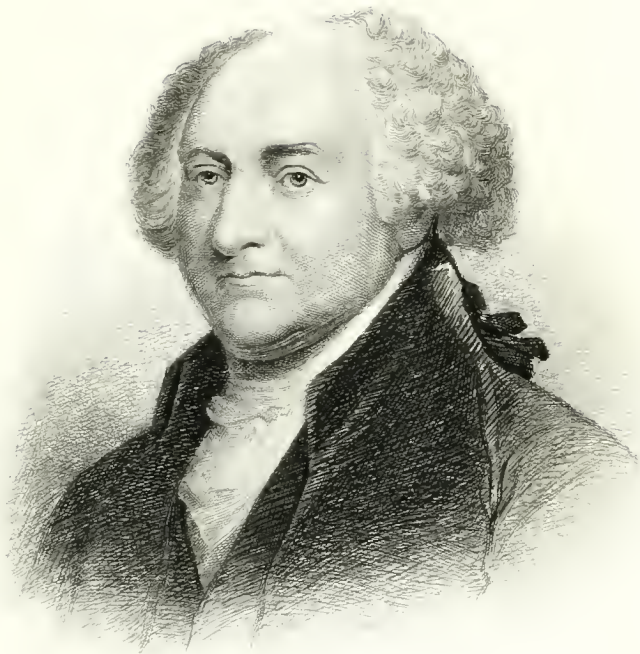
SOMEWHERE among the closing days of the summer of 1774, in the old colonial town of Philadelphia, a man still young, for he had not yet reached his thirty-ninth birthday, was eagerly reading a letter which contained these words :

“I have taken a very great fondness for reading Rollin's Ancient History since you left me. I am determined to go through with it, if possible, in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and I have persuaded Johnny to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me, entertain a fondness for it.”

This simple, graphic picture of home life has a certain tender interest to those who read the lines more than a hundred years after they were written.

One, with a little imagination, sees the quiet, old-fashioned country home amid the days of that waning summer—the last peaceful one which King George's American colonies were ever to know—and the young mother listening as her boy of seven reads in his thin, childish voice from the ponderous old history which held such a post of honor in the scant libraries of a century ago. One can almost hear too, through the childish treble of the reader, the sounds of the summer outside—the stirring of leaves, the humming of bees, the song of birds. The whole scene will come up vividly when one happens suddenly nowadays on the bulky tomes of the ancient history.

At that time Boston, ten miles distant, lay prostrate under the iron heel of the blockade. The Port Bill had been carried out with merciless rigor. The British army was on the



John Adams

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common ; the British fleet was in the harbor. The fight at Concord took place just eight months after the date of the letter with its characteristic little scene. For it was immensely characteristic of both the writer and her son. In those hard days, in all the harder ones of the years that followed, the wives and mothers of the Revolution did their part with noble constancy and self-sacrifice ; yet it may be doubted whether, in all the American colonies, there was another wife who fortified her heart and solaced her loneliness, by turning resolutely to the pages of the prolix old history ; whether there was another boy of seven on all the American seaboard in that famous year of 1774, who found more pleasure in a page of " Rollin " than he did in his games and his playground.

John Adams, who was reading his wife's letter in the closing days of the summer, and to whose heart that little scene must have gone, amid all the perplexities and responsibilities which surrounded him at the time, was one of the five Massachusetts delegates to the first continental congress which met in Philadelphia. " He was born October 19, 1735 (O. S.), in Braintree on the S. shore of Boston harbor." His father was one of the small farmers of those days who managed to wrest a living out of the rugged New England soil, and who was forehanded enough to send his eldest son to Harvard, where he graduated in 1755.

The young man of twenty, who must, long before this period, have given many proofs to his friends and companions of a very marked type of character, immediately took charge of a grammar-school at Worcester. His ardent, intense nature found school-teaching a slow business at best. In some of his moods he was heartily sick of it ; he felt the stir of larger ambitions ; he thirsted for a wider sphere of action.

The long war with France for the possession of the country beyond the Alleghany Range was, at this period, a matter of

supreme interest with the colonies, and it aroused all the patriotic instincts of the grammar-school teacher. He had now, too, serious debates with himself as to his choice of a profession. At one time he inclined toward the ministry. But the ecclesiastical councils and the rigid Calvinism of the day repelled him, and he finally decided in favor of the law. But he was not satisfied ; he had longings for a soldier's life. This was quite natural to one of his age and temperament. He was eager to command "a company of foot, a troop of horse." But the outlook on this side was hopeless to "one who lacked interest and patronage." It was probably John Adams' good fortune that he was not, at this time, drawn into a military career. The laurels fate held in store for him were to be won on other and more congenial battle-fields. He was restless, moody, dejected at times ; but at last he made up his mind to study for the law, and set about it with characteristic pluck and energy.

November 6, 1758, was a memorable date in young Adams' life, for at that time he "was recommended to the court for the oath, and shook hands with the bar."

He at once began the practice of law in Suffolk County. At the time when he had decided on studying for his profession, he had written some noble words which should have a place, even in this slight sketch of his life.

"But I set out with firm resolutions, I think, never to commit any meanness or injustice in the practice of the law."

This resolve was, no doubt, occasioned by the opposition young Adams had encountered in the choice of his profession. In the New England of that day there existed an inveterate prejudice against the law.

John Adams settled himself to his life-work, as he then regarded it. He soon found clients, and in the years that followed they steadily increased. He brought the intellectual

and moral qualities to his profession, which always, in the long run, insure success. But the fees were small, and his material fortunes did not make rapid progress.

He was just twenty-nine years old ; he had been for nearly six years practicing law in Suffolk County, when he did that which was to prove the wisest, most fortunate act of his life. On October 25, 1764, he wedded Abigail Smith, the young daughter of a Weymouth clergyman. She was a mere girl at that time, as she had not yet reached her twentieth birthday. She had been brought up in a home atmosphere of tenderness and refinement, and amid earnest religious influences. The woman she was, the wife she proved, will be apparent enough in these pages, as it is impossible to write the briefest biography of John Adams without having much to say of his wife.

The year that followed the marriage saw the passage of the Stamp Act. We know what kind of reception it met with in America. The young lawyer was, from the beginning, one of its most outspoken and insistent opponents. He was a New Englander, and he cast in his lot promptly and absolutely with the patriots. No fears could shake, no temptations swerve him. From this time to the end of his life he was devoted heart and soul to the service of his country. Men might talk of his faults and foibles, but nobody ever detected a flaw in his patriotism.

The storm which had been roused in the colonies quieted with the repeal of the Stamp Act. But that fatal measure had a lasting influence on the old traditional sentiment of loyalty to Great Britain. The current of popular feeling never quite set again in the old channels. A watchful, suspicious temper had been aroused, which the home government and those who represented it in America took little pains to allay.

During the half dozen years which preceded the Revolution John Adams probably led as happy a life as any man in New

England. His success in his profession proved his wisdom in choosing it. He was a man of ardent family feelings, and his domestic relations were of a peculiarly delightful character. As the years went on, children—three boys and a girl—came to gladden his home. He removed from Braintree to Boston, and back again as his health or circumstances made the change desirable. But there was one shadow on all these bright prospects. John Adams was too sincere a patriot to feel at ease about his country. He seems through all these busy, prosperous years to have had some prescience of the dark days ahead. It must have been a bitter sight to him when he saw the two regiments of redcoats which England sent to awe the turbulent little province march proudly through Boston town, "the drums beating, the fifes playing, with charged muskets and fixed bayonets."

About this time efforts were made to detach him from the patriotic side. The lucrative post which the government offered him "in the Court of Admiralty" was a flattering testimony to his character and influence. But John Adams was not deceived. This offer from the government, with all that it promised, was in the nature of a bribe, and was promptly declined.

In the midst of his professional cares he found time to contribute various political articles to the papers. Some of these were of such marked force and ability that they were afterward republished in London.

During this period Mr. Adams was much in the thick of public affairs. This involved great personal sacrifices. He did not choose his side without fully counting the cost. If he grew moody and despondent at times, if his heart and his hope failed him occasionally, his central purpose never did.

During these years he was chosen representative at the General Court, and his defense of Captain Preston and the

soldiers after the Boston massacre was one of the bravest deeds of his life.

The destruction of the tea-chests, the Boston Port Bill, brought the crisis. On June 17, 1774, the Provincial Assembly voted behind its closed doors to send five Massachusetts delegates to the continental Congress to be held in Philadelphia. Probably nobody was surprised that one of the delegates was John Adams.

A little while before setting out he was at Falmouth on professional business, and he wrote Mrs. Adams in his trenchant style :

“Vapors avaunt! I will do my duty and leave the event. If I have the approbation of my own mind, whether applauded or censured, blessed or cursed by the world, I shall not be unhappy.”

A little later he made the long journey on which such great issues were to depend. It was in the midst of the summer heats that John Adams, “who had never been out of New England before,” turned his back on his quiet Braintree home, on his wife and his young children, and rode away to do his part in that famous old colonial Congress. He was to meet there George Washington and Patrick Henry. He wrote of the journey to his wife :

“I never enjoyed better health in any of my journeys, but this has been the most irksome, the most gloomy and melancholy I ever made. I cannot, with all my philosophy and Christian resignation, keep up my spirits. The dismal prospect before me, my family and my country, is too much for my fortitude.”

But these words broke only from one of those impatient, despondent moods to which the writer, like most ardent, impetuous natures, was liable. It was in a wholly different temper that he wrote, confident and joyous to his wife, not long after his arrival on the scene of action :

“The spirit of firmness, the prudence of our Province are vastly ap-

plauded, and we are universally acknowledged the saviors and defenders of American liberty."

And the letter closes with one of those rapid, tender transitions which are so characteristic of the writer :

" My babes are never out of my mind, nor absent from my heart."

And the high-hearted wife was writing on the same date in the quiet Braintree home :

" Five weeks have passed, and not one line have I received. I would rather give a dollar for a letter by the post, though the consequence should be that I ate but one meal a day these three weeks to come."

These lines give one a new notion of the distance between Boston and Philadelphia a hundred years ago.

If the history of that first Continental Congress had been amply reported, there would be no space to linger upon it here. When it broke up late in the autumn, it appeared to Mr. Adams, as no doubt it did to most of his constituents, that very little had been done. "Commercial non-intercourse" seemed a pitiful outcome for all those long secret deliberations of a body which represented the wisest heads, the most patriotic hearts, in America. Had the colonies sent at this momentous period their wisest statesmen to Congress? Had the whole country waited eager and breathless for months for so meager a result?

All over the land men must have been asking this question, resentful and disappointed in the lessening days of the autumn of 1774.

But they made a mistake. The Congress had done its work. It was everything to the colonies at this juncture that their best material had been brought together; that their real statesmen and leaders had met, and parted, and understood each other.

On John Adams's return to his home he found plenty to do. Braintree at once sent him a delegate to the Provincial Assembly. His immense activity and patriotic fervor found a fresh

field for work in the famous newspaper controversy, in which he maintained the people's side with masterly reasoning. So the winter passed into spring, and then the strife took another form than that of newspaper articles. Mr. Adams could lay down his pen. The day of Lexington and Concord had come!

He was appointed a delegate to the second Continental Congress, and arrived there on May 10. He had been seriously ill, and was only partially recovered. When he left home Mrs. Adams writes of that second separation, fraught in many respects with more perils and fears than the first :

“I felt very anxious about you, though I endeavored to be very insensible and heroic, yet my heart felt like a heart of lead.”

A few hours earlier he had written to her:

“In case of real danger, of which you cannot fail to have previous intimations, fly to the woods with our children.”

This was not advice suggested by over-cautious affection. Only a few days before the Yankee farmers in their homespun had confronted the redcoats for the first time. The air was still full of the excitement of the fight. It had taken place only a few miles from the farmhouse where Mr. Adams had been compelled to leave his wife and her young children. A little way off rode his Majesty's ships of war. It was by no means impossible that the English sailors would swoop down on the unguarded coast and spread wide havoc among the quiet country homes to revenge on the rebels the 19th of April.

Mrs. Adams proved equal to the high demands made upon her courage and fortitude at this trying period. A few lines from a letter written in May, 1775, to her husband, give a vivid picture of the confusion and discomfort into which the little household was thrown at this time.

“Soldiers coming in for a lodging, for breakfast, for supper, for drinks,

etc. Sometimes refugees from Boston, tired and fatigued, seek an asylum for a day, a night, a week. You can hardly imagine how we live; yet

‘To the houseless child of want
Our doors are open still;
And though our portions are but scant,
We give them with good will.’

“Hitherto I have been able to maintain a calmness and presence of mind. I hope I shall, let the exigency of the time be what it will.”

These were words to inspire a man with hope and courage, if his own failed him. At the time they were written, the American army, fifteen thousand strong, were besieging Gage and his forces shut up and sorely distressed in Boston.

A few days later Mrs. Adams watched on one of the Braintree hills, with her eldest boy—the John Quincy with whom she had been reading Rollin’s History—the burning of Charlestown; the distant Battle of Bunker Hill.

Through all the danger and anguish of that time her heroic soul did not succumb.

“I would not have you distressed about me,” she writes to her husband early in July, when the smoke of the battle, the fury of the cannonade, must have seemed still to linger in the air. “Danger, they say, makes people valiant. Hitherto I have been distressed, but not dismayed. I have felt for my country and her sons. I have bled with them and for them.”

At this time there was fear lest her letters should fall into the enemies’ hands. Mr. Adams urged his wife to write him over an assumed name. She chose that of Portia. No one who reads her letters will be surprised at this.

Meanwhile John Adams, keenly anxious for his family, full of wrath and grief over the sufferings of that “beloved town,” as he called Boston, was doing his work with passionate energy and zeal. It exasperated his fiery temper almost beyond endurance, that others could not keep pace with his strong virile step. It was not in his fiery, dauntless nature to adopt half measures,

to cling to futile hopes that Great Britain might yet relent and come to terms with her colonies. He believed the day for arguments and appeals was past. He saw clearer than many of his colleagues that America's only salvation was in independence, and that she would have to fight for this.

It was not strange that the prospect of a war, waged by the scant colonies at such tremendous odds, with the great conquering military and naval power of the world, should have struck terror to the soul of many a true patriot. But John Adams's dauntless, impetuous nature felt an impatient scorn for those who paused to count the costs where all that was dear to freemen was at stake. He was inflamed with rage when a motion for a second memorial to George III. was carried in Congress. He felt that the day for appeals had passed; the time for action had come.

But to his infinite satisfaction the Congress at last took a step from which there was no retreat, and advised Massachusetts Bay, which in its prevailing confusion and disorder had applied for counsel, to "establish a government of its own."

Mr. Adams's sagacious mind perceived clearly all that was involved in this advice to organize a rebel government. But important as this measure was, there was still another and higher stake to be won.

The Massachusetts delegate, with clear, patriotic forecast, perceived that all local struggles, like those of Concord and Lexington, would in the end be futile, unless Congress assumed responsibility for the army which was now besieging Boston. The war for American liberties must be a war in which every colony must take her part and fight for her life, or it was foredoomed to failure. The struggle with England would be unequal enough when America presented a united front to the foe.

But the obstacles in the way of inducing Congress, by one bold stroke, to transform the "Army of Massachusetts" into the "Army of America" would have appeared insurmountable to a less fertile, energetic mind, or a less dauntless will than that of John Adams.

George Washington had appeared at this second Congress, wearing his officer's uniform. The stately, handsome Virginian, in the prime of his years, must have made a strong impression on the keen-sighted New Englander. The two had served together, as we have seen, in the first Congress, and by this time must each have formed very decided opinions of the other's mental and moral quality. John Adams made up his mind that the Virginian, George Washington, was the one man to command that brave, stanch, but undisciplined and ill-appointed army of yeomanry that had gathered after the Concord fight around Boston.

Mr. Adams was perfectly aware of the force of the opposition, the strong prejudices, the personal ambitions, that he would have to encounter if he attempted to carry his point. But these were not all. New England was immensely proud of her army of ill-clad, high-spirited patriots. Would she consent to see an alien and a stranger, little known at that time, placed at their head? Would the proud, independent yeomanry be ready to serve under the calm, dignified, order-loving Westmoreland planter? These questions might well have made the most resolute man pause. But John Adams had a splendid audacity, which in an emergency carried him over difficulties that appeared insurmountable to common eyes. His clear, practical vision saw, too, where the only chances of success lay. Argument and persuasion would avail nothing here. If the thing were done it must be done promptly, boldly. All the schoolboys know the story of that opening morning session, when John Adams rose and proposed before the astonished

members that Congress should adopt the army before Boston, and appoint Colonel Washington its commander.

A breathless silence must have followed the motion. No wonder that Washington himself, always modest, was startled out of his habitual self-control, and the proposed commander-in-chief, covered with confusion, "darted into the library." But the work had been done in that critical moment. Where the leader had planted himself, the others slowly gathered and fell into line. A few days later George Washington was unanimously chosen Commander-in-chief of the American army. The irrevocable step was taken now. There could be no retreats, no more looking back—no more appeals to George III.

On the very day when his wife and his boy were listening to the distant battle of Bunker Hill, John Adams was writing triumphantly to his wife :

"I can now inform you that the Congress have made choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous and brave George Washington, Esquire, to be General of the American army, and that he is to repair, as soon as possible, to the camp before Boston. This appointment will have a great effect in cementing and securing the union of these colonies. The continent is really in earnest in defending the country."

Then in a little graver mood he goes on :

"I begin to hope we shall not sit all summer. I hope the people of our province will treat the General with all that confidence and affection, that politeness and respect which is due to one of the most important characters in the world. The liberties of America depend upon him in a great degree."

And at the close of this important historical letter the impetuous heart must have its way, and the writer breaks out :

"My dear children, come here and kiss me."

A recess of Congress, later that summer, permitted Mr. Adams to spend August with his family. The day must have been exciting under that ancient Braintree roof, with the husband and father living over in the talk all the terrible hours

through which the little household had passed in the early summer.

But George Washington was now in the camp of the American army, and his reception at Cambridge had more than fulfilled John Adams's wishes.

Melancholy tidings followed immediately on the delegate's return to Congress. Amid his public cares he was harassed by constant anxiety for his family. Most of its members were prostrated by a severe epidemic which afflicted the neighborhood during the autumn following that dark summer of 1778.

Mrs. Adams and three of her children were ill. She underwent the heavy grief in these dark days of losing her mother. Mr. Adams's brother also died of the epidemic.

Letters, too, came with tantalizing slowness. They were transmitted by friends as opportunity offered, and it was highly important that they should be intrusted to safe hands.

A paragraph or two from one of his letters to his wife throws a vivid light on the writer's condition at this time :

"You may easily imagine the state of mind in which I am at present. Uncertain and apprehensive at first, I suddenly thought of setting off immediately for Braintree, and have not yet determined otherwise. Yet the state of public affairs is so critical, that I am half afraid to leave my station, although my presence here is of no great consequence.

"I feel, I tremble for you. Poor Tommy ! I hope by this time, however, he has recovered his plump cheeks and his fine bloom.

"At this distance I can do no good to you and yours. I pray God to support you. I am so far from thinking you melancholy that I am charmed with that admirable fortitude, that divine spirit of resignation which appears in your letters. I cannot express the satisfaction it gives me, nor how much it contributes to support me."

And the wife, in the shortening October days, when the epidemic was allayed, though worn with her recent illness and heavy bereavement, could still count her "many blessings left" when she wrote :

“ I might have been stripped of my children, as many others have been. I might—oh, forbid it, Heaven!—I might have been left a solitary widow.”

In December of that year John Adams again made one of his brief visits home. He returned to Congress in company with Elbridge Gerry. On that long journey, in the bitter weather, the two New England delegates acquired a strong liking for each other. This bore fruit long afterward when both had gained high distinction in the world.

The change from the passionately patriotic atmosphere of Massachusetts to the colder one of Philadelphia, was always certain, at first, to dispirit John Adams. But a little later his mood had changed so far, that he was writing to his wife about “ marching in the rank and file if possibly a contingency should happen to make doing it proper. I will not fail to march if it should,” he adds, in his positive way.

A little later, he had startling news from home. His wife’s letter of March 2, 1776, was interrupted “ by the roar of cannon, which shook the house.” Washington’s strategy was justified at last. The long inactivity in which the American lines had lain before Boston, was broken one Saturday evening by “ a cannonade and bombardment, which, with intervals, was continued through the night.” This was a feint to deceive the enemy ; but on Tuesday morning the American troops held possession of Dorchester Hill. A little later the British evacuated Boston town, and the sufferings of the blockaded little seaport, which thus far had borne the brunt of the war, were ended.

Mrs. Adams’s letters, written almost in the heart of the scene, have the life and charm of one who is on the spot. The reader is made to feel, in many a hasty, vivid line, the excitement and peril of that historic March. Mrs. Adams’s courage and fortitude sustained her husband in his absence and anxiety.

But in a little while the letters break out exultant over the

departure of the enemy ; a fact which, to the writer herself, though before her eyes, seemed too wonderful to be true.

Before that month was over John Adams could write to his wife :

“ I give you joy of Boston—once more the habitation of Americans.”

Two days later his wife's letter contains a paragraph too interesting to be omitted :

“ The town in general is left in a better state than we expected, more owing to a precipitate flight than any regard for the inhabitants, though some people discovered a sense of honor and justice, and have left the rent of the houses in which they were, and the furniture unhurt, or, if damaged, sufficient to make it good.”

One cannot read these lines without feeling that they reflect honor on human nature. Those Tories, or British officers, who occupied the deserted houses of Boston during the long blockade, could hardly have been expected to regard themselves as the tenants of their enemies.

In the same letter Mrs. Adams continues, in words which show how great must have been the relief and rejoicing of Massachusetts :

“ I feel very differently at the approach of spring from what I did a month ago. We knew not then whether we could plant or sow with safety ; whether, where we had tilled we could reap the fruits of our own industry ; whether we could rest in our own cottages, or whether we should be driven from the sea-coast to seek shelter in the wilderness ; but now we feel a temporary peace, and the poor inhabitants are returning to their homes.”

The reader must have turned, too, with a sigh of infinite relief from these letters to the great work which was absorbing his heart and brain at this period.

It was nothing less than the Declaration of Independence. All that spring and early summer of 1776, the Massachusetts delegate had been moving heaven and earth to bring Congress to

the point. He called the measure, in his own strong, incisive words, "the end of his creation."

But all the energies of that keen, disciplined mind, that ardent purpose, that indomitable will, had been severely taxed before the Declaration was carried which was to prove of such infinite importance to America, to the world.

Here again, as so often before, and afterward, the eager, impetuous nature, always sure of what it wanted, always seeing the one straight path to it, had to outstrip the slow, the timorous, the vacillating.

The history of that time and of Mr. Adams's herculean labors, cannot be written here. It was Thomas Jefferson who was the author of the Declaration of Independence; it was John Adams who, in the debate before Congress as to its adoption, carried that body with him. He did this by a speech of thrilling earnestness, of splendid eloquence. In that great hour, as his audience afterward affirmed, "the man seemed lifted out of himself." He appeared to have no idea of the grandeur of his effort. He was only conscious of the issues which hung upon the moment. When he ceased, "his praise was in everybody's mouth."

July 3, he wrote two letters to his wife. In one of them he said :

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men."

In the other he wrote :

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is worth all the means."

Precisely seventeen months from the day on which John

Adams wrote these two letters to his wife, he was appointed commissioner to the court of France.

At the time when this new field of activity so unexpectedly opened to him he had been forced by the condition of his health, much broken by long and engrossing services, to resign his position in Congress and return home, where he had barely resumed his professional labors. These intervening months had been immensely important to America. Yet they had formed a period of such varied disasters to her armies that the hearts of the staunchest patriots had sunk with the defeat on Long Island, the evacuation of New York, the retreat through the Jerseys, and the abandonment of Philadelphia. Mr. Adams, like every American, had, in those days, moods of despondency, and he expressed these in his trenchant style. But his patriotism was never long in recovering its old, resolute, hopeful temper.

After the Declaration of Independence he had continued to devote himself unsparingly to the service of Congress. He had done his part in forming the "League which held the Thirteen States" together, and, although it was a slight, imperfect bond, it still served its purpose, and was as strong a union as popular sentiment then permitted.

He had been placed at the head of the War Department. The position had involved enormous labors and responsibilities. In the work of army organization he had, of course, to encounter a world of military pride, red tape, and jealousy. The earnestness, sincerity, and devotion of the civilian exercised a controlling influence over all who had relations with him while he was in this office.

The foreign appointment must have taken him by surprise. It opened to the New Englander, who had laid down the armor of public service, a new and untried field for his energies.

If the French appointment was an honor, it was also a most perilous one. This was proved by the suggestion that accompanied it, "that he should have his dispatch bags sufficiently weighted to sink them instantly in case of capture."

The chances of his seizure were by no means small. In that case, his position would be extremely unpleasant. In the year 1777 John Adams was, in the eyes of the English Government, a ringleader of rebels. No doubt his capture, and his imprisonment in the Tower, would have thrilled the court of George III. with joy, only second to that which would have been felt at the seizure of George Washington.

But long, harsh imprisonment might not be the worst fate with which the American would have to count. In those stern times, the doom of the traitor, on English statute-books, was one that must shake the steadiest nerves to contemplate. It was by no means certain that John Adams, once in the grasp of English law, would not be held amenable to its extreme penalty.

Then if, by good fortune, he escaped the British ships, there was the long, stormy passage across the Atlantic, no light experience for a man in his uncertain health; and there was, too, first and last, the thought of the long, cruel separation from his family.

John Adams took one day to look all these things in the face. Then he made up his mind to go.

He sailed in the waning winter, in the frigate *Boston*. His son, John Quincy Adams, the boy who, in the Bunker Hill days, had read Rollin's *History* to his mother, accompanied him.

The two had been out less than a week when an English ship-of-war gave chase to the frigate. "Adams urged the crew to fight desperately." It was better to die on board the *Boston*, better to sink in the sea, than be taken prisoner.

Fortunately the frigate escaped. "On March 31, 1778, she was riding safely at anchor in the harbor at Bordeaux."

Mr. Adams's first foreign mission occupied nearly a year and a half, yet it did not afford any large field of activity to his abounding energies. The famous alliance with France had already been consummated.

Dr. Franklin was then having his career of unparalleled popularity in France. The shrewd, simple American had captivated the polished, critical Parisians. He, of course, threw the other commissioners much into the background. Mr. Adams was not a man to enjoy remaining there, and he recommended that the commission should be intrusted to one person, though this would exclude himself. It was a foregone conclusion that Dr. Franklin would receive the appointment. Mr. Adams's advice was followed, and he was left with nothing to do but enjoy the brilliant Paris world around him. Idleness was most distasteful to him.

"I cannot eat pensions and sinecures; they would stick in my throat," he characteristically wrote to his wife.

He returned in the same ship with the first minister France ever sent to America. John Quincy Adams, who accompanied his father, had been making the most of his time, seeing with his grave young eyes the wonderful French world about him, and drawing his own conclusions. On the long voyage the boy of eleven gave the French minister and his secretary lessons in English, and proved an inexorable teacher.

On reaching home Mr. Adams was soon in the thick of affairs. He had a leading part in framing the new constitution for Massachusetts. The work was hardly done before he was summoned to a wider arena.

In 1779 he sailed again in the French frigate which had brought him home. This time he was appointed "Minister to treat with Great Britain for peace and commerce."

The vessel, *Le Sensible*, in which Louis XVI. had invited Mr. Adams to sail with the French Minister to America, proved unseaworthy on her homeward passage. She barely reached Ferrol, to be laid up for repairs. Mr. Adams would not wait. He resolved to continue the journey by land. This time the two oldest sons accompanied their father. They went through Spain. The condition of the roads, the lack of accommodations, made their journey one of almost incredible hardship.

When Mr. Adams left his native shores on this second mission, he little dreamed how long his absence was to be, or what an important rôle he was to play in the politics of several European governments.

This period forms, in many respects, the most picturesque and dramatic portion of John Adams's life. It is especially tempting to the biographer. To do it any sort of justice would require a volume.

Arrived at last in France, Mr. Adams's first experiences were not encouraging. He was at once brought into critical relations with the *Compte de Vergennes*, who was at the head of the foreign affairs of France.

The keen, polished, autocratic, and dangerous French diplomat—who cared only for the affairs of France, who hated only England—and the outspoken, independent, resolute American did not get on well together.

The story cannot be dwelt on here. Mr. Adams made serious mistakes at first. His lack of tact, his insistence, his blunt directness, all astonished and offended the cool, brilliant, crafty nobleman, trained in the wiles and subterfuges of the diplomatic school of his day.

But though the two matched their strength on many an important field which required the exercise of the highest, most far-sighted statesmanship, the American did not in the end come worsted from the encounter.

Indeed, Mr. Adams, though conspicuously lacking in the traditions and qualities of a finished diplomat, proved himself "precisely the man for the place and the duty."

It was unfortunate that, at this period, a strong ill feeling developed itself between himself and Dr. Franklin. No doubt the differences in their mental and moral constitutions had much to do with their deep alienation.

Between Vergennes and Dr. Franklin Mr. Adams's position could not have been a very comfortable one, and he always lacked the tact to conciliate an enemy.

Perhaps his position at the French Court had much to do with his journey to Holland in July, 1780, though he was revolving in his mind the chances of negotiating a Dutch loan for his impoverished country.

Mr. Adams now had the field to himself, and he worked with untiring energy. The Dutch at that time knew little about America. He made it his aim to enlighten them, both in his conversation and in a series of letters which he published.

But the sky was suddenly overcast. Great Britain declared war against Holland. Laurens, a negotiator sent by Congress to the Dutch, had been captured, and with him some letters which the English Government chose to regard as a breach of Holland's engagements. In this state of affairs Mr. Adams was summoned to France by Vergennes. The Compté, alarmed at the exhausted condition of the French treasury, was now desirous of concluding a peace. He did not intend that American interests should stand in the way.

Before Mr. Adams left he had been appointed minister to Holland in place of Laurens, who was now immured in the Tower of London.

But when Mr. Adams arrived in France, the prospects for peace were not flattering. England, arrogant and exasperated, could not bring herself to the point of negotiating on

equal terms with her former colonies. Mr. Adams was extremely suspicious of Vergennes, and having little to do in France soon returned to Holland, where he inspired much friendly feeling toward America "among the merchants and the popular party."

The existence of this feeling was due largely to Mr. Adams's own exertions; but anger with Great Britain, as well as the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army, had much to do with Dutch sentiment toward America.

Mr. Adams now showed another instance of that splendid audacity which had served him so well when he proposed George Washington as Commander-in-chief of the American armies. He presented a formal demand to the States-General that he should be recognized as the minister of an independent nation.

It is impossible at the present day to form any conception of the boldness of this demand. It was made in defiance of all the traditions and habits of diplomacy. Behind the man who stood before the States-General with this high claim for recognition was a company of small impoverished provinces, loosely bound together, the whole country still in arms for that independence their representative boldly asserted they had won.

It is not difficult to see that Mr. Adams's attitude might easily have become one of supreme ridiculousness. But his sublime audacity carried the day. There were delays, of course. In such an unprecedented affair delegates must revert to constituents for instructions. But on April 19, 1782, the high stake was won. At that date the recognition of Mr. Adams took place, and he was installed American minister at the Hague.

One's imagination at this distance of time can only reproduce in the dimmest form the grand scene which crowned this alliance. The French minister, the Duke de la Vauguyon, who, influenced by Vergennes, had all along covertly opposed the recognition, now professed immense satisfaction with it. He

gave the new minister a splendid banquet. In the presence of the grand European diplomats he introduced the American as a member of their distinguished body. No wonder Mr. Adams was elated at his immense triumph. At that very hour England was insisting that no free and independent United States of America existed. Those who assumed the title were a company of colonies in rebellion against their lawful Sovereign. But of this time Mr. Adams is best entitled to speak :

“One thing, thank God! is certain. I have planted the American standard at the Hague. There let it wave and fly in triumph over Sir Joseph Yorke and British pride. I shall look down upon the flagstaff with pleasure from the other world.”

Before the end of the year the new minister succeeded in obtaining a loan of two million dollars from the shrewd Dutch bankers. This loan proved of incalculable service to his distressed country.

When the year 1782 opened there were plentiful signs that the ministry of Lord North was approaching its end. A little later it fell.

This narrative now approaches a point in Mr. Adams's life which brings the reader to the most momentous event in American history. It is the signing of the Treaty of Peace between the United States and England.

Familiar as the ground is it tempts one to linger on it. The long negotiation had episodes of intense dramatic interest. The two ancient nations and the young one engaged in negotiating the treaty had affairs at stake that often clashed. The commissioners could not look to Vergennes for support. He was at heart concerned only for the welfare of France.

Mr. Adams, coming from Holland, appeared in Paris at a critical moment. His unflinching courage braced his colleagues, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jay. He came upon a scene of endless

debates, arguments, bickerings. The English Cabinet yielded slowly to American demands. The negotiations reached a point many times when it looked as though they must be broken off. But Mr. Adams's moral courage never flinched. Mr. Jay, with all his resolution, could not have held his ground without the aid of his bold, determined colleague. The Boundaries, the Fisheries, the Navigation of the Mississippi—all vital questions—were settled at last. The Americans had, with good reason, lost confidence in Vergennes. They carried on their most important negotiations without consulting him. When the amazed count learned this, it was too late for him to interfere, but he loudly complained that the Americans had not kept faith with him.

The only charge, however, which could be brought against them was "a disregard of diplomatic formalities." They kept their word with their ancient ally; they made no separate peace. On the day that England signed her treaty with the United States, she signed her treaty also with France. The date was September 3, 1783.

Long before this Mr. Adams had grown weary and disgusted. Despite the honorable rôle he had played in affairs his heart had never been in Europe. It was far away under the quiet roof at Braintree, with the brave, tender wife who counted the days of his absence until they grew into years.

He sent in his resignation as soon as he felt the Treaty of Peace assured, and declared in his positive fashion that if the acceptance did not duly arrive "he would come back without it." But, despite his utmost efforts, he could not leave the field of his present activity. Not long after the signing of the Treaty of Peace he, with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jay, was commissioned to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. This was a matter he had much at heart. He felt that if the two nations could agree to forget the past, and enter into a generous

commercial alliance, it would be immensely for the advantage of both. An opportunity seemed suddenly afforded him to promote a large and generous policy. He would not desert his post.

But he now wrote his wife to join him with his daughter.

The long strain told on him at last. During this memorable autumn he was prostrated by a "fever of great severity." When he partially recovered he visited London. Only a little while before his head would have been in extreme jeopardy had he ventured it there. He must have thought of this often as he walked about the busy, crowded streets of the ancient city.

During this time he witnessed one event which must always have overshadowed in his memory all that he then saw in London.

Mr. Adams was in Parliament on that day when George III. announced that "he had made a Treaty of Peace with the colonies no longer, but now the Independent States of North America." Here, again, it is not easy to conceive the emotions with which one stranger in that large, breathless audience listened to the royal speech.

A little later Mr. Adams, still an invalid, was forced to undertake a long winter journey to Holland. His object was to negotiate a fresh loan with the Dutch bankers, already appalled by the draughts which the States had made on them. He actually succeeded in obtaining fresh funds from these shrewd money-lenders. The Fates seem to have ordained that Mr. Adams should succeed in all that he attempted in Holland.

Meanwhile a fresh commission arrived from Congress and included Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jefferson. The three men were empowered to negotiate commercial treaties with European powers. The new government was taking its place "in the stately march of the nations."

The summer of 1784 brought Mr. Adams a great happiness.

His wife and daughter joined him. The entire family were now abroad. They set up housekeeping in Auteuil, near Paris. He now enjoyed a season of quiet, domestic life, amid public labors that were not burdensome. But Congress had not exhausted the honors it had of late years heaped on him. The last was the crowning one. February 24, 1785, he was appointed minister to Great Britain. Even the cool Comte de Vergennes was impressed by all the circumstances of this new embassy, and said to Mr. Adams, "It is a mark."

Mr. Adams must have been more or less than human had he not felt keenly the distinction conferred upon him.

But the position of the first minister which America sent to England was necessarily a delicate and trying one.

Mr. Adams's first presentation was private. The interview between the monarch of the House of Brunswick and the Braintree lawyer was, in some of its aspects, one of the most momentous scenes which ever occurred in the lives of the two men.

George III. was gracious on this occasion. What he felt beneath the trained royal demeanor did not appear. But he was a man of small intellect and imagination. Everybody knows what he said of Shakspeare to Frances Burney.

The new minister was equal to the occasion. He afterward avowed that he felt some agitation. A little while before the monarch and the minister had been saying terrible things of each other. But even in the presence of royalty the American's proud independence did not fail him. When the king intimated his knowledge of Mr. Adams's distrust of the French Ministry, the old dauntless temper rung out in his reply: "I must avow to your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country."

Royal ears do not often hear speeches of that temper. This one appeared to please the king.

But though things went smoothly at that first presentation, Mr. Adams's position at the English Court was not an agreeable one. He was in a critical and hostile atmosphere, and his salary was totally insufficient to the demands of the place.

The queen, too, narrow and prejudiced, treated his wife with conspicuous coldness. The daughter of the Weymouth pastor felt keenly the burden imposed upon her of being the first representative of American womanhood at the British Court.

She was equal to her part ; but the treatment she received from royalty, as well as from the court, who followed its example, could not fail to wound a proud and sensitive spirit. The first minister which America had sent to England had cherished high hopes of establishing cordial relations between the two countries. He was doomed to disappointment. England did not forgive America for her victory in the field ; and jealous of commercial rivalry, she was bent on crippling the foreign trade of the United States. Their "League" was at this time so loose and feeble a bond that the British Government did not hesitate to treat them with haughty insolence.

When Mr. Adams was convinced that he could not serve his country by remaining in England, he sent in his resignation.

He sailed for home April 20, 1788. He never again set foot on a foreign shore.

John Adams returned to America one of its greatest men. He was now to enter an untried political field. The Constitution, created amid vast labors and compromises, was at this juncture to undergo its first trial.

Washington was elected first President. It was thought fitting that New England should be represented by the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Adams's eminent services and high character entitled him to the election.

The long, bitter feud between himself and Alexander

Hamilton appears to have had its beginnings in events connected with the election.

Alexander Hamilton, usually generous and magnanimous, entertained one of those inveterate prejudices against Mr. Adams, which men of strong, autocratic nature often exhibit toward those whom they cannot influence. Pliancy was not in the Adams fiber. The Vice-President was as thorough and outspoken in his enmities as he was in everything else.

So, from the necessities of their mental and moral constitution, the two passionate and obstinate leaders were brought into sharp antagonism. They were both members of that great Federal party which had organized the new government and started it on its career. Hamilton had fairly won his place as the leader of this party by his splendid abilities and his devoted patriotism. His services during those exciting months after the Constitution, framed at Philadelphia, had been brought before a perplexed, disheartened and suspicious people, cannot be overrated. A little later, his daring and successful measures to infuse strength and energy into the paralyzed finances of the nation entitle him to his place in American history. To his matchless endowments, he added rare and lovable qualities of character which pre-eminently fitted him to be a leader of men. Mr. Adams was a redoubtable foe. It was the fate of these two that their political relations should bring into strong relief the defects and weaknesses in the characters of each.

Mr. Adams's first term as Vice-President proved a comparatively smooth one. In all the constructive measures before Congress he gave Hamilton valuable assistance by voting with the Federalists.

Mr. Adams was re-elected. The second term of his office was the period of the French Revolution. That mighty upheaval shook the United States. The passionate feeling of the time carried everything before it. Even Washington's

great name and vast services could not save him from the fiercest attacks of calumny. The Vice-President seems to have mostly escaped at this time.

When Washington retired, John Adams took his place. The summit of his ambitions was reached. But Hamilton had covertly used his great influence to prevent a unanimous election. It was carried by a narrow majority. Mr. Adams felt this strongly. When he learned the facts he was naturally filled with resentment. The acrimony between these two distinguished men became at last "the most bitter feud in American history."

It was certainly unfortunate for Mr. Adams that he had during his Presidency so powerful, and, in this instance, so vindictive a foe.

The relations between the United States and France became now greatly strained. The Directory, inflated with its success, and carrying everything before it, actually refused to receive the new minister the United States had sent to France.

This intolerable insult was followed by a shameful decree against American commerce. It had its origin in the angry disappointment with which the Directory learned of Mr. Adams's election. They had confidently hoped to see their favorite, Jefferson, President of the United States.

Greatly as Mr. Adams resented these indignities, he kept his fiery temper under admirable control. He desired, if possible, to avoid a collision with France. But the party which had elected him was strongly Anglican in its sympathies, and this made the President's position a delicate and perplexing one.

A second mission was, however, sent to France. This time the envoys were received. The French treasury was impoverished. Secret attempts were soon set in train to frighten or cajole the Americans into purchasing a peace by the payment of large sums. They indignantly rejected these base proposals.

The consequence was a fresh decree against American commerce.

When these facts became known in America, a wave of popular indignation swept over the land. There was a universal cry for war. The President suddenly rose into great popularity. He acted with characteristic promptness and energy. The heart of the nation was with him. Washington was persuaded to leave his retirement at his beloved Mount Vernon, and organize the new army, of which he was to be Commander-in-chief.

The trouble about the appointment and precedence of the major generals belongs to this time. "Hamilton was resolved to stand next to Washington." But the President was strongly opposed to the arrangement, and this added fresh rancor to the old bitterness. Hamilton's large following supported their brilliant chief. Washington, with whom his former aide and Secretary of State was a great favorite, threw his influence into the same scale. That decided the matter. Mr. Adams had to yield. But it was impossible for him to do it with a good grace.

The bold attitude of the United States took France by surprise. Absorbed in European politics and ambitions, she had no wish to expend her resources in a remote war on American battle-fields.

Talleyrand, greatly chagrined that his attempts to corrupt the envoys had become known in America, sought with infinite tact and audacity to smooth over matters. The French Government made conciliatory advances toward the United States. Mr. Adams, who always knew his own mind, resolved to meet these in the same spirit. American Presidents hesitate, as a rule, to act on their sole responsibility in dealing with such affairs. Mr. Adams had no scruples. He determined to send another embassy to France.

This measure was like a sudden thunderbolt to the Federalists. Hamilton and many of his followers desired a lasting rupture with France.

From this time Mr. Adams and a large, influential section of his party were irreconcilably opposed to each other. The majority of his cabinet, even, sided openly or secretly with Hamilton.

The mission to France proved a success. Napoleon Bonaparte had now become First Consul of France, and was the real government. He had no designs on America, and all differences were soon adjusted with the young ruler, who had suddenly come to the foreground in French politics.

But though events justified Mr. Adams's policy, the Federalist leaders were implacable. Their passions blinded them to their own interests. The President's eyes were at last opened to the hostility of certain members of his cabinet, and he summarily dismissed them.

His temper was greatly exasperated at this time, and his weaknesses and faults came to the surface. It was impossible for that impetuous, outspoken nature to disguise its feelings. No doubt Mr. Adams was unreasonable and obstinate, dogmatic and pugnacious, and often showed an unpardonable lack of tact and consideration for others.

The mission to France, wise, statesmanlike, and patriotic a measure as posterity now admits it to have been, probably cost Mr. Adams his second term of office.

The election found the Federal leaders full of bitterness and rancor, which divided and weakened their energies, while the forces of the new Republican party, under the masterly guidance of Jefferson, were united and alert.

But it was probably Hamilton's pamphlet which dealt Mr. Adams's public life its death-blow. This pamphlet was designed

for circulation only among the Federalist leaders, but it fell into the hands of Aaron Burr, and was at once given to the world.

While this paper arraigned the administration, and tried to prove its lack of wisdom, it yet closed with perfunctorily recommending Mr. Adams's re-election to the Presidency.

All Hamilton's dispassionate friends had entreated him not to publish this document, but the cool, shrewd leader was inveterately obstinate at this time.

Jefferson's party could not have desired a better campaign document. Even Hamilton must have perceived his mistake when it was too late.

Thomas Jefferson was elected third President of the United States, and Aaron Burr Vice-President.

The nineteenth century was just two months and four days old when John Adams, a cruelly mortified, disappointed, and, as he believed, shamefully wronged man, left Washington for the last time in the early March morning.

He would not remain to welcome his successor. It seemed a pity. In the time of the country's long agony he and Thomas Jefferson had worked together in perfect harmony and with devoted patriotism. Next to Washington, the young nation owed most to these two men. Yet when one takes into account John Adams's temperament and feelings, his behavior on that memorable morning is not surprising.

Nobody can question that it would have been more dignified to remain and beam blandly on Jefferson's inauguration. But the ex-President had no notion of presenting himself a mark for the gaze of his triumphant foes. His behavior was, of course, an appalling violation of the etiquette of the occasion; but the sturdy old patriot, who never had the fear of man before his eyes, acted out his honest feeling when he turned his back on Washington and started for Braintree.

The long, honorable, and brilliant public life of John Adams came to a close on that March morning. He was sixty-five years old; he was to live beyond the first quarter of the century that had just opened.

The simple home life which, at the height of his dazzling career in Europe, he had constantly longed for, now awaited him; but he did not return to it with the applause and gratitude of the nation. The Federalist party, dismayed and enraged at the triumph of their opponents, laid their defeat at the ex-President's door. They insisted that the French mission was the real cause of their overthrow. Mr. Adams found himself for a while the most unpopular man in America.

This was a cruel return for a life of the noblest, most unselfish patriotism. He had, at least, the happy consciousness that he had served the country, which he felt had cast him off, with a perfect love.

The active mind, withdrawn from public interests, did not devour itself. Mr. Adams was still eager and alert, as in his youth, over the great events of the world. He had his old delight in books and writing; he dwelt, with graphic, picturesque talk, on the scenes in which he had borne so conspicuous a part. It must have been a rare pleasure for those who lived in the first quarter of the century to listen, "in that quiet home near the roadside in Quincy," to the old statesman and patriot when his memory called up the great historic events and personages that were a part of his past.

His pecuniary circumstances enabled him to live in the simple independence which had been the aspiration of his youth. His domestic affections were strong, and he found in his family and in the companionship and sympathy of his wife, a solace for all public ingratitude.

With all her respect and affection for her husband, Mrs. Adams was too keen-sighted a woman not to have been aware

of the foibles and faults which marred his intrinsically noble character.

It is much to his credit that he retained all his life, with such a woman, the romantic tenderness which he had inspired in her youth. She was not alone his devoted wife, she was his intellectual companion, his trusted counselor and friend.

Mr. Adams's picture, in his old age, is that of a still handsome man, with clear, strong lines, wide forehead and brows. The expression is eager, resolute, dominant. The large intellect, the keen insight, the dogged, masterful will, the impetuous temper, are all there.

“His figure was large and round, scarcely exceeding middle height, but of a stout, well-knit frame, as he grew old inclining more and more to corpulence.”

He had a natural dignity and simplicity of presence and bearing which accompanied him through all the requirements and circumstances of his varied career. If he carried his plain, good manners, his air of quiet, impressive self-respect, into the audience-chamber of kings, it was because he could not do otherwise—because they were a part of himself.

As years passed, Mr. Adams's violent feeling toward his political enemies gradually softened. He was incapable of small malevolence; he never sought, by working in the dark, to injure his worst foe. It is said that the only man whom he never forgave was Alexander Hamilton.

His weaknesses, his faults of vanity, obstinacy, bluntness, self-conceit, were precisely the kind to show conspicuous against his real greatness. They were not pleasant while he lived. They made him many enemies. They cannot be pleasant for any biographer to dwell on.

But he was, from first to last, unconscious as a child of these defects. Indeed, they were of a nature which he would not be likely to perceive. He was, therefore, with all his generosity,

unjust to his opponents ; he never could see the other side of the shield. He was, in his own opinion, immutably right.

Such a temperament has usually moods of imprudence and rash confidence. Mr. Adams was no exception to the rule. He talked and wrote much ; he revealed his opinions of persons and events where it would have been wise to keep silent. This rash habit of speaking and writing could not fail to bring him into serious trouble, though it must be admitted he always, when the pinch came, stood courageously by his words.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Adams had great satisfaction and pride in the career of their son, John Quincy Adams. The mother lived to see her eldest boy Secretary of State during Monroe's Administration.

In time the great breach between Adams and Jefferson was healed. It took years for the former to forget and forgive. The reconciliation was largely due to Mrs. Adams's influence and efforts. Thomas Jefferson was the last man in the world to hold a grudge against his old friend because of the part he had played, or failed to play, at the inaugural ceremonies. The ex-Presidents had many sympathies and a world of experiences and reminiscences in common. They maintained a frequent correspondence for the rest of their lives.

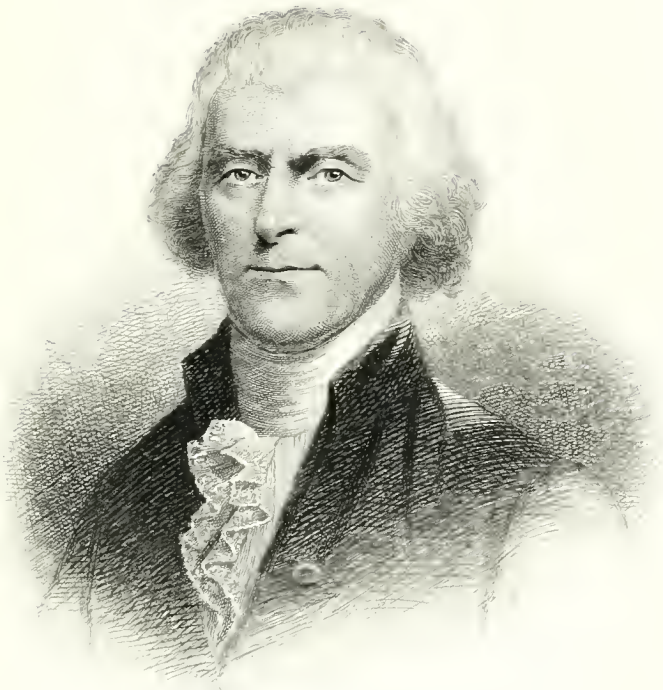
Mrs. Adams died in 1818, at Quincy, where she had remained since the close of her husband's public life.

Mr. Adams survived his wife almost eight years. He received some agreeable public attentions. He was appointed a Presidential elector and voted for James Monroe.

He also lived to see his son President of the United States.

His mind was clear and active to within a few hours of his death. That occurred at sunset :

July 4, 1826.



Th. Jefferson

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THOMAS JEFFERSON.

DURING the first quarter of this century an old man, whose voice people made long pilgrimages to hear, used often to relate an incident which had occurred in his early boyhood. It had made so powerful an impression, that he dwelt on it with enthusiasm seventy years afterward.

The story was that of a young boy, in an Indian camp pitched among the wild, densely wooded scenery at the foot of the mountains in central Virginia. The whole scene was full of solemn, picturesque features, well calculated to impress the imagination of a sensitive boy. A full moon rode in the sky, and the distant mountain peaks, and the dark, vast wilderness, and all the pleasant river-valley, lay in that still, tender light. All around the camp-fires sat groups of swarthy, motionless figures. The red flames flared on the dusky, savage faces, and around the brown, bared shoulders, and they looked like groups sculptured in bronze.

In the silence and the moonlight, Ontassetè, the famous Cherokee chief, was speaking to his people for the last time. The next day he was to sail for England, to plead their cause with that great court of which his fathers had never heard, but which now ruled the land where they had roamed in happy freedom.

The chief must have spoken with passionate eloquence. The powerful voice rang through the still night. The clear articulation, the impressive gestures, all aided the effect of his words. The boy listened spell-bound, though he did not understand a syllable of all that solemn, impassioned speech. His heart, as

well as his imagination, must have been touched at that early time. "Through all his life he showed a liking for Indians."

His likings and his opinions were long after to leave their mark in the history of nations. For the boy who heard the speech of the Cherokee chief in the moonlight, and who was to talk about it seventy years afterward, was Thomas Jefferson.

He was born April 13, 1743, in the Shadwell homestead. This was named from his mother, "who first saw the light in a London parish of that name." The homestead stood on a farm of nineteen hundred acres, in Albemarle County, Virginia.

The boy's father was Peter Jefferson, and his mother was Jane Randolph. She had passed her youth on one of the tobacco plantations of the James River, where Peter Jefferson saw her first, when she was only seventeen. He wooed and won and married her, and carried her away from the old stately home mansion, to his great, partially cleared farm on the banks of the Rivanna.

The boy, born in the Shadwell homestead, had a good start. His father was a land surveyor, only a few years before George Washington undertook the same business. The owner of Shadwell farm was a Hercules in strength and stature. He singly performed feats which taxed the powers of three strong men. But he was also a man of much intelligence, shrewd sense, and force of character. County honors naturally gravitated to such a one. In due time, the Shadwell farmer became Justice of the peace, Colonel of Albemarle County, and Representative in the House of Burgesses.

Jane Randolph, who came from the old Virginia stock, could never have regretted the choice of her youth, although her early married life must have involved many privations and hardships.

Thomas was the first son, but he had two elder sisters.

Other children followed, until a large brood of Jeffersons had gathered in the farm homestead.

Peter Jefferson had to leave that young family fatherless. The stalwart man died suddenly, August 17, 1757. His death occurred in that dark time for Virginia, two years after Braddock's defeat. Thomas was fourteen. There was nobody to control or advise him. The mother, with her young family about her, herself not yet forty years of age, appears to have placed unlimited confidence in her boy. From that time he became his own master.

It had been the father's dying injunction that his son should be well educated. Thomas made up his mind to study with the Rev. James Maury, whose school was then regarded as the best in Virginia.

The parsonage was only fourteen miles from the farm. Thomas entered the school, where he remained two years. By this time he was ready for the college of William and Mary.

This was situated five days' ride from young Jefferson's home, in Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia. He set out for it, a lad hardly seventeen years old, in the early spring of 1760. "He had never at that time seen a town, or even a village of twenty houses."

The little town of a thousand inhabitants, with its principal street unpaved, "three-quarters of a mile long, the Capitol at one end, the college at the other, and the public buildings in the middle," no doubt made the old capital seem an elegant metropolis to the rustic youth from the banks of the James.

He was no Adonis—this lad, straight and tall and slender, as he rode up the broad old street of the capital. His sandy hair framed a freckled face. His cheek bones, as well as his chin, were prominent. He had large hands and feet. But he had bright hazel-gray eyes, and his smile showed perfect teeth. His movements and bearing had the ease and elasticity of a

youth spent much in free, healthy, out-door life, and his countenance had an expression which at times must have made it very attractive.

The young student had brought with him "the strength of the hills." He had a passion for out-door sports. Whenever a holiday released him from the Latin and Greek which he had studied at Mr. Maury's, he had devoted himself to hunting on a mountain in the neighborhood. He was extremely fond of chasing the game to cover, and was "sound of wind and swift of foot," as became the hardy old Jefferson breed.

Thomas had a singularly loyal and affectionate nature. It would not permit him to forget, amid fresh scenes and interests, the home where the widowed mother sat, sat with her young daughters and one little son. That household on the Rivanna, with its young life and its unutterable loss and grief, reminds one of another household on the banks of the Rapahannock.

But whatever memories and longings tugged at his heart-strings, Thomas Jefferson set himself bravely to work in the old college of William and Mary. He had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. He studied much of the time fifteen hours a day. Even that terrible strain did not break down the hardy constitution of the youth from the hills. At twilight he indulged in a little respite. "He rushed off to a great stone which formed a landmark a mile out of town, and this and the race back again" appear to have been his only regular exercise.

Dr. Small, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, was a conspicuous figure in Jefferson's college life. The Scotchman and the student became companions and friends. The elder had a genius for teaching, and inspired the younger's soul with great enthusiasm for study. But the college life was not wholly one of books. With his ardent, generous nature, Thomas Jefferson was sure to be a favorite with his classmates. Even at

this age he won the attention of men of the world, men of high character and great abilities. George Wyeth, the lawyer, and Francis Fauquier, the lieutenant-governor of the province, admitted the young student to their intimate companionship. Fauquier, gay, accomplished and agreeable, was just the sort of man to fascinate a college youth. The friendship, however, was not without its danger, as this elegant man had a deep passion for gaming. Jefferson, however, escaped unharmed from the powerful example. He was much at the palace, as the official residence was called in the stately old colonial phrase. The Scotch tutor and the distinguished lawyer were constant guests with himself. There was immense mental stimulus for young Jefferson in this rare companionship. In that social atmosphere his shy and simple manners must have acquired self command and polish. His eager, sensitive nature fell under noble and elevating influences at this period. All his after life he spoke with solemn fervor of the immense debt which he owed to three men, his beloved tutor, Dr. Small, George Wyeth, and Peyton Randolph. They were the models which he chose for his youth. All the attractions of his host could not blind him to the vice of gambling. Indeed, his horror of it became so strong that "when he had a roof of his own he would never allow a card under it."

Yet, with all his omnivorous study and the society of his seniors, the boy from the Shadwell farm was by no means a prig. He had his share in the pleasures and amusements of the ancient capital. He had a passion for music, and his violin was a source of never-ending delight to him. He danced minuets late into the night in the Apollo, that "great room of the old Raleigh tavern," which was soon afterward to be put to a very different service.

Jefferson lost his heart within those old historic walls. The first romance of his life came to him before he was nineteen

years old. The charms of Belinda, or Rebecca Burwell proved powerful enough to win the thoughts of the devoted student from his books.

The lovely face, the graceful form, which had moved by his side in the dance, haunted him by night and day. It was not a mere flitting fancy either. It survived the tests of time and absence. After two years he returned to Shadwell, with his law-books and his violin, but the sweet face hovered around him and made sore havoc with the studies and ambitions of the youth of twenty.

After wearing out the winter at Shadwell he returned to Williamsburg, sought Belinda, and put his fate to the touch. The young belle did not smile on her boy-suitor. She, of course, had no idea of what a heart and hand she was putting aside at that time. She was married soon afterward, and Jefferson's young romance was shattered. He believed his heart would never rally from that blow.

In April, 1764, he reached his majority. He celebrated that event after the old English fashion, by ordering an avenue of locusts and sycamores to be planted near his house, though he was himself absent at Williamsburg.

Young Jefferson took up the burdens and responsibilities of life bravely. The keen disappointment which his affections had undergone did not relax his energies or his varied interests in life. At this period he devoted himself to the improvement and cultivation of his farm. His agricultural tastes were as decided as those of that other great Virginian, who had now settled himself down a few miles away, happy and satisfied, to what he regarded as the work of his life—the charge of Mount Vernon.

The young owner of Shadwell must have seemed to his neighbors to have in him the making of a splendid farmer. There was much more in Thomas Jefferson which neither he nor

his friends suspected at this time. But he was certainly an agricultural genius. He began now that habit of experiments with soils and plants which he kept up throughout his long life. He had a variety of garden books, in which he made endless entries. No changes of the weather, no aspects of sky or earth within his horizon, escaped him. The amount of work, planning and study, which he managed to put into every day was simply enormous.

In the summer of 1765, Martha Jefferson, a beautiful girl of nineteen, was married to Dabney Carr, the most intimate and beloved of Jefferson's college class mates. Young Carr had one of those rare natures, whose charm and lovable quality lend a fresh grace to life. Like Jefferson, he was a law student. Even before they became brothers-in-law the two were constantly together. They had a favorite resort two miles from the homestead, on a lonely mountain, five hundred and eighty feet in height. This afterward became the historic Monticello. It was richly wooded to the summit. Far up the mountain-side grew a vast oak, under whose shade the young men made a rustic seat, and here they sat amid the wide green freedom and stillness, and studied their text-books, and had long intervals of talk.

And what rare, delightful talk it must have been! It seemed a pity there was nobody to hear it but the singing-birds and the squirrels darting among the mossy brown boles. No doubt the talk was illuminated with the glow and enthusiasm of youth. But it must have had also the large reach, the profound earnestness, the intellectual force, of the two minds with which it originated.

It was these hours which were afterward to make that spot so famous in history. The two entered into a covenant that he who died first should be buried under the mighty oak. Jefferson kept his word. Long afterward, the place formed the burial-

plot of his family, and at last, full of years and honors, he was laid by the side of his friend, beneath the very sods where they had sat and studied, and where they had held the long, wise, aspiring talk of their youth. It was the memory, too, of those days which made Jefferson choose that mountain-top for his home.

The honey-moon was hardly over when the shadow of death fell on the homestead. Jane Jefferson's death, which took place in the autumn following her sister's marriage, was a great blow to her brother. She was about twenty-nine, and had shared his intellectual tastes.

There was something almost portentous in Thomas Jefferson's industry. He rose at five in the morning. Happily, he did not allow himself scant sleep, for, with the sensible habit of the time, he went to bed at nine. He studied law each day; he overlooked the details of his large estate; he had a smart gallop on horseback, and a tramp usually to the summit of Monticello; he was an inveterate reader, and kept up his Greek, Latin and French. Certainly when he lay down at night, he could not have been haunted by any remorse for misspent time.

At Williamsburg, where he was not forced to combine the law-student with the farmer, he devoted himself more strenuously to his books. The vigorous frame he had inherited from his father, as well as his variety of interests and activities, alone saved him from breaking down. Probably not one youth in a thousand could have kept up with his stride.

But there seems to have been no sign of flagging about Thomas Jefferson, when, in 1767, near his twenty-fourth birthday, he was admitted to the bar.

Jefferson had his young dreams, like George Washington, of going abroad. But the Stamp-Act kept the newly fledged lawyer at home, as matrimony and Mount Vernon had done in George Washington's case.

Before he became engrossed in public events, however, Jefferson had entered into successful practice. His thorough preparation, as well as the times, were in his favor. There was much financial embarrassment among the old extravagant Virginia planters at that period. Jefferson's clients grew so rapidly in numbers that in seven years he had doubled his estate.

In May, 1765, when Jefferson was a law student, Patrick Henry, the old friend of his college days, was in Williamsburg. He was then a new member of the House of Burgesses, and Jefferson's guest. The latter stood in the lobby on that day when his friend made his immortal speech against Great Britain's attempt to tax her Colonies. He saw the tall, thin, negligently attired figure rise in its place; he saw "the first shy, awkward movements, and heard the slow, faltering accents." But in a few moments a mighty change came over the new member. The passion of the orator had possessed him. He stood erect and masterful before the assemblage; his face glowed. There was a thrilling music in his voice, a marvelous grace in his gestures. Every school-boy knows the history of the speech to which the youth in the lobby was listening spell-bound, like his elders. Fifty-nine years later Jefferson spoke of that scene with enthusiasm. It formed one of the great hours in American history. When Jefferson turned from the lobby that day, a new world of ideas and passions must have been kindled in his soul.

After that day he talked no more of making the tour of Europe.

Indeed, it was not until the year before he was admitted to the bar that he ever went beyond his native province. At that time he visited Annapolis, Philadelphia, "where he underwent inoculation for small-pox," and even got as far as New York. Here, in the little pleasant Dutch town of twenty thousand inhabitants, he chanced to find as a fellow lodger a small-framed,

keen, intelligent stranger from Marblehead. His name was Elbridge Gerry.

The Virginian and the New Englander took a strong liking to each other. They little suspected the rôle each was destined to play in the fortunes of the nation.

In the winter of 1768-69, when Lord Botetourt, the new governor, came over from England, the old House of Burgesses was dismissed, and in the election which followed Thomas Jefferson was a candidate for Albemarle County. He was elected and entered on a public life which was to continue for forty years.

The first Virginia legislature in which Thomas Jefferson served forms a memorable chapter in American history. The British Parliament had now entered on that tyrannical course toward the Colonies which ended in the Revolution. Lord Botetourt, amazed and alarmed at the temper and purpose which his freshly elected House of Burgesses manifested toward the Parliamentary measures, dissolved the House.

A meeting, as all the world knows, was held next day in the Apollo—that old room at the Raleigh tavern where Jefferson and Belinda had danced so many minuets.

But the members had sterner work to do now than watch the smiles of beauty, or keep step to the joyous music. At that meeting the famous Non-Importation Agreement was drawn up, and eighty-eight members of the House of Burgesses signed it.

Virginia indorsed the compact of her legislators in the most emphatic manner. "Every man who signed the agreement was re-elected; every one who refused lost his re-election."

A little later good tidings came across the sea. The colonists had their brief hour of rejoicing. The party in the British Parliament favorable to America was in power.

Lord Botetourt, a high-spirited and honorable gentleman,

informed the House of Burgesses that Parliament intended to remove the taxes.

But Lord North became Prime Minister. After that George III. and he had everything their own way.

Lord Botetourt, indignant and mortified, demanded his recall. He did not live to receive it. It was believed that he died of grief, because he was unable to keep his word to the Burgesses.

The year 1769 found Thomas Jefferson an immensely busy man. His practice at the bar had increased to a hundred and ninety-eight cases before the General Court. Bands of workmen were clearing the summit of Monticello for his future home. An orchard was planted on a slope, and the busy lawyer, farmer and member of the House of Burgesses found time between the sessions to supervise the construction of a brick wing, which was intended to form part of a mansion.

During the winter of the following year, the old Shadwell homestead was burned to the ground. Jefferson and his mother were visiting at a neighbor's. A servant brought the momentous tidings. It was natural that the young master should ask eagerly for the fate of his books. He learned that his violin alone had been saved!

Just twenty-three months from that day Thomas Jefferson was married. He, too, like Washington, had chosen a beautiful young widow whose name was Martha. She was the daughter of John Wayles, one of Jefferson's associates at the Williamsburg bar. She must have been married in her young girlhood, for she was a widow at twenty-two.

Thomas Jefferson, the rising lawyer, landed proprietor, and representative of his native province, was a very different person from the bashful college youth who, seven years before, had stammered his suit to Belinda.

His marriage with Martha Skelton took place on New Year,

1772. In a few days, the newly wedded pair started for their home on the mountain top, "more than a hundred miles away, in a two-horse chaise."

A heavy snow-fall came on during the journey. The bride reached her home late at night. The scene must have struck a chill to the heart of any but a brave woman. The house stood dark and lonely amid the snows. There was not a fire on the hearth, not a light in the windows, to welcome the new mistress. "The servants, not expecting the pair at that time, were asleep in their cabins."

But this dismal introduction of the bridal pair to the pretty brick cottage on the summit of Monticello was no augury of the life that was to be lived there. Within those walls the two who came up to them amid the darkness, in the snows, were to enjoy years of rare domestic happiness.

All accounts represent Mrs. Jefferson as a woman of much grace and charm of manner. Masses of auburn hair framed her fair, expressive face. Her tall, slight figure indicated only too well her fragile constitution. She sang; she played the harpsichord; and her musical gifts must have been a great delight to her husband. He had a peculiar tenderness and loyalty of nature, and while the woman he had chosen was the central joy of his life, he, in turn, made her supremely happy.

The home on the mountain summit commanded a magnificent prospect. Its stillness and coolness must have made it a delightful residence during the heats of the Virginia summers. On one side the mountain sloped abruptly to the valleys. On another, a mile and a half away, flowed the Rivanna, among the farms and wheat-fields, and beyond its banks was a heap of "blackened ruins," all that the flames had left of the Shadwell homestead. At one point the Blue Bridge walled the horizon, a hundred miles distant, while two hundred to the eastward was

the Atlantic. The little village of Charlottesville was only "three miles off."

Monticello was the paradise to Thomas Jefferson that Mount Vernon was to George Washington. Neither would have exchanged his farm and his homestead for the palace of a king.

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Meanwhile, the events which ushered in the Revolution were marching relentlessly forward. Jefferson, as we have seen, was married in January. In June of that year the King's little armed schooner, the *Gaspee*, of eight guns, was boarded and burned to the water's edge, while she lay aground off Narragansett Point, seven miles below Providence. The patriotic Rhode Islanders had at last been driven to desperation. They had bearded the British Government after bearing for years its oppressive and intolerable restrictions on their commerce. Its orders had been carried out in the narrowest and hardest temper by insolent and overbearing officials. The fire which had long smouldered in the breasts of the hardy, resolute race which had settled along the New England sea-board was sure, sooner or later, to break out and sweep everything before it.

"The burning of the *Gaspee*," with all the attendant circumstances, rang through the Colonies. That bold deed could not fail to fire the blood of men in whose veins ran the free old Anglo-Saxon strain. A new feeling of common sympathy and interest was aroused in the Provinces. It was the immediate cause of another famous meeting in the old Raleigh tavern. Thomas Jefferson and Dabney Carr, with several other young members of the House of Burgesses, were assembled here one evening in the early March of 1773. The question which absorbed them was the attitude which Virginia, the eldest and most powerful of the Colonies, should assume toward Rhode Island at this juncture. The young Burgesses felt unbounded admiration at the daring act of the brave little Province. They

glowed with sympathy for her wrongs ; they felt these as their own. But the great outcome of the meeting and another held on the day following was the circular letter, written and dispatched to the various Colonial Assemblies.

The Committees of Correspondence had been organized. These were followed a little later by the Continental Congress.

When they emerged from the Raleigh tavern the brothers-in-law little suspected the great historical importance of the work in which they had borne a share. But this was the last important act of one of the pair. Dabney Carr—that rare and lovable being whose brief record illuminates the page on which it is written—died suddenly of malignant typhoid fever. He had been married eight years. His small home, a few miles from Monticello, held a brood of six children. Jefferson had called his friend “the happiest man in the universe,” though five years after his marriage the cottage contained but little property beside “a table, half a dozen chairs, and two or three servants.”

His beautiful young wife lost her reason for a while at the shock of his sudden death. At this time of anguish Jefferson came, as few brothers ever have done, to the help of the widow and the orphans. He took Martha, the sister, with her young family of children, home to Martha, the wife. He adopted them all—three sons and three daughters. He brought them up as tenderly, as generously, as carefully, as he did his own.

When, at last, they laid him in his old age and his greatness, by the side of Dabney Carr, he had kept faith with the friend of his youth.

Children of his own came to him. The eldest, who bore the beloved name of Martha, survived him, but the others, of whom there were five, seem to have inherited their mother's fragile constitution. Four died in infancy. Mary, the fourth child, reached young womanhood.

All the children were girls, except one son, who lived only a few days.

The year 1774 brings the reader out on the great highway of American history. The story of the drowned tea-chests, of the Boston Port Bill, cannot be gone over here. The Revolution was on its way. People felt its coming in the air before they realized what it meant. While the whole land was shaken with its approach, Thomas Jefferson was in the thick of events. Yet the lawyer from Monticello never in these exciting times lost his coolness or his serenity.

When the new Governor, Lord Dunmore, dissolved the refractory House of Burgesses, there was another meeting at the Raleigh tavern. This time the Committee of Correspondence was instructed to propose the organization of a Continental Congress. Its members, composed of deputies from all the Colonies, were to meet annually.

Before that year had closed the name of Thomas Jefferson was enrolled on the Bill of Attainder which the British Government was preparing against leading American rebels.

The year 1774 was a busy one for Jefferson. He was enlarging his house for the occupation of his numerous family; he was busy with his agricultural and professional duties, and he was also preparing a draft of instructions for the Virginia members of the Congress which was to meet at Philadelphia in September.

It was characteristic of his calm, peace-loving temperament that, in these stormy times, his cherished idea was an address to the King. In this he felt the whole Congress must unite. The members should utter bravely in the royal ear their wrongs and grievances. Nothing could have been more offensive to the narrow-minded, arbitrary, obstinate King than the home-truths of this plain, forcible, but respectful petition. He did not deign to take the slightest notice of it.

It does not fall within the compass of this brief sketch to relate Thomas Jefferson's career in detail during the War of the Revolution.

The day on which he took his seat in the Continental Congress was the day when it first learned the tidings of Bunker Hill. George Washington was already on his way to Cambridge to take command of the American army.

The Colonies had sent the flower of their manhood to the Congress assembled in Philadelphia, "in a plain brick building up a narrow alley." These sixty members represented the greatest statesmen, the most gifted orators, the commanding intellects of the Provinces.

Everybody knows that Jefferson's great work in the Continental Congress was the Declaration of Independence. This immortal document was not prepared until the summer of 1776. Even after the day of Concord and Lexington, there were many delegates who still clung fondly to the hope of a reconciliation with England. Perhaps Jefferson had been among the number until he learned in September, 1774, of the fate which the dutiful petition, much of which was composed by himself, had met at the hands of the King.

The journey from Monticello to Philadelphia required more than a week's traveling. The road lay largely through the wilderness. Jefferson made his long trips back and forth as public or private duties summoned him. He was at home in March when his mother died. On the following June he was in Philadelphia, preparing the Declaration of Independence.

It was well that Massachusetts had sent her bold, resolute, patriotic delegate from Braintree to the Continental Congress. There were men among the members who, even after the evacuation of Boston by the British, flinched at the prospect of irrevocable separation from the mother-country. A Declaration of Independence must mean that. It must involve, too,

a long and unequal struggle, at best, with the most powerful enemy in the world. It is not strange that brave men's hearts failed them sometimes, when they contrasted the might of England with the weakness of America.

John Adams took upon himself the great task of carrying the Declaration through Congress. It required his immutable conviction, his absolute devotion to his country, and his supreme fearlessness, to spring into the breach. At this great crisis the Virginia and the Massachusetts barristers worked in perfect harmony. In a speech of masterly argument, of solemn, passionate fervor, that carried him and his hearers out of themselves, John Adams pleaded the cause of the Declaration before his colleagues.

No other man could have done this with such effectiveness. The speech and the hour were perhaps the greatest of the speaker's life. When he ceased, the end was achieved.

On July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed by all the delegates. Henceforth there could be no drawing back. "The Declaration of Independence is probably," says a high authority, "the most famous state-paper in the world. It is the charter of human freedom. It was greeted with shouts, bonfires and processions."

Jefferson was now in the full tide of public life. Honors and responsibilities were rapidly heaped upon him. In the autumn following the Declaration of Independence he was appointed by Congress to represent, with Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane, the United States at Paris. The offer was a dazzling one to a young man of thirty-three. Jefferson felt all its allurements. With his alert intelligence, his keen observation, his delight in congenial companionship, Paris, two decades before the French Revolution, would have been a most fascinating place for him. But Mrs. Jefferson's health made it impossible for her to accompany her husband. He would not leave her

behind for all that Europe could offer him. He declined the mission.

There was plenty of work for him to do at home. Vast as that work was, large as the place it should hold in the life of Thomas Jefferson, only a few lines can be devoted to it here.

He was again elected to the Assembly. He was placed on a variety of committees. The law-books of Virginia bristled with all sorts of mediæval traditions, with iron rigors and cruel punishments. Jefferson was bent, heart and soul, on making a sweeping reform in the ancient, tyrannous legislation.

This reform embraced the "repeal of the laws of entail ; the abolition of primogeniture ; the bill for establishing religious freedom."

"These measures proposed nothing less than an overthrow of the very foundations of the old social edifice. The reforms struck at the most cherished convictions in politics and religion. The contest was prolonged for years. Both sides fought with the desperation of men who were struggling for the dearest prizes of human existence. It was the old struggling mortally with the new."

The party of reform was full of boldness, resolution and passionate enthusiasm. Jefferson's old friend, Patrick Henry, was now Governor of the newly organized State. Of course his sympathies were wholly with the liberal side. But Jefferson was leader in the great work of reform. He had energetic colleagues, however, in George Wyeth and James Madison—the latter a young man of twenty-five, who, "small of stature, and wasted by too much study," had just entered the Assembly.

The first blow was struck at the system of entail. That old abuse fell after a struggle of three weeks. It was an easy triumph for Jefferson, compared with the fierce battles that followed. The old oppressive religious statutes yielded slowly, one after another, to his vigorous onslaughts. It took, as has

been said, many years to achieve a thorough reform, but he succeeded in carrying a repeal of some of the harshest penalties. It was not until 1786 that Jefferson's "Act for Establishing Religious Freedom" became the law of Virginia.

The reader must look elsewhere for the details of this great work. Suffice it that Jefferson inspired the legislation of Virginia with the new modern spirit of justice, generosity, humanity. Many an old abuse, many a cruel enactment, died hard. The instincts, the traditions, the passions of caste, were alive and powerful in the Assembly. Jefferson made many and bitter foes. Every man does whose great aim is to serve his race.

Jefferson gave the best of two years to revising the laws of Virginia.

Meanwhile the war of the Revolution went its long way. The young nation passed through all the dark days which followed the evacuation of Boston. In due time came the surrender of Burgoyne, and the war was brought under the very eyes of Monticello, when four thousand English and German prisoners of war were marched and quartered close to Charlottesville by order of Congress.

It was in keeping with Jefferson's character to do all in his power to alleviate the tedium and discomfort of the war-prisoners in the very shadow of his home. He extended many courtesies to his foes, and made many friends among them.

On June 1, 1779, Thomas Jefferson became Governor of Virginia. It was a position full of responsibility and difficulty at that time. The flower of Virginia was, of course, in camp with Washington. The weak and scattered militia could do little to protect a State whose unguarded coasts and numerous rivers offered such temptations to sudden incursions of the foe. Three weeks before Jefferson's inauguration a fleet of two thousand troops had landed, plundered, ravaged, burned and murdered, without encountering any obstacle. There was

much apprehension, too, about the Indians. Worst of all, Virginia was impoverished. Her militia lacked everything necessary for defense. The former Governor, Patrick Henry, had hurried off all the home-supplies to General Gates, in North Carolina. The latter was all that stood between Cornwallis and the firesides of Virginia.

Nobody has ever claimed that Thomas Jefferson possessed the military genius. He worked, however, with untiring energy and devotion at this period. If he poured all the resources of the State into Gates's hands, he did what seemed to him wisest and best at this critical juncture.

If, when Virginia's hour of trial came, she would have fared better with a "war-Governor" at the helm, she had not placed him there.

When the great fleet of sixty vessels entered Hampton Roads and lay there, waiting to co-operate with Cornwallis in laying waste Virginia, Jefferson's hands were tied. He could not, like Cadmus, raise armies from the soil; he could not furnish supplies when they were not to be found.

Happily the North Carolina militia held Cornwallis at bay, and, after a month's waiting, the fleet disappeared from Hampton Roads.

But the British commanders in the South were resolved, if they did not make Virginia soil their battle-field, to ravage and despoil the ancient Province.

Certainly Jefferson had hard lines from the beginning. If he was not a born soldier he was a man full of energy, resource and determination. He faced the situation with coolness and courage. Yet it was one to appall the stoutest heart. There was no force but a half-armed, scantily-clothed body of militia to resist the march of Cornwallis into Virginia or the hostile fleets upon her coast. It was a time that tried men's souls, and the Governor had to bear the brunt of things.

What Jefferson had to do—what Virginia had to endure—as she lay prostrate, with her coast and her interior open to her powerful and wrathful foe during the last years of the Revolutionary War, would fill a volume. There was no peace for the inhabitants. One invasion was followed by another. The air was full of alarm and terror.

Sunday, the last day of the year 1780, was perhaps the darkest day of all those dark days. On that morning a fleet of twenty-seven sail rode in Chesapeake Bay. Benedict Arnold was in command. Wherever he went, he would be likely to make short, stern work with the country he had betrayed. At that time Jefferson was alone. He hurried his family to a place of safety thirteen miles distant. Then he spurred his horse toward Richmond, the new capital, until the animal broke down. "The Governor of Virginia was compelled to borrow an unbroken colt." When at last he reached Richmond, he found the foe there before him.

Arnold remained at the capital twenty-three hours. One suspects that, brave as he was, he must, after his treason, always have felt uneasy when he was outside British lines. Jefferson's prompt action had roused the militia on every side, and breathing vengeance, they marched on Arnold's track.

But he got back safely to his fleet and fell down the James, having to content himself with the havoc he had made at the capital.

Four times in the spring of 1781 the Virginia Legislature fled on the alarm or approach of the British.

The following month Jefferson's hour of trial came. The redoubtable Tarleton, "with a body of cavalry two hundred and fifty strong," galloped near midnight into Louisa, a town twenty miles from Monticello. Before the next sunrise a rider spurred a horse white with foam up the mountain. He brought tidings of the approach of the foe.

The Legislature—what there was of it—was at Charlottesville. There was no doubt Tarleton was bent on capturing that and the Governor.

Jefferson confronted the peril coolly. The family had time to breakfast before they left Monticello to take refuge with a friend. Jefferson secured his most valued papers, mounted his horse, and rode off in the pleasant June morning.

There was no thunder of hoofs in the still air. He rode to a point where he could look down on Charlottesville. It lay peaceful in the morning sunshine. Jefferson had been hurried away from his precious papers by a militia officer who had rushed in breathless with the tidings that troops were ascending the mountain.

Jefferson now suspected this was a false alarm, and rashly concluded to return for his papers. As he rode back he discovered that his sword was missing. It had fallen from its scabbard. He turned to search for it, and once more glanced off at the little village of Charlottesville. It was swarming with cavalry! That lost sword had saved him from capture. Five minutes after he left his house Tarleton's men were inside it.

But before that year had closed the long travail of Virginia was over. A little more than five months after that morning flight from Monticello, Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown.

Jefferson returned to his beloved Monticello, at the close of the war, believing that his public life was over. About the same time another Virginian was returning to his home at Mount Vernon, cherishing the same happy illusion for himself. Each had, after long stormy years, a season of delightful repose and peace in the midst of his family.

But the younger of the two men had the briefer hour of gladness. The sixth child was born to the Jefferson household. From that time the fragile mother's health failed steadily. For

months the sinking of that beloved life held her husband in agonizing suspense.

September 6, 1782, was the darkest morning that ever rose over Monticello. Everybody knew then that its mistress would not see the sunset.

The husband's grief was as deep as his love had been loyal. When it came to the last parting, the strong mind, the vigorous frame, were utterly prostrated for a while. There were even fears for Jefferson's reason or his life. He had a capacity for tenderness that was like a woman's.

The dying wife, thinking in her last hour of the daughters she must leave motherless, laid her cold hand in her husband's, and begged him to promise her he would never marry again.

In that hour of supreme anguish it was easy to give his word. He never broke it.

Time, of course, dulled the keenness of his grief. Though he must miss all the rest of his days the dearest companionship, a man like this—his brain, his heart, his time—belonged to humanity. When the first sense of loneliness and loss was softened, his country made her voice heard again. Thomas Jefferson was once more elected to Congress. He took his seat November, 1783.

But a greater honor and a larger sphere of action were awaiting him. In the following May Congress resolved to send another envoy to France. Thomas Jefferson was appointed to the new post. He was to occupy it for two years. His salary was to be nine thousand dollars a year.

Everything must have inclined him to accept the new appointment. There was, alas! no wife whose happiness must be consulted now. There was every reason to believe he could serve his country in the new office. All his splendid faculties must have inspired him to throw himself at this time into the thick of affairs.

He left his two daughters in the best care at Monticello ; he could not trust himself to return and take leave of them in the home so full of tender and harrowing associations. He gave his nephews—the sons of Dabney Carr—to the charge of his dear young friend, James Madison ; he sailed from Boston in the *Ceres* on July 5, 1783 ; he took with him Martha, his eldest daughter.

The summer passage was smooth and swift. In less than five weeks after Jefferson had looked his last on the crooked streets and gable roofs of Boston he was safely installed at his hotel in Paris.

The first sight of that splendid city must have made an immense impression on one who had never seen anything but the small towns of the new world.

Jefferson had entered now upon a period which forms, in many respects, the most interesting, varied and remarkable of his life. It is an epoch especially tempting to the biographer. Yet only the briefest space can be spared here to the five years which he passed in France, and which, no doubt, exercised a powerful and permanent influence on his opinions and character.

He had set foot in France at the most critical period of her history. The most stupendous event of modern times was now about to transpire, and though nobody suspected this—though that splendid court moved gay and careless down the years to the great abyss—there must have been some vague feeling of restlessness and excitement in the atmosphere.

In 1783 Americans were sure of a cordial reception in France. Had she not a little before sent her armies and navies and emptied her coffers to aid the Colonies in their long struggle against her ancient foe ? The name of America was dear to the French heart at that time. The Declaration of Independence had thrilled the people as no human document had

ever thrilled them. The French army and navy officers had had many serious thoughts, gained many new ideas, during their service in America. The air was full of hope, dreams, enthusiasms. The glow of a fairer, nobler day seemed to men's eyes to be already flushing the horizon.

Jefferson was to succeed Dr. Franklin, and had an opportunity of witnessing the unbounded popularity of the American statesman and philosopher. The presence and character of the simple, white-haired old man had profoundly affected the sensitive imagination of the French people. Jefferson replied happily to the Count de Vergennes, "You succeed Dr. Franklin." "I succeed. No one can replace him."

But despite all that was novel, interesting and delightful in that new life of Paris, it had its drawbacks. Jefferson could not speak French, and at his age it is not easy to learn a new language. Then his salary was inadequate, as his position of foreign minister involved large expenses. The climate did not suit one accustomed to a clearer, warmer atmosphere. Jefferson's heart, in this far-off land, still grieved for its dead.

But he saw all that was most brilliant, distinguished and charming in French society. The most illustrious people met under the American's roof. Despite his broken French, they liked him immensely. Every American was interesting at that time to Frenchmen, especially one who was cultured, a lover of science and a philosopher.

But much as Jefferson's tastes were gratified by the grace and elegance of French manners, his clear, penetrating glance was not deceived. That pierced beyond all the glory and beauty of art around him, beyond the splendor and luxury of life, to the heart of things. That saw clearly the unutterable misery, ignorance and oppression of the people. These aroused in him a feeling of intense pity, indignation, horror. His letters show the strength of his feelings. He believes that

of the twenty millions in France, "nineteen millions are more wretched, more accursed in every circumstance of human existence, than the most conspicuously wretched individual of the whole United States."

Despite his own agreeable surroundings, Jefferson was under no illusions. His residence in France only strengthened, if possible, his loyalty to America.

He did his best for her interests during these five years. He worked with untiring industry to secure a more generous commercial treaty between the two nations. But old interests, traditions, abuses, all stood in his way. Outside of his official duties he labored unceasingly for his country. He wanted to introduce every valuable product and implement of the Old World to the New. With his passion for agriculture, he was always sending home "seed-grass, plants, roots, acorns"—anything novel in the vegetable world which he fancied might flourish in his native soil.

He was eager also to introduce American productions in Europe: and was untiring in obtaining specimens of the Fauna and Flora of his own country for propagation in France.

Jefferson had not been two years abroad when he went over to London to join Mr. Adams, who was having a hard time in "negotiating commercial treaties."

At this period the social atmosphere of England was anything but agreeable to Americans. George III. naturally did not delight in their presence at his court. Jefferson's reception was hardly civil. He did not enjoy England or the English people. In the way of treaties he could accomplish nothing. Prejudice, commercial selfishness, and a bitter grudge against anything American, all combined to create the most rigorous monopolies. It was evident that English statesmen and English merchants meant to crush the manufactures

and ruin the carrying-trade of the young nation across the sea.

Now the Colonies had chosen to set up for themselves, they should have no chance of which England could deprive them. This was the temper which Adams and Jefferson had to encounter at court, in Parliament, and on the English Bourse of that day.

The two traveled over the island together. They visited its famous historic places. What talk they must have had—the two colleagues of the old Philadelphia Congress days—as they stood on British soil!

In about two months Jefferson was back in Paris. Here he was in congenial air. The most famous Frenchmen assembled at the board of the Monticello planter. Here they discussed great political problems, the signs of the times, the promise of the future.

For there was a new thrill and agitation in the air. People were talking about human rights, about individual freedom, about the dawn of a better and happier era, in a strain that had never been heard before. Long afterward Jefferson, in his quiet home at Monticello, must have recalled that illustrious company which, during these years, passed over his threshold, and remembered with a pang how many of these had perished by the guillotine.

His official position made the utmost caution necessary in giving expression to his feelings or convictions. But as time went on, his heart and soul must have been fired by the great events transpiring about him.

All that can be said here is that Jefferson witnessed the opening acts of the drama which was to convulse the world. What a glorious time it must have been to his sanguine temper! He never got over the hope, joy and intoxication of those days. All the terrible ones that followed never shook his faith in the

promise and the purpose with which the French Revolution had opened under his eyes.

Jefferson was present at the assembly of the notables in 1787. He witnessed the destruction of the Bastille in 1789.

Lafayette, and the leaders in all these great national events, were Jefferson's intimate friends. They came to him constantly for sympathy and counsel. But all his passion for freedom did not confuse his judgment. He felt that the French people were not ripe for the large freedom his own nation had secured. He constantly admonished his friends not to move too fast, to beware of extreme measures, to adapt their policy to the conditions and habits of a people unaccustomed to liberty.

It seemed a cruel fate that Jefferson should feel it necessary to leave France at this juncture. The engagement of his eldest daughter to her cousin, Thomas Mann Randolph, who had visited his relatives in Paris, was the cause of Jefferson's return to America. This may have saved his neck from the guillotine, a fate to which, a little later, many of his guests were doomed.

Jefferson was the tenderest of fathers to his two motherless girls. The third one, Lucy, had died at two years, soon after her father went abroad. Mary, a fragile but singularly interesting and lovable child, had joined her father and sister in Paris. Martha had bloomed by this time into lovely young womanhood. Her father approved of her engagement, but he would not permit her to make the long journey home without him. He obtained leave of absence for six months; he confidently looked forward to his return at the end of that time.

But when he and his daughters sailed from Cowes, he had set foot for the last time on a foreign shore.

Almost the first news that greeted Thomas Jefferson on his return home, was that George Washington, then newly elected President, had appointed him Secretary of State. It was a most

unwelcome honor. Jefferson at once resolved to decline it, but Washington had set his heart on the matter. He himself was in an untried place; he wanted the strongest brains, the wisest statesmanship, the noblest talent of the country about him, in the new experiment of a Republican Government. At last, and with much secret reluctance, Jefferson accepted the position. A week after his daughter's marriage, which was celebrated at Monticello in the gay old Virginia fashion, he repaired to General Washington, who was at the seat of government in New York.

It was an immense change from the life in Paris. No doubt Jefferson found his high position anything but agreeable at the beginning. He had come from a social atmosphere full of the passionate hope and joy of the opening French Revolution. It was one which peculiarly suited his temperament, tastes and convictions. He seemed now to have entered another air, where he missed the old sympathetic comradeship.

Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury. In that post he was to render the nation, at the dawn of its existence, incalculable services. The country, which had barely held together in the loose bond of her Confederacy, was on the eve of bankruptcy. "It was Hamilton's splendid genius which effected a miracle almost as great as that of the harp of Orpheus. He restored the credit and developed the resources of the country. He inspired its moneyed men with faith in his large, original, financial measures." He had a brilliant, dominant, captivating personality. His position, and Jefferson's in the cabinet involved, of course, close political and social relations.

Every student of American history is familiar with the bitter feud between these great men. It must be read elsewhere. Each aimed to serve his country with disinterested patriotism. But the character and convictions of each were utterly opposed to the other. Alexander Hamilton was by instinct and training

an aristocrat. He had a great liking for England ; he sought, so far as possible, to mold the new Government, in its political and social forms, after the ancient model. Thomas Jefferson, despite his Randolph blood and traditions, was a born Democrat. He believed in the common people ; he trusted them ; he desired that, so far as possible, all political power should be left in their hands ; he was suspicious of a strong Central Government. Any measure that bore the slightest tinge of aristocracy or monarchy at once aroused his alarm.

No doubt Jefferson's passionate Republicanism had been intensified by the scenes and the atmosphere he had left behind him.

With characters and sentiments so radically different, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury could not long maintain their first harmonious relations. In a little while the gulf had opened between them. It could not fail to grow wider and deeper.

Hamilton's career at this time forms one of the most brilliant chapters in American history. He was master of men and of measures. He largely created and controlled that great Federal party to which the nation owed its existence, and which included a majority of its men of culture, character and weight.

Meanwhile the French Revolution went on its terrible way. America had at first hailed her old ally with joy, as one ancient abuse fell after another. But at last tidings came across the sea that appalled the hearers.

Strange as it may appear now, there were in the United States, less than a hundred years ago, two parties, whose sharp dividing line was formed by their French or English sympathies. It need not be said that Jefferson belonged to one party, Hamilton to the other.

The statesmen kept up a show of civilities long after they felt the strongest mutual antipathy. Each attributed the worst

motives to the other. Jefferson honestly believed that Hamilton's "schemes" would work irreparable mischief to the country. He could not do justice to his colleague's splendid financial genius.

The latter, on his part, had no confidence in the impracticable theories of Washington's Secretary of State.

Jefferson, disgusted and exasperated, and finding his urbanity and philosophy taxed beyond endurance by the imperious Secretary of the Treasury, resolved to resign his place at the close of Washington's first term. But the President was strongly opposed to his leaving. He therefore consented to remain awhile. Jefferson was no doubt sufficiently unhappy at this period. An atmosphere of controversy was repugnant to him. He saw his great rival, his unscrupulous political enemy, as he regarded Hamilton, carrying, with his masterly tactics, measure after measure which he heartily disapproved: he longed passionately for the old farm life, the freedom and quiet of Monticello.

Meanwhile the Republic of France sent its first minister to the Republic of the United States. Genet came to America.

There is only space here for a glance at this important episode. The new envoy, fresh from the fiery atmosphere of French politics, had one supreme object in his mission. He fancied it would be an easy one, though it was no less than to embroil America with England.

Young, rash, headstrong, he set about his work. He found many sympathizers, and succeeded in arousing the passions and prejudices of the people. The friends of France were his ardent supporters, and Genet gave Washington infinite anxiety and trouble.

Despite Jefferson's French predilections, he now rallied stanchly to the President's side, and thoroughly sustained his policy.

The storm at last blew over. Genet's proceedings were disavowed by his government.

The President's entreaties no longer availed to keep Jefferson in the cabinet. The first Secretary of State resigned his office January 1, 1794.

He resumed the old happy life at Monticello, just as Washington did a little later at Mount Vernon. Both estates had suffered greatly during the long absence of their owners.

Jefferson's taste for landscape-gardening and architecture had been cultivated by his long residence abroad, and he now set himself about the congenial work of improving and beautifying his domain.

The two years and a half he now spent at Monticello formed a happy, pastoral interlude in the life of Thomas Jefferson. It was full of home-peace and content, of agricultural interests and experiments, that absorbed him for many hours of each day, while he also found time for the reading and study which were so keen a delight to him.

Monticello always had much company. Guests from all lands crossed the threshold of that mountain-home to talk with the illustrious owner, and to gaze upon the panorama which spread its varied loveliness from the portico to the far Atlantic.

In the heart of this quiet and content, Jefferson congratulated himself that he had left the world, with its struggles, its rivalries and its passions, forever behind him. He had been out in the thick of the storms since his young manhood. Their fierceness had wearied him. The philosopher, the statesman, the man of large ideals and hopes, was necessarily fond of quiet and contemplation. The noise and heat of combat, the lists where men fought for the world's great prizes, were not a congenial arena for the genius of Thomas Jefferson.

But the nation could not leave him alone to experiment with his crops, and delight his soul with architecture, and read his

books, and talk his wonderful talk in the pleasant evenings with his guests at Monticello. She had forced her great Soldier from his beloved retirement at Mount Vernon, and kept him at the helm, where he had stood patient, harassed, and homesick for eight years ; and now she made her call heeded at Monticello. In 1796, Thomas Jefferson was elected Vice-President of the United States.

“ It is the only office in the world about which I am unable to decide in my own mind whether I had rather have it or not have it,” he wrote to James Madison. Indeed, the political atmosphere was such at this crisis, that there were plenty of reasons why a man of Jefferson’s temperament should dread to enter it again. However, he accepted the appointment, and in due time went to the inauguration of John Adams at Philadelphia. “ It a curious and characteristic fact that he carried with him the bones of an enormous mastodon, to display to the amazed eyes of the savans at Philadelphia. He had just been made President of the Philosophical Society.”

The next four years formed a stormy period for the country, for the President and the Vice-President. Here again French affairs were complicated with American politics ; here again Jefferson was brought into deadly antagonism with his powerful and gifted enemy, Hamilton.

It was impossible that “ the man of ideas and the man of action ” should do each other justice. It is probable that Hamilton’s brilliant, dominant personality eclipsed Jefferson’s calm, self-controlled one. It was a pity that each could not appreciate the greatness and fine qualities of his rival. Their personal antipathy was naturally augmented by their different political opinions and aims. Each followed the bias of his temperament. Jefferson was, as we have seen, ardently attached to France. Even the tragedies of the Revolution had not shaken his faith in the principles which underlay it. He still held the monarchy

and the nobles, the long ages of oppression and class-rule, responsible for all the excesses of that great upheaval.

Hamilton's affiliations, on the contrary, were all with England. He was a warm admirer of the English Constitution, and desired that the United States should—as we have seen—follow on the ancient lines. He too, like Jefferson, was a born leader of men. Each loved his country; each earnestly desired to serve her; each too, blinded no doubt by personal antipathy, believed the other was bent on a policy that would work national harm or ruin.

John Adams, the President, did his utmost for a time to relax the country's strained relations with France. But fate was against him. The embassy which he sent to the French Government proved worse than a failure. War appeared inevitable between the two countries, the old allies. Washington even, with all his affection for Lafayette, with all his memories of the time in which France, when his need was sorest, had come to his rescue, believed the danger so menacing, that he prepared, as a soldier must, to meet it. He left Mount Vernon to organize the new army of which he was to be Commander-in-Chief. Happily the temper and situation of France, the wisdom, courage and patriotism of the President, averted the danger. John Adams saved his country a war with France, and this noble deed cost him his second term of Presidency.

The nineteenth century opened on a stormy scene in America. How dead those old issues seem now! How vital and burning they were at the time! The bitter quarrel between Adams and Hamilton had demoralized the great Federalist party to which the country owed its existence, its financial strength, its growing honor and power among the nations.

Over this familiar tract in American history the writer can only glance. This was the era of the birth of the Republican party. It grew rapidly in numbers, strength and influence.

The Federalists had been called the "party of the gentlemen," a distinction which, in a political campaign, would not be used to their advantage. The Republicans, on the other hand, proudly called themselves "the party of the people."

Thomas Jefferson was its organizer, its leader, its ideal. In 1801 it made him third President of the United States.

His entrance upon office formed an era of great changes in the Administration. The inaugurals of our first two Presidents were full of stately ceremonials and elaborate etiquette, more or less suggestive of the pomps and pageantry of European courts. Everybody knows how Jefferson, true to his Democratic convictions, abolished all these. The third President of the United States rode into Washington on March 4, 1801, without guard or servant, dismounted, and hitched the horse's bridle to the fence with his own hands.

Yet in that old morning of the dawning century, America was going wild with joy over the inauguration of this tall, plainly dressed, unattended man. His hair was getting gray, and he was fifty-eight years old, when he went up in that quiet, simple fashion to take the highest place and the heaviest responsibility in the Nation.

From that time, so far as possible, all stately ceremonials and etiquette were swept away as by a magician's wand. There were no more splendid levees, no more stately and burdensome receptions. Everything was plain, quiet, simple, as Jefferson thought alone befitted the home and habits of the President of a Republic. His proudest ambition was to be a "plain American citizen."

It is always difficult, if not impossible, to keep the golden mean. When Jefferson resolved to put his fervid democracy into daily practice, he may sometimes have carried it to unreasonable lengths, as he did when he received the amazed and

indignant British minister "in a shabby coat and with slippers down at the heels."

But Jefferson felt strongly that an example was needed, and if, on occasion, he went too far, he did not err on the wrong side.

It should never be forgotten, too, that he resolved never to appoint one of his own relatives to office. With his generous nature and his large family connection, this was a lofty and trying position to take ; but he held to it unflinchingly. Here he must speak for himself : "The public will never be made to believe that an appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views ; nor can they ever see with approbation, offices, the disposal of which they intrust to their Presidents for public purposes, divided out as family property."

Washington and Adams had held the same views, although the former authoritatively interfered, when the rigid observance of this rule would have deprived the country of the immense services of John Quincy Adams during his father's administration.

Jefferson's first term of office was happy, peaceful and prosperous for his country. The purchase of Louisiana was the most remarkable public event of this period. The vast transfer of real estate, which gave to the American Government control of the mouths of the Mississippi, was achieved by Jefferson with masterly adroitness and statesmanship. The hour was in his favor. The French treasury was impoverished, and Napoleon Bonaparte, first Consul of France, resolved on breaking the Peace of Amiens, was sorely in need of money before he could again let loose the "dogs of war." He virtually admitted that the sale of the vast "Terra Incognita" of the West cost him a pang. But Louisiana lay far out of the track of his conquests, and he believed that England would speedily make a descent on

the Gulf coast if he did not close with the offer of sixty millions for the French territory. James Monroe had appeared on the ground in the nick of time. He had the President's full confidence and the great sale was promptly concluded.

It seems incredible that a purchase of such unspeakable value to the American Republic should have met with outcry and denunciation at home, but it is none the less true that the party opposed to Jefferson fiercely decried the bargain with Napoleon.

Another of Jefferson's important measures at this period of his Administration was the bold course which he adopted toward the Algerine pirates. "It was the beginning of a series of acts which ended in sweeping the pirates from the Mediterranean."

The trial of Aaron Burr, the English outrages on American shipping in American waters, the miseries of the embargo, belong to Jefferson's second term. They made the Presidential pillow one of thorns. Mr. Jefferson was a lover of peace; he did his utmost to maintain it. The whole country, aflame over the long chapter of outrages on its shipping and seamen, thought forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. All Jefferson's old enemies would have enthusiastically supported him had he declared war with England.

"I have only to open my hand," he wrote, "and let havoc loose."

But he did not flinch. The embargo which he preferred to war proved, in its workings, a very inadequate measure. It certainly prostrated the commerce of the country for the time, and it did not accomplish what Jefferson had fondly hoped.

His first Presidential term had expired in the midst of honor and glory. The closing months of the second were clouded by public anxieties and private embarrassments. Jefferson longed for relief from the cares and responsibilities of the high-post with the passionate longing of Washington a dozen years before.

The man who had been too much absorbed in public affairs to bestow any attention on private ones, and whose Administration was to prove of infinite service to his country, discovered an alarming deficit in his personal accounts when, shortly before his term closed, he found time to examine them.

His official income had not supported the large hospitalities which his position involved. His private resources had therefore been heavily taxed to meet all deficiencies. His tobacco revenue had been nearly ruined by the embargo. Jefferson was horrified on discovering that he "must leave Washington seven or eight thousand dollars in debt," unless that sum, much larger than at the present time, "could be hurriedly raised from his own property."

This fortunately was accomplished, and Thomas Jefferson was perhaps the happiest man in all America when, March 4, 1809, he resigned the Administration to James Madison.

He returned to Monticello. He lived there for seventeen years. The limits of this sketch exclude much that is interesting and delightful in this last period of Jefferson's life. Like Washington, he spent much time riding over his plantations, supervising their management, and making fresh improvements on his estate. He retained his large interest in public affairs. His conversation must have afforded great delight to the guests who crowded his board and overflowed his house during these years. These guests came in a ceaseless stream. They taxed his time and devoured his substance. But it would have been contrary to all the instincts of his hospitable nature to close his doors against them.

It is a pleasant story—that last decade of his life. One likes to linger on it. A grand, patriarchal grace gathered about him as he grew old. His sun was setting, but though its light shone now for him in the west, it had still much of the glow and brightness of his youth.

He made a profound impression upon the noblemen and illustrious foreigners who journeyed to Monticello to look upon him and hear his voice. Some of these carried back to Europe the declaration that the "Virginia gentleman was the most important man of his epoch."

Jefferson was during the last years of his life, as always, an ardent Democrat. His soul swelled with patriotic joy when he contrasted the freedom and prosperity of the New World with the oppression and misery of the Old.

"When we get piled upon one another as they do in Europe," he said, "we shall be corrupt as they are in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there."

"He had had a various, splendid, but on the whole, happy career." He was now, as throughout his life, the most industrious of men. He rose always at dawn. He said in his last illness that the sun had not caught him in bed for sixty years. He was full of ardent interest in all measures which he thought would benefit or elevate mankind. The University of Virginia is not merely a monument to his memory. It is a witness of his enthusiasm and devotion to the cause of education in his native State.

It was well that Jefferson was fond of children, for the house on the mountain-top swarmed with them. Colonel Randolph and his wife—the Martha Jefferson of earlier days—lived at Monticello. They had eleven children, all of whom were brought up under the paternal roof. Mrs. Randolph was a woman of rare loveliness of character, and had taken her mother's place in her father's heart and life.

The younger sister, Maria, had died at Monticello in 1804. This was a cruel blow to her father, and it fell on him just as he had reached the acme of his greatness. The young wife left one boy to grow up with his cousins under his grandfather's roof-tree. So there was a world of joyous young

life about Thomas Jefferson as his head grew white, and his shoulders bowed with the weight of the years which he carried serene and brave.

It irked Thomas Jefferson sorely that he was a slaveholder, though he appears to have been the mildest, most indulgent of masters. But he abhorred the system. Nobody ever uttered more solemn protests against slavery than the Virginian, who was born, brought up, and spent his life in its midst.

In October, 1824, an event occurred which cannot be passed over in this slight sketch of Jefferson's life. This was the meeting between him and Lafayette. They had not seen each other for thirty-six years. Jefferson had passed his eightieth birthday. Lafayette was approaching his seventieth. That meeting forms one of America's great historic pictures. The surroundings were all worthy the two central figures. A cavalcade of county gentlemen had accompanied the carriage in which the great Frenchman wound up to the summit of Monticello. Banners waved and trumpets sounded on the air of the soft Virginia October day. The procession formed about the lawn. Every breath was held in suppressed excitement, and every eye was bent upon the portico as the carriage drew toward it. What a moment it must have been when a figure, "small and alert," the gray hair crowning the strong, keen features we all know so well, descended from the carriage! Then the door opened, and Jefferson, with his tall bowed form and his white hair, stood upon the portico. When the music ceased, the crowd uncovered. In all the vast assemblage there was hardly a dry eye. The old men threw themselves into each other's arms. What memories must have crowded on the thoughts of both in that moment! They had parted just on the eve of the French Revolution, when Lafayette's heart was bounding high with hope and joy for France. The dawn of

her new day of freedom seemed to him then fair in the skies. Did he remember how, a little later, the darkness had gathered over all the glow? Did he remember that bitter day when he spurred his horse over the frontier because they were hunting him down for the guillotine? Did he remember those long, terrible five years in the dungeon of Olmütz? Did he think of the splendor of Bonaparte's day, and of the defeat and darkness in which it went down? Even at that moment did Lafayette think with a pang, that the Bourbon had come back to what he called "his own," and that France, after her terrible struggle, lay once more in the grasp of the ancient despotism? All this and much more must certainly have been in Lafayette's mind as he stood by his old comrade of the American Revolution.

And Jefferson must have thought of all this too, and of that day in Paris, when Lafayette and the French leaders gathered for the last time at his board, and of what his country was then—only a handful of impoverished, loosely-bound States, more or less the scorn and jest of Europe—and of all she had grown to be in those thirty-six years.

After that visit less than two years more remained of Jefferson's life. A longer biography would have much to relate of these years. Despite the dignity, cheerfulness, serenity, that characterized them, they were clouded and harassed by financial difficulties. A letter to his eldest grandson, written February 8, 1826, wrung out of the strong heart's long weariness and anxiety, is inexpressibly touching:

"You kindly encourage me to keep up my spirits; but oppressed with disease, debility, age, and embarrassed affairs, this is difficult. . . . I should not care if life were to end with the line I am writing, were it not that in the unhappy state of mind which your father's misfortunes have brought upon him, I may yet be of some avail to the family."

The oak was bending to the storm at last. He who had

always dealt in such large generosity with his fellow-men, he who had so strong a hatred of debt, felt its burden on his age. He was forced to sell his precious library. There was danger that he would lose Monticello. When this became widely known, individuals rallied to his aid. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, sent him, through private channels, more than fifteen thousand dollars. He who had resolutely refused a loan from his native State, was greatly touched by this gift of individuals. "No cent," he characteristically said, "is wrung from the taxpayer. It is the pure and unsolicited offering of love."

He read the Bible much in his last days; he arranged in a blank book all the passages which "came directly from the lips of the Saviour." Of this he wrote to a friend: "A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen; it is a document in proof that I am a real Christian; that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus."

As the summer of 1826 opened it became apparent to all that he was gradually failing. Death came to him in its kindly, painless guise. The mind was clear, the heart sanguine to the last. The old Revolutionary scenes came up vivid and constant. He remembered with pleasure that the draperies about his bed had been brought over in the first ship that crossed the ocean after the peace of 1782.

He made, on his death-bed, a remark full of the noblest magnanimity. "His calumniators, he had never thought, were assailing him, but a being non-existent, of their own imagining, to whom they had given the name of Thomas Jefferson."

At the last he had but one desire. This was to live until the 4th of July. But his exhaustion was so great that those who watched often feared his sleep would be the sleep of death before that day dawned.

But the strong life did not yield easily, and he still breathed when the day broke. He lingered on, slumbering much, occa-

sionally speaking a few words, until a little past midday. When the sun of that anniversary which owed its existence to their joint efforts, had set, the great Virginian and the great New Englander had breathed their last.

More than a quarter of a century before the eldest of our first three Presidents had gone to his long sleep. Thomas Jefferson was the youngest of that great trio. Widely diverse as they were in temperament and character, the circumstances and environment of the two afford a good many analogies.

Each was a Virginia planter, or, as each would have preferred to call himself, a farmer. Each owned a noble estate—one on the Potomac—the other on the Rivanna. The strongest passion of each was liberty; the dearest pursuit of each was agriculture. Each was singularly happy in his domestic life. The Martha of Mount Vernon, and the Martha of Monticello, each brought her husband a large fortune with her hand. Each of these men died leaving no son to bear, according to the stuff that was in him, the weight of his father's great name.

Of the first three Presidents Thomas Jefferson had, perhaps, the most lovable personality. Washington's stateliness and dignity inspired profound awe and admiration in all those who came into his presence. He stands apart in solitary grandeur. Yet this very fact seems to rob him of some merely human interest. One is inclined to wonder whether he ever, in the course of his sixty-eight years, made a foolish speech, was guilty of a wrong or weak action, and was sorry and ashamed afterward, like ordinary human beings.

Thomas Jefferson, with all his noble qualities, had faults, prejudices, defects of mind and character. So had that Massachusetts barrister who, for four years, took his place, between the two Virginians, at the head of the nation. Outspoken, fiery-tempered, obstinate, he did not always do justice to the great qualities of his mind and heart.

Yet one cannot forget that it was Thomas Jefferson who spoke of John Adams words of higher praise than one man, perhaps, ever bestowed on another: "He is as disinterested as the Being who made him."

No mortal could, of course, merit such a speech. But it should be remembered that the man who uttered it had a clear insight into faults and weaknesses; and the praise shines out luminous against the background of his keen, severe criticism of his rival.

But for each of these men—whatever their faults and limitations—it may be said that he loved his country with a perfect love. Each would have freely sacrificed his life, his fortune, his happiness—everything that he possessed—for her welfare. Whenever the test came the patriotism of each always rung true. And if George Washington, who never spoke lightly or carelessly, solemnly affirmed that it was his supreme desire to live and die "an honest man and a farmer," so, in different ways, did John Adams; so did Thomas Jefferson.

They stand together in the foreground of American history—our first three Presidents—AN IMMORTAL TRIO.



James Madison

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JAMES MADISON.

WHEN the year 1770 dawned, nobody on this planet suspected that it had opened the most important decade in American history. In that year there was, in the old Princeton college, a young undergraduate from Virginia, who was, perhaps, the most zealous and tireless student that ever passed inside those venerable walls. What a hopeless bookworm he must have seemed to the young America—robust and hearty, lover of high sports and rough games—of that ancient time! No doubt his classmates had plenty of fun at his expense. If *his* time came to laugh later, it was never so hearty and thorough-going as it might have been had his tutors been wiser and had he studied somewhat less. For the Virginia youth of nineteen allowed himself only three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, the rest he devoted assiduously to study and recitations! The name of the Princeton undergraduate was James Madison; he had entered college at eighteen; he came of the old Virginia planter class, which, a little later, was to give the country so many of its early Presidents and statesmen; he was born in Montpelier, in Orange County, in the beautiful, picturesque country of the Blue Ridge; he came of a vigorous breed, physically, morally, intellectually; he had been nurtured in a refined, gracious, hospitable, domestic life—a life smooth, prosperous, happy; but less dramatic, less full of varied experience and picturesque events, than one which had its beginnings in more rugged ways.

There is little for the biographer to relate of James Madison's childhood. The drama was there, of course, the lights

and the shadows, as they are on all early lives ; but he had too fortunate a start to furnish much material for history or tradition.

The family-tree struck its roots far back among the earliest years of the Province. The Madisons anchored on the Chesapeake shores fifteen years after the settlement of Jamestown. They must have become stanch Americans long before their most distinguished representative saw the daylight.

James was the eldest son of his family, a fact which was of consequence in the eyes of the old Virginia law ; he had four brothers and three sisters ; he was a born student, caring, even in his childhood, little for play and the rough games that delight healthy, robust boys ; he was naturally shy and thoughtful, and had a grave, mature air that must have seemed oddly in contrast with his years.

In those days, when schools were few and poor at best, he studied mostly under a private tutor in his own home. Even when a boy, he had acquired a good deal of Greek and Latin, of French and Spanish. There were probably few fellows as well equipped for the college curriculum as that youth of eighteen, who went up to Princeton from the foot of the Blue Ridge.

James Madison graduated in 1771. He remained awhile, however, to study with the president, Dr. Witherspoon. When the youth of twenty left Princeton, he carried to his home the groundwork of that wise and thorough scholarship which was to prove of such immense service to him in the great rôle he was to play before the world ; but he carried also a weakened vitality ; he had taxed it so heavily that it never afterward recovered itself, and it proved his discomfort and limitation all the rest of his life.

The wonder was that those twenty-one hours of study had not killed him long before he left Princeton ; but he inherited the longevity of his stock.

At home he entered on the study of law, and taught his younger brothers and sisters. The small, pale, serious-faced youth was at this period much interested in theological studies. His fragile health exercised a depressing influence on his thoughts and moods. Before his life had really begun he had a strong feeling that it was approaching its end.

While James Madison was busying himself with law and theology, the storm of the Revolution was slowly gathering. All those great questions which preceded the War—questions of essential liberty, of the rights of freemen, and the relations of the colonies to the mother-country—must have aroused the eager interest of that luminous young mind and of that patriotic heart.

James Madison entered on his public career in 1776. The War of the Revolution was then, as everybody knows, a year old. Madison, though young and shy among his distinguished seniors, who were engaged in the work of forming a constitution for the State, made his mark—less in public debates than in private discussions and with his pen. Here his rich stores of learning and his calm and logical mind showed to best advantage. The young member slowly but surely acquired power and influence among his peers and with the people.

The following year he was a candidate for the General Assembly. He lost the election, but it was greatly to his honor. "He refused to treat the voters with whisky." It required much moral courage to do this. Drinking formed a necessary corollary of voting in the political habits of that age. But Madison had clear convictions on most subjects, and a conscience that would not permit him, when the test came, to flinch.

His position commanded great respect among people of weight in the province, and he was soon appointed a member of the Governor's council.

During his term of service Patrick Henry and Thomas Jef-

erson were Governors of Virginia. Both these men had a high regard for young Madison. Jefferson was eight years his senior. At this period that strong attachment was formed between the two which continued for the rest of their lives. Indeed, Jefferson loved his young friend as few brothers love each other. Montpelier was only twenty-five miles from Monticello. At one time, not long after the death of his wife, Jefferson's lonely heart sought to solace itself with visions of a small, choice group of congenial spirits, who should come to reside in his vicinity. They were to meet frequently, and enjoy the rarest companionship of mind and heart. Madison was to be one of that quartette to which Jefferson limited his circle. The great philosopher and statesman dwells fondly upon this subject when he writes to his friend at Montpelier :

“Think of it. To render it practicable only requires you to think it so. Life is of no value but as it brings us gratifications. Among the most valuable of these is rational society. It informs the mind, sweetens the temper, cheers our spirits, and restores health.”

And he goes on to describe a little farm adjoining his own land, of a hundred and fifty acres, and a small old house upon it, “where the young bachelor could make his first attempt at housekeeping.”

The scheme appears as delightful and romantic as it certainly was Utopian. Madison regarded Jefferson's society and friendship as one of the most valued blessings of his life; but the change from the luxurious Montpelier fireside to the comfortless little farm-house could not have been an inviting prospect to the semi-invalid bachelor.

In 1780, Madison was elected to the Continental Congress. This was a high honor, and the man who received it was not yet thirty years old. He served through three stormy, eventful years. During this period, the War of the Revolution was brought to its triumphant close at Yorktown, and the Treaty of

Peace was at last signed between England, France and America. Madison was in that old Continental Congress whose powers proved so inadequate to the needs of the Nation. It must have been a trying school for him, but it was an invaluable one. This was proved a little later when he, more than any other man, prepared the way to the Convention which framed the Constitution at Philadelphia.

In 1784 Madison left the National Legislature to enter that of his native State. A vast work lay before him. The old statutes were to be revised. A new spirit of progress and humanity was to be infused into the legislation. The old laws and usages which embodied much of mediæval injustice and hardness were to be superseded by new and liberal ones. But Madison had to fight hard with prejudice and conservatism for every inch of the upward way. His great paper, the "Memorial and Remonstrance," which opposed taxing the people for the support of religion, finally carried the divorce of Church and State in Virginia.

Meanwhile the young Nation was going blind, helpless, struggling on its untried path. The inefficient Congress, the vast public debt bequeathed by the Revolution, the general disorder, insecurity and wide-spread impoverishment, were filling the country with foreboding and despair.

Madison's patriotic soul was deeply stirred by the condition of affairs. He saw the dangers into which the Republic was drifting. She would certainly go to pieces unless a stronger bond of union took the place of the slight Confederacy which barely held the States together.

The people who had gained their freedom after a struggle of seven years with the most powerful monarchy in the world, were jealous for their liberties. Behind any attempts to enlarge the national authority they beheld the dreaded specter of approaching Monarchy. The soldiers of the Revolution, as they

sat around their firesides or assembled in the ancient taverns to talk over their campaigns and discuss their grievances, grimly muttered "that they wanted no new king set up in America. It had taken seven years and Lexington and Concord, Bunker Hill and Yorktown "to get rid of George Third!"

The suggestion of a strong Central Government always aroused the suspicions and hostile fears of the veterans who had fought the battles of the Revolution. A power set above the States, controlling and defying them, at once assumed to their imaginations the hated features of Monarchy.

The talk ran in the old taverns and around the firesides in this impassioned strain during the gloomy years which followed the close of the Revolutionary war. Meanwhile the country, which had bought its freedom with so great a price, and whose existence seemed the dawn of a better era for the world, was drawing nearer to that inevitable wreck which its enemies had exultantly predicted.

But one man—a small-framed, pale, thoughtful-faced Virginian—had the clear, forecasting vision of a statesman. He and a few others like him looked the worst in the face and did not despair. He believed that the remedy for all existing evils lay in an efficient national government. This alone would infuse new life into the paralyzed energies, revive the industries, and develop the resources of the Thirteen States. In a closer alliance lay their salvation. If they separated, formed small confederacies, or entered into foreign alliances, the work of the Revolution had been in vain. In a national government, invested with authority to act and to compel respect on its own soil and on that of every nation of the world, lay the sole chance for the future of the United States.

But it was one thing for James Madison to see this, and quite another to make the mass of his countrymen.

The greatest obstacle to the formation of a closer union was

in the States themselves. Each of the "Thirteen" had her individual interests, her pet prejudices, her commercial ambitions and jealousies. Each, too, regarded her sisters with more or less distrust. In the face of all this, any attempt to secure a closer union by sacrifices for the general good must have appeared almost hopeless.

But James Madison had a calm, patient, hopeful temper, and underneath this glowed the zeal of the true patriot. He went at his Herculean task with great common sense and the utmost discretion. He had made a long step in advance when he carried a measure through the Virginia General Assembly which "invited the States to meet at Annapolis and discuss measures for the formation of a more efficient Federal Government."

This measure, instead of alarming the popular mind, appears to have been regarded with wide-spread indifference. It was certainly the day of small things for James Madison. Only five States thought his invitation of sufficient importance to send delegates to the Annapolis convention.

But before these delegates separated, another measure, also introduced by Mr. Madison, had urged the States to send their delegates to Philadelphia in May, 1787, to draught a Constitution for the United States. This was throwing down the gauntlet. It was a frank admission that the old Confederate League was a failure.

Every school-boy has gone over this historic ground. He knows how the delegates met in Philadelphia, and how George Washington presided, and what hard work and fierce controversies filled that old hot summer of 1787. It was well that George Washington, with the halo of the Revolution about him, was at the head of the Convention, for the country was wide-awake now, and regarding the novel work that was being done at Philadelphia with much jealousy and hostility. But when

the Convention broke up in September the work was done; the Constitution had been formed, and James Madison was henceforth to be called its father. One war had been fought on the floor of the Convention, but the tug of a harder was yet to come. If the reluctant or hostile States could not be brought to accept the Constitution, all the summer's work would be lost.

Madison, Hamilton and Jay now did splendid service for their country, in that series of great papers which they contributed to the *Federalist*, and which with calm, unanswerable logic set the real issues at stake before the people.

A long, bitter contest, which cannot be dwelt on here, followed between the friends and foes of the Constitution. Many patriots regarded it as subverting the liberties of the people—as the first fatal step toward monarchy. But the States one after another fell into line and ratified. In due time, George Washington was, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, nominated first President of the United States.

The impressive ceremonies of that first inaugural took place in New York, April 30, 1789. The world had never witnessed a scene like that. A new hour had struck for humanity.

James Madison was elected a member of the first New York Congress. It met in the old City Hall of New York.

When Jefferson returned from his famous mission to France, and was about, with immense reluctance, to take the post of Secretary of State, Washington earnestly desired that Mr. Madison, for whom he had a strong liking, should accept the vacant mission. But Madison declined this, as he also did the post of Secretary of State.

Alexander Hamilton's time had come now. In a little while he was carrying everything before him. He was, with his splendid genius for finances, establishing the credit and creating the prosperity of the country. At the same he was organizing

the great Federal party, which was to control the nation to the close of the century.

Madison had worked harmoniously with his brilliant colleague during the critical period when the Constitution was formed and sent on its way. But now he drew back, disturbed and alarmed at Hamilton's sweeping measures, and at the large powers with which he was resolved to invest the new Government.

Madison was a democrat of the Jefferson type, though he was by temperament more conservative than his chief. He was much attached to France, and cherished grateful remembrances of her services to America in the Revolutionary War.

Hamilton, on the contrary, had strong English preferences and affiliations. He believed in conferring on the national Government as large powers, and on the States as limited, as was consistent with the Constitution. He was the leader and inspirer of the Federal party. Madison came to be regarded as the head of the Republicans. This brought the former colleagues into political antagonism. An atmosphere of controversy was, however, extremely distasteful to Madison. "In all discussions he was the most courteous and conciliatory of political opponents."

He was thirty-two when a sudden romance illuminated his grave, studious days. Catharine Floyd was only half his age when her pretty young face, and arch, girlish ways, beguiled the student from his books.

Madison's suit pleased her father, whose name stands among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The two were engaged. But a girl of sixteen is not apt to know her own mind, and a younger rival appeared on the scene and won the heart that was pledged to the grave statesman. The letter which contained James Madison's dismissal "was sealed with a bit of rye dough." Was that just a girlish freak, or did the

young woman mean her solemn lover to understand "that their cake was dough?"

At all events, Madison took his loss much to heart, as was likely to be the case with one of his reserved temperament. He turned to his friend Jefferson for sympathy, sure it would not fail him.

Did a ghost of "Belinda," one wonders, flit across the philosopher's page, when he replied, "Firmness of mind and unintermitting occupation will not long leave you in pain."

This might have seemed rather cold comfort to most lovers, but it served with Madison.

He was forty-three when the love that was to make the content and happiness of his life came to him. He met Mrs. Dorothy Todd one day, when both were out walking in Philadelphia. The lovely face of the young widow of twenty-two at once attracted the lonely student. He soon sought an introduction. A little later, Mrs. Todd was writing to an old friend: "Thou must come to me. Aaron Burr says that 'the great little Madison' has asked to be brought to see me this evening."

It is interesting to know that she wore on that eventful occasion "a mulberry-colored satin, with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisite dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl would escape."

The heart of the middle-aged bachelor was taken by storm. The course of this second love seems to have run with perfect smoothness. In a little while rumors of the engagement reached the presidential mansion in Philadelphia, where Washington was wearing out the days amid the burdens and cares of his second term of office.

Mrs. Washington, curious and sympathetic, desired, with the privilege of an old friend, to learn the truth from Mrs. Todd herself.

The young widow, embarrassed and faltering, half denied the engagement in words that virtually confirmed it.

In September, 1794, she left Philadelphia for Harewood, her sister's home in Virginia. Here, a little later, the marriage of James Madison and Dorothy Todd took place. The wedding festivities were very gay, as was the habit of that old time.

Dolly Madison, as she is known in history, came, like her husband, of sterling old English stock which had taken early root in the colony. She had been brought up in a home of great purity, simplicity and refinement. Her father and mother were members of the Society of Friends, and observed its rules rigorously. Dolly was a charming creature from her birth. The little, sweet-faced Quaker girl was a favorite with everybody. Her young life must have had its trials; for despite all the severe simplicity of her home, no fashionable belle's complexion was ever shielded with more care from every ray of sunshine. It must have tried even her sweet temper to be compelled to wear "a white linen mask, to have her sun bonnet sewed on every morning, and to have the little hands and arms thoroughly covered with long gloves before she started for school."

But despite all these drawbacks, Dolly Payne had a happy childhood. She was destined always to be very much in love with all that was pleasant and kindly in a world that turned its bright side on her through her long, eventful life.

We read of her at nineteen as a "tall, slight girl, with a delicately oval face, and well formed, if not perfect features, a complexion dazzlingly fair, contrasted with very black hair, and blue eyes that gazed at you with much sweetness, beneath the modest little Quaker cap."

John Todd sought to gather this rose of womanhood for himself. He was a handsome and promising young lawyer, and belonged to the Friends' Society. Dolly did not at first

incline to his suit, but her father did, and that settled the matter.

Dolly married John Todd, and the young pair went to live in Philadelphia. They had two children. At the end of three happy years, the yellow fever swept through the city, and young Todd was one of its victims. Amid generous services for others he caught the contagion. His wife was also very ill with the fever, and their youngest child died.

She was very young still, when, on the day of days she went to walk, and Madison's eyes first rested on her. It is a curious coincidence that our first three Virginia Presidents each had an early romance which ended in disappointment, and that each afterward married young widows, beautiful, charming, wealthy. What is more than all this, they were women of high character and true hearts. Each made the supreme happiness of her husband's life. Washington—Jefferson—Madison, must each sometimes, amid the content and sweetness of his home-life, have thought of the earlier love, and blessed his stars that the later, better one had come to take its place.

With the close of Washington's administration in 1797, Mr. Madison retired for a time from public life to the peace and delight of the home at Montpelier, of which his charming young wife was mistress, and where their widowed mothers in time joined them. It was a home where the scholar could indulge his own tastes and live his own life "to the top of his bent." Fortune certainly had dealt kindly by the delicate student; he had inherited large wealth; he had won the noble fame of the patriot and statesman; he had gained the heart of one of the sweetest women in the world. Montpelier was just the earthly paradise to James Madison that Mount Vernon was to Washington—that Monticello was to Thomas Jefferson. One of these noble estates lay on the east, the other a little to the west of Madison's home.

There had been talk of nominating him to succeed Washington in the Presidency. But Madison positively declined to enter the lists. He craved the peace and freedom of his own hearthstone.

But it was impossible for one who was so ardent a patriot, and who had so much of the statesman's quality, to lose his interest in public affairs. During the four years of Adams' stormy administration, Madison was keenly alive to all the great questions of the hour—questions very largely of foreign policy. Madison's deep, but calm, equable nature, must have been profoundly stirred by the passionate indignation against France which shook the country, and, at one time, brought it to the verge of war with its ancient ally.

As a Republican—more and more closely identified with that party as time went on—he must have shared Jefferson's sentiments and feelings at this critical period. Madison wrote, during these years, many papers, luminous, logical, and full of masterly reasoning.

It is not possible to dwell here on the strife and passions which filled America as the new century opened. The year 1801 saw the great triumph of the Republican party. Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States; and very soon afterward James Madison was Secretary of State.

His office made it, of course, necessary to exchange Montpelier for Washington. In the big, dreary, unsightly capitol, which, a few years later, was to excite such intense disgust in John Quincy Adams, Madison found his place, and his wife found hers. His relations with the new President were particularly harmonious and delightful. They shared each other's political views; they cherished toward each other the warmest friendship.

As the President had long been a widower, the duties of mistress of the new White House devolved largely upon Mrs.

Madison. She filled that position with a charm and ease, and with a gracious dignity which won all hearts. That little Quaker girl must have been born with a social gift which fitted her to shine in courts, and which lent a grace of its own to the life that the President, true to his democratic principles, maintained with the utmost simplicity. "Mrs. Madison," it is said, "never forgot a name or a face." This was much in a position like hers, but her genuine kindness of heart and her thoughtfulness for others, were more. Madison, much engrossed by public affairs, left social duties almost entirely to his wife. She had, long ago, relinquished the peculiar costume of her childhood, but the furnishings of her house were still plain and her dress simple. Her social tact and charm had much influence "in allaying the bitterness of party rancor, and softening the feelings of her husband's political opponents."

Jefferson's first term of presidency was all prosperity, success, glory. The second term afforded so sharp a contrast that one might have fancied the gods had grown jealous. Foreign complications—the British Orders in Council—the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Napoleon, insulted the Government, crippled the commerce of the young nation, and goaded the people to the verge of war. Then, worse than all, was the atrocious impressment of American subjects on board American ships, into the British navy.

The President and his Secretary of State, were by temperament and conviction strongly averse to war. This is not the place to discuss the wisdom or statesmanship of such measures as the non-intercourse act, the embargo, the building of gunboats.

At the close of Jefferson's administration wide financial distress prevailed in the country, and the prosperous commerce of the previous years was almost destroyed.

All these things tended to embitter the contest for the elec-

tion of his successor. "It was like a death-grapple between the two great parties, the Federal and the Republican."

The result proved a triumph for the latter. Aaron Burr's "great little Madison," the scholar of Princeton, the polished host of Montpelier, was elected President of the United States.

Jefferson went back to his farm and his library, happy to surrender the post around which the storms were beating so furiously, but rejoiced that the friend who shared his deepest political convictions would succeed him.

It was not in the nature of things that the scholarly, peace-loving President who went to the executive chair at that agitated time would have a peaceful administration.

Mistress Dolly Madison, always bent on ameliorating political animosities, passed from her own simple home to be mistress of the White House drawing-room. It was her lot to be virtually—what no other woman has ever been—lady of the nation for sixteen years.

England still continued to carry herself with all the old arrogance toward America. No statements of facts, no appeal to instincts of common right and justice, could move the haughty, insolent government. The time came when the outraged country could endure no more. On June 8, 1812, President Madison approved the act of Congress which declared war between the United States and Great Britain.

The history of that war cannot be told here. It can only be said that the feeble American navy, which had been the scorn and jest of England, won its first laurels in encounters with its powerful foe.

The American forces met on land with a series of disasters. The one, however, which overshadowed all the rest, was the taking and burning of Washington by a British army of five thousand men, who landed on the Patuxent, near the point

where the river enters Chesapeake Bay. The enemy moved rapidly and without encountering vigorous resistance upon the unprotected national capital. "At Bladensburg, by which they marched, there was a brief skirmish between the British and some American regulars and militia." The noise of the cannon was heard at Washington, and struck terror to the hearts of the inhabitants, who fled from their homes. In a little while, the redcoats were moving in solid triumphant columns through the streets of the straggling, silent, undefended city.

Of course everything lay at their mercy. The President, who was not a soldier, had hurried off "to meet the officers in a council of war." There was nobody to take command. Mrs. Madison, left at the White House, was in imminent danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. Her husband, too, could not return to her rescue, lest he should be captured. He sent messages, entreating her to fly in time, and "to save the cabinet papers, public and private." The mistress of the drawing-room proved now what fine stuff lay under all her grace and gentleness. She secured the papers and the plate; she refused to leave the premises, though the enemy was close at hand, until a large portrait of General Washington "screwed to the wall" should be taken down.

In the hurry and confusion of the time, it was not possible to do this, so the frame was broken, and the precious canvas carried off.

During those trying hours, Mrs. Madison wrote some messages to her sister, which throb with the life and agitation of the time: "Here I am still within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly, but here I mean to wait for him."

At last, however, she was prevailed upon to enter her carriage and leave the White House, over which a little later the

British soldiers were swarming, and which was burned that night.

At length, in a little tavern in an apple orchard, Mrs. Madison found shelter from the darkness and the furious storm which had begun to rage outside. Here at last her husband joined her; but at midnight, a breathless, panic-stricken courier arrived upon the scene, with tidings that the enemy had discovered the President's hiding-place and was on his track. He yielded to the entreaties of his friends and went out in the storm which filled that August night with its fury, yet which was less to be dreaded than the foe close at hand: he found shelter in a miserable hovel in the woods, and listened through the roaring of the winds for the tramp of the British soldiers. James Madison lived to be a very old man, but he could never have forgotten that night in the lonely hovel with the storm lashing the low roof, where he waited, dreading the rush and the shouts that would be louder and fiercer than the tempest.

Had the soldiers who were ravaging Washington that night had the faintest inkling of the truth, they might easily have hunted down and taken captive the noblest quarry of all—the President of the United States!

Day came at last, but it was long before Madison learned the welcome news that the British had retreated to their shipping. The President was saved, but the White House was a heap of blackened ruins.

There is no time here to linger on the events which closed the war in 1815. The Treaty of Ghent, the victory at New Orleans, which set the crowning glory on Andrew Jackson's military career, belong to this period.

A little more than two years later James Madison's second presidential term expired, and he returned to the quiet, beautiful home at Montpelier. Here again, in his "dear library"

as he called it, in the cultivation and adornment of his estate, and in the exercise of a large, gracious hospitality, the delicate, small-framed, scholarly ex-President lived a life which, in its large outlines, much resembled that of Mount Vernon and Monticello; there the years went over him, lightly, gently, happily, as years can go over the head of mortal.

He had still some last service to render his native state. "In 1829 he was a member of the Virginia convention to reform the old Constitution. When he rose, after a long silence, to utter a few words, the members left their seats and crowded around the venerable figure, dressed in black, the thin gray hair powdered in the fashion of other days, to catch the low whispers of that voice."

Madison had had, of course, to pay the heavy toll on that high road where his life lay. Party strifes ran very fierce in his day, and, as the leader of the Republicans, he was the target for all sorts of envenomed shafts.

A vein of humor brightened this grave, reserved nature, and made it gay and joyous as a boy's to those who knew it best.

"Madison had a strong relish for everything facetious and told a story admirably; his sunshine of temperament never deserted him. In the weary hours of pain, during his old age, his humor flashed up spontaneously as before. When some friends came to visit him, he sank back upon his couch with the smiling words: 'I always talk more easily when I lie!'"

Born and nurtured in the midst of slavery, he was, like Washington and Jefferson, opposed to it. As early as 1758, expressing in a letter to Mr. Randolph his wish not to enter upon the practice of law, he adds: "Another of my wishes is to depend as little as possible upon slave-labor."

Many of his contemporaries thought Madison lacking in warmth, enthusiasm, nerve. Perhaps this was true. Yet this lack may have been owing largely to that very enthusiasm for

study which crippled his health in his youth and made him a semi-invalid all his days.

America will always owe a vast debt to James Madison for his services in critical periods of her history. His figure must always stand amid that group of immortal patriots with whom he was so long and closely associated.

There was no son to bear Madison's name at Montpelier. In this respect, as in many others, his fate, whether for good or evil, was like Washington's and Jefferson's. His wife, whose beauty and grace had shone so conspicuous in the high place where she stood by his side, now proved pre-eminently the woman of the fireside. She was the devoted companion—the unflinching nurse and solace of his declining years.

Madison must have lived much among his memories as his hair grew white, his eyes dim, and his step feeble. But in what a spacious gallery those memories moved! His youth and manhood had been passed among the great actors in America's early history. He must have lived over all the bitter controversies amid which the Constitution had slowly taken form in the old summer of 1787. He must have caught again the echoes of the French Revolution which shook American air during the closing decade of the last century. The visible signs of that great upheaval were all about him. The sitting-room at Montpelier was furnished from the Tuilleries. James Monroe, when he was in Paris, had gathered some of the furnishings from the despoiled palace and sent them home to his friend. When the white-haired old man sat or moved with faltering steps among these relics, he must have thought of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette and of Lafayette. When he remembered all these things, the low-beating heart must have quickened with the pulses of youth, and James Madison must have forgotten that he too, as well as the portraits in his spacious gallery of memories, belonged to another generation.

He was at last much confined to his room and his bed ; but the life in the delicate frame flickered on for many years and did not go out until James Madison was eighty-five. He tranquilly closed his eyes for the last time, June 28, 1836.

"Mistress Dolly Madison"—a fragrance seems to cling about the old-time name—outlived her husband thirteen years. At the time of her death, July 12, 1849, she had reached her eighty-second year. She carried the brightness and sweetness of her youth into old age, and was admired and loved to the last day of her life.

Pecuniary reverses and anxieties overshadowed her widowhood ; but these were relieved at last, when Congress purchased her husband's valuable papers.

One speech that she made a little while before her death is so significant that it must close this brief sketch. One of her nieces had gone to her for sympathy in some slight trouble : "My dear," she said, "do not trouble about it. There is nothing in *this* world worth really caring for. Yes," she repeated, looking intently out of a window. "I who have lived so long repeat to you, there is nothing in this world here below worth caring for."

The world had been very kind to Mistress Dolly Madison, and she did not make this speech in any bitterness of spirit.



James Monroe

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JAMES MONROE.

AT the battle of Trenton, fought amid the cold and snows of December 26, 1776, a young Virginia lieutenant carried himself with such gallantry that he won the encomiums of the Commander-in-chief.

“Perceiving that the enemy were endeavoring to erect a battery to rake the American lines, he advanced at the head of a small detachment, drove the artillery from the guns, and took possession of the pieces.”

During the action a ball struck him in the shoulder. He received a captaincy for his bravery. His name was James Monroe.

The officer who received his wound and won his title at that time was a mere boy—less than eighteen. He was born in that old Westmoreland county, among whose river-meadows George Washington sported away his childhood. The family emigrated to Virginia in 1652, so its roots had struck for more than a century and a quarter in colonial soil, when its young descendant won his spurs that winter day. The race came of old Scotch cavalier stock. The father of James was a planter. His fine, fertile estate lay near the head of “Monroe’s Creek, which empties into the Potomac.” It was also very near George Washington’s birthplace, although he had passed his twenty-sixth birthday a little before James Monroe first saw the light.

Fortune smiled on the boy’s beginnings. The tobacco-plantations yielded large incomes in those days, and the childhood of James Monroe opened under the happy, ancestral roof,

amid ease and comfort. What was better than that, too, he came of a vigorous, sturdy, freedom-loving breed. He breathed from his cradle an atmosphere in which liberty was held to be the noblest and dearest of man's possessions.

During his boyhood the war-clouds of the Revolution were slowly gathering. Among his earliest memories must have been the talk about the "Stamp Act." The blue-eyed, fair-haired boy must have drunk in the solemn denunciations of his elders whenever they uttered those two hated monosyllables. James Monroe listened; what is more to the purpose, he felt and remembered.

They gave the planter's son the best advantages which the old commonwealth afforded. He was sent to a "fine classical school, and at sixteen entered William and Mary College." Here he studied for two years, but it must have been study a good deal broken by the march of events. Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, must have been names that spoiled many a recitation. For the young undergraduate had inherited with his fire and pluck the liberty-loving instincts of his race. It was quite characteristic that after the Declaration of Independence he should throw up his books, leave college, "hasten to General Washington's headquarters at New York, and enroll himself as a cadet in the army."

This was done in one of the darkest hours of those dark days. The trained British veterans were carrying everything before them. The Tories were triumphant and defiant. James Monroe took his place bravely in the ranks. He was with the army through all the sad reverses which make the darkest chapter in the history of the American Revolution. He shared the retreats from Harlem Heights and from White Plains, and the miserable marchings through the Jerseys. At last he faced his enemies at Trenton, and in his first battle was wounded and made a captain.

In the later campaigns young Monroe served as aide on the staff of Lord Sterling, with the rank of Major. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth. Washington, who had now conceived a high opinion of young Monroe's abilities, sent him to Virginia to raise a new regiment, of which he was to be colonel, but Virginia had poured her young men into the northern army until she had few left for her own defense. Monroe's temporary promotion served him an ill turn now, as he had "lost his place in the Continental line."

Disappointed with his failures and with his forced inactivity, Monroe was the victim of some gloomy moods at this period. There is a hint, too, of some private grief in a letter to Lord Sterling, where he calls himself a recluse, and says "he retired from society with almost a resolution never to enter it again."

Everything seems to have been uncertain and tentative in his life at this time ; he had a notion of going abroad ; Jefferson, always eager to serve his friends, gave him a letter to Benjamin Franklin, who was at this time taking the heart of Paris by storm.

But the young soldier at last wisely resolved to return to his books. He began the study of law with Jefferson, who was Governor of Virginia, who "had a large and admirable library," and who must have been the most delightful and stimulating of teachers.

Those were hard times for Virginia and her Governor. In the frequent British descents on her soil, the law-studies were much broken into. Monroe was too ardent a patriot not to throw aside his books and hurry to the rescue when the invader was spoiling his native State. But the victory at Yorktown put an end to further British raids on the Atlantic seaboard.

Colonel James Monroe—he had received his commission,

although he never organized his regiment—entered on his long public career at a very early age. He was only twenty-three when he became a member of the Virginia Assembly and also of the Executive Council. The following year he was chosen delegate to the Continental Congress. These were great honors for so young a man. He was fortunate enough to reach Annapolis, where the Congress was then sitting, in time to witness that great historic scene, when George Washington resigned his commission as Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Revolution.

James Monroe went, heart and soul, into the service of this Congress. He was in its sessions at Annapolis, at Trenton, at New York; for his term extended through three years.

During this time he could not fail to be profoundly impressed by the inadequacy of the powers with which the old Congress had been invested by the States. He ardently desired that its authority should be strengthened and enlarged. The nation, after the close of the Revolution, had gone its blind, stumbling ways. The country was sinking deeper into impoverishment, disaster, and gloom. Business was prostrated, disorder was rampant, while each of the emancipated States regarded her sisters with more or less suspicion and jealousy.

The young delegate perceived with dismay the imminent danger of the Union's "crumbling to pieces." In the wide commercial distress, with the vast public debt weighing like an incubus upon the nation, and with all its energies crippled by its lost credit and its exhausted finances, the compact was rapidly growing weaker which had held the States together and carried them triumphantly through the War of the Revolution.

James Monroe bore an active part in events which led to the convention at Annapolis. But this represented only five

States, and seemed absurdly unequal to the demands of the times when it broke up.

But it had recommended another convention to represent all the States and meet in Philadelphia during the summer of 1787.

The convention met. The Constitution of the United States was the result.

Before this New York and Massachusetts had had serious difficulties about a boundary line. James Monroe was one of the nine judges appointed to settle the dispute. This fact indicates the high opinion his contemporaries had formed of the young congressman's judgment and abilities.

It was in New York, while he was attending the session of Congress there, that he found his fate. He met Miss Elizabeth Kortright, "daughter of Laurence Kortright, a former captain in the British army. After the close of the war he remained in the city, where he brought up his one son and four daughters." His English prejudices must have undergone vast changes in his new home. That staunchest of Americans, James Monroe, saw and loved the beautiful, accomplished daughter of the English officer. They were married in 1786. Their union of half a century proved one of much happiness and devoted affection.

Their marriage occurred in a stormy political era. The year following, the Constitution was framed and its acceptance by the States convulsed the country. Monroe, who had been much under the personal influence of Jefferson, and who entertained very ardent democratic ideas, was alarmed lest the Constitution should confer too large powers upon the central government. His fears led him, with many others, to believe that he detected a strong monarchical bias in the instrument. Madison, Hamilton and Jay were then straining every nerve to secure its adoption. Monroe, as ardent a

patriot as any of the trio, held steadily to his convictions. Events were to amply prove his mistake, but history must record that he opposed the ratification of the Constitution by the States.

Soon after this had taken place, Monroe became a member of the United States Senate, where he remained for more than three years. Alexander Hamilton, Washington's Secretary of the Treasury, was at this time, in many respects, the most important figure in American politics. That fertile, imperious genius was laying the foundations of the new government ; it was organizing the great Federal party ; it was bracing the national credit ; it was infusing new courage and energy into all the business interests of the country ; it was inaugurating a new and large financial policy, with a splendid audacity and ability which dazzled the nation and carried everything along with it.

James Monroe took alarm at the power and success with which the brilliant and irresponsible Secretary was going on his way. Hamilton's audacious financial schemes bewildered the Virginian, who had no business genius. He doubted, too, the wisdom of Washington's public measures, in which the influence of his former aide was clearly apparent.

But all these interests were soon largely merged in another for James Monroe. His appointment as Minister-Plenipotentiary to France took him and his friends by surprise. He had opposed the President's proclamation of neutrality between England and France ; his sympathies were strongly on the side of our ancient ally. It was for this reason, and in order to restore the old friendly relations with that power, just now a good deal embittered toward America, that Washington sent the new embassy to France.

Monroe arrived in Paris at a most critical period in its history. The city was still holding its breath with the horror

of the French Revolution. No foreign minister had been received by the French Republic. Monroe waited more than a week without a sign of recognition from any source. Then he bearded the lion in his den. He addressed a letter, announcing his embassy, to the President of the National Convention.

This characteristic letter accomplished its purpose. Two o'clock in the afternoon, August 15th, 1795, was one of the most momentous, as well as picturesque, hours in the long, crowded life of James Monroe. At that time he was presented to the National Convention. It was a scene to thrill the calmest nerves, to kindle the most sluggish imagination. All around him were men who had borne a leading part in the terrors of the French Revolution, men who had at last taken their lives in their hands, defied Robespierre to his face, and sent him to the guillotine.

The echo of the Revolution was still in the air; its strife and agony must still have shadowed men's faces, as the handsome young envoy from America, with his frank blue eyes, fair hair, and his fine, tall figure, stood, the object of every man's curious gaze, in the National Convention.

He received the most enthusiastic welcome. The president, Merlin de Douai, gave Monroe the "accolade," and made a speech glowing with praise and affection for America. The flags of the two nations were intertwined to symbolize the close union of the republics.

The instructions of the new minister had been somewhat vague, and large powers had been left to his own discretion in a situation which afforded no precedents. In the excitement and emotion of so unparalleled an hour, Monroe's ardent, impulsive nature was, no doubt, more or less carried away. His speech in the Convention was calculated to commit his country too far to the side of France. Her great rival across

the Channel was watching, suspicious and angry, the American attitude at this juncture.

Monroe's speech encountered much hostility at home. The Federal party denounced his talk and his conduct. England was incensed at such cordial relations with her bitterest foe. His first embassy could not have proved a bed of roses to James Monroe.

His life, at this period, was full of dramatic incidents, of intercourse with historic characters, of participation in historic events. These would form a most curious and thrilling chapter in an ampler biography.

One event is, however, of such signal interest that it cannot be omitted here.

The Marquis of Lafayette had, long before Monroe's arrival in France, been captured on the frontier, and was now languishing through long hopeless days in the dungeon of Olmütz. His wife, with her two little children, was confined in the prison of La Force, in daily dread of being ordered to the guillotine.

A strong attachment had existed between Lafayette and Monroe when both were young officers in the war of the Revolution. When the French nobleman was wounded at Germantown, Monroe was at his side to afford him every possible aid.

The condition of the Marchioness could not fail to awaken the warmest sympathies of the American minister. It must have haunted him by night and by day, for it at last forced him to a course which was not only perilous to the imprisoned woman, but might bring himself into serious trouble if he gave offense to the suspicious and irascible government.

But Monroe, after long debate with himself, resolved to defy everything, and follow the promptings of his heart. He could do nothing without the assistance of his wife. She shared his sympathies, and on this occasion she comes into historic foreground in the most memorable scene of her life.

She consented to have an interview with the Marchioness. This must have been a terrible strain on the heart and nerves of a sensitive, fragile woman. Indeed, her husband was apprehensive of the result. But she assured him of her ability to bear herself with calmness through the trying ordeal.

One afternoon the carriage of the American minister drew up before the entrance of La Force prison. Mrs. Monroe had come with all the pomp and equipage which her husband's position allowed. The prison authorities were evidently impressed by her courage and her appearance. "They conducted her to a reception-room instead of taking her to the prison-cell of the Marchioness."

The minutes must have seemed hours to Mrs. Monroe, while she waited; but at length the door opened and a woman, young, gentle, with a mournful, pallid face, stood there between the guards.

It was not safe, at that time, in that presence, to exchange many words. Probably neither woman was equal to long talk. The Marchioness had been expecting the summons to her execution. When she saw the lovely, pitying face of the stranger, she could only sob. The interview appears to have been a brief one. But Mrs. Monroe did not lose her self-command. "Before she took leave she promised, in the hearing of the guards, to see the prisoner again on the following day."

But her carriage never again drew up before the gloomy prison of La Force. The next day the Marchioness was liberated. It is said "that her execution had been ordered on the afternoon of Mrs. Monroe's visit."

Monroe's courage and promptness might not have been successful, had not the Convention desired, at this time, to maintain cordial relations with the United States. The government could not fail to perceive that it would be placed at a vast dis-

advantage if it manifested displeasure at Monroe's grateful remembrance of Lafayette's services in the Revolution.

The Marchioness left France as soon as possible with her two young daughters. She traveled in disguise to join her husband with heroic devotion in his imprisonment at Olmütz.

It is not possible to enter into the details of Monroe's mission in France. It is probable that his ardent, impetuous nature may have led him into some mistakes. He did not perhaps estimate the importance of maintaining harmonious relations with England, while his own government was dealing with all the great problems which it had to face at its birth. It should be remembered in his excuse, too, that it was not an easy matter to keep clear of offense with the stern, aggressive French Republic. Monroe fell more or less out of favor, while he did not conciliate the authorities at home.

In 1796 he was recalled, and he returned to America in an aggrieved, resentful mood. He was received with great honor at a banquet by the Republican leaders in Philadelphia; but Washington evidently felt some displeasure when he wrote from Mount Vernon that "Colonel Monroe had passed through Alexandria, without honoring him with a call."

Monroe published a book in which he explained and defended his course in the foreign embassy with spirit and ability. The book at least created a profound sensation among the political leaders of that day.

Soon after his return Monroe was elected Governor of Virginia. He held that office for three years—the term allowed by the Constitution.

During the first years of this century, and while Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, the sun of Napoleon Bonaparte was climbing to its splendid zenith. His name probably was on the lips of all civilized people oftener than that of any other man in the world. His career was watched in the

United States with very different feelings. One party regarded it with unbounded admiration and enthusiasm ; another feared and dreaded that triumphant, remorseless genius. The possession of Louisiana by the French, might, at any moment, jeopardize the cordial relations of the new governments. Jefferson had early perceived this. With all his partiality for France, he was too sincere a patriot to be blinded where the interests of his own country were at stake. He had long been resolved that if statesmanship and diplomacy could effect it, the United States should become the owner of the vast territory of Louisiana, which included the outlets of the Mississippi.

The necessities of Bonaparte were Jefferson's opportunity. The French Consul was straitened for money, as he was about to enter on that long and bitter struggle which succeeded the brief peace of Amiens.

Whatever dreams may sometimes have visited that teeming brain—that insatiate ambition—of establishing a vast trans-Atlantic empire, Napoleon's present designs lay far out of the line of American conquests.

Spain had, a little while before, ceded Louisiana to France. Jefferson resolved to send Monroe to the legation at Paris to promote the great purpose he had so deeply at heart.

Monroe departed perfectly informed of the wishes of his Chief, and with large liberty of action in a case where there were no precedents to guide him. He arrived in the nick of time. The situation can be summed up in a few words: Bonaparte, as we have seen, wanted money. America wanted Louisiana. The Consul could not fail to perceive that when hostilities were resumed, British fleets and armies would be sent to capture the defenseless Mississippi Delta. Better sell Louisiana for means to fight England, than see her fall, a little later, into the hands of the enemy, and not be able to strike a blow in her defense.

Reasoning after this fashion, Napoleon resolved to sell Louisiana, but he declared to his most trusted councilors that it cost him a struggle to part with the territory. There was, of course, some haggling about the price. But when both parties to the transaction were thoroughly in earnest, especially when one of the powers concerned was Napoleon Bonaparte, the bargain was sure to be promptly consummated. The great sale was effected in less than a month's time. Louisiana cost the United States fifteen millions of dollars, when that sum meant vastly more than it does at this time. The French treasury was replenished, and Europe shook again with the tread of armies.

"It has been said that this was probably the largest transfer of real estate which was ever made since Adam was presented with the fee simple of Paradise."

Monroe's part in this great land sale, though it cannot be related here, was a very important one. His influence had much to do with bringing the matter to a successful issue. "He always regarded this as the most important of his public services."

Of course no one of the principals engaged in the famous sale anticipated its historic importance. Jefferson, writing about the coveted territory, a little while before, had described it as "a barren sand." Probably most Frenchmen regarded it in that light.

Monroe took leave of Bonaparte June 24, 1803. He was about to depart for England, to which he had been ordered by his government.

The two men form so striking a group at the moment of their interview, that it is worth while to pause before it. Napoleon was, at this time, no doubt, fully bent on attaining the French crown and throne. He probably regarded the simple American envoy as at an infinite remove from his greatness; yet

fourteen years later, he was eating out his heart at St. Helena, and the American was President of the United States.

Arrived in England, Monroe found hard lines. The powerful, arrogant government paid little heed to the remonstrances of the American minister. It was useless to urge his country's grievances, to talk of the rights of neutrals, the outrages on American commerce, the impressment of American seamen.

Monroe's foreign mission had been a triple one. Besides France and England, it included Spain. Events connected with the sale of Louisiana now forced him to repair to the Peninsula. On his way he passed through Paris, and was present at the crowning of Napoleon, a scene fruitful of suggestions when looked at with American eyes.

Arrived in Spain, Monroe vainly attempted to reach any agreement with regard to the eastern boundaries of Louisiana. These had not been clearly defined at the time of the sale. The slow, stately, half moribund court remembered its ancient glory in its present decay, and took alarm lest the young, energetic nation in the West should get some advantage in the Floridas.

Baffled in the Spanish mission, Monroe returned to England. Here he set to work with his usual vigor, aided by William Pinckney, who had joined him in the legation, to obtain a treaty which should in some faint way recognize the rights of American shipping and American merchants. But he had a haughty, obstinate and half-hostile government to deal with. It was only after long negotiations and immense concessions that he succeeded in obtaining a treaty. But it did not touch the vital point of the impressment of American seamen. It afforded no redress for the capture of American vessels and goods by English cruisers. The treaty was so unsatisfactory that Jefferson himself, with all his aversion to war, refused to ratify it.

Monroe's surprise and mortification when he learned this were extreme. His mission, which had proved such a brilliant

success in France, was a humiliating failure in England. Yet the wearied, disappointed statesman had done his best to serve his country. It was not his fault, certainly, that England refused to give up the right of search, that Spain kept an iron grip on the Floridas.

At last Monroe returned to America. The chagrins and disappointments he had encountered in his foreign mission had not seriously shaken the faith which the Republican party reposed in him. It was now talking of nominating him for the next Presidency, but the choice, for various reasons, fell on Madison.

While he was in England, Monroe had become disgusted with public life ; he desired to leave it and return to his estate and the practice of his profession. His salary did not meet the expenses, necessarily large, of his position. He had been compelled to make heavy demands on his private fortunes ; he became alarmed at the state of his finances, and felt that he now owed all his services to his family.

But the time was still far distant when James Monroe should lay aside his armor. He was again elected Governor of Virginia in 1811, but was called from that post by the President, who appointed him Secretary of State. In the following year war was declared between England and America.

Vast cares and responsibilities now fell upon Monroe. He proved equal to all the demands made upon his energy and ability through those trying years in the nation's life. The President, who confided in him absolutely, at last induced his old friend to add to his other duties the enormous burdens of Secretary of War. During the confusion and disorder of that miserable time when Washington was entered and burned, Monroe showed that his old dash and bravery were not extinct. He was the master-spirit of the hour. He made every effort for the defense of the capital ; he did not hesitate to threaten

with the bayonet those demoralized citizens who talked of capitulating to the enemy.

Placed at the head of the War Department, he infused new spirit and vigor into military affairs. "The treasury was exhausted; the government's credit was gone," when James Monroe pledged his private fortune to supply the country's pressing needs.

No reverses daunted that indomitable energy, that devoted patriotism. Monroe was bent on securing the victory of his country. He proposed to increase the army to a hundred thousand men. This unpopular measure would, if carried out, be certain to defeat his election for the next Presidency. James Monroe was certain of this, but he did not flinch.

When England sent her great fleet and ten thousand veterans, the flower of her victorious armies, to New Orleans, to secure the mouths of the Mississippi, James Monroe dispatched orders to the governors of the South-West. The strong, trenchant sentences have the ring of that courage with which, years ago, the college youth had led his small column at Trenton against the advancing red-coats. "Hasten your militia to New Orleans. Do not wait for this government to arm them; put all the arms you can into their hands; let every man bring his rifle with him; we shall see you paid."

A little later the battle of New Orleans was won, and soon afterward America learned that the Treaty of Ghent had been signed.

There was no need of the hundred thousand men.

In 1817 James Monroe became President of the United States. The new administration, called "the era of good feeling," from its lack of all disturbing issues, proved in many respects the most peaceful which the country had known in its twenty-eight years of presidents.

Soon after his inauguration Mr. Monroe set out on an exten-

sive career through the country to inspect the various military posts. The journey must have been much like a triumphal progress of kings, although the object of all the enthusiasm, the processions, the welcomes and banquets, wore "a blue homespun overcoat, light-colored underclothes, and a military cocked hat, the undress uniform of the officers of the Revolutionary War."

The sight of the "old cocked hat" roused immense enthusiasm in all the Revolutionary veterans who beheld it. The President visited the Eastern cities. Boston gave him a grand reception. A cavalcade met him on the Neck; Dorchester Heights, the Common, the forts in the harbor, fired salutes. Monroe must have enjoyed all these demonstrations in his simple, quiet way, though he loved his country more than any honors she could bestow on him.

The long Presidential tour included the North-West as far as Detroit, and occupied four months. The wearied and much fêted President reached Washington about the first of October.

James Monroe's administration was far less eventful and dramatic than his foreign missions.

At the close of four years he was re-elected to the Presidency. His popularity is best attested by the fact that only a single vote was cast against him.

The affairs which during the double term principally engaged the attention of the President and his cabinet were the "defense of the Atlantic seaboard, the promotion of internal improvements, the Seminole War, the acquisition of Florida, the Missouri Compromise, and resistance to foreign interference with American affairs."

All these subjects are familiar ground to the students of American history. James Monroe earned his most enduring laurels in the declaration which was of such immense importance to Europe and America, and which will always live in history as the Monroe Doctrine.

An event occurred near the close of the President's second term which kindled a wild enthusiasm throughout the country. Lafayette once more set his foot on American soil. After many changes, and in another generation, the two comrades-in-arms of the Revolution met again. Both were old men now. Lafayette's young friendship for Monroe had been greatly strengthened by the service the American had rendered him when he was a prisoner at Olmütz. He wrote to his friend with confiding familiarity, and with a glow of warmest affection. It must have been a source of deep gratification to Lafayette that the host who now received him as "the nation's guest," was one who had not only done him an unspeakable favor, but was that young officer who had stood by his side with sympathy and aid, nearly half a century before, when he was wounded at the Battle of Germantown.

James Monroe had nearly reached his sixty-seventh birthday when he left the Presidency to his successor, John Quincy Adams, and returned to his home at Oak Hill in Loudon county, Virginia. It was a fine estate, though it does not seem to have had the varied charm of situation which made such paradises of Mount Vernon, Monticello, and Montpelier. Monroe had planned his house, which was a "handsome substantial brick building with a wide southern portico, with massive Doric columns, surrounded by a grove of magnificent oaks covering several acres."

Like the Virginia Presidents, before him, he had no son; both his daughters were married.

Mrs. Monroe was a handsome woman when she was no longer a young one. She had seen much of the gay and brilliant side of the world, at a time when her beauty and charm made a deep impression in the grand salons and drawing-rooms of Europe. She had been brought into familiar acquaintance with great historic characters in her own country and in foreign

lands. "Her eldest daughter was educated in Paris at the celebrated boarding-school of Madame Campan, and among her intimate school friends was the beautiful Hortense de Beauharnais, step-daughter of Bonaparte, and mother of the Emperor Louis Napoleon."

James Monroe lived seven years after his retirement to Oak Hill. His life here was simple, kindly, sincere, as it had always been. But these years were not merely the restful ones of advancing age to that ardent, energetic nature. He was Regent of the University of Virginia; he was a local magistrate, and also a member of the Virginia Convention; he had a large correspondence at home and abroad and retained an active interest in public affairs.

The last years of this noble life were darkened by sorrows and pecuniary reverses. The death of Mrs. Monroe, in 1830, was an overwhelming blow to her husband.

At this time his fortunes had greatly dwindled. He had neglected them while he was engaged in public life, and the positions which he had occupied had involved expenses which his salary did not defray, and which compelled him to draw heavily on his private resources.

The thoughts of parting with Oak Hill was distressing to him, but he had to face it. "No private subscription came to honor or relieve him."

When Lafayette learned the condition of his old friend's affairs he came promptly to his aid, and in the most delicate and generous manner conceivable placed part of his Florida lands at Monroe's disposal.

But the offer was not accepted. The old man, whose health was much broken, could no longer endure the loneliness of Oak Hill. He went to New York to live with one of his daughters. He died there July 4th, 1831, just five years from the day that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had expired.

James Monroe had no brilliant social or oratorical gifts. No doubt he is thrown somewhat into the shade by the group of great men who surrounded him. But they appreciated him. Washington and Jefferson, John Quincy Adams and Madison, all bore the strongest testimony to his high character and gifts. His biography forms a long record of devoted services to his country. It was the opinion of Madison, between whom and himself, there existed a life-long intimacy, that America had never fully understood or appreciated its fifth President, James Monroe.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

IT was June 17, 1775, throughout the British Colonies of North America. In Massachusetts it was the day of Bunker Hill.

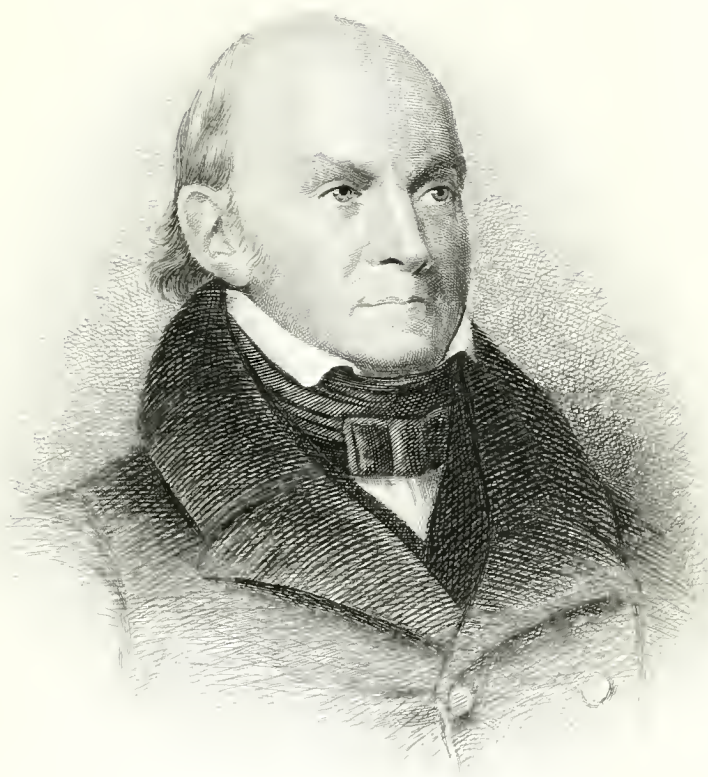
On that day a boy, with his mother, still a young woman, had climbed one of the hills in the parish of North Braintree, and the two stood with faces turned eager and intent in the direction of Boston, ten miles away.

This was by no means an unusual spectacle. On that summer morning the heights in the vicinity of the small, blockaded, seaport town, were occupied by anxious, breathless crowds, all gazing toward the dense clouds of smoke which hid the warships in the harbor.

Those crowds heard with blanched cheeks the heavy incessant cannonading of the British fleet. They heard the American volleysans wer bravely back ; they saw red flames dart and leap through the dense smoke. A little later, Charlestown, "with its five hundred houses and its one church steeple, that had shone a pyramid of fire," was a heap of blackened ruins.

To the gazers on the heights the scene before them was literally one of life and death interest. Husbands and sons, fathers and brothers, were in the thick of the fight. On the issue of the battle hung the fate of the Colonies, the future of America. When that June night fell upon smouldering Charlestown, the Battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, and Massachusetts had seen the darkest, most glorious day in her history.

The scene which he had witnessed made an indelible impression on the boy who climbed the Braintree hill with his



J. Adams

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mother. He had one of those grave, strenuous natures on which events produce lasting effects. The incidents of the day had no doubt an influence over all his future life.

John Quincy Adams was, at that time, close to his eighth birthday, for he was born July 11, 1767. He was the eldest son of John and Abigail Adams, of Braintree. We know what these names were afterward to stand for. At the time of the boy's birth, his father, a lawyer, not thirty-two years old, and after a struggling youth, gradually rising in his profession, already bore the character of a stanch patriot. "He had opposed the Stamp Act with great energy and ability."

The boy bore the name of his maternal great-grandfather, John Quincy, who was dying at the time the child was baptized. "It was filial tenderness that gave the name," he wrote long afterward. And then he adds, in his characteristic way, "There have been through life perpetual admonitions to do nothing unworthy of it."

The early years of his life were passed between Boston and Braintree, as the family changed their home from one place to the other. He had been well started. With such a father and such a mother, the influences, intellectual and moral, about his earliest years, were certain to be of a fine, bracing and elevating kind. It did not follow as a necessary corollary that these would produce a high type of character, original quality having most to do with that matter. But it was his great good fortune to have such favorable beginnings.

A personality so marked must have shown its characteristics early. Those young shoulders carried an old head through all their childhood. John Quincy Adams was a grave, thoughtful boy, caring less for plays and games than he did for the talk of his elders. Ingrained truthfulness and honesty, as well as fearlessness and obstinacy, were salient qualities with him, almost from infancy.

The talk to which the Braintree boy had been listening all his early years must have strongly stimulated his mental faculties. At the time when he watched the Battle of Bunker Hill, he no doubt had very decided opinions on all the great questions at issue between England and her revolted colonies. But the time for discussion and argument had gone by. Two months before the British fleet cannonaded Charlestown Neck, the long drama of the Revolution had opened with the fight at Lexington and Concord.

The mother and the son must often have thought of the husband and father on that terrible day of Bunker Hill. He was absent, in what his wife, with a touch of pathos, calls in her letters, "that remote country." She meant Philadelphia, where John Adams, delegate to the second Continental Congress, was straining every nerve to get George Washington appointed Commander-in-chief of the American Army.

The most momentous event in John Quincy Adams's boyhood occurred more than two years after the Battle of Bunker Hill, when his father, at the close of 1777, was appointed envoy to France, and decided that his eldest son, then in his eleventh year, should accompany him to Europe.

They had a long, stormy passage from Boston to Bordeaux, and the keen, observant boy was placed at a school in Paris, where he rapidly acquired the French language.

A year and a half later the two returned home, and during the long voyage young John gave English lessons to the ambassador and his secretary, whom the French Government were sending to America.

The pleased father wrote that the Frenchmen were in raptures with his son, and the report of the lessons is infinitely characteristic of the boy. He was the most exacting of teachers. He amazed the ambassador by his knowledge. The amused chevalier declared that he was master of English like a

professor. The secretary said to the father, "Your son teaches us more than you. He shows us no mercy and makes us no compliments. We must have Mr. John."

The letters of the boy at this period show a remarkable maturity of thoughts and purpose. With their stilted, formal style they have little of boyhood's dash and freedom, but this may be partly owing to the habit of the time. Their chief interest is in their display of the mental and moral traits of the young writer.

The return home was destined to be a brief one. In about three months the two sailed again in the same vessel, the father having received a second diplomatic appointment to Europe.

The next years afforded the boy rare opportunities for seeing the world and for meeting illustrious persons. He accompanied his father to Holland; he had brief periods of going to school at Paris, at Amsterdam, at Leyden. The chances for study, though he probably made the most of them, were short, for the boy's good fortune seemed to reach its zenith, when, just before he attained his fourteenth birthday, he found himself engaged in a diplomatic career. Francis Dana, envoy to Russia from the United States, actually appointed the youth his private secretary. The journey to that cold, semi-barbarous country must, more than a century ago, have been full of novel experience and adventure to the New England lad. The mission was not particularly fruitful of results; but after diligently discharging all his duties for fourteen months, young Adams left St. Petersburg and returned alone, making his long journey through Sweden and Denmark, seeing much with those keen young eyes, before he resumed his studies at the Hague.

He soon after rejoined his father in Paris, where the latter was engaged with Franklin and Jefferson in negotiating a final treaty of peace between Great Britain and her quondam Col-

onies. Here the boy became at once an additional secretary, and had his share in drawing up that famous instrument which settled forever the question of the independence of the United States.

This reads already like the history of a long, varied and eventful life. It appears incredible that the whole is a rapid and very incomplete sketch of a boy who had recently passed his sixteenth birthday.

Mrs. Adams, with her two younger children, joined her husband, and the long painful, separation, borne on all sides with admirable fortitude, ended in a happy, peaceful year at Paris.

In 1785, a packet from America brought tidings of the appointment of John Adams as minister to St. James's. This made a great turning point in the career of his eldest son, who had now lived seven years in Europe. Foreign travel, society and life had great charms for him. His father's new position would insure his son an introduction to England's greatest statesmen, to her most distinguished men of letters, to all that was elegant and splendid in the court life of George III. A dazzling vista must have opened before the eyes of the youth. It should be remembered that he was only seventeen at the date of his father's appointment. The parents knew their son. They left the momentous decision of his future with himself. He must have undergone a sharp struggle before he decided to return home and enter Harvard College as an undergraduate. To realize the moral pluck which such a resolution required, we must try to reproduce to ourselves, if in ever so shadowy a form, something of the Harvard of that day, with its narrow life, its rigid rules, its meagre society.

Young Adams had to face the immense contrasts between the brilliant life that awaited him in England, and the life that lay for him in America. But all the dazzling attractions of the former could not blind him to the side on which was the per-

manent advantage. That lay in the harder choice. It is doubtful whether Harvard College ever held within its walls a student who had turned his back on so much as John Quincy Adams did when he made up his mind to enter them. But before he left Paris, he wrote in his grave, sensible way, so unlike seventeen :

“ I am determined that so long as I shall be able to get my own living, in an honorable manner, I will depend upon no one. My father has been so much taken up all his life-time with the interests of the public, that his own fortune has suffered by it, so that his children will have to provide for themselves, which I shall never be able to do if I loiter away my precious time in Europe, and shun going home until I am forced to it. With an ordinary share of common sense, which I hope I enjoy, at least in America I can live *independent* and *free*; and rather than live otherwise, I would wish to die before the time when I shall be left at my own indiscretion.”

He returned home, studied assiduously for a short time, entered the junior class at Harvard College, and graduated with honor in 1787. He afterward studied law in Newburyport, and was admitted to the bar just after he had passed his twenty-third birthday. Almost as a matter of course, he established himself in Boston. Clients appeared rather slowly for the first year, but during the three following ones their numbers grew steadily.

But the rising young lawyer's time and thoughts were not wholly engrossed by his profession. An intense, patriotic interest in public affairs was his birthright. He published over different signatures various papers, which attracted much attention at home and abroad for the ability with which they treated critical public questions, especially the new relations of America with Europe.

The writer of such papers could not long remain undiscovered behind the slight mask of his signature. It is believed that they were the immediate cause of his nomination by President Washington as minister to the Hague. He received his

commission on his twenty-seventh birthday. The embassy offered him must have been a welcome change from the drudgery of the Boston law office. Some passages from young Adams's diary show plainly that he had been much chafed by the narrow horizon of his life. He felt the stir of large and noble ambitions. He could not be content in that "state of useless and disgraceful insignificancy" in which he found himself. "At the age of twenty-five, many of the characters who were born for the benefit of their fellow-creatures have rendered themselves conspicuous among their contemporaries. I still find myself as obscure, as unknown to the world, as the most indolent or the most stupid of human beings."

In these words we have the key to John Quincy Adams's character. He wrote them, moved by no merely personal and ignoble ambitions. He had many faults, angularities, limitations. Unhappily these were much on the surface, and often embittered his relations with others, and made his path, sufficiently thorny at best, unnecessarily hard and rugged. But nobody, familiar with his history, can doubt that his supreme aim from first to last was "to live for the benefit of his fellow-men."

"A perilous voyage, a leaky ship, a blundering captain, brought him to the Hague October 31, 1794."

The young diplomat had entered upon a scene which might well have confounded the wisest, most experienced statesman. The French Revolution was still in its death throes. All Europe was arming for the great struggle with France. Adams had scarcely presented his credentials, when the Stadtholder had to flee before the French conquerors. The ministers of foreign courts, for the most part, followed him. The American remained. But he was now forced to use all his adroitness, his cool judgment, his sound common sense, in order to escape compromising relations with the powerful French and Dutch

party. They made flattering overtures to the young diplomat, whose secret sympathies must have been largely on their side. But he preserved his balance through all those exciting times. The government, however, to which he had been accredited had disappeared, and there was really nothing for him to do, a condition utterly distasteful to his habits and temperament. He was debating whether to return home, when advices from the President decided him to remain. Washington, who always weighed his words, ventured on a prophecy, "that Adams would soon be found at the head of the diplomatic corps, be the government administered by whomsoever the people may choose."

He remained at the Hague, narrowly observing the march of events, and characteristically making the most of his time, "studying, reading, learning foreign languages, the usages of diplomacy, the habits of distinguished society."

It is impossible in this sketch to dwell on the episode of young Adams's visit to England. He found himself in an awkward position. He was not minister to the court which, for its own purposes, attempted to treat him as one. He had, at best, only some "rather vague instructions to discuss certain arrangements between the two governments." His shrewdness and good sense again carried him successfully through all difficulties, though it was not easy to avoid giving offense when declining the diplomatic and social honors which were forced upon him.

But this visit to London was memorable to John Quincy Adams for an event that colored his whole after-life and was the source of its deepest, most permanent happiness. He became at this time engaged to Miss Louise Catherine Johnson, daughter of Joshua Johnson, American consul at London.

After a brief absence, he returned to England, where his marriage took place July 26, 1797. Miss Johnson was a young lady whose character and varied social accomplishments fitted

her to adorn the high positions to which her husband's long public life called her. The happy domestic relations of Mr. Adams, which continued for half a century, proved the great solace and satisfaction of a career that was otherwise stormy with great moral struggles and conflicts.

He was appointed minister to Portugal at the close of Washington's administration. Before he had set out for the post it was changed to that of Berlin. At this juncture a delicate question presented itself. John Adams had succeeded Washington in the Presidency. The sensitive honor of both father and son took alarm, lest the continuance of the latter in public office should now be open to the charge of nepotism. On the other hand, it seemed cruel that the son's career should be cut short in the midst of its promise by his father's success. The young man did not hesitate. He was ready to resign his office at once, and in a manly and spirited letter to his mother declared that he "could neither solicit nor expect anything from his father."

Washington now came to the aid of the perplexed President. He insisted that the son "ought not to be denied that promotion in the diplomatic service to which his abilities entitled him."

Accepting this view of the matter, Mr. Adams was appointed to Berlin, but he had some difficulty in gaining admission to the city. "The lieutenant on guard at the gates had never heard of the United States of America, and one of his private soldiers had to explain to him what they were!"

Mr. Adams's mission to Berlin promised to be hardly more fruitful than that at the Hague. The new nation across the seas was of little consequence in the eyes of the ancient governments, absorbed in French politics, with which their own existence seemed so closely bound up. It goes without saying that Mr. Adams did all that he could to serve his country, and

succeeded at last in securing a treaty of amity and commerce between Prussia and the United States. His work was done now, and he applied for his recall home. While awaiting the answer—long delayed in those days—he visited some countries of Europe which he had not yet seen. It was a principle with him, as well as a pleasure, to improve his time and opportunities to the utmost.

Then the recall came, one of the last acts of his father's administration.

The change from the European courts to the Boston law office could not have been agreeable. But he met all its difficulties with his native philosophy and his indomitable will.

He came, too, upon a scene especially calculated to try his temper and harass his feelings. In the quiet paternal home to which the elder Adams had now returned, the younger must have heard the long story of what his father regarded as the shameful machinations and infinite wrongs of his enemies.

This is not the place to enter into that story. It belongs to the history of the fierce struggle between the Federalists and the Republicans, with which the nineteenth century opened in America.

The elder Adams, goaded and incensed beyond endurance at the defection in his own party, which he believed, and no doubt with justice, had been at the bottom of his own defeat, must have gone over his wrongs and trials to his son in his strong, terse, passionate fashion.

Nobody, probably, could listen to the sturdy, true-hearted old patriot without being moved by all he had passed through, and the listener was this time one whose traditions and filial sympathies, would all incline him strongly to his father's view of the case.

But John Quincy Adams was singularly capable of reflecting that there was a reverse side to the shield, though it might have

been cruel to suggest this to the old statesman, stung and humiliated by all the circumstances of his recent defeat.

The younger Adams, fortunately absent, had not been embroiled in the party strifes which had shaken the country. That he was the son of his father was probably the worst charge—no small one in their eyes—which the Federalists could bring against him.

On April 5, 1802, the Boston Federalists elected him to the State Senate. He promptly accepted the office, though it must have seemed to his contemporaries a vast descent for a man who had represented his country eight years at the courts of Europe. But they probably thought more of the contrast than he did himself. One of John Quincy Adams's finest qualities was his readiness to serve the people in any office which they bestowed upon him.

He did not remain long in the State Senate, yet the time was not too brief for him to display his independence of thought and action, and greatly irritate some of his supporters. However, he could not have alienated the majority of his party, for the next year they sent him a Senator to Washington.

In October he set out for the national capital—the rude little village which must have shocked the representatives of foreign courts, accustomed to the splendors of European cities. Mr. Adams may not have cared what they thought about it, but he was concerned to find that Washington “held no church of any denomination.”

He probably was not prepared, even by the parental talk, for the intense hostility which he at once encountered. In its atmosphere he must have gained a more vivid comprehension of all that his father had undergone. The triumphant Republicans, the disappointed and exasperated Federalists, who chose to hold the elder Adams responsible for the defeat of the

party, alike vented their malice on the son. He was met on all sides with coldness, if not with insults. "Any motion that he made was sure to be lost. Any measure that he supported was certain to meet with virulent opposition."

A man with a less tough-fibered character, less sustained by a firm sense of rectitude, might have been overborne by this powerful hostility. Mr. Adams felt it acutely, but it was not in that resolute, dauntless nature to succumb. Time worked in his favor. At the end of four years the rancor of both parties had largely worn itself out. The Massachusetts Senator at last took the rôle among his colleagues in the Senate to which his abilities entitled him.

A Federalist of that period would doubtless have justified his opposition to Mr. Adams by the simple declaration that "his party could not trust him."

There was much apparent truth in this allegation. With his strong personality, his independence of thought, speech and action, it was impossible for John Quincy Adams ever to work on mere party lines. He was always sternly conscious that he owed his highest allegiance to his sense of duty. When, with such a man, it came to a question of right, party affiliations and interests were like flax in the flame.

Burning questions now came to the foreground in American affairs. The century has grown old. The issues, of such overshadowing importance at its dawn, have so long been relegated to the past, that it is difficult to realize how they once divided the two great parties in the nation and aroused the fiercest passions of each.

These issues can barely be glanced at here. There was the purchase of Louisiana, which necessarily involved its future admission to the sisterhood of states. Nobody now questions the wisdom and far-seeing statesmanship of Jefferson in promptly closing the bargain with the French Government. That most

extensive sale of real estate which ever occurred on the planet, encountered at the time the bitter, determined hostility of the Federalists. John Quincy Adams, wiser than his constituents, approved of the sale, won from Napoleon's necessities, and brought down on his head the vials of Federalist wrath.

One cannot have the faintest idea of the temper of that old time, without bearing constantly in mind the fact that in all questions of foreign policy, the Federalists ranged themselves stanchly on the side of England, while the Republicans were passionately devoted to France.

The echoes of the French Revolution had not died out of American air. All the prejudices and passions which it had inflamed, still colored the sympathies and shaped the opinions of parties. Mr. Adams had none of the strong English bias of his colleagues in the Senate. His long residence in Europe had afforded him opportunities for forming opinions and reaching conclusions which no other of his countrymen had enjoyed. A mere stripling, he had borne a share in negotiating the treaty of peace between the two countries. But it does not appear that he was, even then, blinded to the sentiment and policy of England toward her former Colonies. He believed the British government inveterately hostile to American interests. On this matter he and his party in the Senate were as wide apart as the poles. But that fact did not influence him. If ever a man had the courage of his convictions it was John Quincy Adams. No party traditions, no personal interests, no regard for constituents, could sway him an inch. It is not surprising that when the crisis came and Adams actually supported the President's non-importation act, that the amazed, disgusted Federalists of Massachusetts cried out that their Senator had betrayed them.

A month after this the British government issued that famous proclamation which declared the European coast blockaded from Brest to the mouth of the Elbe. This was a tremendous

blow aimed directly at American commerce. "At that time the word neutrals included little but Americans." Napoleon retaliated by his "Berlin Decree," which declared the British Islands blockaded. "No vessel," ran the edict of the mighty autocrat, "which had been in any English port could thereafter enter any port in his dominions." So America was placed between two fires. Early in the following year England forbade all commerce of neutrals between the ports of her enemies. The "British Orders in Council" followed one after another. Their history must be read elsewhere. Suffice it, they were aimed at the carrying trade of the United States. Napoleon was again prompt with retaliation. His next measure, called the "Milan Decree," virtually made him master of the shipping of America. The combatants were giants in those days. But if the shipmasters obeyed these orders, no resource remained but to burn every vessel in American harbors to the water's edge.

No wrong, however, was so keenly felt by the young nation as the practice of British impressment. All other acts paled before this monstrous one. It seems incredible now that Americans could, within this century, have submitted to so great an outrage; one, too, that struck at the very life of so many fire-sides, and was the source of such constant and wide-spread misery. It is to John Quincy Adams's eternal honor that, at this juncture, regardless of party allegiance and interests, he took a bold and independent stand. It seemed to his brave, resolute spirit that the Federalists were under a spell of alarm and dread when it came to taking any measures against English wrongs, even against this crowning one of impressment of American citizens. His soul recoiled at the idea of submission. He beheld his party embarrassed and timorous, where he felt the only hope of redress was in a vigorous resentment of England's conduct. He did not, even in his most passionate

moments, desire that the country should rush, ill prepared, into a war with her powerful enemy; but he was ready for any measure, short of the last appeal, which should manifest America's indignation.

These feelings explain Mr. Adams's position. In the year following the non-importation act, the administration brought forward a bill for establishing an embargo. This measure by no means met with Mr. Adams's full approval. It was not what he desired, but it was, at least, better than nothing. He voted for the embargo.

Then the Federalists turned on him. Their wrath was terrible. It is but fair to say that, blinded by passion, they believed that he had basely deserted their ranks. It was not wholly their fault that they could not reach his outlook, see things from his wider point of vision. But chagrined and enraged, they could think of no language inflamed and rancorous enough to describe the conduct of their senator.

But the Federalists did not end with words. They made haste to shake off the "traitor" and "renegade," as they delighted to call him. They nominated his successor in the Senate under circumstances devised especially to insult him. "Mr. Adams was not the man to stay where he was not wanted. He sent in his resignation."

This was in 1808. On the 4th of March of the following year James Madison became President of the United States. Two days later he notified Mr. Adams of his intention to appoint him Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. It was a new mission, but the Czar, friendly to America, had often expressed a desire that an envoy should be accredited to his court.

Mr. Adams's foes had their chance now. They voted against the mission. But Madison had set his heart on it. In June he again named Mr. Adams for the post, stating to the Senate that he had now additional reasons for sending an embassy to

Russia. His wishes prevailed. This time the nomination was confirmed.

“On August 5, 1809,” as Mr. Adams’s diary records, “he left his house at the corner of Boylston and Nassau streets for his long journey from Boston to St. Petersburg. His wife, his youngest son and his secretary accompanied him.

“They left Charlestown wharf precisely as the Boston and Charlestown bells were ringing one o’clock.”

Mr. and Mrs. Adams must have had very heavy hearts at that time. They were leaving two young boys behind them at Braintree. During the long sea voyage, which was attended with more or less discomfort and peril, Mr. Adams wrote to his young sons, and his words are so wise and true that they ought to have a place in the briefest sketch of his life.

“You must have some one great purpose of existence.

“Finally, let the uniform principle of your life, the frontlet between your eyes, be how to make your talents and your knowledge most beneficial to your country, and most useful to mankind.”

Mr. Adams arrived on the scene of his new mission late in October. His reception by the Emperor Alexander was most gracious and cordial. In the splendid Russian court things went more smoothly for John Quincy Adams than they had ever done in the plain senate chamber at Washington. The new minister did not find very much to do ; but there was a great deal to see and to learn.

There was a gorgeous ceremonious life at that old court of the Romanoffs. Mr. Adams mingled with it, thoughtful, self-contained, observant. All the pomp and power never for a moment dazzled him. Simple and dignified, he must have been an admirable representative of his country at European courts.

Those four years and a half which Mr. Adams spent in Europe were breathless years for the world. The very air was

full of the clash of armies. The name most frequently on all men's lips must have been that of Napoleon Bonaparte. In the Russian court they could hardly, one imagines, have talked about anybody else. When Mr. Adams went to Europe the great Corsican held its destinies in his hands. Before the American left, the wonderful drama of the invasion of Russia, the burning of Moscow, the retreat of the French armies, had all been gone through with.

And that simple, "untitled man," as his mother liked to call his father, from the new nation across the seas, was in the midst of the court to witness all its long trepidation and anguish at the coming of the conqueror, its wild joy and exultation over his retreat. Before this had happened a conversation had occurred between Mr. Adams and the Russian Chancellor, Count Romanzoff, which throws a strong light upon the character and career of Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Adams relates the conversation in his diary. At the time it occurred, Napoleon was at the zenith of his power and glory. The Chancellor and the minister were sitting together on a sofa, and over them hung a portrait of the French Emperor,—at that time the most powerful man in the world,—“in all his imperial accouterments.”

Looking at this portrait, Mr. Adams remarked to the Chancellor, “It was much to be wished that it were possible the *will* of peace and tranquillity could be inspired into his heart. The world might then enjoy a little peace.”

“Count Romanzoff shook his head and said: ‘No; it is impossible. Tranquillity is not in his nature.’ I can tell you in confidence that he once told me so himself. I was speaking to him about Spain and Portugal, and he said to me: ‘I must always be going. After the peace of Tilsit where could I go but to Spain? I went to Spain because I could not go anywhere else.’”

“‘And this,’ said the Count, ‘was all that he had to say in justification of his going into Spain and Portugal. And now he may intend to turn against us from the very same want of any other place where to go.’”

In a short time after this curious conversation occurred, Napoleon had “turned against Russia,” and the grand French army lay buried under northern snows, while he reached the end of his “going” at St. Helena.

The “last war” between England and America had meanwhile gone on its cheekered way. The Americans had met with serious disasters on land, but had won some signal naval victories over their powerful foe. Both peoples were tired and disgusted with the war.

On August 7, 1814, eight commissioners met in Ghent to negotiate a treaty of peace between the two countries. Five of the party were Americans. One of these was John Quincy Adams.

It is impossible to give more than a hasty glance at this most interesting episode in American history. Some months were consumed, for the most part, in angry bickerings. There was a great deal of ill feeling, of arrogant bearing, and enormous demand on the English side, met, on the American, by irritating retort and obstinate temper.

But the altercations between the two parties were mildness itself when compared with the Americans’ dissensions among themselves. Here they could give a loose rein to their feelings, and their endless disputes over minor matters would have been amusing had not such great issues been at stake.

On these, happily, the five commissioners were, in the main, agreed; and they were thus enabled to present a tolerably united front to their opponents.

To each party the other probably seemed intolerably grasping and aggravating. Mr. Adams, with all his high spirit and

resolution, almost despaired at times of coming to any tolerable agreement. He who never said what he did not mean, avowed "that he would cheerfully give his life for a peace whose basis should be the state of affairs before the war."

But at the last moment things brightened. Matters began to look threatening between England, Russia and Prussia. In this critical condition of things, Lord Castlereagh did not want a war with America on his hands. The English commissioners receded from the ground they had so stubbornly held. They were officially advised to come to terms. The result was, after the long verbal battle, the Treaty of Ghent.

America was jubilant over its provisions. What England thought of them was perhaps expressed by the declaration of the Marquis of Wellesley in the House of Lords. He declared that, "in his opinion, the American commissioners had shown a most astonishing superiority over the British during the whole of the correspondence."

Mr. Adams certainly had a wonderful good fortune in witnessing great historic events. After the Treaty of Ghent he went to Paris. He was present at the return of Napoleon from Elba. He beheld a great part of the scenes of the "hundred days."

At this period he was joined by Mrs. Adams and her young son. She had shown remarkable courage and self-command in making the long journey from St. Petersburg to Paris. She had encountered various perils, as her route lay through countries full of political tumult and preparing for fresh battles. Her womanly heroism during this trying journey was the more remarkable as her health was always delicate.

When Mr. Adams returned to London on May 26th, a commission was awaiting him. He was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to England. Washington's prophesy regarding young Adams was now fulfilled. He

had reached "the highest rank in the American diplomatic service."

He remained in England more than two years. He does not seem, any more than his father before him, greatly to have enjoyed his elevation. There was comparatively little to occupy him. The Court of St. James was, throughout the Georgian era, a rather chilling atmosphere for an American minister. This one's meagre salary, too, was the source of constant discomfort and annoyance.

When, on June 15, 1817, John Quincy Adams sailed from Cowes, he had closed his long and honorable diplomatic career. He was still in the prime of life, close to his half century. But when, that summer day, the English shores faded from his sight, he had looked on them for the last time. Henceforward his life-work was to be in his native land. He returned now to a new post. He had been appointed Secretary of State in the cabinet of James Monroe.

The patriotic soul of John Quincy Adams was profoundly stirred by the aspect of the national capital. It must have been an ugly, dreary, most uncomfortable residence for the first three decades of its existence. What appearance it presented to the new Secretary of State, after his long familiarity with the splendid capitals of Europe, can best be told in his own words: "It is impossible," he writes, "for me to describe to you my feelings on entering this miserable desert, this scene of desolation and horror. My anticipations were almost infinitely short of the reality."

But the Secretary of State settled down to his work with his inveterate doggedness. So far as domestic affairs were concerned, Monroe's administration rolled its smooth course almost to the end, when it was shaken by personal rivalries. The party animosities which had marked the opening years of the century disappeared after the Treaty of Ghent.

Neither Federalists nor Republicans had now any great domestic grievances or any widely divergent policies. With our foreign relations it was different. There was the great problem of South American independence and our own attitude toward the revolted Colonies in the face of exasperated Spain and disaffected Europe; there were the burning questions of Florida, of the Louisiana boundary, and of General Jackson's unparalleled proceedings on Spanish territory, all handling in their settlement the most adroit handling, the most consummate statesmanship. These momentous affairs fell within Mr. Adams's department.

That was the day, too, of the Holy Alliance. There were strong grounds for fear lest the members of that formidable power should take it upon themselves to suppress the nascent South American Republics. The monarchical and religious prejudices of the Alliance would inevitably cause it to side strongly with Spain against her former Colonies.

All the great European powers were, at this juncture, undergoing the conservative reaction which had followed the French Revolution. Great historical events, among them the rising of Greece, appealed strongly to the sympathies of America, and were liable to produce demonstrations which might, in the sensitive condition of the times, embroil us with foreign powers. Mr. Adams had to guard rigidly against this possibility. He took the ground and strenuously maintained it, that "America should keep wholly out of European politics." Not even when it came to entering into a league with England for the suppression of the slave-trade, would he yield an inch.

Then Mr. Adams had also to encounter the rivalries, the jealousies, the enmities, of members of the cabinet or of congress. This is not, of course, the place to enter into the history of the intrigues of that time. They involved the intensest personal rivalries and ambitions.

Several of the most prominent and popular American statesmen were eager to succeed Monroe in the Presidency. It had hitherto been the practice to award the high prize to the Secretary of State.

This fact, no doubt, explains much of the bitter opposition which John Quincy Adams encountered during the Monroe administration. He bore it with invincible courage, but his feelings were deeply pained and outraged. While his conduct may have won the respect of his political rivals, it was not likely to conciliate them. But Mr. Adams was seldom careful to placate people. He had too inflexible a nature, too belligerent a temper to court popularity.

He asserted that he should do "absolutely nothing" to secure the Presidency. There was something morally sublime in this position. He held to it through tremendous temptations, for he was not, like Washington, indifferent to the office.

But despite intrigues and machinations, despite the wide popularity and military fame of his strongest rival, the proud, frigid, and rather repellent New Englander was elected President of the United States.

At his inauguration, March 4, 1825, he wore a black suit, wholly of American manufacture. Washington had set that example.

When the ceremony was over, his rival, General Jackson, hastened to cordially greet the new President. One regrets to add that this forms the last courtesy on record between the two.

John Quincy Adams's administration opened with the close of the first quarter of our century. The Republic, which had at its birth so many new problems to face, and which had been so vast an experiment on the part of the statesmen who organized the government, had by this time won her place and her name among the family of nations.

America was at peace with all the world. With her growing strength and prosperity, she began to have a larger prescience of the future that awaited her. Amid leisure and freedom she could turn her attention to the development of her great internal resources. It was thirty-six years since the ship of state first moved out on the untried seas. The waters, so stormy then, were peaceful now, and the pilot who stood at the helm and looked out on the course with calm, watchful eyes, was brave, experienced and tireless.

But though the promise was outwardly so fair, the elements of discord were secretly at work, almost from the moment of Mr. Adams's installation. No stone was left unturned by his political opponents to secure the next presidential election for that impetuous western soldier who had such a hold of the popular imagination. General Jackson's friends were shrewd, keen, alert. They were versed in political strategy. They knew how to handle the masses, to bend events to the accomplishment of their plans. The man at the head of the nation, living his simple, laborious life, rising before daybreak, "often kindling his fire with his own hands," his greatest indulgence those long swims in the Potomac which would have left many a stalwart youth far behind, devoting the long hours of the day and much of the night to strenuous labors, his thoughts intent on plans for internal improvements, his mind occupied with the large problems of the statesman and patriot, had little time or taste for entering into the lists with his political opponents.

They had the field during these years to themselves. The President certainly played into their hands. His enemies were not magnanimous. Men seldom are in the heat of political combat. The contest was largely a personal one. With the kind of forces arrayed against him, Mr. Adams was placed at singular disadvantage. But he would not conciliate a friend or placate a foe to win a second term of presidency. This unbend-

ing attitude did not have its source in indifference, for he would have found great satisfaction in the popular approval which expressed itself in a re-election.

But he refused to employ the least of the patronage at his disposal to win a single vote. Such a resolve, such an attitude, were worthy of the highest honor.

It seems a pity that a man so good and great should have been so little understood, a double pity that much which was frigid, brusque, forbidding, in his attitude, speech and manner, should have explained, if it did not justify, the dislike which he inspired.

Mr. Adams did not have a magnetic personality. He was singularly lacking in those qualities which win a loyal and devoted following. He often repelled those with whom he was brought into social relations. They said he carried with him "the chilling atmosphere of an iceberg." When he did a kindly thing, it was not oftenest with the grace that lent an added charm to the deed. He certainly never adopted the king's maxim, that "each man should retire happy from his presence." No doubt many left the President soured, disappointed, repelled.

Yet, despite these blemishes, he must have been, with his rare intellectual gifts, and his rich stores of information, a delightful companion. It was a great pleasure to hear him converse. Men of his own tastes, especially those who composed his cabinet, greatly enjoyed his society, and honored the integrity and purity of his character.

Mrs. Adams was a lady of imposing presence and agreeable social manners. She presided with grace and dignity at the White House, and her influence must have ameliorated the impression made by her husband's coldness and reserve.

The passion and virulence of the campaign of 1828, repeated in some of its aspects that of 1801. It closed with the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency.

The younger Adams bore his disappointment—it must have been a severe one—with more philosophy than the elder had done. He acted his part with dignity in his successor's inaugural, and returned to the ancestral home at Quincy. With his passion for work, his dread of long leisures and the slow rusting of mental faculties, he set about preparing a memoir of his father, and also projected a history of the United States. The man of sixty-two had at that time little prescience that the most glorious part of his life was yet to come.

In 1830, when Plymouth district first proposed sending Mr. Adams to Congress, it was feared lest an ex-President would regard the office as too great a contrast with his former one. This doubt was expressed to Mr. Adams. The high character and true patriotism of the man showed themselves in his reply: "No person could be degraded by serving the people in Congress. Nor, in my opinion, would an ex-President of the United States be degraded by serving as a selectman of his town, if thereto elected."

The people of New England, or a large section of them, always understood John Quincy Adams's real quality. The Plymouth district sent him by a large vote to Congress, and from that time until his death, he represented that region.

Here again, there is only opportunity for a glance at a career and a figure whose moral grandeur has hardly been surpassed by any in American history.

Yet it is not a picturesque figure; it is that of a "short, bald, elderly man, with strong, rugged features, and eyes more or less inflamed." He had none of the graces of oratory, and his high shrill voice had no rich, deep tones to allure the ear and find their way to the heart. But with all these defects the member from Massachusetts was sure to have a large, interested audience when he spoke.

He took his seat in Congress in December, 1831. He had

been elected by the "National Republican," soon to be known as the "Whig Party."

He at once characteristically declared that "he would be bound by no partisan connection, but would in every case act independently."

His position in the Twenty-second Congress was unprecedented. Every member must have regarded the ex-President with peculiar interest; but he himself records that "he experienced no annoyance on account of his descent in official life."

In a little while the nullification storm swept through Congress. Mr. Adams took a most intrepid attitude at this crisis, and maintained it through all the excitement. When the atmosphere cleared at last, it found him much disgusted with the concessions which the government had made in the interests of peace.

Years before, Mr. Adams had proved himself one of Jackson's staunchest defenders. But the strongest antipathy, both political and personal, now existed between the statesman and the soldier.

But it was in his position regarding slavery that Mr. Adams was to prove himself a very gladiator. This tremendous question, coming to the front when the annexation of Texas began to be talked of, aroused all the moral and intellectual forces of the New Englander.

He brought to support his arguments, his vast stores of knowledge, his pitiless invective, his scathing satire, and more than all these, his indomitable physical and moral courage.

To this portion of his career, so full of thrilling interest to the biographer, a volume could do scant justice, while a few lines must include all that can be said here.

The leader of that forlorn hope fronted everywhere immense odds arrayed against him. They were in the halls of Congress; in the Boston that he loved; in the country that, giving him her highest honors, had never been fond of him.

How gloriously he bore himself through those dozen years, espousing the cause of the wronged and helpless in the face of the proud and powerful; what fiery opposition, what unbounded rage, he encountered, in that long, memorable crusade; what a great figure he makes standing in calm, solitary grandeur, while the storms beat about him, must be left for an ampler record than this.

It seemed as though he bore a charmed life. The burdens he carried, the labors he went through, might well have exhausted the strong brain and the steady pulses of youth: yet, year after year, the old man, "with his shrill voice and his shaking hand," was always at his post, always ready for the fray, never coming out of it vanquished!

The spectacle of these tireless labors, of this great ability, of this flawless courage and spotless integrity, could not fail to win the respect of his most exasperated enemies; and that he did exasperate them, often with deliberate intent, and almost beyond the power of endurance, cannot be denied.

Yet this atmosphere of conflict stimulated all his mental and moral energies as no softer one could have done. John Quincy Adams was of the old Puritan strain. He had its moral heroism, its devout temper, its invincible courage. One cannot read of him without thinking of Oliver Cromwell and the breed of heroes about him.

Their inmost spirit breathes in the words which Mr. Adams wrote when surrounded by all the pomp and glory of the Russian court. "It is in the midst of splendors and magnificence that the heart needs most to be reminded of its vanities, and that the aid of heaven is most earnestly to be invoked."

It was his habit too, amid all his varied, absorbing duties, to read five chapters a day in the Bible.

Mr. Adams had, too, the deep, concentrated domestic affections which were a part of the Puritan temperament. He

was a devoted husband and father, though he inclined, at least in theory, to that old ideal of parental authority which belonged to a sterner generation. But he admits that Mrs. Adams did not share his views in this respect.

Beneath all the coldness and reserve of the Puritan temperament lay deep springs of freshness and poetry in this man's nature. They sometimes broke through all reserves, as they did on that memorable occasion when Mr. Adams visited the Hague, in June, 1814, on his way to join the mission at Ghent.

He had been at the Hague in his early youth, and on his return to the familiar scenes, the old vivid memories surprised him into words full of the strongest emotion :

“It was a confusion of recollections so various, so tender, so melancholy, so delicious, so painful ; a mixture so heterogeneous, and yet altogether so sweet, that if I had been alone I am sure I should have melted into tears.”

Mr. Adams's health broke very slowly. He had begun a diary, a mere boy in 1779. He made entries more or less frequent until 1795. At this time he set vigorously about the record and wrote regularly during the rest of his life.

The diary, which forms a vivid portraiture of the man and his times, contains a significant entry as early as March 25, 1844. “Physical disability must soon put a stop to this diary.”

He had then been at work on it half a century. He goes on to speak of his “rising at four, of his smarting eyes and shaking hands.”

One crowning triumph still remained for him. “The infamous gag-rule which he had long fought in Congress was suppressed.” In recording this fact Mr. Adams breaks out into a strain which reminds one of the solemn joy of the Psalmist:

“Blessed, forever blessed, be the name of God.”

There were no signs of mental failure in the old man when the paralysis struck him in Boston, November 19, 1846. But the

warrior would not lay off his armor. Three months later he went to Washington, amid whose summer-heats he had spent part of his waning strength. It is pleasant to write that when he appeared on the scene of his many battles, all the members rose together. Various kindly courtesies, which marked the feeling of the House, were shown him. Afterward he was punctually at his post, though he spoke only once.

The last words in his diary were written to his son, Charles Adams, January 1, 1848, and they have in them the ring of all the writer's battling, triumphant years:

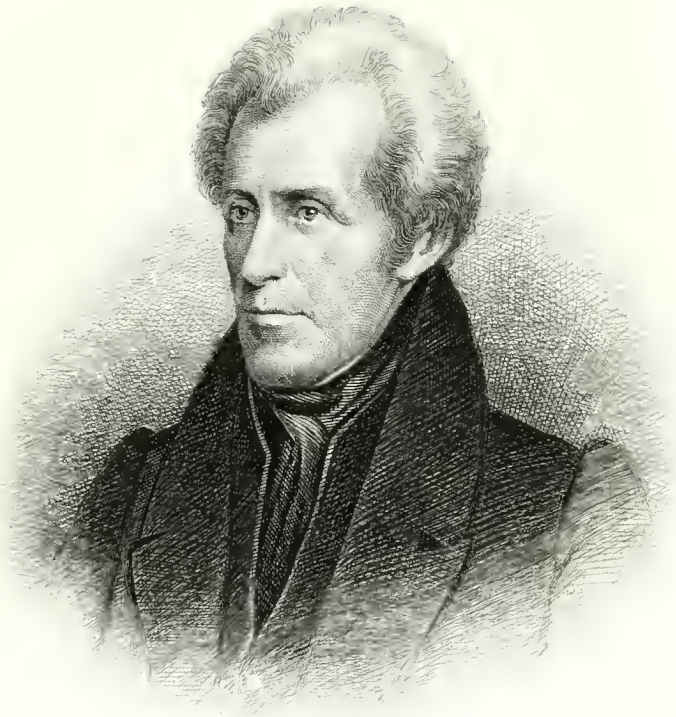
“A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.”

Mr. Adams was in his seat in Congress February 21, 1848. “He rose on the floor, with a paper in his hand, to address the Speaker, when he suddenly fell forward insensible. Paralysis had seized him again. He was conveyed to the hall of the rotunda, and then to the Speaker's room.”

When he regained consciousness he said calmly, “This is the end of earth.” Then he added, “I am content.”

His invalid wife and his family were summoned to his side. But the long day's work was done. The time had come for rest. On the evening of February 23d he died quietly.

They buried him under the portal of the church at Quincy, beside his grand old father and his noble mother.



Andrew Jackson

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ANDREW JACKSON.

IN October, 1788, there came a day which was full of excitement and joy in the wild, beautiful valley of the Cumberland. In Nashville, the small western settlement, at the back door of civilization, the air was full of hospitality, of welcoming sounds and happy greetings. For that day—just a hundred years ago, you must remember—there rode out from the long, rough wilderness-trail a procession of emigrants, “nearly a hundred in number.” No wonder the little hamlet, with its cabins and block-houses, went wild for joy over this reinforcement to its scanty population. Nashville was only nine years old at that time. The American pioneers had passed over the mighty walls of the Cumberland mountains, and settled down on the site which the French trappers and traders had deserted a little while before. But the white man held that far frontier at his peril. The wilderness all about him swarmed with savages—the strongest and bravest of the half-conquered tribes. The strife was deadly between the two races. Of course, the white one was sure, in the long run, to win. But for years the settlers made their clearings and reaped their harvest, with their tireless, remorseless foe always on the alert. The terrible war-whoop haunted their dreams. The days were tense with unceasing watch and ward. Even the light, swift tread of wild creatures in the woods thrilled the trained nerves of the settlers with sudden fear.

All this happened in that old Nashville of a hundred years ago, and yet, who knows! It is just possible that somewhere on the planet, a pair of eyes still peer out dimly on the day-light,

which opened for the first time on that far away morning when the tired cavalcade rode into Nashville!

It had come with its guides, its women and its children, from Jonesboro'. a hundred and eighty-three miles to the east. It was a wonder that one had lived to tell the tale. The dark, lonely mountain-passes were haunted by hostile savages. The utmost vigilance and courage had alone succeeded in bringing the train over the long, perilous ways.

It brought stirring news to Nashville. The States, one after another, had accepted the new Constitution, and the government would now be organized. George Washington was certain to be America's first President. One almost seems to hear, across a century, the echo of the joyful shouts with which the little pioneer settlement heard these tidings.

In the emigrant train rode a professional party which must have attracted attention at once. It was composed of a clerk, a judge, and several young lawyers. One of these was the newly appointed solicitor, or public prosecutor, for the district. He is the subject of this brief biography.

Andrew Jackson was twenty-two years old on that October morning, when he rode into Nashville. He was born in Union County, close to the boundary lines between the Provinces of North and South Carolina, on March 15, 1767. All sad fortunes darkened about his birth. Before that happened, his father had sickened and died suddenly. The family were still strangers in the New World. They had been here only about two years. They were of Scotch lineage from North Ireland. No doubt poverty drove the little household across the seas from Carrickfergus to Charleston. These people were sturdy and honest. Radical whigs, stanch Presbyterians, they came with relatives and neighbors to seek a larger foothold, to find a fairer chance on the new continent—the father, Andrew Jackson, and his wife, Elizabeth, and their two little boys. They

did not lose any time at Charleston. With true Scotch grit they faced their fate at once, and set out for the Waxhaw settlement, a hundred and sixty miles to the north-west, where they would find many faces of their kindred and countrymen. Here, on "Twelve Mile Creek," a branch of the Catawba, in the midst of the pine wilderness, a clearing was made, a log-house built. But in the spring of 1767, the rude home was deserted, and the family never returned to it. Mrs. Jackson was a widow and the boys were fatherless.

It was hard lines for that brave mother. She must have greeted the birth of her last boy with fresh tears of her widowhood. He was born under the roof of her sister's husband, but Andrew was only three weeks old when his mother carried him to the home of Mr. Crawford, another brother-in-law, with whom she had come to America. He was a man of some property. The widow was sure to be of service in his large family, with his feeble wife. And these were the beginnings of Andrew Jackson.

After all, they were not the worst ones. A tender, devoted mother watched over his childhood. No doubt he gave her plenty of trouble and anxiety—rash, wild, headstrong, as he must have been—generous, affectionate, lovable, too. For there was to be in him all his life, two different natures, each so positive, powerful, insistent, that it seemed the whole of him when it got the mastery. This made Andrew Jackson an insoluble problem to many of his contemporaries. It has made him ever since a puzzle to the world. He could not have failed to show something of this double character even during the first decade of his life.

In that old time, in that thinly-settled region, he had small opportunities for study. Perhaps these were, however, about equal to George Washington's. Andrew went to an "old field school-house," and learned "to read, to write, to cast accounts."

It is extremely doubtful whether any books or any tutors could have made a scholar of him. His genius was one of action.

At last the War of the Revolution broke into the Waxhaws. Hugh Jackson, the eldest of the two brothers, and a mere strippling, joined the militia, did his part in the Battle of Stono, and died of exhaustion afterward. So the war came to Andrew's heart before it was at his door.

On May 29, 1780, the terrible Tarleton, with his three hundred horsemen, burst upon the militia in the Waxhaw settlement. The details of the battle are too sickening to dwell on. The militia, frightfully mangled, were carried to the old "log meeting-house," where the women and boys, Mrs. Jackson and her sons among the foremost, came to tend them. Here the boy of thirteen had war in its most appalling form brought under his keen, all-observant eyes. He never forgot those days; indeed, he had one of those tenacious natures which never forgot anything that touched his heart or roused his passions.

And now havoc overran that fair world of the Carolinas. Nowhere else did the Revolution take on so fierce, so brutal, so fiendish a form. Men seemed to lose their manhood amid the fierce passions and cruel deeds of the long strife on the wild southern border. And a tall, yellow-complexioned, lank-visaged boy, with fiery blue eyes, was in the midst of the dreadful scenes. The iron entered his soul, and at last he took his part in the work. On August 16, 1780, the defeat of General Gates struck dismay and terror to the heart of the South. In the early autumn all the inhabitants of the Waxhaws who were not in the field, were again in panic-stricken flight, for news had come of Cornwallis' advance with those British troops at whose name every man, woman and child in the Carolinas had learned to shudder.

Mrs. Jackson and her sons had to make their wild flight

with the others. Amid scenes like these Andrew Jackson's boyhood was nurtured. He was now at that formative period of his life when impressions are most vivid and lasting. No doubt the experiences of this time gave a permanent trend to his character. One cannot wonder that his young, passionate soul was fired with a deadly hatred of British soldiers.

A little incident perfectly illustrates the boy's temper at this time. He had managed to "fasten the blade of a scythe to a pole," and then he attacked the weeds about the house, and, as he mowed them down with vindictive fury, he was overheard crying out passionately: "Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass-blade."

Before the war was over, his chance came. Neither Andrew nor his brother enlisted in any corps, but "they joined some of the small parties in the neighborhood, who rode about the country breathing vengeance on the foe." The young Jacksons had all sorts of adventures, hardships and hair-breadth escapes. At last a day came which must have made all their previous sufferings seem light. After a night of peril and exposure in a thicket where they had hidden, hunger drove the brothers in the morning to the nearest house. This belonged to their cousin, lieutenant Crawford. They found his wife here with her young children. The boys had crept cautiously inside. Nobody dreamed of danger. But their hiding-place had been discovered. In a little while a party of dragoons burst into the house. It is difficult to realize the scene which followed. Yet it was not an unusual one in that year of grace in the Carolinas. The house was ravaged. The dragoons "dashed crockery, glass and furniture to pieces, emptied beds, tore clothing to rags," before the eyes of the scared, helpless mother and her children. She looked on with her infant in her arms. The young Jacksons looked on, too, powerless to aid. But the younger was laying up the memory of that hour in his soul, and years later,

on another field, and in another war, he was to exact the bitter price.

The brothers were at last mounted on horses and rode away in the train of their captors. Each had been cruelly wounded by the leader of the dragoons. It may not have been wise to refuse, as they did, when he ordered them to clean his mud-splashed boots, but they were prisoners of war, and the rude command aroused all the resentment of their young, fiery, Celtic blood. Andrew's head and hand were deeply gashed by the sword of the infuriated officer. Then Robert's turn had come. The blow on his head prostrated and disabled him.

In this condition the two were mounted on stolen horses and carried to Camden, forty miles away. Not a particle of food, not a drop of water, relieved the sufferings of that long ride. It appears incredible that their captors, who were men and not fiends, would not allow the parched boys to scoop up a little water when they forded the streams.

In the inclosure at Camden, greater misery, if possible, befell. They had no beds; their only food was a scanty supply of bread; their wounds went undressed. The small-pox made its appearance among the two hundred and fifty prisoners of war. The cup of Andrew's misery was full, when he was separated from his brother, robbed of his jacket and his shoes.

At last a gleam of humanity steals across the black picture. An officer of the guard, probably touched by Andrew's youth and misery, condescended to talk with him. Then the boy, with that passionate speech and manner, which was to exert such an immense power over the hearts of men, poured out the story of his wrongs and those of his fellow sufferers. The officer was amazed and touched. He started an investigation into the fare of the prisoners. The villainy of the contractors was unearthed. These, and not the military authorities, were

starving the prisoners. After the boy's talk the rations were improved. "The prisoners had meat and better bread."

At last there was joy in the prison-pen, for General Greene had come to their rescue. He drew up his brave little army, twelve hundred strong, on an eminence, within a mile of Camden, and waited for his cannon, which he had outstripped in his rapid march.

For six days he waited on Hobkirk's Hill. For six days the prisoners waited, too, full of intense, suppressed excitement. Their fate hung upon the little army at Hobkirk's Hill.

At last the day of battle came. One only of the imprisoned Americans witnessed it. This was Andrew Jackson. He had secured an old razor blade, "with which he hacked out a knot from the fence that had been recently erected on the summit of the wall which surrounded the inclosure."

With his eyes at the knot-hole, the boy watched the scene. The American army, confident of its strength, and not dreaming of a surprise from the inferior British force, lay encamped on Hobkirk's Hill. Lord Rawdon had planned his attack skillfully. The boy, peering through the knot-hole, descried the danger. He could not send across the intervening mile a warning shout that the Redcoats were close at hand. He saw the first rush upon the unguarded troops. Even then, unprepared as they were, the horsemen made a gallant rally. They dashed into the midst of their foes and almost carried the day. The breathless crowd behind the boy at the knot-hole, listened to his report of the battle. Their own fate hung upon it. Suddenly the joyous words of victory faltered and fell, as the American fire slackened and receded. A little later "Greene was in full retreat."

From that hour despair settled heavily upon the prisoners. The young Jacksons sickened with the small-pox. Robert's wound, never dressed, had not healed. But in that darkest

hour help suddenly appeared. Mrs. Jackson had come from her home at Waxhaw to the prison at Camden. The mother must have pleaded passionately for her boys' release to the Whig captain, who held numbers of British prisoners. Negotiations were opened. At last an exchange was effected. It was greatly to the advantage of the enemy. The British gave up seven Americans for thirteen of their own soldiers.

The mother could hardly recognize her sons. Wasted with hunger, wounds and disease, they came out of the Camden prison-pen. Robert could not stand. There was nothing to be done now but make the long, weary journey back to Waxhaw. "Mrs. Jackson rode one horse, and Robert, too ill to keep his seat, was held upon the other." Andrew, "bareheaded, barefooted, with no jacket," dragged himself over the wilderness road. The party had almost reached Waxhaw when a cold rain burst upon them. "The boys had reached that critical period in small-pox when a chill usually proves fatal." In two days Robert was dead, and Andrew was raving in delirium. The boy fought his way slowly out of that long illness. When he was convalescent a new purpose took possession of Mrs. Jackson's heart. She had listened to the stories—Waxhaw was full of them in the summer of 1781—of the horrors in the Charleston prison-ships. Other mothers, this one reflected, had sons there. She with two other women made the heroic resolution to set out together for the prison-ships and relieve, so far as was possible, the sufferings inside them.

The three women started. They probably went on horseback; they reached Charleston; they gained admission to the ships; they brought stores from home, and tender messages and woman's precious solace and courage to the languishing inmates. But that splendid service cost Mrs. Jackson her life. She was seized with the ship-fever. "She died at the house of a relative, ten miles from Charleston." Did she think in her last

hours of that young boy she must leave fatherless, motherless, homeless? Were her dying moments gladdened with some prescience of the man he was to be?

Andrew Jackson had not reached his fifteenth birthday when he found himself alone in the world. The loss of his mother must have been a terrible blow to him. During all his after life he spoke of her with the utmost reverence and affection. He missed that strong, tender influence about his young years. Had it lasted longer it might have softened all his manhood.

The dearest wish of Mrs. Jackson's heart appears to have been, that her youngest boy should become a Presbyterian minister. Whether this wish was based on anything she saw or fancied in his character, can never be known now.

But fate had another destiny in store for Andrew Jackson. He must have had a hard time scrambling up into youth, left as he was in extreme poverty. His health, too, had been greatly shaken by his illness and his hardships. His relatives do not appear to have been very helpful at this time. Whether this was partly his fault, or whether the orphan boy was in their eyes simply a "poor relation," is uncertain. Andrew was headstrong and hot-tempered. He went some rather wild courses which would have made his mother's heart ache. "He had gay companions with whom he raced, gambled, and occasionally drank." He was not above the influences of his time and environment. Perhaps his poverty was, after all, his best friend, for it did not admit of long or frequent dissipations.

No consuming desire for study at this time braced the will and spurred the ambition of the boy from the Waxhaws. Yet in the grip of that hard poverty he was probably conscious of some vague, indefinable power and purpose. These may have been at the bottom of some of his wild courses and had something to do with his young obstinacy and irascibility.

Andrew tried the saddler's trade; he worked at it for six

months, a low, malarious fever meanwhile hanging about him. He visited Charleston after the British evacuated the city. Here his young blood took fire. "He squandered his slender means, got into debt, gambled, lost, and at the darkest moment won a high wager, left the table, and from that moment never played again."

There you have the stuff that was in him! It came to his rescue, as Andrew Jackson rode away from Charleston after settling his debts. Perhaps some echo of his mother's voice was in the air as he passed over the long still wilderness road. Certainly he made up his mind that the last year had been wasted, and that he must turn over a new leaf.

It was not a light resolve. Andrew Jackson never did anything with half a will. His efforts at study, for he made some at this time, were successful enough to encourage him to attempt school-teaching. But he had not found his place.

After these trials and failures, he made up his mind to study law. This was about two years after the memorable ride from Charleston. He gathered his small means together, turned his back on the Waxhaws, rode to Salisbury seventy miles away, and entered a law office. This was just before he reached his eighteenth birthday.

Young Jackson studied law here for the next two years. But he was never a model student. The wild, rough games of the age and the frontier, the horse-racing and the cock-fighting, still attracted him. Probably his young associates were not long in discovering how fierce his temper was, and how easily it was roused. But they must have been conscious of a strong, subtle attraction in this tall, thin-faced, reddish-haired young man, with the fierce blaze in his deep blue eyes whenever he was excited. They must have learned, too, that his word could be trusted, that there was nothing mean, cowardly, false, about him.

About two years after he came to Salisbury, Andrew Jack-

son was licensed to practice. There was no chance for the young lawyer in the old settlements. He sought a new field on the frontier. He obtained the appointment of solicitor for a vast district that lay far beyond the western wilderness. This frontier, then Washington County, is now the State of Tennessee.

This is the way it came about that Andrew Jackson rode that October day of 1788, into Nashville.

He had found his place at last. On this new, vast, unexplored field his life really began. His immense energies, his tenacious will, his strong character, were sure to make their mark on the new life of the frontier.

And what a varied, picturesque and exciting life it was! Its story for the next few years would fill a volume, and it must be dismissed here with a few lines.

Andrew Jackson became now, and continued for the rest of his life, "the busiest of men." During the next seven years he was in constant peril, as he rode from court to court through a wilderness infested with hostile tribes. He never knew where the ambushed savage lurked on his path; he must always have been listening for the sharp crack of the rifle. Yet his nerves were a stranger to fear.

It was well that he had such an immense love for horses, he was obliged to pass so much time on their backs. It was well that his eyes were keen, his ears alert, in the wilderness, he had to ride during so many days, to camp so many nights, in their vast solitudes.

In a little while people began to find out that the new solicitor was no ordinary character. Everybody must have had decided opinions about him. The shrewd, rough backwoodsmen could not have been long in perceiving that young Jackson was not to be trifled with. Resolute, tenacious, utterly fearless, friend and foe alike knew where to find him.

Jackson's character, and all his early experience, as calculated to make him at home in the social atmosphere and amid the rude life of the frontier. With his inveterate prejudices and his fiery temper, he was extremely liable to get into difficulties. In that day, in that place, there was but one way of settling quarrels among men, and that was the old mediæval fashion of shooting one's antagonist, or being shot one's self.

Perhaps Andrew Jackson did not enjoy a duel. Perhaps, in his calmer moments, he would have admitted that it was a barbarous custom for men to settle their quarrels by killing each other; but all the same, he was ready and eager to fight to the death on what he regarded as sufficient provocation. His challenges and duels, if they form a dramatic form, also, a dark chapter in his history, and cannot be related here. Yet it is only fair to add that he no doubt was thoroughly convinced his antagonist was always in the wrong, that his victim always deserved his fate.

Three years after young Jackson's arrival at Nashville, he was married to Mrs. Rachel Robards. She was the daughter of Colonel Donelson, the Virginia pioneer who, nine years before, had brought his family, including his pretty daughter, from the Virginia homestead to what was then the old French trading outpost on the Cumberland. That long journey, made by boating on inland rivers, had been full of thrilling adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, and had occupied more time than it now takes to go around the world. Colonel Donelson, the most important man in the settlement, had been found in the woods one day murdered by some cowardly assassin. His widow, left in very comfortable circumstances, was living in the best house which Nashville afforded, when the new solicitor appeared on the scene. He must have regarded it as a stroke of rare good fortune when Mrs. Donelson consented to receive him as a

boarder. Here he found a home. He probably had not known one since his mother's death.

Mr. and Mrs. Robards were living with Mrs. Donelson. Jackson could not fail to be attracted, as every one was, by the sprightly talk and pleasant ways of the young wife. Many as were his faults, he always carried himself toward women with an ideal reverence and delicacy. He seemed—this man born and bred on the rude Carolina frontier—to hold for all womankind, something of that sacred feeling with which he cherished the memory of his dead mother. By this time the "black-eyed, black-haired Rachel," who could dance and ride with much grace, and had all the accomplishments which the frontier afforded, had discovered that she made the saddest mistake of her life when she gave her hand to the jealous and morose Kentuckian.

Jackson must have been a witness of the treatment which Mrs. Robards underwent beneath her mother's roof. All his chivalric feeling for woman was aroused in the young wife's behalf, and the husband's strong jealousy soon flamed out. It is not pleasant to dwell on this painful affair. The angry husband left his wife for a time, and when his passionate temper had a chance to cool, and he was about to return, she, the gentlest and kindest of women, resolved to brave all the dangers of a journey through the wilderness to Natchez, rather than live with him again.

The enraged husband now applied to the Virginia legislature for a divorce, and though his relatives warmly espoused the cause of his wife, did his best to blacken her good name.

Jackson had returned to Nashville after seeing the little party through the dangerous wilderness, and when he learned that the divorce was granted, at once hastened to Natchez and offered his hand to Mrs. Robards, and they were married.

The union, preceded by these painful circumstances, proved a singularly happy one. Jackson's domestic qualities

were a part of his attractive side. The iron-souled man who could be so hard and remorseless, was always gentle and tender in his home. So far as she herself was concerned, his wife never heard an unkind word from his lips.

It must have been an unspeakable satisfaction to Andrew Jackson, after his lonely, poverty-stricken youth, and his hand-to-hand battle with fortune, to have a home of his own, and the most devoted of wives to preside over it.

Across this happiness, however, swept, after two years, a shadow. The Jacksons learned that they had wedded under a mistake! The Virginia court had not consummated the divorce. It had been at last obtained in the Kentucky courts.

The news must have been a thunderbolt, especially to Mrs. Jackson. Everything possible was done to mend matters. The pair were promptly re-married.

This unfortunate affair, though it never clouded the domestic atmosphere, was the source of much later unhappiness. There was no subject on which, for the sake of the woman who bore his name, Andrew Jackson was so sensitive. It was the immediate cause of the most deadly animosities of his life. It gave his prejudices a wrong trend. And when these were appealed to, in cases which he fancied bore an analogy to his own, he showed himself blind, obstinate and implacable.

Mrs. Jackson had to suffer very keenly when her husband had become a great man, and his political opponents made the most and worst of the circumstances of his marriage.

In June, 1796, Tennessee, after serious opposition, was admitted to the Union, and Andrew Jackson was elected to represent her in Congress. He was twenty-nine years of age at that time. He mounted his best horse and set out upon a journey of eight hundred miles to Philadelphia, the first Representative of Tennessee in the Congress of the United States.

This was his "first visit to any center of civilization." The

Representative of the new State was described by one who saw him at that time as "a tall, lank, uncouth looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face, and a queue down his back tied in an eel-skin."

But, however he may have been dressed, the new member was not abashed by the presence of his accomplished colleagues. He voted against the address which Congress had prepared for General Washington at the close of his presidential career. The young lawyer from the wilds of Tennessee would not be deterred from expressing his convictions by any great name, by any splendid services.

He made a few speeches in Congress, in which he brought forward certain claims of his State "growing out of Indian wars" on her territory. He made the long journey home to find his popularity enhanced, and in the following autumn Tennessee sent him to the Senate. He had no opportunity to make a record there. But he satisfied his constituents, who, when he again returned to them, elected him "Judge of the Supreme Court, with a salary of six hundred dollars a year." The Governor had little more.

He was not yet thirty-two years old—Member of Congress, Senator, Judge of the Supreme Court! Certainly honors had been heaped upon his young manhood.

Andrew Jackson's life, during the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening of the nineteenth, abounds with many striking incidents which would have their place in a large biography. The fierce feud with Governor Sevier, the terrible duel with Charles Dickinson, in which the latter lost his life, belong to this period.

At this distance of time, in another age, and with another code of morals and manners, it is difficult to conceive of the flaming passions, and the stern, prompt retaliations of the old South-Western border.

Even in those stormy times, and among those fiery spirits, Andrew Jackson was conspicuous for his fierce temper. But he had then and always some rare personal power to draw out and retain the affections of men.

At that time, in that place, probably nobody was surprised when he resolved to combine his judgeship with store-keeping. He bought goods in the Philadelphia market and transported them by boats and wagons down the rivers and through the wilderness.

For a while things went prosperously, but in 1797 the Bank of England stopped payment. The effect of this reached even to the store of the judge-merchant in the Cumberland Valley. Jackson's property consisted largely in real estate, but he had indorsed heavily for one of his acquaintances who failed at this time. Jackson had to meet the notes, and this involved the sale of his plantation at Hunter's Hill, thirteen miles below Nashville. His honor was without a flaw. "He resigned his judgeship, paid off his debts, and removed to a place two miles distant which was called the Hermitage." It was to become a historic name, although at the time he went there to live, there was only a log-house upon the land.

But the business anxieties and troubles of this time made an indelible impression upon Andrew Jackson. He conceived a violent prejudice against "banks, banking and paper money." He had faith only in "cash dealings and hard money," and circumstances were fated to make Andrew Jackson's opinion of immense consequence for good or evil to millions of his fellow creatures.

He now set up business "in a block-house at Clover Bottom, seven miles above Nashville." Here the former Congressman and Judge displayed much business shrewdness and energy. He won a reputation not only throughout Tennessee but in far eastern cities for his ability and probity.

For several years of the closing and opening centuries, Andrew Jackson led his busy, restless, intense life, between Clover Bottom and the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson was the capable, hospitable mistress of the latter. The little, low-roofed house overflowed with good cheer, and was always crowded with guests. One fancies the owner sitting in the chimney-corner, a tall, pale, thin man, kindly and patient with all humble, helpless things, with weak women and little children, yet with relentless will and volcanic passions pent up in him. One wonders if Mrs. Jackson, that kindly-souled, soft-hearted woman, ever stood in fear of him, or if the children of the large Donelson connection did, as they sported and romped about him.

Here Aaron Burr came two or three times to be a guest at the Hermitage, and take all hearts captive with the indescribable charm of his presence and manner. History has had a good deal to say about those visits.

On June 12, 1812, war was declared between the United States and England. The news reached Nashville, and Jackson, who in 1801 had been appointed Major-general of the Tennessee militia, promptly offered his services and those of twenty-five hundred volunteers of his division to the Government. His hour had struck now.

The offer was accepted, though Madison's administration had an account against him in the Aaron Burr business.

Jackson showed his mettle at once. It was severely tried at the beginning of the campaign. The General and his small army burned to atone by Southern conquests for the disasters which the Americans had encountered at the North. But he was hampered and defeated on all sides by the authorities at Washington.

His forces marched, full of ardor, to Natchez. Here he was thunderstruck at receiving an order to disband his troops.

The lion was roused now ; he had ample provocation. Jackson resolved on the spot that no human power should force him to disband the brave troops who had marched with him through the wilderness. •

The men "were without pay, without means of transport, without provision for the sick."

The General took upon himself all the responsibilities of the march home. The experiences of that time had fruitful results. Jackson learned to take matters into his own hands and to act, when the pinch came, utterly regardless of orders from his superiors.

During the return the soldiers also learned to know their General. Many of them had been reluctant to enter the service under him. He had the reputation in Nashville of a fierce, hard, passionate man. The high-spirited volunteers dreaded the outbreaks of that terrible temper. They discovered now how generous, how thoughtful, how patient, their commander could be. He understood by instinct how to manage those fiery spirits, to rouse their enthusiasm, to win their love.

During this march Jackson earned the name of "Old Hickory." Every soldier's instinct seized this homely appellation, which was one of those nicknames that go straight as an arrow to the mark. It clung to Andrew Jackson for the rest of his life. It was worth more to him than any victorious laurels.

Jackson's conduct was highly applauded at Nashville, and the Government was at last forced to approve it.

The affair with the Bentons followed soon after. At the beginning Jackson showed remarkable forbearance ; but under continued provocation, his temper burst all bounds, and the old friendship went down in the feud. Those who desire can read elsewhere the details of the miserable duel, and apportion the blame of the different actors.

It was Jessie Benton's pistol which shattered the General's

arm. The surgeons, all but one, decided that it must be amputated.

"I'll keep my arm," said the sufferer, in his grim, resolute fashion, as he lay utterly prostrated with his lacerated shoulder and his loss of blood. He kept his arm and the ball remained in it twenty years.

The tidings of the massacre at Fort Mims spread through the Northern country at the very moment when America was holding its breath over the news from Europe and the dark close of Napoleon's day.

White men, women and children had been tortured, butchered, scalped, on the last day but one of that old summer of 1813. The fort, "a strong stockade of two enclosures, at the junction of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers," had been surprised by the Creeks. A terrible struggle ensued; but when that August day's work was done, "four hundred corpses lay in the wooden fort."

Andrew Jackson, lying on his sick bed at Nashville, learned the horrible story. The pain with which he rose, the weakness and agony amid which he set out for the field, form a part of the history of that invincible will.

All this suffering, too, he must have bitterly remembered, was the price of his own folly.

For a while all went well with the troops, as they marched through the pleasant autumn weather. But after a time the General's stout heart began to quail. "He did not fear the Creeks, but he feared starvation." There were all sorts of delays in forwarding provisions through the wild, half explored country. Jackson suffered agonies of anxiety. But he would not return. He faced the terrible specter of famine as he kept on with his scant supplies, until his troops reached the banks of the Coosa. Here a battle between the whites and the Creeks was fought. Two hundred Indians were killed. The women

and children were brought to the General's camp. Among these prisoners of war was an infant found in the arms of its dead mother. The squaws refused to suckle the child. Jackson gazed on it. The stern, tender heart was touched. He must have remembered his own lonely, orphaned boyhood. There was a little brown sugar among the scant stores of the General's tent : he mixed this with water, fed the child and saved his life. It was afterwards taken to the Hermitage and the "squaw's baby" was brought up like a son under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

And the man who did this for the wild Indian child, could be as hard and pitiless as fate ! He was that when he replied at Fort Strother, the fortified camp on the Coosa, to all appeals to spare poor young Wood's life : " I am sorry for his parents, but the boy is a mutineer and must die."

The details of this sad tragedy cannot be fully related. When it happened, John Wood was not yet eighteen ; he had been only a month in service ; he knew nothing of military life. One cold, rainy, winter morning he was on guard. "Wet, chilled, hungry, he obtained permission to go to his tent for a blanket." While he was hastily devouring his breakfast, he was shamefully insulted by one of the officers. Seventeen is not a wise age. John's hot temper leaped out in speech and act.

The General came, in one of his blind rages, upon the scene. The boy, at his orders, was put in irons. A little later poor John Wood, "who knew nothing of military life, who had been but a month in service," was tried for mutiny. "Sitting upon a log in the forest, he was condemned to die."

The General was inexorable. The boy was executed in presence of the whole army.

This injustice forms one of the darkest pages in Andrew Jackson's history.

No doubt he said to himself that a stern example was

needed. His soul had been vexed, his patience exhausted by frequent mutiny among the troops. It was not surprising. The unused soldiers were homesick and starving in the wild Indian country. At one time their rations consisted "of a few crackers taken from the sick stores." Through some mistake not one was left for the General and his staff. They were forced to repair to the slaughter-house to appease their hunger with the refuse. Jackson turned the affair into a joke. Such a man has in him the stuff of a born commander.

But despite all his popularity and the force of his example, hunger and homesickness proved mightier. The men at last came to a fixed resolve to defy their General, turn their backs on him and start for home. Their misery made them desperate; their term of service had nearly expired. But the fate of the southern country hung in the balance.

General Jackson tried arguments, entreaties, promises. Stirring scenes took place between the irate commander and his mutinous troops. At one critical moment, when a brigade was on the point of departing, the exasperated General, resolved to conquer or die in the attempt, caught up a musket and rode before the columns. The tall, erect figure, the white, determined face, the blazing eyes, the wounded arm in a sling, formed a picture which those who saw it could never forget. The brigade stood still in mute, sullen rebellion. The General swore he would shoot down the first man who dared to move. Every soldier knew he would keep his word.

The mutiny was quelled; but the fire only smoldered.

Despite his severity, Jackson's pity for his men was constantly coming to the surface in some characteristic speech or deed.

On one occasion a starving soldier approached the General, begging for food.

"I will divide with you my own," he replied, and drawing a

few acorns from his pocket, he presented them to the man, saying, "That is all I have."

The fight at Fort Strother ended in a swift victory for the whites. Afterward the troops marched fifty miles to the "Horseshoe Bend" of the Tallapoosa. Here the Creek warriors, assembled in force, believed their position impregnable. This battle was the most important one of the Indian campaign. It raged from ten in the morning until dark, and when it closed "the Indians had been conquered in North America." The long feud between the white and red man virtually came to an end when Andrew Jackson led his victorious troops from Fort Tohopeka.

A little later the victor returned home. Nashville received him with triumph. The whole South was wild with joy over its deliverance from the savages. It was full of gratitude toward Jackson. All his severities were forgotten.

During the summer of 1814 vague rumors of British troops in Florida, the Spanish province, and of a contemplated British descent on New Orleans, began to fill the air. They reached the ears of the victor, who was resting and recruiting his shattered health at the Hermitage. Alarm and dread took the place of the recent joy and security, and from all the South-West men's thoughts and hopes turned to the General who had just won such laurels in the Indian campaign.

In May, 1814, Jackson's great services were rewarded "by his promotion to the rank of Major-General in the United States army, with a salary of over six thousand dollars. For those times he was a rich man."

The fate of the Spanish territory was really sealed when Andrew Jackson, whose deeds always followed fast upon his words, made up his mind that "Florida must be ours."

He did not, of course, venture to avow this opinion openly. We were at peace, at least nominally, with Spain. Even

Jackson did not dare at first to assume the responsibility of marching a hostile army upon her territories. "But the residue of the Creek tribe had taken refuge within her borders, and a British force had landed on her coasts." There could be no doubt that the latter intended an attack on the weak defenses in the Southern States. Of course the savages would join the enemy. Jackson's patriotic soul burned at the thought. He longed to make a descent with his militia upon Pensacola, and sweep the British shipping from her noble bay. But bold as he was, he would not proceed to these extreme measures without orders from the government.

Meanwhile, as he fumed and waited reluctantly, the British gave him his chance. The defense of Mobile forms another stirring chapter in the history of this time. It can only claim a sentence or two here. The great drama of the autumn that was to be so famous in American annals, opens with the rapid march of two thousand Tennessee troops to Mobile. The enemy had decided to strike their first blow at that point. Jackson threw a small garrison into Fort Bowyer's walls which were falling to ruins. A British fleet from Pensacola appeared off the shore. Sailors and Indians were landed a few miles from the fort. The Tennessee troops had not made their forced marches of four hundred miles through the wilderness an hour too soon.

Hot work soon ensued between the fleet and the gallant little garrison. The fleet poured its broadsides into the old, tumble-down fort. The latter answered by its steady cannonade. The issue for a long time seemed doubtful. But at last, the *Hermes*, one of the four ships of war, "her cable cut, raked from bow to stern by the hail of shot," ran aground. This was the last of the *Hermes*. The captain removed his crew and set fire to the vessel.

The dark night, the sea, the fleet, and the coast line were

splendidly illuminated by the burning ship. The rest of the vessels weighed anchor and disappeared. The land force of marines and Indians vanished in the night silently as specters.

In the morning the little garrison poured out from the miserable defenses. Their losses amounted to only four dead and four wounded. At Mobile, General Jackson had a day of agonizing suspense. The first tidings announced the defeat of the garrison. He was mustering his troops to repair to the scene of action and retrieve the day, when a courier dashed in with the glorious news.

So on Mobile Point the campaign had opened for Andrew Jackson with victory.

On November 3, 1814, General Jackson set out for the old Spanish town of Pensacola, with its fine harbor, on the Gulf of Mexico. He had three thousand troops. They carried no baggage. Three days later they halted within a mile and a half of the town. Jackson had acted without orders from his government. But he evidently did not entertain a doubt that it would sustain him.

In his first message to the Governor, he disavowed any hostile intent on Spanish subjects or Spanish property. His aim, he declared, was directed solely against the enemies of the United States. These, the British and their Indian allies, were sheltered in the forts. He therefore demanded their surrender, "but he also pledged his honor to restore the forts as soon as the danger was over."

This unparalleled challenge to a foreign power with which the United States was at peace, received at first no reply. Maurequez, the Spanish governor, was simply thunderstruck by its audacity. His sympathies, no doubt, were with the British and the savages. But the enemy, strong in numbers, and flushed with recent victory, was at his gates. He consulted with his

officers. At last he brought himself to the point of replying, "Governor Maurequez could not accede to General Jackson's request."

The night was far advanced when the messenger returned with this answer.

"Turn out the troops." That was all General Jackson's comment.

Wild consternation filled the old Spanish town of Pensacola on the morning of November 7, 1814. The American forces had stormed the place; they had entered the town; they had already carried two batteries, when the distracted Governor, throwing to the winds all his stately old Spanish dignity, rushed into the streets bearing a white flag.

A little later the Governor and the General stood face to face. The town was at the mercy of the latter, and the Spaniard had to agree to the terms of the imperious American. He engaged that the forts should be surrendered.

All this time seven British men-of-war lay in the bay. But the Americans had entered the town by a route least exposed to a cannonade.

Though the town was Jackson's by the end of that brief autumn day, there was naturally some delay in surrendering the forts.

During the night a frightful explosion aroused the inhabitants of Pensacola. When the morning broke Fort Barrancas was a heap of ruins, and the British fleet had disappeared from the harbor.

Andrew Jackson had won his second victory!

There was no time to waste at Pensacola. The army returned to Mobile without the loss of a single man. But Jackson was bitterly disappointed at the escape of the fleet, which he feared might sail for Mobile. It never seems to have entered his mind that his unwarrantable proceedings on foreign

territory could possibly be disavowed by his government or be questioned by a single American.

Andrew Jackson reached New Orleans early in December, 1814. He had waited ten days in Mobile for the English fleet. Once assured that the town was safe, he had turned all his thoughts and energies to the defense of the great southern metropolis. He had been more than a week on the journey, riding seventeen miles a day over the wretched roads. Gaunt, yellow, shaken by long illness, as he rode with his staff, it must have seemed almost as though a dying man had come at last to the rescue of the city.

The great work of Jackson's life now lay before him. The defense of New Orleans forms another tempting chapter to his biographer, but a volume can alone do it justice. When Andrew Jackson entered the city in that autumn of 1814, he was a comparatively unknown man. Before the winter had closed he was the hero of the nation; he had proved himself one of the world's great military geniuses.

He found New Orleans indolent, supine, with little idea of the danger that was menacing her, and incapable of any effort to oppose it. Bitter local animosities divided her leaders. "Her inhabitants, composed of various peoples, had small confidence in each other."

With Jackson's appearance on the scene all was changed. The born leader had found his hour, had come to his place. Worn with his long travel and his chronic illness, he went straight at the work before him; he infused his own energy, promptness, decision, into the helpless, bewildered city. There were no more halting counsels, no more dallying, half-hearted measures. The master was at hand to organize, discipline, inspire. It was all done like magic. Hope, courage, patriotism, succeeded the old indecision, perplexity and helpless panic.

Andrew Jackson believed—he somehow made the city of New Orleans believe—that, despite its immense disadvantages, its scant preparation, its small forces, it would sweep back the British fleet when the hour of trial came into the Gulf of Mexico.

Meanwhile the great fleet was coming, with its “fifty ships, its thousand guns, and nearly twenty thousand men.”

Its officers were the flower of the British army. Victory was with them a foregone conclusion. They came fresh from the great battle fields of Europe, from the long wars of the Peninsula, from the glory of Waterloo! That vast armament felt so certain of victory! Its officers, its rank and file, and its sailors, regarded the foe with a supreme contempt. No doubt they felt it would be a mere play at war to end the contest between Great Britain and America by taking that low-lying, marsh-girdled, half-defenseless city of New Orleans.

And all that great armament had to reckon with was one man worn with pain almost to a skeleton, with stern, fierce eyes blazing out of his haggard, sallow face! The mere facts read like the wildest romance.

From the Island of Jamaica, over the tropical seas, through the soft autumn weather, the great fleet came!

At Lake Borgne a struggle took place with the few American gun-boats which gallantly disputed the passage of the enemy. The engagement ended in an easy triumph for the British. A little later, the army had landed safely on American soil, and had taken up its march toward the city before New Orleans dreamed of its approach.

A little after noonday, December 23, 1814, General Jackson, at headquarters, learned the tremendous news. The enemy had come to a brief halt on a plantation nine miles below the city. The son of the owner had been captured. He managed to escape, mounted his horse, and spurred for New Orleans.

The General listened calmly to the news. When he had learned the truth he turned quietly to his staff and said :

“Gentlemen, the British are below. We must fight them to-night.”

And he did !

At four o'clock in the afternoon, just as the short winter day was growing into twilight, General Jackson watched from the gates of Fort St. George, the sloop-of-war Carolina weigh anchor and drop down the river. Then he took the road where the troops had passed to meet the enemy. He left the silent, lonely city behind him, with the scared women, the old people, and the helpless children.

There was a dim moon that night. The American army went silently to meet its foe. It had one immense advantage ; it knew the “lay of the ground.”

The British watch-fires at last came in sight. They illuminated the landscape, so that the Americans could keep their own way and see the enemy perfectly. The Carolina, “anchored close in shore opposite the British camp, was to give the signal of attack. At half-past seven the first gun was fired.”

Then the ship's broadsides poured over the low, wet Delta where the British were encamped.

The confused, desultory fighting between the two armies on that winter night, lasted for about an hour and a half. All the time the Carolina poured broadsides into the darkness, not knowing whether her fire even reached the enemy.

The Southern night was chill and dark, and the Americans thought it prudent to retire from action and await the morning. But when the dawn broke and the fog slowly lifted, New Orleans, listening breathless for every sound of the distant battle, knew she was saved for that time. The Carolina had done deadly work in the British ranks. The advance had been checked.

By daylight, General Jackson, with his iron energy, set his army at the work of heaping up his famous intrenchments along the old Rodriguez Canal in the soft, wet soil of the Mississippi Delta. "The works were a mile long by sunset." Everybody had a share in the work. Hard hands and soft vied with each other in "digging the mud and planting the stakes." General Jackson seemed to be omnipresent. For three days and three nights the frail, gaunt body which held that imperious soul took no rest. The scant food he allowed himself was eaten mostly on horseback.

On that December 24, 1814, while the Louisianians were building their intrenchments, and a little way off the great British army, encamped on the low Delta, was watching the movements of the busy, swarming enemy, the Treaty was signed at Ghent at twelve o'clock which made peace between England and the United States.

But it would be weeks before the tidings could cross the stormy winter seas, and meanwhile brave men in both armies must keep at their work of spoiling and killing each other on the banks of the Mississippi!

On Christmas morning there was wild rejoicing in the British camp. The great army, so used to victory, had been surprised and perplexed by the movements of the enemy. Its high confidence in easy victory had been a good deal shaken by the check it had received in its first engagement with the Americans.

But on Christmas morning, General Packenham had appeared to take command of the army. This was the secret of the rejoicings. He was the brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. This name, which was a synonym for glory and victory, and which thrilled every British soldier's heart, invested the brother-in-law with a borrowed halo. Yet General Packenham had had a brilliant military career. He had proved himself a brave officer and was distinguished for his humanity.

This brother-in-law of the great Duke, whose arrival inspired such fresh hope in the British army, looked over the situation and came to his first resolve. This was to blow up the schooner *Carolina*, which had made such havoc in the ranks during the late advance.

The work was done on the morning of December 27th. The little sloop was soon struck by the terrible cannonade that opened on her. She took fire; her crew were compelled to abandon her. There was a fearful explosion, a mighty cheer from the British ranks, a shiver of terror at the heart of New Orleans, and the *Carolina* had disappeared. But she was henceforth to have her place in every history of the battle of New Orleans.

The next day General Pakenham "ordered a grand reconnoissance." The advance was made this time in the superb manner in which British veterans always moved to battle. Such a sight had never been witnessed on Louisiana soil. The American army, composed of untrained militia, gazed on the magnificent spectacle, half spell-bound with admiring wonder. The morning, after days of chill and gloom, was lovely with the loveliness of the Southern winter. The burnished arms, the red and gray, the green and tartan uniforms, glittered in the sunlight.

But a man with gaunt, stern face and eyes that blazed like fire, was waiting for this splendid foe. Another engagement followed, short and sharp. The Americans had the advantage of position. They were perfect marksmen. Under their firing "the British ranks at last broke in panic, retreated, hid themselves. Their loss was nearly two-thirds more than that of the Americans."

Another advance took place on New Year's Day, 1815, and took the Americans by surprise. The lifting of a heavy fog showed the enemy only three hundred yards distant. The

firing, which at once began, made "confusion, disorder, broken ranks among the Americans."

General Jackson first learned the condition of affairs by the crashing of balls around his headquarters. The British had discovered these and were cannonading them. In a moment the General was on the ground, animating the soldiers by his words and presence and seeing and directing everything.

"Let her off!"

With this order of Jackson's, spoken quietly, the firing from the American battery began. The engagement continued furiously for an hour and a half. When it ceased about noon and the smoke lifted, it showed the British batteries, which had seemed so formidable, and were in reality so slight, utterly demolished. The veterans had been scattered by the terrible firing. Every mound, every knoll, every slight hollow on the plain where the columns had stood in battle array, now sheltered brave but demoralized men. The shouts from the American lines shook the welkin.

But these several actions between the two armies were only the opening skirmishes of that great engagement which was to close the battle of New Orleans.

General Pakenham at last made up his mind to carry the American lines by storm. It must have seemed to his army of brave veterans that the stars fought against them. But they labored under the disadvantage of being on strange ground. The American methods of warfare were not in accordance with the military tactics of European battle-fields. The English soldiers had been devoured by impatience and chagrin at these weeks of long inaction, varied by miserable defeats. Their wrath was greater, because they held their enemy in contempt. It must have been a galling reflection to the veterans of the Peninsula and of Waterloo, that the untrained militia of the American Border held them at bay. The English army had

confidently expected to keep Christmas in New Orleans, and it was still encamped on the black soil of the Delta.

General Packenham's plan was a simple one. It was to divide his army, recently reinforced by two regiments from England, "to send part across the Mississippi, to seize the enemy's guns and turn them on themselves. At the same time, he intended to make a general assault along the whole line of intrenchments."

It was a little after one o'clock on the morning of January 8th, 1815, when General Jackson called to his aids, who were sleeping on the floor at headquarters: "Gentlemen, we have slept enough. Rise! The enemy will be upon us in a few minutes."

About thirty hours before, he had caught his first inkling of the British General's new plan. He was soon satisfied that the next engagement between the two armies would take place simultaneously on both sides of the Mississippi.

So, on that day of days in Andrew Jackson's life, he roused his staff at one o'clock. By four every man in the American lines was at his post. The daylight slowly penetrated the thick, gray fogs. After watching intently for about two hours, the Americans caught a faint red glow through the mist. It was the advancing Redcoats. They came forward in solid columns, in superb array. Even at this remote time one cannot think of all those brave men in the midst of whom marched the regiment of "praying Highlanders"—men with the very temper of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers when they charged at Marston Moor—one cannot think of them, moving steadily up to the swift, certain death, without a pang.

The Americans awaited, silent and grim, that splendid advance. Those untrained frontier militia were the best marksmen in the world. When the signal came, the rifles poured out their sudden fire. Like sheets of deadly lightning it plowed

and leveled the British columns. The swift, steady slaughter shook even the trained nerves of the veterans. When the ranks were once broken, it was impossible to re-form and advance under "that hail of musket-balls, powder and grape-shot." Now the fog had cleared, the vast scarlet masses afforded a perfect target to the Americans. The British, in their amazement and confusion, behaved as if they were under a fate, like the actors in some ancient drama. They stood helpless, while the sheets of fire mowed them down.

Throughout the battle the officers did their best to rally the troops and lead them into fresh action. But nothing human could stand that fire. In a little while the carnage among the officers was frightful. General Pakenham was killed. Other generals were borne wounded or dying from the field.

The end came swiftly. Before eight o'clock on that January morning, headlong flight and total rout took place on the east bank of the Mississippi. It seems incredible, though it is none the less true, that the battle was fought in twenty-five minutes! Not that the firing ceased at the end of that time, for it was continued behind the low, scant American intrenchments for the next two hours. But the marksmen could only pour their fire into the thick smoke which hung over the battle-field. The extremities of the long lines had alone been engaged. "One half of the army had never fired a shot."

When the smoke lifted at last, and disclosed the battle-field, there was no enemy in sight. The dead, the dying, the wounded, lay full in view. One is glad to learn that the Americans forgot all the joy of triumph in the pity and horror of the spectacle.

Seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, five hundred prisoners, were the result of that twenty-five minutes' work. The American loss was eight killed and thirteen wounded.

The British had made their attack, as General Jackson had foreseen, on both sides of the river. They won the day on the

western bank. The road to New Orleans was open before them. But the adverse fate of the eighth of January pursued the victors. At the critical moment the artillery was wanting.

What was more, General Lambert, on whom, with the death of his superiors, the command had devolved, was not equal to the occasion. The loss of so many of his brother officers, with all the terrible events of the morning, had unnerved him. He had not the spirit to pursue his advantages, or even hold them. A little after midday the sound of a bugle outside the American intrenchments "brought the whole army to the edge of the parapet."

General Lambert had sent a white flag to the Commander-in-chief. He agreed to abandon his strong positions on the opposite side of the river, and, after some delays, an armistice was concluded.

The "last war" between England and America was ended, and General Jackson was its hero!

The question strikes one curiously here, as to what Andrew Jackson's place would have been in American history, had the battle of New Orleans never been fought. It won him the brightest laurels of his life. Yet those brave British soldiers, those five hundred and forty-four noble Highlanders, and all the new English widows and orphans had to pay the bitter price of ignorance regarding the Treaty of Ghent.

Of course New Orleans went wild with joy over her deliverance. She greeted the returning victor with ovations; she chaunted *Te Deums* over him; she crowned him with laurels; She celebrated him with grand processions and gay illuminations. For a time the air was loud with laudation and gratitude. But as time passed on, low murmurs of discontent and anger began to be heard. The army had returned to the city two days after the victory, and the General continued to hold New Orleans in the iron grip of martial law. The citizens

were held rigorously to military service. All exactions were submitted to without complaint, until tidings of the conclusion of peace filled the city with joyful excitement. The inhabitants now looked forward confidently to release from their ungrateful toils, but they had yet to count with their stern Commander. He would not relax an inch of his rigors until the tidings of peace were officially confirmed. Martial law was still maintained, and the citizens were held pitilessly to hard labor in the lines. The free American city had a taste of absolute rule. The discontent grew wide and deep. Only fear of Jackson prevented open rebellion. Anybody who dared to question that imperious will did it at his cost. Even the Judge of the United States was promptly arrested and imprisoned, because he had presumed to "grant a petition for a writ of habeas corpus." Other offenders met with scant mercy. No editor was permitted to criticise the General's high-handed measures.

At last the tidings of peace were confirmed. The Southern city breathed free again, and in her joy of victory, and her newly regained liberty, forgave, for the most part, her stern deliverer.

The Judge's chance came now. He returned to the city and fined Jackson a thousand dollars. The latter insisted on paying it, although some of his friends were eager to do this for him.

While General Jackson was at New Orleans a scene occurred at Mobile, which brings out strongly the pitiless side of this dual nature.

On February 21, 1815, six Tennessee soldiers were shot at Mobile in the presence of the whole army. "The court martial found them guilty of mutiny and the General approved the sentence." The case was a peculiarly sad one. "The men probably had no idea of doing wrong." They were convinced that their term of service had expired at the end of three

months, though they had enlisted for twice that term. But the State appears to have had at that time no claim to the longer service. General Jackson's order "was an act of altogether needless severity." The time for stern examples and martial law had gone by ; but the General was inexorable and the men had to meet their hard fate.

"It required all the glory of the victory at New Orleans to obliterate the memory of the execution at Mobile."

In April, General Jackson returned to Nashville. The inhabitants gave their great citizen a reception which must have gratified him. He had won his laurels in two campaigns. Men said of him that he had conquered the red man and the British army. Honors and glories were heaped upon him. His name was spoken with enthusiasm in every part of the Union. It was often coupled with Washington's.

The summer of 1815 was spent in recruiting his almostwrecked health at the beloved Hermitage, and in the autumn General Jackson was sufficiently recovered to undertake a visit to Washington. His journey was like a triumphal progress. When he reached the capital, the hero of the battle of New Orleans was greeted with every possible distinction. He was the lion of festivities, the cynosure of drawing rooms. He carried himself through this trying ordeal with much dignity, and with that in-born grace which left nothing to criticise ; but he was no doubt surprised and pleased, while his ambitions were stimulated by all this wide popularity.

Three years and three days after the battle of New Orleans, General Jackson was at the Hermitage when he received orders from the Government to put on his harness once more, and repair to the field. The old trouble with the Indians had broken out again. The Creeks had made a virtue of necessity and submitted to the white man ; but they hankered after the old hunting grounds. In Florida the Seminoles, more or less encouraged

by the Spaniards, had never consented to the surrender of their lands.

The long chapter of the "Seminole War" and all that came of it, can barely be touched on in this brief space. In the absence of the Governor, Jackson assumed every responsibility. His summons to the new campaign was like a bugle call to the yeomen of East Tennessee.

General Jackson left Nashville resolved, if necessary, to bring Florida to a stern reckoning. He had a long score of grievances laid up against the Spanish province. Under her flag, the hostile savages had found shelter. Beneath its protection, the English had formed their plans and sallied forth to make their attacks on the United States. In Jackson's eyes the neutral territory was simply the shelter of a dangerous enemy.

With these convictions, and with the temper they inspired, Andrew Jackson went to the Seminole war. The Indians in their long struggle with the white race had suffered cruel wrongs and oppressions. They retaliated with the vindictiveness of the savage. White men, women and children, who fell into their hands, underwent horrible tortures. Andrew Jackson firmly believed that these atrocities would never have been committed had the Spaniards and the English not been at hand to sow disaffection for their own purposes among the tribes.

On January 22, 1818, General Jackson left Nashville "at the head of his mounted riflemen and marched four hundred and fifty miles through the wilderness." This required forty-six days. The provisions, as usual, failed to arrive. It was simply a question of starvation or moving forward. It need not be said which horn of the dilemma General Jackson chose. At Fort Gadsden, where his hungry, impatient troops waited, the General learned that the flotilla of provisions which was expected from New Orleans had been delayed by the Governor of Pensacola. Then Andrew Jackson made up his mind to march

into the neutral territory of his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, and seize Fort St. Mark's. That delayed flotilla, in his mind, furnished ample provocation.

The General, however, first dispatched a polite but sufficiently peremptory message to the Spanish Governor, who now allowed the ships to pass, and Fort Gadsden was provisioned. The General must have smiled grimly to himself. He had discovered the right way of dealing with these Spanish authorities.

Jackson had a large force, including two thousand friendly Creeks, with him. The day after the provision fleet appeared the army was en route for St. Mark's.

General Jackson had now crossed the Rubicon. After he had taken this tremendous step, there could, of course, be no half measures. Arrived at St. Mark's, he lost no time in informing the Spanish Governor that he had come to take possession of the fortress and garrison it with American troops while the war lasted! He condescended to justify the measure on the ground of self-defense. He affirmed that the savages were in St. Mark's and obtaining ammunition there. His action, he added, could not but be satisfactory to the King of Spain!

It took some time for the bewildered Governor to comprehend these demands and charges. He refused the first; he denied the second, with all the old Spanish punctilio and courtesy.

General Jackson wasted no words in parleying. He replied to the Governor's letter by taking possession of the fort. "The Spanish flag was lowered. The stars and stripes floated from the flag-staff. The American troops took up their quarters in the fortress."

General Jackson condescended to tell the amazed and helpless Governor "that his personal rights and private property should be respected; that he should be made comfortable as possible while compelled to remain at St. Mark's, and that as

soon as transports could be furnished, they should convey the Governor, his family, and command to Pensacola !”

The victorious General was in no mood for mercy now. Two powerful Indian chiefs were taken prisoners at St. Mark's. They were hanged by his orders the day after he occupied the fort. The terrible atrocities which they had committed on white men and women were thus sternly avenged.

Another prisoner, of a different stamp, was taken. Alexander Arbuthnot was an old man, a Scotch trader, “an inmate of the Governor's family.” When Jackson entered the fort, Arbuthnot's horse was at the gate. Its owner was on the point of leaving. But anybody within the fort was certain to incur the new commander's hostile suspicions. Arbuthnot's explanations did not satisfy Jackson. He was ordered into close confinement. In two days Jackson pushed on through the Florida swamps to the headquarters of the Seminole chief, in Suwannee town. Arrived there, he found the Indians and negroes had made their escape into Florida fastnesses where no white men could reach them. The prisoner Arbuthnot had written to his son, who was with the Seminoles, and forewarned of the danger they had disappeared.

The Seminole war was over for the time. The General returned to St. Mark's, which he had left strongly garrisoned, in no gentle mood. He was naturally much exasperated at the escape of the enemy, for which Arbuthnot was responsible. With the army came another important prisoner of war, “Robert C. Ambrister, a nephew of the English Governor of the Island of New Providence, an ex-lieutenant of British marines.”

The young officer had, with his attendant—a white man, and two black servants—stumbled one night into the American camp, upon the banks of the Suwannee. He was on his way to the Indians; his headquarters were Arbuthnot's vessel, a hundred miles distant.

Jackson learned these facts from Ambrister's attendant and instantly gave orders that the vessel should be seized.

The two British subjects were now put on trial at St. Mark's. "They were variously charged with inciting the Creeks to war, aiding and comforting the enemy, and supplying them with the means of war." Both were pronounced guilty. Arbuthnot was sentenced to be hanged; Ambrister to be shot.

The General approved the sentence. Both men were executed.

Andrew Jackson's conduct during the Seminole war has been the subject of a vast amount of controversy. It has been regarded by one side as little less than monstrous, while the other has insisted that the circumstances fully justified his course.

But the verdict of history will not be likely to change. The death of these men will always remain a dark page amid many brilliant ones in Andrew Jackson's life.

At Fort Gadsden, about to disband his militia, General Jackson, within a day's march of Pensacola, received from the Governor of West Florida, "a protest against his presence, and a threat of expulsion if he did not at once march out."

Certainly the Governor of his Catholic Majesty was only doing his duty toward the foreign invaders.

Jackson's reply was to order the troops to march at once for Pensacola. He entered the city. The Governor fled to Fort Barrancas and fortified himself there. Jackson approached and demanded the surrender of the fort. It was refused, and the batteries opened upon the invaders. But Spanish valor soon faltered before the American fire. Jackson was ready to enter the Barrancas when the white flag appeared and the Governor surrendered.

Andrew Jackson's military career closed with this event.

Five days later he set out for Tennessee. Celebrations and banquets greeted his return home. The State sustained its

great soldier. At a public dinner his course in Florida was entirely approved.

Europe was shocked at Jackson's behavior. It seemed a violation of all laws, divine and human. The old Spanish pride and honor were outraged by the American invasion of her territory and the indignities heaped on her Governor. England was aroused by the execution of British subjects. The popular feeling was so strong that Lord Castlereagh doubtless told the truth when he said, "he had only to lift his hand and there would have been war."

But at this critical time, Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams sustained General Jackson with all their powerful influence. In December, 1818, when Congress was forced to take up the matter of his crossing the boundaries, the irate soldier exclaimed: "There's a combination in Congress to ruin me!" He was, no doubt, fully possessed by this conviction, when he made the long journey to Washington in January, 1819. His military course was now the subject of protracted discussion and criticism in Congress. His patriotism and ability received the warmest eulogiums, but it seemed impossible, in the face of the evidence, to defend his course in the Florida matter. The slightest adverse criticism aroused the General's unbounded wrath. He believed that he had acted wisely in Florida. He felt that his sole object had been the interests of his country, and any one who questioned this was certain to make a life-long enemy of Andrew Jackson.

After all the discussion and excitement in Congress, no final action was taken against him. He became more popular than ever. He made brief visits to Philadelphia, and to New York, which he saw for the first time. He had one long ovation. Toasts, speeches, banquets awaited him. At New York he was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and the military and the theaters celebrated his arrival.

When he returned home in March, Tennessee crowned all the honors and distinctions he had received, by meeting her illustrious citizen with an escort on the frontier, and a triumphal procession accompanied him to Nashville.

In 1821 Florida was ceded by Spain to the United States, and General Jackson was appointed Governor. In the new post he did not show to advantage. He was invested with great powers and he used them to the fullest extent. His treatment of ex-Governor Callava, the accomplished and stately Spaniard, whom he sent to pass the night in a calaboose, was an act which only the most absolute of rulers would have attempted.

General Jackson now grew wearied and disgusted with his office. In three months he resigned it and returned, a tired, weather-beaten man, to the Hermitage, in November, 1821.

The old log hut was now replaced by a handsome brick house with pillars and broad piazzas, and handsome stables in the rear. It stood in the midst of the fertile acres of his large estate. Here he intended to lay by his armor, and enjoy for the rest of his life the cultivation of his land and the peace of his home.

The most that Congress did now was to annul some of the least defensible of his late measures in Florida. The people were bent on supporting their soldier. The nation was keeping its greatest rôle for Andrew Jackson.

In 1824 the hero of New Orleans, or "Old Hickory," as his soldiers called him about their camp fires, was proposed by the Tennessee Legislature for the presidency. Many people, no doubt, smiled derisively when they heard that name associated with such an office. Despite his great military successes, Andrew Jackson was still widely regarded by those who had not been brought into personal relations with him "as a rough, uncouth soldier, with a genius for fighting."

The four Virginians and the one New Englander who had occupied the nation's highest office, had been men of social distinction. They were accustomed to an atmosphere of culture and refinement. If such a word is admissible in a republic, they were aristocrats. It was instinctively felt by a large portion of the people that a President of the United States should fitly represent the social and intellectual life of the nation. The Tennessee candidate, it was said, had little respect for letters. "The Vicar of Wakefield was the only entire book he had ever been known to read in the course of his life."

Should the stately Washington, the sagacious Adams, the philosophic Jefferson, the scholarly Madison, the accomplished Monroe, be succeeded by the fierce, unlettered Tennessean, who made his own will the law of his life, who had stormed into foreign territory, who had, on slight provocation, executed American citizens and bearded kings by hanging and imprisoning their subjects?

This was the way in which a part of the people were talking about Andrew Jackson in that far-away summer of 1824. Even Jefferson, with all his Democratic sympathies, was dismayed at the prospect of this man's becoming President of the United States.

"He is the most unfit man I know of for such a place," he said, at Monticello, to Daniel Webster. "His passions are terrible," and he went on to relate how Jackson in his youth could never speak in the Senate, though he often attempted it, "owing to the rage which was sure to master him."

But in the winter of 1823-24 Andrew Jackson was, though very reluctantly on his part, once more in Washington, a member of the Senate. He had accepted the election in order to please his friends, and was at the capital an object of supreme social and political interest.

Before the year had closed people had ceased to smile when Andrew Jackson's name was associated with the presidency. The result of the election proved that he had barely failed of carrying it. His friends claimed that it rightfully belonged to him. And his friends were the great masses of the people. His popularity in every part of the Union was immense and unparalleled. His very name stirred hearts with a passion of love and devotion a good deal like that with which Napoleon Bonaparte's had once stirred the hearts of his soldiers.

John Quincy Adams was President of the United States. While he had been Secretary of War he had proved himself the staunch and powerful friend of Andrew Jackson. He had defended his measures in the Floridas, and vindicated his course—no easy thing to do—with outraged Spain.

But the great soldier and the great statesman met as friends for the last time when, after the ceremonies of the inauguration, Jackson, with great dignity and grace, congratulated his successful rival.

In a short time the two had become bitter and life-long enemies.

Tennessee was defeated but not discouraged. The popular imagination was dazzled, the popular heart was stirred. The masses resolved that their idol should be President. No stone was left unturned to achieve his election. Through all the administration of John Quincy Adams, the opposite party, united, harmonious, tireless, was working for his rival.

The campaign opened with great excitement and bitterness. Jackson had many enemies. His life afforded salient points for severe and rancorous criticism, and his political opponents made the most of these.

But the result proved a great triumph for him, and the fiery, indomitable soldier took the place of the calm, frigid, but high-souled and scholarly statesman.

In this culminating hour of victory and glory a blow fell upon Andrew Jackson from which he never recovered. It was the death of his wife.

Mrs. Jackson was not a woman of intellectual gifts or culture. She could not be the latter with a girlhood passed on the wild Indian frontier. But she had a woman's kindly heart. The fireside of the Hermitage was the center of her warm, tireless hospitality. If she enjoyed sitting here with her husband after dinner, while they "smoked their reed-stemmed pipes together," that was probably the fashion of the time and place. Through all her life she retained the ardent devotion of her illustrious husband. Her compassion toward all helpless, suffering things was as abounding as his own.

Mrs. Jackson did not share her husband's ambitions. When the first tidings of his election to the presidency reached her, she said quietly: "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own part, I never wished it."

No doubt she spoke from her heart. During the late years she had become a deeply religious woman.

Mrs. Jackson had suffered keenly from the stories which, during the campaign, had not spared her. All the unhappy circumstances which preceded her marriage had been revived and distorted by her husband's political enemies.

The slanders could not fail to deeply wound a sensitive woman. It was believed that they hastened the death of Mrs. Jackson. It followed a few days' severe illness. The last scenes were very touching. The General was completely prostrated by grief. He was never the same man afterward.

But the strong soul rallied after a while, although it was a lonely, broken-hearted man who, when the time came, went to his place at Washington. The will which had proved its unflinching obstinacy in the camp was now to show itself as immovable in the cabinet.

As this is not a political biography, it cannot enter into the history of the Jackson administration. Whatever virtues it possessed, whatever mistakes it committed, there is no doubt that the new President went to his post with an earnest desire to serve his country, and that her welfare was always the supreme desire of his heart.

General Jackson carried to the White House the temper and habits of the soldier. It was inevitable that new principles and new methods should distinguish his administration.

The inaugural ceremonies were hardly over when there was wide-spread alarm among the government officials. These had, for the most part, retained their places through all the changes of administration. "There had always been a strong, instinctive feeling against removing any man in the public service solely for his political preferences."

Many of the officials at Washington had held their positions for years. "To dismiss them was to take away the sole means of existence for them and their families." But the new administration proceeded remorselessly. The blows fell swift and constant. That year of 1829 was a year of cruel anxiety and suffering at the capital. The removals were conducted in a prompt, pitiless fashion, which strongly savored of military tribunals.

"To the victor belong the spoils" was an epigram which had the ring of the camp, but it thoroughly expressed the spirit which governed the wide dismissal of those who were not partisans of the President. It is not easy to conceive of the immediate suffering which was caused by the creation of the "spoils system." Had the evil ended there it would have been a comparatively slight one.

It was Andrew Jackson's misfortune that he was by nature incapable of seeing both sides of the shield. His natural gifts, too, great as these were, could not make up for his lack of men-

tal training. This necessarily would be more conspicuous in the statesman than in the soldier. He was inclined to see in mankind but two classes: one was composed of his friends, the other of his enemies. In the latter he included all political opponents. These he regarded as personal enemies. They formed, in his eyes, a hostile army arrayed against him, and required to be dealt with in much the same fashion.

The gaunt, haggard, broken-hearted man who went from his wife's death-bed to Washington, had been embittered by cruel wrongs. During the late political campaigns no falsehood regarding him had been too foul to be circulated, no deed too monstrous to be laid at his door. Political animosity had even assailed the memory of his noble, long-dead mother. His wife's last days, as we have seen, had been embittered, and her death probably hastened by the slanders which had been poured broadcast over the country, regarding her early life.

It was, therefore, in no magnanimous spirit toward his defeated enemies that the man whose temperament always inclined him to see everything in its personal bearings, went from the Hermitage to the White House.

A storm soon opened. It seems incredible that the social standing of the wife of one of the members of the new cabinet should have been the occasion of more excitement, "should have caused more angry discussion than some state measure of vast consequence." This was owing largely to the determined manner in which the President, whose chivalric sentiments and sympathies had been aroused, espoused the side of the lady and made her recognition a matter of political consequence.

The Bank of the United States, the issues with Clay and Calhoun, the dissolution of the cabinet, the removal of the Southern Indians to lands west of the Mississippi, all belong to the history of Andrew Jackson's first term of office. Dead issues, as they have long become, they were vital enough once

to shake the country. Each of these subjects, passed over here with the mere mention, would require many pages to do it justice.

During these four years it was amply proved to the country, to the world, what kind of a man stood at the head of American affairs.

The political olympiad wore away, and the time came for another election. Jackson had entered into office with the expectation of leaving it in four years. But the country would not permit this. The next canvass was as bitter as Jackson's fiery partisans and bitter foes could make it. But the overwhelming majority with which he was returned to the White House, must have astonished both parties. It proved how strongly he was intrenched in the hearts of the masses.

Nullification, the removal of the deposits, the claims for the French spoliations, made the second term of Jackson's administration as agitated as the first. He showed himself in these varied crises, a true patriot. At times, too, he displayed the unerring instinct of born, if not trained, statesmanship. His measures, during the nullification epoch, earned the enthusiastic praise and gratitude of his most strenuous enemies.

The Jackson administration closed after eight years with honor and glory. It is true that the President had not left the White House before the business prostration began which was to make the year 1837 so black a one in American history. It does not fall within the compass of this sketch to consider the causes of that great financial revulsion, or to question how far the measures of the administration may have been responsible for the distress which overwhelmed the country. Jackson certainly was never troubled by a doubt whether he had not always acted with the greatest possible wisdom.

He was an old man of seventy: the frail body which had held that invincible spirit so long, was worn with years and

pain when he returned at last to the Hermitage. Despite his broken health, several happy years still lay before him. It is a pleasant picture to which we turn after the stormy life. If the light shines in the west, it is a fairer light than ever shone in the east of Andrew Jackson's life.

Those whom he loved best were all about him. Of course he missed the presence of her who had so long been the life and joy of the Hermitage. But the adopted son, Mrs. Jackson's idolized nephew, with his gentle wife and their children, formed a large, happy household. Here Andrew Jackson's best, tenderest qualities were sure to come to the surface; here the stern old man, whose lips could speak the death sentence without a quiver, was the kindest, most compassionate of all about him.

The children of the Hermitage sported in unconscious fearlessness about him; they huddled at his side; they crowded and teased him in perfect security. No outbreak of that terrible temper seems ever to have startled them.

The slaves, too, worshiped and imposed upon him. He was the most indulgent of masters; but he seems never to have had a scruple regarding the institution of slavery. Here, as in so many other respects, he differed widely from all the Presidents who had preceded him.

The fires still burned, however, under the calm and kindness. When some old political issue, or the name of some powerful opponent, became the subject of conversation, the eyes would blaze fiercely in the thin, haggard face, and the sentences would ring out in their old, terse, incisive way.

Like Washington and Jefferson, Andrew Jackson left the White House to become a planter for the rest of his days. The Hermitage was a splendid and productive estate. It was cultivated by a hundred and fifty slaves.

So the peaceful years went over Andrew Jackson's white

head. Guests crowded to the Hermitage to gaze on the old man who had played so large a rôle in his country's history.

With all his simplicity of tastes and habits he had a graciousness of presence and manner, which impressed all who saw him. Where did that boy from the Waxhaw wilds acquire the dignified bearing with men, the grace and deference with women, which would have made him at home in courts?

This was a question often discussed by Andrew Jackson's contemporaries. Some of the settled it by affirming that he had formed his manners after those of the elegant Aaron Burr, of whom he had, at one time and another, seen a good deal. But gracious and courteous manners are not acquired by a little chance association. That air of simple, quiet distinction; that suave, dignified bearing, must have been innate with Andrew Jackson. Perhaps they were an inheritance from some of his old Celtic ancestry. Yet he remained to the last a singularly unlettered man. It has been said that "his ignorance was as a wall round about him, high and impenetrable; he did not even believe the world was round!" Harvard University, however, "conferred upon him her honorary distinction of LL.D."

The greatest of all questions came to his conscience with renewed force in the last years of his life: "How shall a man be at peace with his Maker?"

Andrew Jackson answered it at last, by joining the little church at the Hermitage, in which his wife had worshiped, and which he had built for her sake. The beloved young wife of his adopted son stood at his side and united with the church at the same time. No one of the crowds who witnessed the scene could ever forget it.

After a struggle Jackson had declared that he forgave all his enemies. But it is only fair to him to say that his last days appear to have been haunted by no remorse. He never expressed a regret for deeds which, during his life and after his

death, have always formed the heaviest count against him. No ghost of young Wood, no shades of the Tennessee volunteers, no specter of innocent old Arbuthnot or proud Ambrister, appear ever to have visited Andrew Jackson's conscience. In his life—when he faced death—he seems never to have had a doubt that he had not acted righteously when he sent these men to their deaths.

The end came slowly but surely. One question which, a few weeks before his death, he asked his friend and clergyman, Dr. Edgar, must find a place here.

“Doctor,” asked the feeble old man, “what will posterity blame me for most?”

The question was hardly like that fiery, independent spirit. It had always gone its own way, not halting to ask how men would regard that.

The Doctor had his chance now. He had always condemned the system of official removals and appointments which Jackson had introduced during his presidency. He replied that he believed posterity would blame him most for proscribing people for opinion's sake, and clinched his remark by citing instances of numerous Kentuckians who had been removed from office solely because their political convictions differed from those of the administration.

The General's reply must have astounded the clergyman. He affirmed that “during all his presidency he had turned but one subordinate out of office by an act of direct personal authority, and he was a postmaster !”

Perceiving his hearer's amazement, he earnestly repeated this speech.

Jackson's mind was clear at the time, his memory keen ; he must have said what he thoroughly believed.

The end came at last on June 8th, 1845. Thirty years and six months before that morning, the battle of New Orleans had

been won. Andrew Jackson was seventy-eight years old now. He faced the last presence with the courage of the soldier and the faith of the Christian.

He bore his last sufferings with heroic patience. The death-bed scenes were full of the tenderest pathos. The large household, white and black, gathered about the dying man, to look upon his face, to hear his voice, for the last time. That June morning must have seemed, with its light and bloom, to mock the grief inside the Hermitage.

The General took thought for every one. But it is characteristic that almost his last words were addressed to his servants. He caught through the open window the sound of their sobbing on the piazza.

"What is the matter with my dear children?" he asked. "Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry! Be good children and we will all meet in heaven."

After this there seems to have been no more pain or struggle. He breathed softly for a while. The long June day was near its setting when his head fell forward. Andrew Jackson had ceased to breathe.

They buried him, as he had desired, by the side of the wife to whose memory he had been so true. There was a singular depth of loyalty in this man's nature. Not long before he died he had said: "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not find my wife there."

As men disputed fiercely about him while he lived, so they have continued to dispute over his memory. He was beloved as few men are loved; he was hated as few men are hated. Indeed, that strong character was made up of irreconcilable contradictions.

All the time I have been writing about him, it has seemed as though two men were before me, and one was hard and remorseless as adamant, and the other was gentle, compassionate,

tender, to all weak, helpless, dependent things that came in his way.

No doubt America has had Presidents who were greater and better men than Andrew Jackson. But the life that began so hardly in the Waxhaw forests, and closed at last in the Tennessee Hermitage, was full of remarkable episodes, of dramatic interest, of picturesque scenes and heroic deeds, which the world will not "willingly let die."

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE air was hardly clear from the smoke of the battles of the Revolution, when Martin Van Buren first saw the light, December 5, 1782, in the old town of Kinderhook on the Hudson, nineteen days before the treaty of peace between England and the United States had been signed at Paris. That famous document must have been making its long way over the winter seas at the time of the boy's birth.

Martin came of sturdy, old Dutch stock. His father was a farmer and kept a hostelry in the old river town. The elder Van Buren, shrewd and good-natured, seems to have had a knack of making both farm and tavern prosper. Martin's mother is said to have been a woman of good sense and piety, so this eldest son of the Van Buren household was well started for the race of life.

He was an active, keen, intelligent boy; he inherited, with the old Dutch fiber, the keenness and steady persistency of the breed; he must have had a smooth and cheery boyhood; he went to the best schools the Kinderhook of that day afforded; but there was another school, one which, in many respects, was to leave more permanent marks, under the old tavern roof. Here, after the ancient custom, neighbors and travelers met and discussed the signs of the times and the politics of the day. It is easy to imagine what names were oftenest on the lips of the habitués of the Kinderhook tavern and what political controversies those old walls witnessed. Inside them, the veterans of the Revolution must have lived their battles over again.



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Martin, keen and alert, listened to the talk and made up his mind on all the matters under discussion. He must, following the paternal example, have been a very sturdy Jeffersonian in those days.

At fourteen, he had imbibed all the schooling which Kinderhook afforded and set about his law studies. He did not go to college, and was therefore forced to remain seven years in a law office before he could obtain admission to the bar. Six of these were passed at Kinderhook and the last one in New York, where he studied with William P. Van Ness, the friend of Aaron Burr, and his second in the famous duel with Alexander Hamilton.

The young law student was at this time brought much into the society of the brilliant Burr. That powerful, seductive personality must have had a strong influence upon the mind and character of the younger man. It was believed that Martin Van Buren showed throughout his life the influence of that year of fascinating and dangerous companionship.

In 1803, young Van Buren began the practice of law in his native town. This was a period of great political excitement throughout the country. The Federal party, which had founded the government, and which had so splendid a record during the first years of the nation's history, had, at the opening of the new century, been supplanted by the Democratic party, whose leader and idol was Thomas Jefferson.

The young party was full of vigor, courage and aggressive force. The popular heart and instincts were on its side. Its sympathies had been wholly with that French Revolution whose echoes still lingered in American air.

The fair-haired boy had not listened in vain to the talk in the Kinderhook tavern. With his bright, precocious intelligence he had seized the meanings of the political issues at

stake and formed his opinions, and adhered to them with true Dutch tenacity for the remainder of his life.

Martin was a born politician, although the environment of his boyhood and youth, no doubt, tended to develop and strengthen his native aptitudes in this direction.

But he did not, during his young manhood, neglect his professional interests for politics. He practiced law for six years at Kinderhook with an ability that insured his success in his profession. Then he removed to Hudson.

Just before he left Kinderhook, Mr. Van Buren married Miss Hannah Hoes. She was a native of the same town, and the two had been playmates and school-fellows. Their married life of twelve years appears to have been one of great harmony, and when it was broken by her death, no other woman ever took her place in her husband's heart and life.

When he exchanged Kinderhook for Hudson, Mr. Van Buren entered upon a larger professional field. He spent seven years in this shire town of his county. Here he matched his powers with the most brilliant lawyers of the State, and won a wide legal reputation. At thirty he was elected to the State Senate. He had, by this time, become conspicuous in politics. He strongly supported Madison's administration, and heartily approved of the "last war" with England.

By this time Van Buren was in the thick of the political controversies of his day, and was displaying more and more of his remarkable qualities for party management and leadership. In 1816, he was again a member of the State Senate. During this year he removed to Albany, which afforded a wider arena for the exercise of his political talents.

From this time honors fell thick and fast to Van Buren.

In 1818, he brought about a fresh organization of the New York Democratic party, of which "he held absolute control for twenty years." He was attorney-general of the State and also

its governor. It has been acutely remarked of Van Buren that "he stood on the dividing line between the mere politician and the statesman, perfect in the arts of the one, possessing largely the comprehensive power of the other."

In 1821 New York sent Mr. Van Buren to the United States Senate. Three years later he was in the thick of that tumultuous canvass which ended with the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency. Van Buren was, perhaps, his most formidable opponent. The New York Senator found his element in the heated atmosphere of politics. He was not an idealist; his genius concerned itself with the actual and possible. It had, many of his contemporaries believed, a keen eye to the main chance.

Jackson's election, in 1829, was thought to be largely due to Van Buren's signal power of "directing and controlling political forces." The new President rewarded his services by appointing him Secretary of State.

In his new office, amid most critical social and political issues, the Secretary carried himself with consummate adroitness and tact. The favor of his chief was of supreme importance, and nothing was allowed to stand in the way of that. To this period belongs the bitter personal feud with Calhoun, which had later such important consequences. But whether the issue was some great state measure, or a social affair so trivial that it was intrinsically ridiculous, Van Buren was careful to shape his conduct in a way certain to win the approval of the indomitable, fiery old hero of New Orleans. When the cabinet was broken up Van Buren received from his partial chief the appointment of Minister to England. He arrived in London in the autumn of 1831. Here a mortification befell him which would have crushed a less elastic and self-poised nature. The Senate declined to ratify his nomination.

The English journals circulated the news, but Van Buren,

with his Dutch pluck and self-poise, would not succumb. The evening on which his defeat was made public, the famous Prince Talleyrand, then French minister, gave a banquet. Mr. Van Buren was in the drawing-room, as gracious, courteous, urbane, as though no thunderbolt had just descended on him. He returned to America to have his chagrin consoled by the increasing favoritism of Jackson, and to receive higher political honors than ever.

He was elected to the vice-presidency in 1832, and he who made it "the rule of his life never, if possible, to give fresh offense to an enemy, went, with smiles for all and reproofs for none, to take his place at the head of that Senate which had refused to confirm his nomination as ambassador."

In his new office he presided with such unvarying fairness and courtesy that he won the approval of both parties in the Senate.

The friendship of Andrew Jackson was to make the culminating good fortune of Martin Van Buren's life. The word of the great Tennessean was all-powerful with his party. As his own term was closing, he threw the weight of his vast influence into the scale of Van Buren's nomination for the presidency, and he carried his point.

On March 4, 1837, an immense crowd witnessed the inauguration of Martin Van Buren. It was a striking scene when he rode side by side with Andrew Jackson in a phaeton drawn by four grays to take his oath of office. Both the men were uncovered. The gaunt, iron face of "Old Hickory" must have formed an immense contrast to the shrewd, smiling, handsome countenance of his successor.

It was the new President's settled purpose to conduct his administration on the lines of his predecessor, but the circumstances of one term did not repeat themselves in the other. Before the close of 1837, that great financial panic, which has,

perhaps, no parallel in American history, shook the country. The wide-spread distress, the crashing of old and honorable business houses, the dismay and disaster of that gloomy year, were largely attributed to Jackson's high-handed measures with the banks. There was war, which shed no luster on American arms, with the Seminoles. To add to these domestic troubles, there were serious disputes with Great Britain about boundary lines, and an insurrection in Canada which involved the American Government and threatened another war with England.

The President must have found his high position full of trials and anxieties. However he might succeed in ameliorating the foreign difficulties, he could not relieve the financial tension at home. He and his party underwent a great eclipse in popularity. The Van Buren administration, which had opened so auspiciously under the smile of Jackson, drew to its close in the midst of a political canvass which filled the country with passionate strife. It ended with the defeat of the Democratic party that had controlled the government for four years, and in the election of William Henry Harrison to the presidency.

Van Buren bore his defeat in his equable, smiling way. No political reverses could shake the calm nerves he had inherited from his robust Dutch ancestry. He had a fine estate at his native Kinderhook, and he retired to this to enjoy his leisure and wealth, and to dispense his hospitalities in his generous and kindly fashion.

A month after he left Washington, the nation was plunged in grief by the sudden death of the President. Mr. Van Buren went to New York and bore a conspicuous part in the funeral honors which were paid to General Harrison.

In 1844, a great effort was made to nominate Mr. Van Buren for a second presidential term. But this time Jackson's influ-

ence and a strong pro-slavery sentiment carried the nomination for James K. Polk of Tennessee.

In 1848, the Free Soil Democrats nominated the old political chief once more for the presidency. In accepting the nomination he "avowed his full assent to the anti-slavery principles of the party."

But it was not Van Buren's destiny to receive again the nation's highest gift. After this latest defeat he made an extensive tour in Europe. He returned to Lindenwald, his fine estate at Kinderhook, and here, amid the scenes of his boyhood and youth, the ex-President passed peacefully and gracefully into old age. "He had been in active political life from 1812 to 1848. No other man in the country had held so many great places." His cheerful temper and his kindly feeling did not fail him as the years waxed and his old political comrades laid down their armor and went to their rest.

In his political career all his bonhomie and courtesy had not prevented his having many bitter enemies. He was in character and temperament utterly unlike the seven Presidents who had preceded him. He had more moral pliancy; he was of a different strain; he had the shrewdness, the astuteness and the sagacity which go to make up the successful party manager, the born political leader.

The ex-President must have been very delightful in private life. He had been very handsome in his youth, and the character of the man is written in his shrewd, pleasant, sagacious face. He was proud of his country, and in spite of his old state-rights traditions, at the breaking out of the civil war he declared himself "decidedly and warmly in favor of maintaining the Republic."

Mr. Van Buren's serene old age passed into his eightieth birthday. The United States had hardly become a nation at his birth. He passed from it in the second summer of that

great Civil War which was to try so heavily the work which the fathers had done in that other summer of 1787, when Martin Van Buren was playing, a boy of four years, about the old tavern and among the lanes of Kinderhook. He died July 24, 1862.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

DURING the autumn of 1840, the whole country was aflame with political excitement. The presidential canvass did not perhaps arouse intenser passions than the memorable one which followed the nomination of John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. But the canvass of 1840 was conducted on entirely new lines. Its enormous mass-meetings, its torch-light processions, its frequent parades and party emblems, all appealed to the popular fancy and stirred the popular heart. Never had such scenes taken place on American soil. The tumult, vehemence, passion, carried everything before them. "Log cabin and hard cider" formed the shibboleth of the young, vigorous, powerful party that was now moving heaven and earth to secure the election, which, for twelve previous years, had been carried with triumphant majorities by its opponents.

A curious distich had caught the popular ear. It was thundered from thousands of throats at great mass-meetings, and sung and shouted by the little boys on the streets. It was an absurd little musical refrain which ran :

" Tippecanoe,
And Tyler too."

It was doomed by the trend of events to have anything but agreeable associations for the party who had made it their rallying cry.

Meanwhile Martin Van Buren at Kinderhook-on-the-Hudson, and William Henry Harrison at his farm at North Bend on the Ohio—the two candidates for the presidency—awaited the turn of events, each in his characteristic fashion.



Dr. H. Harrison

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The latter had been nurtured amid the storms of the Revolution. He saw the light a little more than two years before the fight at Concord, as he was born at Berkeley, Virginia, February 9, 1773.

He came of the sterling planter class which furnished so many of our early presidents. His father, a man in moderate circumstances, "was an intimate friend of George Washington's," a member of the Continental Congress, a candidate for the office of speaker, though he yielded the place gracefully to John Hancock, and was three times elected Governor of Virginia—a brave, bluff, generous gentleman, who loved his country and served her with patriotic zeal; a man with a girth like Falstaff, and who enjoyed his joke better than anything else in the world. This in his day and generation was Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley.

His son, William Henry, was born a subject of George III. a little while before the colony had made up its mind to shake off its allegiance to Great Britain. The boy was brought up amid noble examples and associations. He had every advantage which the father's comfortable means and position afforded. He went to the best schools of the time and place, and afterward entered Hampden Sidney College, from which he graduated with honor.

Young Harrison had lost his father before he left college, and he went to Philadelphia to study medicine under Dr. Rush, and with Robert Morris for his guardian. Both these men were, like his father, signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Medicine did not, however, detain young Harrison long. His soul was fired by reports of the terrible Indian ravages on the frontier. At nineteen, in spite of the protests of his friends, he resolved to enter the army, and succeeded in obtaining a commission from President Washington, who must have remembered his own youth in the Shenandoah wilderness.

With a frame so slight that it gave the impression of almost girlish delicacy, young Harrison set out for the frontier on the edge of winter. General St. Clair had met a little before on the Wabash with the terrible Indian surprise against which Washington had, at their parting, so earnestly warned him. The hardships and perils of the service did not, however, shake the young Virginian's resolution. But he took his life in his hand, and made the journey to Pittsburgh on foot, and then descended the Ohio to Fort Washington, a remote outpost in 1793, but occupying almost the spot where the city of Cincinnati now stands. Young Harrison had found his place.

It is impossible in this brief sketch to dwell upon his military career, striking, varied, and successful as that proved in his long service on the frontier.

In a short time he was promoted to a lieutenantancy, and joined the army under General Wayne, or "Mad Anthony," as his popular title ran.

On August 20, 1792, as the whole army under General Wayne were marching down the Maumee river, they encountered an Indian ambush. One of the fierce, bloody battles of the frontier followed. It ended in victory for the whites. Lieutenant Harrison behaved with signal courage. He was in the hottest of the fight. He won the warmest praise from the General and a captaincy, and was placed in charge of Fort Washington. At this time he was only twenty years old.

The years that follow form a noble record of gallant services and increasing honors.

When at last the British surrendered the military posts of the North-west to the United States, Captain Harrison received and occupied them.

On November 22, 1795, he married Miss Anna Symmes, the daughter of Judge Symmes of North Bend, Ohio, a young lady who is said to have had many charms of person and

fine qualities of character. The marriage proved one of lasting affection and happiness.

In 1797 Captain Harrison was appointed Secretary of the North-west Territory. A little later he was its delegate in Congress.

In 1800 this vast area was divided into two parts. The western part, which included what now forms the States of Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, was then called "The Indiana Territory." Over this immense tract, as well as over that of Upper Louisiana, President Adams appointed William Henry Harrison Governor. "He was invested with almost dictatorial powers; he was ruler over almost as extensive a realm as any sovereign upon earth." He still proved himself in the right place. He executed all the varied and trying duties of Governor of that vast frontier with such ability and rigid integrity that Adams' successors, Jefferson and Madison, re-appointed him.

In his position and with his great power and influence he had immense "opportunities" to aggrandize himself; but Governor Harrison's integrity was of the most flawless kind. In an ampler sketch this robust but delicate honesty could be illustrated by many facts.

The Governor lived at Vincennes, on the Wabash. In all that wide frontier, where he held gentle yet firm dominion over the rough, fierce backwoodsmen, there were only two other white settlements.

The story of the Shawnee warrior, Tecumseh, and of his brother, the prophet, form a thrilling chapter in early Border history. Governor Harrison encountered in this subtle, powerful, determined pair, his most dangerous foes. Maddened by the steady advance of the settlers, and by the cession of large tracts of Indian hunting-grounds, the two warriors resolved to rouse the tribes to a desperate and sanguinary war upon the

widely-scattered settlements. The brothers set about their work with all the Indian craft and cunning. They gained absolute control of the savages and inspired them with the fiercest enthusiasm, the most deadly vindictiveness. Governor Harrison had by this time thoroughly learned the Indian character and habits. In various ways he gained more or less knowledge of the designs of the brothers. Tecumseh visited Vincennes with a large party of his braves, in order to have a council with the Governor. He had always professed friendship for the pale faces and a sincere desire for peace; but during the council he threw off this mask. In fierce rage he told the Governor that he lied. Then a wild tumult ensued. The warriors brandished their war-clubs. Nothing but the superhuman courage and the unshaken nerves of the Governor saved his life at this critical moment.

Meanwhile sickening work was going on among the scant settlements of the frontier. Revenge, patriotism, religious frenzy, were all kindled in the Indian breast. The war-whoop rang suddenly where it had never been heard before. Men, women, children, were butchered and houses burned. The dreadful stories were brought to Vincennes and promptly sent to Washington. At last the Government was forced to heed the cry of anguish which rose from all the Western Border. President Madison issued reluctant orders for the Governor to move against the savages. He marched with about a thousand troops for Tippecanoe, the prophet's town, October 28, 1811.

In the valley of the Tippecanoe, just on the edge of a chill November dawn, in the midst of a drizzling rain, the terrible war-whoop broke around the American camp fires. Before one of these, Governor Harrison sat in the midst of his aids. But he was too seasoned a soldier to be taken by surprise, though the fiendish yelling that rang through the woods might have made the strongest nerves shiver. The soldiers behaved

admirably. They stood immovable until the day dawned and then charged with the bayonet. The savages broke and dispersed, though their prophet stood upon a mound and chanted a song of victory. But the savages now discovered that he had deluded them and his spell was broken forever.

Twenty-nine years later that battle of Tippecanoe was to become a great party rallying-cry throughout the land.

Governor Harrison was forced soon afterward to encounter another foe. The "last war" with England opened, and the British descended from Canada upon the North-west. They brought with them their savage allies, who "roamed burning, plundering, scalping over the frontier."

Those were dark days for America. General Hull surrendered his forces at Detroit. President Madison promoted Governor Harrison Commander-in-chief of the North-western armies. "He was ordered to retake Detroit and protect the frontiers."

These were tasks which might well tax a great military genius. The manner in which they were executed belongs to the history of the last war with England.

It can only be said here that General Harrison succeeded, after almost incredible exertions, in raising from the scant population of the North-west Border an army of rustic volunteers and militia, and marched them against the British veterans.

On September 10, 1814, Commodore Perry won his famous victory over the British fleet on Lake Erie. After the naval engagement General Harrison crossed the lake and dispatched a brigade to seize Detroit. He encountered the enemy on the banks of the Thames. He triumphed after a short, sharp action. Tecumseh, an ally of the British, met his death among his braves. The frontier was at peace once more.

Not long afterward, General Harrison resigned his commission. All his noble qualities—his courage, manliness, integrity

—did not prevent him from making many foes. General Jackson never forgave him, because, while admitting and applauding his great achievements, Harrison could never fully approve of his high-handed proceedings in the Seminole war.

In 1816 General Harrison was in Congress. He represented the District of Ohio. Before his election charges of corrupt dealings in connection with the commissariat had been made against him. He barely took his seat before he insisted that these charges should be thoroughly investigated. The result was his triumphant vindication. He was presented with a gold medal from Congress for his services.

He had no remarkable oratorical gifts. His most effective speeches were those which he made on his beloved North-west. When he spoke of its interests, its increasing prosperity, the infinite promise of its future, the theme fired his soul and inspired his words, and at these times he would make a profound impression on the house.

In 1819 he went to the Ohio Senate. In 1824 he was one of the presidential electors and voted for Henry Clay. That year he went to the United States Senate. In 1828 General Harrison was appointed by President Adams Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia. In a letter to Bolivar, who was his friend, he eloquently entreated him not to accept the dictatorship.

“To be eminently great it is necessary to be eminently good,” wrote this Hero of the North-west battle-fields.

Andrew Jackson succeeded John Quincy Adams in the presidency, and General Harrison was soon recalled from his South American mission. He returned to his farm at North Bend and settled down to agriculture with the satisfaction of George Washington or Thomas Jefferson. His income was very limited, although he might probably have been at that time the richest man in the United States. But his honor was of that sensitive

quality which would never allow him to reap any personal advantage from the many opportunities which, during his public life, had come in his way.

General Harrison was one of the kindest, most humane of men. His moral instincts were fine and true. He afforded an admirable example of temperance; he was a foe to dueling. When the Virginian was accused of attachment to slavery, he answered, "I have been the means of liberating many slaves, but never placed one in bondage."

In 1836 General Harrison's friends nominated him for the presidency. Van Buren, however, won the election. The terrible financial crash of 1837 followed, and in 1840 an unexampled canvass shook the country. It was called "the log-cabin and hard cider campaign." The home of General Harrison at North Bend consisted, on its eastern side, of a log-cabin, built by one of the early Ohio settlers, but it had long since been comfortably clapboarded. He lived with much simplicity, and hard cider held on his board the place which costly wines did on other tables of that day. Hence the significance of the party watch-words.

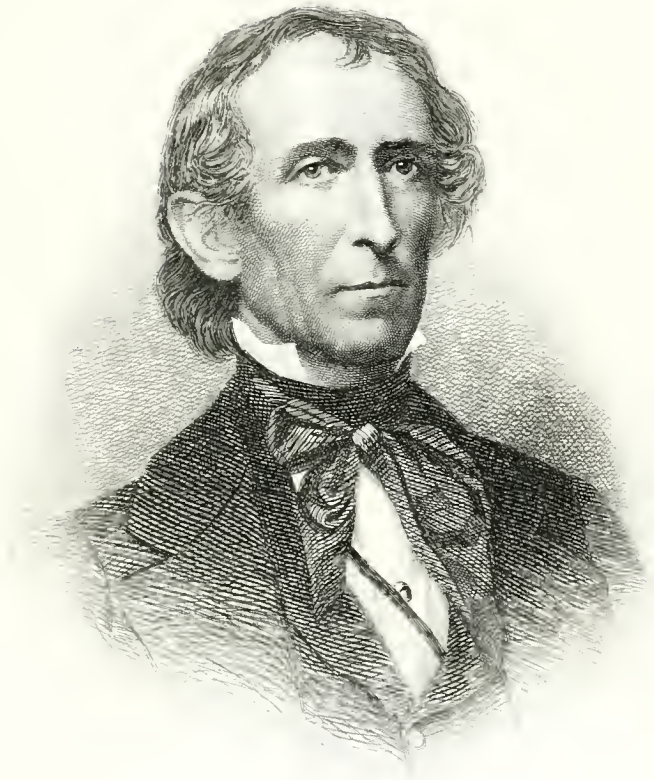
The North Bend farmer, the old Hero of the frontier, the Whig candidate, carried the election.

The new President, now sixty-eight, was erect and vigorous. He had a long, thin face, with irregular features, and his eyes were pleasant and kindly as a woman's.

But his hand had barely grasped the helm when it relaxed. He was attacked by pneumonia, and the iron strength which had borne all the hardships of the frontier succumbed in the softer life. There were a few days of violent illness. Then the end came. President Harrison's last words, uttered in delirium and amid the shadows of approaching death, soon had an ominous significance. He appeared to imagine he was addressing his successor when he exclaimed: "Sir, I wish you to

understand the principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

General Harrison's character did honor to human nature. "He was not," it has been said, "a great man, but he had lived in a great time, and had been a leader in great things." The brave, noble spirit went to its rest April 4, 1841. The nation mourned for its dead President with a grief akin to that with which another generation had mourned for George Washington.



John Tyler

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JOHN TYLER.

ON April 6, 1841, John Tyler became President of the United States. Two days before, William Henry Harrison had died in the executive mansion. The country, settling down into quiet after the most passionate of political canvasses, was suddenly stricken by a thunderbolt. Grief and dismay filled the heart of the nation. It was impossible to forecast the political future, or to estimate the extent of the calamity which had fallen upon the land.

It was the first time since the existence of the government that a President had died in office and the vice-President had succeeded to his place. It must have seemed to the lately triumphant Whigs that everything in their political world was falling to pieces. They could have found little encouragement in recalling the political record of the Vice-President or the circumstances of his election. Everybody knew that he had been nominated to placate the Southern party, disappointed and resentful that its great leader, Henry Clay, had been defeated. The vice-Presidency had not seemed at the time a costly sop to Cerberus. It included, of course, honor and high place, but there was a popular impression that the nation's second office carried with it little intrinsic authority. So John Tyler of Virginia was sent to the vice-Presidency, and the South was more or less mollified.

But in that April of 1841, the country, after a half century of growth and prosperity, had a new lesson to learn with Death for the inexorable teacher. It was brought face to face with the fact that the vice-President might suddenly become the most important personage in the nation.

President Harrison's death must have been a cruel blow, coming so soon upon the hardly-won "log-cabin campaign." The old hero of the North-west Border lay dead in the White House, while the air about him was still tremulous with victory and with the triumphs of the inaugural. And now men were thinking with doubt and foreboding of the Virginian who was on his way from Williamsburg to Washington to take the oath of office which dead lips had lately spoken.

John Tyler had been born in Charles City, Virginia, March 29, 1790. He came of the old planter class, with its wealth and culture and high social distinction. All good fortunes smiled upon his birth and early years. His father had been a staunch patriot of the old Virginia type and was at one time Speaker of the Continental Congress.

The younger John proved himself a bright boy and developed a remarkable gift for scholarship in the happy old home, under the careful parental training. At twelve he entered William and Mary College, at seventeen he graduated with honor. It was a matter of course that he should follow in his father's footsteps and prepare himself for the bar. He studied in the elder's law office and enjoyed rare opportunities to equip himself for his profession. At nineteen he began to practice and had marked success.

Young Tyler had been brought up in the Jefferson and Madison political creed. It was a matter of course that he should become prominent in political life. For five successive years the almost unanimous vote of his county sent him to the State Legislature.

Young Tyler had won a high reputation as a lawyer before the last war with England was declared. His inherited patriotism now spurred him to take part in the contest. When the British ravaged the Chesapeake shores he set vigorous military movements on foot to resist them.

At twenty-six he went to Congress, where he showed himself a thorough-going advocate of the Jeffersonian policy. The young member had a face of marked character. His long, thin features expressed intellectual force as well as resolution. His manners, with their social polish and grace, could not fail to be attractive, and he added to these the charm of his native wit and his kindly heart.

At twenty-three John Tyler made a marriage, which proved one of great harmony and happiness, with Miss Letitia Christian, a young lady of Cedar Grove, Virginia. The newly-married pair settled at Greenway, on a part of the Tyler estate.

Mr. Tyler left Congress to take his seat once more in the Virginia Legislature. In 1825 he was elected Governor of his native State, and young as he was, and powerful as were his competitors, he was re-elected to the office.

Afterward he went to the Senate. Despite his brilliant career he was not an orator, but he was a powerful and impressive debater. He distinguished himself in the Senate by his vigorous hostility to John Quincy Adams's administration.

But as time went on, the Virginia Senator became more and more opposed to Andrew Jackson's policy. The former, with his State-rights sympathies, viewed with indignation what he regarded as the President's unjustifiable and autocratic measures. Mr. Tyler would not support the war on the United States Bank, which the relentless Jackson had resolved to carry to the bitter end. There were various social and personal matters mixed up with this period of the administration which cannot be gone into here. Mr. Tyler, who was at heart an ardent disciple of Calhoun, now found himself often voting in accord with Henry Clay when the latter opposed the high-handed Executive. But the harmony between the State-rights Virginian and the imperious and devoted Kentucky Unionist, though it was to have results of great national importance, did

not reach below the surface of things. Mr. Tyler supported the censure of the President's measures in the Senate. Jackson was not the man to forget or forgive this. It must be sufficient to say that Mr. Tyler, on his re-election to the Senate, found it advisable to resign his seat.

After he had returned to his home he removed to Williamsburg, where his Alma Mater was situated and where his children could enjoy better opportunities for study. No doubt he reflected with pride upon his brilliant career in law and in politics, and had an agreeable consciousness that his native State had bestowed on him her highest honors.

Mr. Tyler still cherished and avowed all the principles of the political school in which he had been trained. He never broke from the old moorings of State Rights and Free Trade. But amid the wrangling and complicated political antagonisms and personal hostilities of the time, he was widely regarded as a Southern Whig, and it was the votes of Northern Whigs which, in the famous "log-cabin canvass," sent John Tyler, the Calhoun disciple, to the vice-Presidency.

The dead President lay at the White House when, early in the morning of April 5, 1841, a swift messenger brought the momentous tidings to John Tyler, who was at his quiet home in Williamsburg.

The next day he was at Washington and took his oath of office. It is a significant fact that there was some demur amongst the Cabinet of illustrious men whom his predecessor had appointed, about his receiving the full title of President.

Mr. Tyler understood perfectly the grounds of this hesitancy. The Cabinet had strong doubts regarding his future political attitude. But the President assumed his new title and duties with his characteristic resolution, and the Constitution sustained him.

The day of trial had come for John Tyler. The Virginia

Jefferson Democrat had been placed at a most critical period of America's history at the country's helm. New and overshadowing issues were now steadily advancing into the political foreground. The annexation of Texas was beginning to arrest public attention; the air was growing hot with the great Anti-slavery contest; the exciting question of a National Bank Bill had soon to be met.

The new President showed plainly by his first measures his desire to promote harmony in his administration. He attempted to retain the Cabinet of his predecessor.

But the antagonisms between his principles and those of the party to which he owed his election were radical and admitted of no compromise. The separation which speedily occurred took place under circumstances which aroused the implacable hostility of his former supporters.

Mr. Tyler's position was not an enviable one. An honorable man could not fail to perceive that the Whig party had strong reasons for feeling that he had betrayed them. Yet he could not advocate their measures without doing violence to the deepest convictions of a life-time.

The test came with the Bank Bill. It was twice prepared, and twice carried through Congress, and twice received the veto of the President.

The wrath of the Whigs was unbounded. They denounced the President in the fiercest language which disappointment and passion could suggest. The triumphant Democrats applauded him.

The administration proved a gloomy and unfortunate one.

Mr. Tyler made, it must be admitted, various efforts to conciliate those whom he had so deeply offended; but he did not succeed. He was a strong advocate of slavery, and here he came into direct contact with the feelings and moral convictions of a powerful and steadily increasing party at the North.

The President incurred much opprobrium among office-seekers by his refusal to make removals on merely political grounds. Many of the men appointed in previous administrations, "were his personal acquaintances, and had grown gray in the service." The President was a man of kindly heart and he said, justifying himself for not deposing the old public servants: "I cannot bear to have their wives and children come to me with accounts of their suffering when I can help it."

One wishes that Andrew Jackson could sometimes have been conscious of the same feeling. But "Old Hickory," the most generous of men in many respects, always regarded an opponent as a creature to be summarily dealt with, whether he was John Quincy Adams with his culture and statesmanship, or a Seminole brave with his paint and war-plumes.

Personal griefs added their gloom to Mr. Tyler's stormy administration. His wife died at the White House September 10, 1842.

Seventeen months later the terrible tragedy happened on board the Princeton, by which the President lost, among other friends, Abel P. Upshur, the young and brilliant Secretary of State who had succeeded Daniel Webster.

The President must have experienced great relief when his term closed, and he could retire to Virginia and the rest and freedom of his home at Sherwood Forest. He brought a young and accomplished wife to preside there. On June 26, 1844, he had married in New York Miss Julia Gardner, whose father had been killed by the explosion on the Princeton.

Under his own roof the ex-President could indulge his scholarly tastes and dispense his agreeable hospitalities, while he still took a profound interest in public affairs.

At last the civil war broke. Mr. Tyler at first threw his influence on the side of the union element in Virginia. He went to Washington and presided at the Peace Congress in

Willard's Hall, which was held just before the inaugural of Abraham Lincoln.

But it was too late to arrest the march of events. Mr. Tyler must have returned home a wiser and a sadder man. He had failed in his efforts to preserve the Union, and now he threw in his fortunes with those of his State, and the ex-President became a member of the Confederate Congress. It is not pleasant to record this. But John Tyler was an old man now, and the excitements and anxieties of that time must have worn heavily upon him. His health gradually broke and he died January 18, 1862.

JAMES KNOX POLK.

ONE can hardly read the name of James K. Polk without thinking of Andrew Jackson. The two came of that robust old Scotch-Irish breed which, during the last century, sent so many of its representatives to clear their farms and build their homes among the vast wildernesses of the Carolinas. They were a sturdy, resolute, freedom-loving race. They made their mark deep and strong on that new world where they settled.

The younger man's ancestors came first, for the two Polk brothers had settled on the eastern bank of the Catawba in the second quarter of the last century, while the Jacksons made their clearing on the Waxhaw creek, a branch of the Catawba, thirty years later.

James K. Polk was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, November 2, 1795. He was more than twenty-eight years the junior of Andrew Jackson; but the families of the two must have had strong neighborhood associations. When Cornwallis's troops burst ravaging into the Waxhaw settlement, Mrs. Jackson fled with her fatherless boys to Mecklenburg county, and found shelter for a while with neighbors of the Polks. All this was to be of consequence more than half a century afterward.

James's father was a farmer, "a simple, unpretending man." The mother, Jane Knox, is said to have been a superior woman. When James was about eleven, the father removed with his young family to the West and settled in a rich valley on Duck River in East Tennessee. The Polks were in a log-cabin in the primeval wilderness, and they had of course to encounter the



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hard fortunes and fight the brave battle of the pioneers. Before long the new comers were joined by others, kindred and neighbors, from North Carolina. The farm clearings grew more frequent in the lonely wilderness along the Duck River banks. The elder Polk became a surveyor and a man of influence in the scant neighborhood. He made long surveying tours, on which he took his eldest son James, a bright, rather frail boy, who must have been excellent company, and who no doubt had fine times, helping to build the camp-fires and cook the game at nights in the Tennessee woods. James went to the common schools of that day and acquired the rudiments of an English education. He was fond of study and early set his heart on having a thorough mental training; but his father, in doubt whether his son's health would endure the strain of a long course of study, placed him in a store.

Life behind the counter was thoroughly distasteful to the boy, and after a few weeks the elder Polk relented, and the younger was thereafter permitted to follow his own bent. He found his true place at Murfreesborough Academy, where he studied industriously for the next two years and a half.

In 1815 he entered the Sophomore class of the North Carolina University at Chapel Hill. Here he was a strenuous student, and graduated the best scholar of his class. He was twenty-three now, and his diligent study had shaken his health.

As soon as he recovered he went to Nashville, and began to study for the bar. The most famous man in Tennessee at this time was "Old Hickory," the hero of New Orleans. He was in the habit of visiting the law office of Felix Grundy, where young Polk was studying. The Hermitage was only a few miles from Nashville. The law student, like Andrew Jackson, had come from North Carolina and belonged to the same Scotch-Irish race. The younger man was brought thoroughly under the influence of that powerful fascinating personality. It existed

until it was broken by death, and profoundly affected the character and public career of James Polk.

He was duly admitted to the bar, and he returned to Columbia, in the "Duck River District," and began the legal practice for which he had so thoroughly equipped himself. Business, fortune, honors, fell to him rapidly.

James Polk had been brought up in the Jefferson school of politics and he followed the parental teachings. He grew into wide popularity as a political speaker and won the flattering title of the "Napoleon of the stump." Yet it is needless to say that the genial, courteous and cultivated lawyer, bore neither in character nor temperament the slightest resemblance to the fiery, imperious Corsican.

In 1823 Mr. Polk went to the Tennessee Legislature. It was a matter of course that he should enter with all the ardor and energy of young manhood into the canvass of 1824, which inflamed the whole country when Andrew Jackson and John Quincy Adams were candidates for the presidency.

It is much to Mr. Polk's honor that he secured at this time the passage of a bill to prevent dueling.

In 1824 he was married to Miss Sarah Childless of Tennessee. It was a happy marriage. Mrs. Polk was a lady of fine character and of many personal charms. During her husband's presidency she filled with simple, gracious dignity, the highest position which an American woman can occupy. She still lives, honored and beloved, in her quiet home at Nashville, and amid memories which reach far back to the morning of the century.

In 1825 Mr. Polk was elected to Congress. He was a member for fourteen years, a fact which affords a strong proof of his popularity with his constituents. He was an industrious member, "a frequent and popular speaker," although despite the old comparison between him and Bonaparte he had no

striking oratorical gifts, and enjoyed no high distinction among his brilliant colleagues as a parliamentary debater.

His convictions made him a Democrat of the most thorough-going type. He was, as a necessary consequence, opposed to all the measures of John Quincy Adams's administration.

When General Jackson succeeded to the presidency Mr. Polk, who had now acquired much influence in Congress, staunchly defended the old soldier, although some of his measures rocked the country like an earthquake.

During five sessions Mr. Polk was Speaker of the House, where he must have witnessed many a stormy political scene. He was by nature amiable and courteous, but his strong pro-slavery sentiments no doubt lay at the bottom of much of his alarm lest the National Government should acquire too great control over the States. He was always a strenuous upholder of their rights and authority, and was always at watch lest the central power should overstep the lines within which, as he interpreted the Constitution, it was limited.

Jackson's famous administration closed with Van Buren's accession. Mr. Polk ardently supported the latter in his campaign ; but in 1839 he resigned his seat in the House to become the candidate for Governor of Tennessee. He was elected and served for two years.

Then the Whigs had their day. After the famous canvass of 1840, another Virginian, General William Henry Harrison, took his seat in the executive chair. In the political revulsion of that time Mr. Polk was defeated in the Tennessee canvass for Governor.

It is amusing to read that "he and his Whig competitor canvassed the State together, actually driving in the same carriage and sleeping in the same bed."

Mr. Polk suffered another defeat when he had the same rival in 1843.

But his day of triumph was at hand. The great question of the annexation of Texas superseded every other in American politics. The country was aflame with excitement. Every one who desired the extension of pro-slavery territory was eager for the annexation of the immense southern area, which would afford material for several slave states.

Mr. Polk vigorously supported annexation. This fact, and the influence of Andrew Jackson, whose old age and whose growing physical prostration had not weakened his iron will, and who was still a power in American politics, secured the nomination of James K. Polk for the presidency. He was elected, and his inauguration took place March 4, 1845.

Texas was annexed to the Union, and as a necessary corollary the war with Mexico followed. President Polk sustained it with all the authority and resources of his administration. It was a foregone conclusion that the American army would, in the long run, be victorious. It was an unequal contest; but the Mexicans, when the war was brought to their very hearthstones, fought with the bravery of desperation. American soldiers were certain to behave gallantly, though they did it in a bad cause. Mexico was conquered at last, and the "stars and stripes" waved triumphantly over her capital.

Mr. Polk felt no doubt that he had achieved a splendid success when the treaty of peace was at last concluded between the two nations, and the United States, partly by war, partly by purchase, had acquired possession of the vast Southwestern areas of New Mexico and California.

Mr. Polk retired from office at the close of his first term. His abilities were not of a commanding order. But he had succeeded in the central aim of his administration. He immediately made a journey to the far South, and the honors and ovations which continually greeted him must have made all the way like a triumphal progress. He was still in the prime

of his life, only fifty-four. The years must have seemed to stretch long and pleasant before him. His home, a beautiful mansion on Grundy's hill, in the midst of pleasant grounds at Nashville, awaited him. He had large wealth and ample leisure in which to cultivate his scholarly tastes and enjoy the domestic companionship so precious to him. But the end was close at hand. The cholera was in the air that summer. The ex-President, who had at times suffered from malaria, felt the touch of a deadlier pestilence as he passed up the river from New Orleans to Nashville.

Yet the slender, erect figure, with the eager, scholarly face, which had no look of age under "the floating gray hair," was seen for awhile in the library, the lawn, about the grounds. All the old interest and energy were in Mr. Polk's look and manner as that May passed into June.

Then he succumbed to the subtle disease. It sapped his vitality, and when it was conquered at last it left him with no forces to rally. So he had to go from the beloved wife, from the beautiful home, from the cherished friendships and all the glories and honors of a life that was still in its prime.

He received baptism and sank peacefully into death, June 18, 1849.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

THERE are several brilliant chapters in the story of this man's military career. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, are names that must be forever associated with his courage and valor, but the light of history shines clearest and strongest upon the figure of the old soldier on a single day and scene. The day is that of February 22, 1847. The scene is the battle of Buena Vista.

Yet it is no grand martial figure which one sees at the head of the scant American forces on that raw, dismal winter's day. It is a short, rather dumpy figure which stands on a height that commands a view of the plateau near the small hamlet of Buena Vista, where the desperate battle is going on between Santa Anna's army of twenty thousand Mexicans and the American forces of five thousand. In this disparity of numbers lay, of course, the peril for the Americans. Santa Anna had come upon the little army when it was on the march, about fifty miles south of Monterey.

General Taylor's kind, honest, blunt-featured face was full of anxiety as he stood on the eminence, and overlooked the scene of that terrible fighting. The members of his staff, seeing the deadly peril to which their Chief was exposed, begged him to retire, but he refused to stir. The brave heart had not quailed when the Mexican host first came in sight, and poured in like the waves of the sea and almost surrounded the American forces. A dauntless soul was in the dumpy body of their commander. The Mexican General, confident and triumphant in the midst of his hosts, had, before the action



Zachary Taylor.

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began, sent a messenger, with a flag of truce and a stern summons to surrender, to the American outposts.

"General Taylor never surrenders," was all the reply sent back to Santa Anna's summons. The words were spoken by a man who never wasted any, and they had a sublime courage, uttered in the face of the twenty thousand Mexicans who had at that time nearly surrounded the Americans.

General Taylor was not the man to make light of the peril or underrate the strength of the foe. He had made the best possible disposition of his small forces. After the messenger had disappeared, the General rode along the ranks and said to his troops, "Soldiers, I intend to stand here, not only so long as a man remains, but so long as a *piece* of a man is left."

Soon after that speech the battle of Buena Vista began.

It lasted for ten hours. It should be remembered that General Taylor's forces, with the exception of about five hundred, were volunteers, and that many of them had never before been under fire. During that terrible day it often seemed as though Santa Anna's Mexicans would carry everything before them. They fought under the eyes of their fierce commander with the courage of desperation. They fought, too, for their soil and their firesides. They charged along the American lines with an impetuous fury which it seemed nothing could resist. But they encountered that old Anglo-Saxon valor that had plucked victory at vast odds on so many historic battle-fields. The old pluck held its own now. When the dark closed about the ten hours' fight, seven hundred Americans, and about two thousand Mexicans, lay dead and wounded on the plateau of Buena Vista.

The night that followed was full of doubt and anxiety for General Taylor and his troops. Neither army had won a decided victory, and there was every prospect that the fight

would be renewed in the morning. The tired troops, drenched and shivering, had no camp-fires through that long winter night. But when the morning broke Santa Anna had disappeared with his Mexicans.

With the battle of Buena Vista, General Taylor's military career in Mexico virtually closed. Laurels on other fields awaited him now. But he would never have won them had it not been for that winter's day on the plateau of Buena Vista.

Zachary Taylor was born November 24, 1784, in Orange County, Virginia. His father, Colonel Richard Taylor, had been a staunch patriot and soldier of the Revolution. After the war closed he yielded to the attraction which at that period drew so many Virginians to the Western frontier. Zachary was an infant when his father and mother with their three children left the old home, and set out through the solitary wildernesses to make a new one in Kentucky.

They were one of the first settlers at a point only a few miles from the present city of Louisville.

Zachary's boyhood and youth were passed amid all the hardships and limitations of the frontier. If his early life was full of picturesque and eventful scenes, they have escaped his biographers. At six he went to school, but any mental training he received must have been of the most meager kind. He grew up, however, sturdy, active, resolute and self-reliant. Nature had her own designs in his make-up, but she had not meant him for a scholar.

Zachary, bred on the Kentucky frontier, must have had his soul early fired by stories of the savages who were then ravaging the border settlements with torch and tomahawk. Tales of this kind would be sure to strengthen any drawings he might feel for a soldier's life. His father was a man of honor and influence in the growing Kentucky settlement. When the son was about twenty-four, the elder succeeded in obtaining a

lieutenancy for him in the United States army. He went to New Orleans to join the troops, and soon afterward married Miss Margaret Smith, a young lady of one of the old Maryland families.

The "last war" with England brought to the surface the born soldier in Zachary Taylor. General Harrison on his famous march to the Tippecanoe, had built a fort on the Wabash, about fifty miles above his home at Vincennes. Captain Taylor—he had been promoted by this time—had been placed in command at Fort Harrison. The rude work consisted merely "of a row of log huts with a strong block house at each end."

In the early autumn of 1812, the shrewd, crafty Tecumseh, an ally of the English, led his braves to a night attack on Fort Harrison. The scene had all the unutterable horror of an Indian surprise. The savages with their blood-curdling war-whoops burst from the forest upon the small garrison of fifty men—a large part of them invalids—and surrounded the fort. They fired one of the block houses, and its flames glared over the dancing, howling Indians. In the garrison women listened with sickening hearts to the unearthly sounds. The men, invalids and all, came to the defense with splendid courage, and at six o'clock in the morning the little garrison saw the savages, howling with baffled rage, disappear in the wilderness.

Captain Taylor was made a major-general by brevet for his gallant defense of Fort Harrison.

The war closed between England and America without affording much active service to young Taylor. He was afterward ordered to the frontier. "At Fort Crawford, on the Fox River, which enters into Green Bay," the brave, resolute spirit passed years of his young manhood. He was in the depths of the wilderness. On that remote northwest border he had few

opportunities for social enjoyment or mental cultivation. One fancies the years must have seemed long and lonely as they rolled over him. He was fortunate in having a brave and tender wife who shared uncomplainingly all the privations and hardships of the Border, who never pined for the softer life of her youth, and whose devotion must have lightened all the soldier's cares.

In 1832 a change came to this solitary life. Colonel Taylor—his promotions had not been rapid, but he at last gained this title—had an efficient part in the Black Hawk war. In this famous campaign against the redoubtable Indian chief there served under Taylor a tall, gaunt-framed young Illinois captain, whose name was Abraham Lincoln. Colonel Taylor displayed the qualities of a born commander in his pursuit of Black Hawk. When he reached Rock River his tired and rebellious troops refused to cross the stream which formed the northwest boundary of Illinois. They had volunteered, they insisted, only for the defense of their State.

Colonel Taylor was a man of few words, but he always understood his orders. These had been "to follow up Black Hawk to the last extremity." He listened quietly for a while to the angry remonstrances of his troops, and then coolly informed them of orders he had received the night before from Washington, to take his soldiers and pursue Black Hawk. "I intend to do both," he concluded. "There are the flat boats drawn up on the shore; here are Uncle Sam's men drawn up behind you on the prairie!"

This was a sort of argument there was no resisting. General Taylor and his volunteers were soon across the Rock River and making a swift dash for the foe.

For twenty-four years Zachary Taylor's military service was the defense of the frontier. It must have seemed a thankless task, though it was one of immense cares and responsibilities. It

demanding unceasing vigilance, prompt action in emergencies, and boundless courage.

In 1837 General Taylor was ordered to march against the Seminoles. The causes which produced the war do not form a gratifying chapter in American history. The Seminoles felt that they had been grievously wronged by the pale-faces, and they took the revenge of the weak and the savage.

Colonel Taylor conducted the campaign with bravery and skill. His troops were worthy of their commander. They held the fierce and desperate savages at bay in interior wilderness, and among the everglades of Florida. But there was a wide feeling throughout the nation that the war was unjust and that its victories could hardly reflect glory upon American arms.

Colonel Taylor won the title of brigadier-general by brevet, served two years in Florida, then, wearied and disgusted, obtained at his own request a change to the Department of the Southwest, which embraced Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. "He established his headquarters at Louisiana, and bought a plantation at Baton Rouge." To this quiet, pleasant retreat he removed his family. He had a home at last, in the real meaning of that word. He saw his brave wife's eyes grow glad with the light of their youth, as they rested on the fair, Southern landscape, and on the flowers that under her care made a world of brilliant bloom about her. In the Southwest Department General Taylor spent the next five years. His post was remote and did not bring him much honor, but he fulfilled all its responsibilities in his old, vigilant way.

In 1845 Texas was annexed to the Union. The inevitable consequence—trouble with Mexico—followed promptly.

General Taylor's part in the trouble was the soldier's, not the statesman's. It was his duty, as he interpreted it, simply to obey orders; so he crossed the Nueces, marched two hun-

dred miles over what the Mexicans regarded as their territory, and established himself upon the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras. Every patriotic Mexican who looked across the river and saw the stars and stripes floating over Fort Brown, must have felt, as any American would, if a hostile army were to encamp on the east bank of the Hudson.

All this, however, General Taylor regarded as a matter wholly out of his province. His sole business was to do his soldier's duty.

Of course under such provocation war, sooner or later, was inevitable. A Mexican force crossed the Rio Grande. They attacked a squadron of United States dragoons ordered to watch them. The war had opened!

General Taylor's day had come at last. If the cause was bad, he and his troops did not fight less bravely for their flag and their country. The victories of Palo Alto, of Resaca de la Palma, the taking of Monterey, brought the name, which had been buried so long on the western frontier, to the knowledge of the nation. It was on everybody's lips. Stories which struck the popular imagination were related of Zachary Taylor's heroism, of his homely simplicity of manners and tastes, and of his honest, straightforward, kindly nature. His troops called him "Old Rough and Ready." The homely, humorous phrase caught the popular fancy, as "Old Hickory" had long before.

The martial temper of the country was aroused by tidings of triumphs won for the Stars and Stripes on Mexican ground. The gallant youth of the nation hurried to reinforce the armies which were invading foreign soil. It must be said for the Mexicans, that whatever their faults were, they proved themselves capable of fighting bravely for their land and their homes; but in the end superior strength and skill were sure to prevail.

The battle of Buena Vista closed the military career of General Taylor. After a time he returned home in a blaze of glory.

At this crisis there was very serious disagreement among the leaders of the Whig party. They could not unite on a nomination for the presidency, though they had a list of brilliant statesmen from which to select a candidate.

The idea suddenly struck some of the political leaders to seize this flood-tide of popularity, and nominate the old frontier soldier. General Taylor, in his boundless astonishment, at first declined, and at last consented to accept, the nomination. The party managers now took possession of him, prepared his few communications to the public—he was not used to the platform nor given to the pen—conducted the campaign successfully, and Zachary Taylor was, in 1848, triumphantly elected President of the United States.

It was not an easy post for the brave, simple old soldier. Surrounded by all the splendors of the White House and burdened with novel cares and responsibilities, he, no doubt, often longed for the freedom and homeliness of his old camp-life on the frontier.

But amid the many perplexing and harassing duties which were now forced on him, he showed a surprising grasp of affairs, and much of the statesman's intuition and large, patriotic temper.

But he was barely permitted to manifest his new aims—his unsuspected qualities. A sudden cold seized the old veteran, who had borne unharmed all the hardships and exposures of the military life of the frontier. The cold settled into an illness which after five days ended his life.

His last words were: "I am not afraid to die. I am ready to do my duty." In those simple, characteristic words, Zachary Taylor had expressed the real purpose of his life.

So the kindly, honest, faithful old soldier left the world, in which he had struggled to do his part simply and manfully. The country he had loved and served bestowed on him at last her highest gift ; but Death, whose claim is always supreme, called Zachary Taylor from his place, when he had occupied it a little more than sixteen months. He died July 9, 1850.



Millard Fillmore

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MILLARD FILLMORE.

ON July 9, 1850, Millard Fillmore became President of the United States. He went to his post, the successor of Zachary Taylor, the sturdy old soldier-President, who had won his proudest laurels at the battle of Buena Vista. The nation was plunged in grief at his sudden death. The man whose youth and prime had been passed on the solitary western frontier and among the Florida everglades, on ceaseless guard against the savages, had shown a sound judgment and a broad statesman-like comprehension of political issues which had inspired wide confidence in his administration. But now that "Old Rough and Ready's" strong, honest hand had dropped from the helm it had held for sixteen months, there was a general feeling of dismay.

Millard Fillmore must have been conscious of this, and he could have had little sense of exultation as he took his oath of office and seated himself in the vacant executive chair. He was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga County, New York, when the present century was only seven days old. He came of a brave, stanch ancestry which had planted themselves in the Massachusetts Colony. His mother was a native of the same State, and was a woman of character and intelligence.

The Fillmores emigrated to the western wildernesses of New York State late in the last century. They had the hard lot, the straitened means of the pioneers. Millard's home was of the humblest, and his opportunities were of the scantiest. A boy who came of an old New England race went, as a matter of course, to such common schools as his neighborhood

afforded ; but his lack of early advantages can be best illustrated by the fact that, in his early years, the household library consisted of but two volumes, and one of these was a Bible and the other a hymn-book.

The farm did not prove a great success, and the elder Fillmore resolved that his son should have a trial, at least, at some other business than that of cultivating the soil. Millard was sent at fourteen a hundred miles from home, to try his hand for a few months at "carding wool and dressing cloth." His employer proved hard and severe, and when the months had expired Millard "shouldered his knapsack," with its bread and dried venison, and set out on foot for home, a hundred miles off, through the primeval wilderness. He must have had high pluck to do that.

He appears to have worked for the next four years at the clothier's trade. It is significant that "the first book he purchased with his own money was a small English dictionary, which he studied while attending the carding machine." But his mind was awake and alert at this formative period. He had access to a small village library, and he made the most of it. He devoured "history and biography."

As time went on and he grew more eager for knowledge, a purpose also grew in his soul to make something of himself. At nineteen these kindling ambitions urged him to study for the law. He was so thoroughly in earnest in this matter that he gave up a year's wages, besides paying his employer thirty dollars, a sum which represented vastly more at that period than it does now.

Millard set himself resolutely at his legal studies "with a retired country lawyer." He paid for his board by his services in the law office. In the winters he taught school. He had certainly used the village library to good purpose. Young Fillmore was at this time a youth of remarkably attractive personal

appearance. The grace and polish of manner which were conspicuous throughout his life, already distinguished him.

At twenty-one he went to Buffalo and entered a law office, "where he had the best of advantages." He studied with untiring zeal, and supported himself chiefly by teaching school. It was a brave struggle and it was sure to win at the last.

The long upward climb began when the century and Millard Fillmore were twenty-three. At that time he was admitted to the Court of Common Pleas. He began his practice in the pretty little village of Aurora. He won his first case, for which he received four dollars. Probably he felt prouder and happier at that time than he did when he pocketed his largest fee.

In 1826 young Fillmore married Miss Abigail Powers, the daughter of a clergyman, a young lady of great good sense and fine character.

In 1829 he removed to Buffalo, where he now entered upon a prosperous practice. About this time he became a member of the New York Legislature, in which he delivered a speech of much power against imprisonment for debt.

In 1832 New York State sent Millard Fillmore to Congress. He entered now upon a new and tumultuous arena. Andrew Jackson and his party were carrying everything before them. The great battle was fought at this time over the National Bank and the removal of the deposits.

The new member from New York was a stanch Whig, but he could render little service to his party at this juncture.

He returned to his home and his profession, in which he won a steadily increasing success. By this time the quality of the man had made itself felt among his political and professional associates; his high integrity, his legal ability and his spotless character, earned an enviable reputation for the Buffalo lawyer and ex-Congressman.

In 1837 he was again re-elected to the House. Equipped for service by his former experience, he soon threw himself into the thick of affairs: he made many effective speeches in the House. The clear, strong quality of his intellect enabled him to hold his ground among his able colleagues. He was at this time "one of the most advanced of anti-slavery Whigs."

But his Congressional labors taxed him so heavily that he declined a re-election and retired to private life.

His State, however, would not permit him to remain there. The Whig party nominated him as its strongest candidate for Governor. The issues made the canvass a strongly excited one, and Mr. Fillmore was defeated. But in 1847 he became, by an immense vote, Comptroller of the State. This involved a removal to Albany, where he discharged his new duties with characteristic fidelity.

But a greater honor was in store for him. Zachary Taylor, the hero of Mexican battle-fields, was unexpectedly nominated for the presidency, and Millard Fillmore's name followed for Vice-President. It was believed that the Northern lawyer might retain many votes which would otherwise be lost to the old soldier, who was also a Louisiana slaveholder.

The canvass went its stormy way; and the Whig party had its hour, and the rugged old soldier, and the courteous, polished New York lawyer, went to their posts. Sixteen months later the executive chair was vacant, and Millard Fillmore took the dead President's place. It was a very difficult position to fill at this period. The great question of slavery was now overshadowing every other in American politics. On that supreme issue the President's attitude soon greatly astonished and angered the party which had elected him. His administration in its large outlines suggested that of another Vice-President, John Tyler.

Mr. Fillmore's instincts were strongly conservative, and it

was his great aim to conciliate the agitated and angry South. He had during his vice-presidency supported Mr. Clay's compromise measures, which included the fugitive slave law, so repugnant to Northern temper and institutions.

It was believed that Mr. Fillmore's course was more or less swayed by his personal antipathies. But it cannot be questioned that he earnestly desired to serve his country. His administration closed amid much intense disapproval at the North, but the ex-President was, no doubt, partly solaced for this by the enthusiastic reception which he met soon afterward on his tour through the South.

Two years later Mr. Fillmore visited Europe, where he was the object of many gratifying attentions. These were paid partly to the character of the man, partly to his public position. He returned home to receive a nomination for the presidency by the oddly named "Know Nothing" wing of his party; but James Buchanan carried the election, and the political career of Millard Fillmore was ended.

The remainder of his life was passed in elegant retirement amid the books and the social environment congenial to his tastes.

Mrs. Fillmore, who had so bravely shared the struggles of her husband's early married life, and sympathized with his intellectual aspirations, found the duties of mistress of the White House extremely irksome to her delicate health and quiet habits. It is said that to her studious tastes the fine library at the White House owes its beginnings. She found the great mansion almost empty of books, and to gratify her wishes her husband "asked and secured an appropriation from Congress for the purchase of a library."

Mrs. Fillmore died in the March which saw the close of her husband's administration. The family returned to Buffalo, and during the following year the ex-President's only daughter,

who had inherited the sterling qualities of her parents, followed her mother.

Mr. Fillmore afterward married a Miss McIntosh, a lady of Buffalo.

His life flowed smoothly and serenely through its later years. The Civil War moved on its deadly way, but Mr. Fillmore had no lot nor part in that great struggle. No words from his lips rung through his State, to fire her heart, and rally her forces, in the hour of her trial. It was widely believed that the Northern ex-President's real sympathies, though he did not avow them, were with the South. But neither party looked to him now for influence or leadership.

In private life he was always an interesting and agreeable figure. To his high qualities of character he added that inborn grace of manner which had distinguished him in his struggling youth, and he had a dignified and handsome presence.

Mr. Fillmore died amid his friends and at his elegant home in Buffalo, March 8, 1874.



Franklin Pierce

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FRANKLIN PIERCE.

“SIR, you could not congratulate a more astonished man !”

Somewhere in June, 1852, a gentleman in Concord, New Hampshire, made this characteristic and graceful rejoinder to a friend who had just congratulated him on his nomination to the presidency of the United States. The speaker's name was Franklin Pierce.

He was born in Hillsborough, New Hampshire, Nov. 23, 1804. His father had served as private and officer in the Revolutionary War, and his son was brought up in a home atmosphere of fervid patriotism and on the political creed of Thomas Jefferson.

It was a creed of the noblest ideals and of a broad and generous humanity, else it could not have been Thomas Jefferson's. It breathed the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. It was instinct with the large hope and the glowing enthusiasm of the early period of the French Revolution.

The sturdy old father, with his Revolutionary memories and his Jeffersonian politics, was comfortably settled on the New Hampshire farmstead when Franklin was born. He was the sixth of eight children. The elder Pierce was a man of strong character, of much native ability, and of unsullied honor. He held various important positions in the State ; he was for successive years a member of its Legislature, he belonged to the Governor's staff and was General of the militia.

Mrs. Pierce is said to have been an intelligent Christian woman, the fitting head of the large young household.

So the boy's life struck its roots in the old hill-soil and

prospered vigorously. If he knew little of luxury he had less experience of poverty. The New England atmosphere of his day was full of intense political excitement. The boy drank in the parental talk of the times, of the prominent men of the day, of the great political issues at stake, and it was to him like the oracles of the gods.

Franklin had a fair start. He went to the neighboring academies of Hancock and Francestown. At sixteen he entered Bowdoin. Here he made a striking and agreeable impression on every one who came in contact with him. The Bowdoin undergraduate was extremely popular with his classmates. There was something then—there was to be always—singularly lovable about him. He was born to be a favorite. Nature herself had endowed him with an instinctive courtesy, a grace of speech and manner, which attracted people and won affection on all sides.

Franklin Pierce was, we hear, a good scholar, though hardly a brilliant one. He had inherited strong military tastes, and he became an officer in a college company in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was a private. The attachment of the two, so unlike in temperament and character, was to prove one of the deepest pleasures and satisfactions of their lives.

Young Pierce graduated in 1824 and at once began the study of law with Judge Woodbury, one of the most conspicuous lawyers in the State, and who was "just entering on a brilliant political career."

It was Franklin Pierce's fate to be in the thick of politics from his youth. At the time he was preparing for the New Hampshire bar, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson were the foremost figures in American politics. It is needless to say that the law student espoused the soldier's instead of the statesman's side, in the fierce canvass of 1828 for the presidency.

Franklin Pierce was duly admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in his native town. He must have been much mortified when his first case proved a failure; but his reply to a friend who condoled with him on that occasion has the ring of assured future success: "I will try nine hundred and ninety-nine cases if clients will continue to trust me; and if I fail, just as I have to-day, I will try the thousandth."

But the man who said that and meant it, would not fail "a thousand times."

Hillsborough soon sent young Pierce, as it had sent his father, to the State Legislature, where he served four years; the last two of which he was Speaker of the House.

In 1833 Franklin Pierce was elected to Congress. This was a great honor for so young a man. He was a faithful, strenuous worker in the House, though not prominent in debates. He supported all Jackson's measures and won the old hero's personal regard.

Franklin Pierce entered the Senate, its youngest member, as he was only thirty-three.

Jackson's pupil, the clever, adroit, political leader, Martin Van Buren, was just entering upon what proved to be his stormy presidency.

The young senator's graceful, polished and fluent speeches won the interest of the chamber. A never-failing tact, a native courtesy of bearing and speech, and an unruffled temper, made Franklin Pierce popular in the Senate-chamber, as they had in the old college-halls of Bowdoin. He had many friends, even among his political opponents, and while he was the staunchest of Democrats, he had a felicitous way of ameliorating the heat and bitterness of political discussion.

In 1834 Mr. Pierce married Miss Jane Means Appleton, the daughter of a President of Bowdoin College. She was a young lady of fine mind and character, and an extremely sensitive

organization, which was partly the result of delicate health. This marriage proved one of great harmony and happiness.

In 1838 Mr. Pierce removed to the capital of his native State. Here he devoted himself to his profession and won a brilliant legal reputation.

When Mr. Polk became President he appointed Mr. Pierce Attorney-General of the United States, but the latter seems not to have had a greed for high offices. He declined the appointment, as he did the nomination for Governor of his native State.

But his profession had not extinguished his old military proclivities, and the war with Mexico opened a new career to the New Hampshire lawyer. He was appointed Brigadier-General, and sailed with the troops from Newport, Rhode Island, on May 27, 1847.

General Pierce now proved what soldier's stuff he had inherited. He had in Mexico a varied, striking and brilliant career. In camp and on the battle-field, he showed himself the brave soldier, the born commander. He risked his life, he was severely wounded, and he bore his sufferings with the utmost heroism. One cannot help wishing all that gallant behavior had been inspired by a better cause.

General Pierce returned to his home at Concord with the fresh laurels he had won on Mexican battle-fields. He resumed his legal practice, in which he had shown high ability and had been ranked among the leading lawyers of his State. His native kindness must have won the friendship even of the witnesses who were under his cross-examination. "It was said that he was never known to insult, browbeat, or terrify one."

But he was still deeply interested in politics. He gave all the weight of his character and all his public influence to the pro-slavery wing of his party. The South learned to know him, to regard him as belonging to itself. "He was the Northern man with Southern principles."

This feeling bore fruit at last. After ten days of balloting, the Democratic convention, at Baltimore, nominated the New Hampshire lawyer for the presidency. It took the country by surprise, and Mr. Pierce's own words, quoted at the head of this sketch, best express his own astonishment when he learned the truth.

The canvass went its fierce way, and in due time Franklin Pierce was elected President of the United States.

The new administration proved a stormy one. This was in the nature of things. The question of slavery was becoming the central one in American politics. The shameful proceedings in Kansas concentrated the interests of the nation on that territory. The invasion of its polls, the election of its Legislature by armed mobs from other States, the appeal of its hunted and helpless inhabitants to Government for succor and protection, fired the heart of the country. But all the President's sympathies were with the pro-slavery party. His words, his deeds, proved this only too well during his entire administration; and when it closed and he resigned the helm to James Buchanan, Franklin Pierce had "thoroughly alienated the North."

He returned to his childless home at Concord. Two months before his inauguration he had lost the last of his children, "a bright boy of thirteen years," who was returning with his parents from Boston to Concord, when the cars went over an embankment. The boy, who was the object of such pride and love, was instantly killed, and the shadow of this grief lay upon the father's inaugural.

Mrs. Pierce, to whose stricken heart and feeble health the social demands of the White House had been very burdensome, was taken abroad by her husband after they left Washington. They spent a year and a half in leisurely travel through Europe.

After their return home Mrs. Pierce's health did not permanently rally, and she died in December, 1863.

The ex-President, left wifeless and childless, was still in the prime of his years. The Civil War was going its way of desolation and death by this time. The pupil and friend of Andrew Jackson could hardly wish the Union destroyed, but Franklin Pierce never did anything to alter the opinion of a world which had long regarded him as a "Northern man with a Southern heart." Yet he could not have regarded that title as an enviable distinction. Nobody could deny, however, that his was a kindly, generous, magnanimous heart. It was always inspiring pleasant words and helpful deeds. General Pierce had a native, felicitous tact, which made him the most delightful of friends and companions. Those who were utterly opposed to his political course could not resist the charm of that unstudied, courteous manner, of that graceful, winning talk. Indeed, they half disarmed his bitterest opponents, his severest censors.

He lived to see the Civil War close, the Union victorious. The great soldier who had been with him through the Mexican War was President of the United States when Franklin Pierce went to his last rest. He was close to his sixty-fifth birthday. He died at Concord, October 8, 1869.



James Buchanan

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JAMES BUCHANAN.

JAMES BUCHANAN first saw the light when the French Revolution was shaking the civilized world, for he was born April 23, 1791. Stony Batter was the homely name of his birthplace. "It lay in a mountain gorge in the midst of picturesque scenery at the foot of the eastern ridge of the Alleghanies." The boy's father came of Scotch-Irish breed. He had emigrated to America less than a decade before his son's birth. He cleared his farm and built his cabin on the frontier, and five years after his arrival in the country he married Miss Elizabeth Spear, an estimable young woman in the neighborhood.

James was fortunate enough, in the midst of his rustic surroundings, to have an intelligent father and a superior mother. It was fortunate for him, too, that when he reached his eighth year, the family removed to the village of Mercersburg, when James began his studies in English, Latin and Greek. So the boy, born in the shadow of the Alleghanies, was to have a fair chance to prove what stuff was in him. He was a bright scholar, and at fourteen was ready to enter Dickinson College, at Carlisle. Here he devoted himself to study, showed remarkable ability, and "graduated with the highest honors of his class."

At eighteen he began his legal studies at Lancaster, and at twenty-one was admitted to the bar. This was in 1812. It was a critical year in American history, and the young lawyer was deeply interested in political affairs. One is half surprised, half amused, recalling his later political avowals and affiliations,

to learn that he was at that time a Federalist. But he heartily supported Madison in the war with England. His blood was so fired by the sack of Washington and the threats of an attack on Baltimore, that he enlisted as a private soldier, resolved to do his share in defending his country from the invaders.

James Buchanan was well equipped for his work when he set himself to the practice of his profession. The Lancaster lawyer soon acquired distinction at the bar. He secured a large and lucrative practice, and in a short time had won for himself an enviable reputation among the eminent lawyers of Pennsylvania.

In 1820 Mr. Buchanan was elected to Congress; he took his seat in the House and retained it for the next ten years. About this time his political sentiments underwent a change. One must be familiar with the history of that period to understand the various causes which contributed to bring the Federalist party, despite its splendid services to the country, into disfavor with the nation. James Buchanan became, in a little while, identified with the party of Jefferson

It was full of fresh hope and courage. It was inspired by strong convictions and definite purposes. In a little while the young member from Pennsylvania had made his mark in Congress. Some words which he uttered on the floor are interesting when read in the light of future events :

“ If I know myself I am a politician neither of the East nor of the West, of the North nor of the South. I therefore shall avoid any expressions, the direct tendency of which must be to create sectional jealousies and at length disunion, that worst and last of all political calamities ”

In the famous canvass of 1824, when popular passions mounted high, the former Federalist used all his influence to secure Andrew Jackson's election to the presidency. The hero of New Orleans never forgot his friends, and when, four

years later, he succeeded John Quincy Adams, James Buchanan was appointed Minister to Russia. He made his first entrance into court life in the summer of 1832. American ambassadors have always had a cordial reception at the Russian court. Mr. Buchanan's formed no exception. Indeed, his refined, courteous bearing, his polished speech, and a certain pliancy of temperament, made him particularly adapted to the atmosphere and habits of the presence-chamber of kings.

He did good service for his country, too; he finally succeeded in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Russia; he won the favor of the Emperor Nicholas. That terrible autocrat, who held such an iron rule over his own vast dominions, had his beaming moods, in which no monarch could excel him in saying gracious things. At Mr. Buchanan's audience of leave, he condescended to desire "that he would tell President Jackson to send him another minister exactly like himself."

With the fresh laurels he had won in the Russian mission, Mr. Buchanan returned to America to enter the national Senate. Here he unflinchingly supported all Jackson's measures.

This brief narrative cannot enter into the details of Mr. Buchanan's political career. In the Senate he was conspicuous for his advocacy of state-right theories. His temperament was naturally conservative and inclined him to honor exalted place, power and high social rank. This fact, no doubt, strongly influenced his political sympathies. With all his skill as a lawyer, with all his experience and sagacity as a statesman, he had not a high and resolute spirit. Despite all the purity of his private life and his spotless integrity, he was lacking in will and moral energy. When he was brought in contact with powerful and determined natures, he did not confront them with a dauntless temper. In short, he was not a man for a great national emergency.

Mr. Buchanan sustained the unfortunate administration of

John Tyler. When James K. Polk became President he made Buchanan Secretary of State, who threw his whole influence into the scale for the Mexican War.

In all those great sectional questions which were now coming to the front in American politics, Mr. Buchanan invariably took the side of the South. He opposed the Wilmot Proviso and he approved of the fugitive slave law.

On the election of Franklin Pierce Buchanan was appointed Minister to England. At the court of St. James he was a dignified and agreeable figure and made many friends.

But his attitude in the matter of Cuba, and his share in the conferences at Ostend, made an unpleasant impression both in Europe and America, and seriously threatened the relations of the United States with Spain.

Domestic affairs, however, soon wholly engaged the attention of the country. In 1856 the great political conflict took place which ended at last in the election of James Buchanan to the presidency. The boy who had been born on the Pennsylvania frontier, in the humble home at the foot of the Alleghanies, had received, after a life of various success and honors, the nation's highest gift.

James Buchanan went to his new post under circumstances that would have tried the finest temper, the sternest stuff. The adroit politician, the polished diplomat, the bland, courteous gentleman, proved himself fatally unequal to the demands of the time and place. For the inevitable Civil War was now drawing near.

When the storm gathered there was a faint heart and a flaccid hand, at the helm, and men thought of Andrew Jackson and wished he could stand in Buchanan's place, with his flashing eyes and his white stern face, and the few strong simple words behind which always lay the unfaltering will.

The Pennsylvania boy and the North Carolina one came of

the same sturdy Scotch-Irish breed, but they were of totally different moral strain.

With all his Southern affiliations and sympathies, Mr. Buchanan certainly did not desire the destruction of the Union. Yet none the less, he, its President, looked on, dismayed, helpless, despairing, when the time came to act with promptness and energy. No word of high courage and dauntless resolve fell from his lips to ring through the North and stir its heart like the blast of a trumpet. During long months of doubt and waiting, he did not lift his hand to stay secession ; indeed, his utterances for a while fatally encouraged it. The national forts were seized, the Union flag was insulted, the States went their own blind, mad way, unhindered by the man to whom had been intrusted the fortunes of the nation. He helped neither North nor South in the critical hour ; he only lamented and watched and waited supinely. He was not the man for the place. This will always be the severest count which history will make against James Buchanan.

His presidential career closed at last in calamity and gloom, and he no doubt found it an immense relief to leave the scene of his great triumphs and his greater failures, and return to the beautiful retreat which he had made for his old age at Wheatland, an estate about a mile from Lancaster.

The ex-President had agreeable social qualities and deep family affections. He had an early love ; but when the young lady died to whom he had been betrothed, he never, during his long life, sought to fill her place with another.

Whether this fact was the result of devoted loyalty to a memory, or to an unemotional temperament, is a matter which Mr. Buchanan's most intimate friends could alone answer, and which is not the business of the world.

His beautiful and accomplished niece, Miss Lane, to whom he was greatly attached, was the graceful mistress of the White

House during her uncle's administration. She was the daughter of the President's dead sister.

Amid wealth, leisure and affection, Mr. Buchanan spent his last years in the home at Wheatland. He lived to witness the close of the Civil War, and no doubt he was glad to know that the Union had been preserved.

Mr. Buchanan's real abilities must have suffered some eclipse from the brilliant men with whom he was associated during his long public life. He died at Wheatland June 1, 1868.



You never see

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE beginnings of this life—to be lifted up where all the world should gaze at it—were of the lowliest and humblest. It saddens one to go back to that childhood, and read of its bareness, its hardships, its limitations. It appears so darkened, hedged about, closed in by stark, pitiless poverty! One would imagine that the wolf, with its gaunt, triumphant face, always stood at the door of that Kentucky log cabin where, on February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. Yet, though the traditions and anecdotes of the childhood and youth have always the same burden, though the framework in which those early years were set appears so bare and scant, I doubt whether Abraham Lincoln was conscious of anything of the sort. Indeed, I suspect that a quiet, humorous smile would have twinkled on that homely, kindly face, if he had known how people who lived in elegant houses, amid the comfort and luxury of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, would regard his early life. For it was the life of the Western pioneer in the first quarter of the century, and, despite all its ruggedness and hardships, it must have had grand compensations. Those men and women of the frontier, who set the outermost stakes of civilization on the border, were surrounded by the mystery and beauty of wide, varied, lavish nature. Each year held for them the wonderful march of the seasons. For them the wilderness blossomed as the rose, and they beheld the outgoings of the mornings and evenings rejoice. If their roofs were scant and low, they spent much of their time beneath a roof whose vast arches had been sprung by no human skill, while beneath their feet spread a tapes-

try more richly illumined than any which had ever carpeted the presence-chamber of kings. Poverty, at its utmost pinch, could never have meant to the pioneer what it does in our great cities. What could people really know of hunger or cold who had the illimitable forests for their fuel, and the abundant wild game of the woods, the fish of the streams, the berries of the fields, to heap their scant pine-boards? There were no sharp, humiliating contrasts to set the poverty in strong lights, to bring it home and make its iron enter the soul. If Abraham Lincoln "went barefoot and wore buckskin trousers, and slept in a low, dark loft, on a coarse bag filled with corn husks," so did plenty of his neighbors, and he probably never dreamed he was any the worse for it. It is doubtful whether, during the first twelve years of his life, he ever *felt* that he was poor. Indeed, he never felt it in any way which could touch his sturdy self-respect and independence. Nature has nobler lessons to teach a boy than his poverty. If he will listen to the great Mother, she will always make light of that.

When Abraham was getting to be a famous man, some of his political opponents charged him with entering Illinois barefoot and driving an ox cart. What if he did? We may be sure he carried his head as high, he went as brave and independent as though he had worn the finest of broadcloth, or the most shining of patent-leather boots.

The Kentucky boy came of Virginia stock. The grandfather, whose name he bore, left the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah and pushed out on the western border before the War of the Revolution had closed. Thomas was the youngest of the three boys of the family; he stands a weak, helpless, bewildered figure between the two Abrahams—the sturdy old pioneer father, and the famous son. Perhaps the stern conditions of border-life, which included battling with Indians and wild beasts, proved too hard for him. At least, he lacked the robust fiber

which goes to the making of the born pioneer. He never had a chance to prove whether he was out of place. He was always "generous, good-natured, warm-hearted," because to be this was in the Lincoln blood. There were no schools in the wilderness, and he never went to one, never learned even to read or write—a fact more surprising now than it was a hundred years ago. He might have had a better chance, had not his father, while at work in the field, been shot down by a prowling savage. This happened two years after the migration from Virginia. The widow and her boys must have had a fight for existence in the log cabin on the lonely border. Thomas spent his youth as a hired laborer. At twenty-eight he built his own log cabin, and took to wife Nancy Hawks, a daughter of another Virginia emigrant. She was a handsome young woman, we are told, with much native refinement, though her virtues of mind and heart never had any larger sphere for their exercise than a squatter's log cabin on the Western frontier. Here a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and later a son, whom they called Abraham, after his grandfather. Whatever else was lacking, the boy and girl had the blessing of a pure and Christian atmosphere about their early life. A wide, beautiful out-door world surrounded the lowly homestead. It stood in La Rue County, in the heart of Kentucky. Around it opened the early southwestern springs, and bloomed the long, lovely summers, and smiled, serene and tender, the late Kentucky autumns, and settled down at last the still, short winters.

Inside the log cabin everything was so scant and bare that it seemed utterly comfortless; but the boy and girl must have had a homely, hearty, rugged childhood, with plenty of fun and rollicking thrown in, between the gentle, tender mother and the shiftless, easy-going father.

The son sprang up rapidly into slender, overgrown boyhood;

he must have presented a singular appearance, with his odd, grave, strongly-marked features, and his tall, bony limbs, when, at seven years old, he went to school for five months; he must have been a bright scholar, too, for he learned to read and write in that time.

This was opening a new world to a boy like Abraham Lincoln. It was to the father's credit that he "deplored his own lack of education, and was anxious his children should not suffer in that respect as he had done."

Perhaps the mother's influence had much to do with this feeling. She had enjoyed better advantages than her husband, and managed occasionally to get hold of a book, and read stories to her delighted children. If the life was humble and hard, it was also sound and sweet at the core.

When Abraham was eight years old, his father made up his mind to try his fortunes in Indiana. A pair of horses carried the few household goods, and the family of four left their log cabin, and the grave of a little boy who had been born after Abraham, and started on foot through the wilderness. It was a seven days' journey. It was not an unpleasant one, especially for the children, in the soft, western autumn weather, with plenty of game in the woods, and boughs to be gathered at nightfall for the long, delicious sleep under the stars. At last they crossed the Ohio, and, a few miles beyond, reached the site of their new home in southern Indiana.

Thomas Lincoln made shift to put up a hunter's cabin, or "pole shelter," in which his family shivered through their first Indiana winter. In the spring, with the help of his young son whose strength and size were far in advance of his years, he built a log cabin of the rudest description, and cleared and planted his land.

The wilderness was a solitary place for the new settlers. It must have been a happy day for "Abe" and his young sister

Sally when old friends and neighbors of the Lincolns came to the new clearing and formed a settlement.

But the life in southern Indiana, whatever were its compensations, appears to have been hardly an improvement on the old one left behind in Kentucky. There was a side—a very large one—that was full of sordid toil and bitter privations. The face of the tall, gaunt, awkward boy, with all its lights of fun and humor, grew thoughtful and sad in that straitened, burdened life. After he had learned to read, he had an intense craving for books, but these were much like angels' visits in the Lincoln log cabin. What efforts that boy made, what miles he walked to get hold of a fresh volume, when he learned some settler owned the priceless treasure! Nobody could have had the heart to refuse his eager entreaties to borrow it. How he devoured the contents! What a different sort of reading the earnest, painstaking study of the squatter's son was from that of boys who skim the surfaces of their lessons! But the difference told. Whatever Abraham Lincoln read was stored away in some stronghold of his memory as a miser stores his gold. So, at one time and another, he feasted his soul on "Æsop's Fables," on "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Life of George Washington." A king's son could have no better reading.

The pioneer life is hardest on its women. Mrs. Lincoln broke down early under it. The woman of gentle, refined instincts seems to have been out of place in the rough border country. She sickened in the mild, malarious climate, and died about two years after the removal to Indiana.

Abraham was ten years old at that time. All his life he remembered the sad, patient, loving mother, with a great, reverent tenderness.

The home was doubly lonely and comfortless after she left it. The unthrifty father was helpless with his young boy and

girl on his hands. Things appear to have gone from bad to worse for more than a year, and then Thomas Lincoln, awaking to a sense of the situation, did one of the wisest deeds of his life. Whatever were the man's failings, he seems to have had a fine instinct where women were concerned. He went back to the old Kentucky home, and when he returned he brought a wife with him. She was a widow—a Mrs. Sally Johnston—an old love who had formerly refused him. She brought with her her own son and two daughters, and a quantity of household effects, which utterly transformed the inside of that unfloored log cabin, the first sight of which filled her thrifty soul with dismay. What was much more, she brought her sensible, energetic, helpful nature, and her warm, generous woman's heart.

With the appearance of the new mistress on the scene there was an immense change for the better. The husband, whether he would or not, was forced to bestir himself and improve things. "A wood floor, a door that swung on hinges, and glass windows" were now added to the cabin. The wife's energy infused a new spirit into the household. The neglected appearance of her step-children had touched her heart. The boy and girl were now cared for and made comfortable in a way that was utterly new to them. Mrs. Lincoln soon made the surprising discovery that her young giant of a step-son could read and write. She encouraged his desire for study. When a school opened for a brief time in a log cabin a mile and a half away, Abraham attended with the rest of the young household; he made the most of his opportunities, but he never had more than a year's schooling.

The tide of emigration poured steadily and rapidly into Indiana, and "the woods ceased to be a wilderness" around Abraham Lincoln's home. A little way off, as the years went on, and the boy grew more lank, awkward, rugged with each, a store was opened, and a settlement grew about it which was

called Gentryville. The name was chosen in honor of the storekeeper, and the sponsors were probably quite innocent of any intentional irony.

It was a great event in Abraham Lincoln's life when he earned his first dollar for himself. It happened curiously. He had shown his ingenuity and mechanical skill in building a boat stout and strong enough "to carry the farm-produce down the Ohio to a market."

One morning, while he stood at the landing, "two strangers came down to the shore who wished to be taken out to the steamer in the river. Abraham was always ready to do a service, and he carried the men and their luggage out in his boat. He seems to have had no thought of reward, but as he was about to return each of the strangers tossed him a half dollar." His feelings at that moment must be related in his own words.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was more confident and hopeful from that time."

Amid the hard drudgeries on his father's farm, toiling on other men's land, reading, or rather mastering every volume on which he could lay his big, toil-hardened hands, Abraham Lincoln came up rapidly into his tall, muscular, vigorous youth. His outdoor life, his rugged training, had given him a constitution of oak and iron; his bodily strength, his physical feats, were the talk and wonder of the western settlement. In all games which required long-breathed power and tough muscle he was sure to come out winner. The bullies and rougns of the rude locality had learned to respect and fear him; he was eminently social, obliging, fond of games, of the frolic and fun which relieved and brightened the toilsome life of the settlers. Its roughness and coarseness did not jar or repulse one who

had been brought up in its midst. No doubt the people amongst whom he dwelt regarded Abraham Lincoln as one of themselves ; and yet they must, I think, have felt, in a blind, instinctive way, a difference. He went, or appeared to, heart and soul, into all their loud gayety and frolics : his quaint, funny stories convulsed them with rude guffaws ; yet the serious face must have seemed half to rebuke and deny the fun and the rollicking. For the sadness appears to have lain always at the heart of his childhood and youth and manhood. One wonders whether it was his birthright, or whether it had been superinduced by his circumstances and environment. It is certain that the power of a strong, original personality had begun to tell on his associates. They did not regard young Lincoln as a hero or a saint, but they had absolute confidence in his word, in his honesty. Amid all the temptations of youth and border-life, he remained pure and strictly temperate ; he never, in spite of the examples about him, indulged in profanity. With the increase of the settlement, books grew more abundant. Lincoln continued his habit of strenuous, dogged reading, and never laid down a book for the last time until he had mastered it.

When he was nineteen, a fresh chance came to him. This was to go down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, in a flat-boat "laden with a cargo of produce." The distance was a thousand miles. This must have proved a dazzling offer to the imagination of a youth whose longest trip had been the wilderness-tramp from Kentucky to Indiana. The river-voyage proved a financial success. It was full of novel sights, adventure, and interest to Abraham and his young companions. At New Orleans he was brought in contact with the dark side of slavery, with its degradation, its oppression, its barbarity. What he saw then made an ineffaceable impression on the youth of nineteen.

Before this time he had lost his sister Sally. She was married, a mere child, at fourteen, and died soon after.

The father grew restless again. In 1830 he sold out his squatter's claim, and removed two hundred miles to Illinois. The journey was made with ox-teams, in the last weeks of winter, "over swollen streams and miry roads."

Before he left Indiana young Lincoln had reached his twenty-first birthday. It must have been one of joyful release from a yoke that had long chafed and galled him. The hopes and aspirations of his dawning manhood had been cruelly chilled and oppressed by the grinding toil and the hard circumstances of his home-life. He was ready and eager for the battle with fate, when he would be no longer fretted and hampered on every side. He was now free to come and to go, to keep his own wages, and follow his own bent.

He helped to build the homestead on the "high bank of the north fork of the Sangamon River." Then he went out into the world. Though he felt no other regret, it must have cost him a pang to part with the stepmother whose care and love he always remembered with affectionate gratitude.

Abraham Lincoln was now alone, homeless, penniless, in that young State of Illinois, which, a little later, was to crown him with honors.

The first year of freedom brought no better fortunes than the toils of a hired man in the farm-settlements. Then there was another trip to New Orleans, made this time in a flat-boat built largely with his own hands. The second trip proved, like the first, a financial success to his employers.

Abraham Lincoln, "hiring from job to job of uncertain work," was stranded at New Salem about midsummer of the year 1831. This was a small, new settlement, whose log and pine-board houses were clustered on the Sangamon River, about twenty miles from its smart neighbor, Springfield. New Salem's

chief source of prosperity was a mill owned by a Mr. Rutledge, the principal man of the settlement. The population comprised the lowest, coarsest and roughest elements of the border. The lank, awkward, solemn-faced youth had no employment, and was eagerly looking about for any work which would enable him to solve that first problem of existence—the keeping of soul and body together.

At the time when Abraham Lincoln entered New Salem, his feet were on the lowest rung of that ladder whose topmost height he was to climb within the next two decades. Think of him in his loneliness, his shabbiness, his friendlessness, and then think of the man he was—a little later—to be!

The man was there, too, at that very time, under all the homeliness and awkwardness and hard fortune—the man, honest, resolute, pure-minded, courageous—the very stuff out of which Fortune delights to make her heroes. And all the while she was secretly smiling to herself, and holding her highest gifts in store for him.

It is a curious fact that soon after he appeared at New Salem the rather surprising discovery was made that the newcomer could read and write. This was an accomplishment which gave one a certain distinction amid the rude, drifting population. On election day Lincoln was appointed clerk to record the votes at the polls. His service probably brought him more honor than emolument.

In that rough, drinking, fighting community, other qualities of the "farm-hand and flat-boatman" told in a little while. He proved honest, energetic, industrious when he had a chance to work. His courage, his "length of limb," his immense muscular strength won profound respect. He showed his prowess before a rough, vociferous mob in a wrestling match with the champion bully of the neighborhood.

After a time employment came to young Lincoln, which was

certainly an improvement on all that had gone before. A Mr. Offert, storekeeper at New Salem, offered the young man, to whom he had taken a liking, the position of clerk and salesman. A little later the merchant rented the mill, and proved his satisfaction with his clerk's services by making him foreman.

All this time the man that was in young Lincoln, the man that, despite his lowly birth, his hard fate, his long, bitter struggle, was resolved to rise, to make his place and do his work in the world, was reading, studying the rough human nature about him, and having his long, wise thoughts as he "lay on the counter, waiting for customers, or stretched upon the grass outside in dull seasons, or sat upon a sack of corn between grists at the mill."

At night one kindled shaving after another shone upon the page for which the reader could afford no candle. He heard some talk about grammar, and at once applied to the schoolmaster, a Mr. Graham, for enlightenment. Young Lincoln had a wonderful capacity for asking questions, and managed to gain some fresh information from every person with whom he talked. The schoolmaster happily knew of a grammar six miles away. Lincoln set off to find the owner, purchased the book, and in a short time thoroughly mastered its contents.

He also joined a debating club, and naturally subscribed for a paper. These were the days, too, when he "read and re-read Shakspeare, and almost knew Burns by heart."

No doubt he was sometimes unhappy in this life-and-death grapple with his fate; he felt the goad of ambition, the restlessness of aspiring youth; but he had so hard a fight for every inch of the upward way that, had the grit been less firm, the purpose less earnest and noble, they might have failed.

The store and the mill did not prove a success. When the

one was closed and the other had returned to its owners young Lincoln found himself adrift at New Salem. By this time he had many friends in the settlements. The rough associations, the rude life, were things that he took as a matter of course. If they left their mark on him all his life, it was in no degrading way; he learned to know the common people. In comprehension and sympathy he was a part of them, as he could never have been had his youth lain in less rugged ways.

In 1832 Black Hawk and his braves came across the Mississippi. The frontier was roused. There had not been such talk of war, such enlistments of volunteers, since Andrew Jackson led his Tennesseans against the Seminoles. Lincoln had, the previous year, been chosen captain at a militia muster.

But this time he was to see something of real war; he joined the volunteers; he was again chosen captain, and marched with the little army of twenty-four hundred troops. Zachary Taylor was its colonel.

Captain Lincoln had won a short, sharp military experience. It was yet to prove of great value to himself and his country. In the Black Hawk War, the Indians played their old game of an ambuscade with the rash, inexperienced troops, and succeeded as well as their ancestors had on the old field of Braddock's Defeat.

The tall, lank, grave-faced captain carried himself gallantly through all the heats, "the marching and counter-marching, the hardship and sufferings, which he shared with his men." This, of course, "won their hearts."

With the rout of the savages the war closed, and Lincoln and his company returned to New Salem. In a little while he won fresh laurels in a new field; he made a speech before the debating club. Its force and homely eloquence took his rough audience by storm, and made a strong impression on Mr. James Rutledge, the president of the club, the owner of the New

Salem mill. A few days afterward he advised Lincoln to become a candidate for election to the State Legislature.

The former "farm-hand and flat-boatman" must have been greatly taken by surprise. He modestly declined to run, urging his small acquaintance in the large Sangamon County; but Mr. Rutledge persisted, and the New Salem people sustained the mill-owner. At last the young man yielded. He made stump speeches throughout the county. It was the year of Jackson's second election to the Presidency, and the frontier was shaken with the stormy canvass. Lincoln's first political speech is thoroughly characteristic:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for this State Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and of a high, protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

It is not surprising that Lincoln was defeated in the hot canvass. But New Salem stood by him splendidly. She gave him two hundred and eighty votes; all she had but three.

The defeated candidate tried storekeeping—this time with a partner. The firm did not succeed. Lincoln found himself weighted with a burden of debts, while his partner proved worthless.

In the darkest hours the young man never lost a jot of heart or hope. At this time he was appointed Postmaster of New Salem, this being the first office he held under government. The position did not involve large duties; the mail did not arrive every day. The tradition runs that the Post Office was Abraham Lincoln's hat!

A little later he was surprised by being offered a position as surveyor. He knew nothing of the art, but this was not an indispensable obstacle to one who had his habits of dogged, persistent study. The surveyor who wished to employ him as an assistant brought with him a manual of instruction in the art.

Young Lincoln took the book, buried himself in the country for six weeks, boarding with the schoolmaster who had first enlightened him regarding grammar. At the end of this time he had mastered the art of surveying. Did it ever occur to him, one wonders, that he was following in the steps of the Virginia planter's son—the first President of the United States?

From this time he found steady employment; and the new surveyor's work on the Sangamon prairies proved as accurate and trustworthy as that of George Washington in the Shenandoah Valley.

Judicious friends, at this time, gave him wise and helpful counsels. One—a Mr. Stuart of Springfield—advised young Lincoln to study law. When he had made up his mind to prepare for the bar, he set about the work with his habit of iron determination. "He went to Springfield, borrowed a pile of books of Mr. Stuart, returned with them on his back to New Salem, and began his legal studies." He had now decided upon his future life work, and he put all his intellectual energies into his law-reading. His study was the shade of an oak tree, but it turned out a better lawyer than many a luxurious library.

About this time what was to prove the greatest joy and the deepest grief of Abraham Lincoln's life came to him. He saw what was best and fairest in the world about him, and he loved it with all the strength and loyalty of his deep, silent nature.

Ann Rutledge was the daughter of young Lincoln's warm, personal friend. She was a girl of rare loveliness of person and

character. The country merchant had given his daughter the best advantages which his means and his neighborhood afforded.

Lincoln was thrown much in the society of the young woman, when, during his second year at New Salem, he went to board awhile at her father's house. She had been betrothed to a young man, who at last confessed that he had wooed her under a false name. His explanations, however, were plausible enough to win her pardon, and he started for the East, promising to return and make her his bride.

Letters came for awhile, but the lover never appeared, and at last they ceased altogether. Ann Rutledge was only nineteen, and the faithlessness of the man whose wife she had promised to be was a terrible blow to her young heart. Her charms insured her plenty of admirers eager to take his place, but she found little solace in that reflection.

Her sensitive conscience made Miss Rutledge feel that she was not free to accept a new love while she was not formally released from the old. But the sterling qualities, the real manliness, and the intellectual gifts of her father's young friend won her at last. He must have appeared a kind of awkward Hercules to a young girl with his lank height, his homely features, and his lack of all drawing-room ease and grace. Yet there was some power and attraction in his personality which one could not fail to perceive who was brought, as Ann Rutledge was, into daily companionship with young Lincoln.

He had now a fresh spur to his ambitions ; he was eager to win honors that he might bring them to the beautiful, high-souled maiden, whom he loved with all the strength of his deep, tender nature.

Again a candidate for the Legislature, he made another stamping-tour through the county. The man had acquired a wider range, power, eloquence. His talk went straight to the

reason and the hearts of his audiences. Very few amongst them suspected that a woman was his finest inspiration. At all events he was triumphantly elected to the State Legislature.

Miss Rutledge's delicate scruples yielded at last, and she was betrothed to Abraham Lincoln. They were to be married, it was understood, after he had completed his legal studies.

When the Legislature assembled at Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois, Lincoln walked a hundred miles to join his colleagues. During the session he remained, for the most part, silent, listening, observant; but all his mental powers were deepening and expanding at this period. When the session closed he walked back to New Salem. He had meanwhile gained in valuable knowledge and experience.

In this year of 1835 Abraham Lincoln had his day of brief, supreme happiness, but the shadows gathered upon it before the summer closed. Ann Rutledge's health began to decline. Whether in any case she was too fragile to bear the wear-and-tear of life, or whether the strain of emotion had been too great for a peculiarly sensitive organization, cannot now be known. She had a last interview with her lover, and he left the house almost frantic with grief. She died in the last week of the summer.

It seems almost sacrilege to write of the lover's grief. The reason of the strong, self-poised man was almost unhinged for a time. One must bear in mind how lonely his life had been, and that this was its one romance. There is something unutterably pathetic in that moan out of his loyal heart: "I can never be satisfied to have the snows, rains and storms beat upon her grave!"

One of his friends succeeded at last in inducing him to leave the village, and remain with him for a time. In the quiet his native forces rallied; he buried himself once more in his law studies. When he returned to New Salem, the shock

he had undergone was written in the gloomy, haggard face, that from his birth had been a sad one, despite its gleams of fun and humor. Something in his looks touched the rude, kindly hearts about him.

In 1836 Sangamon County again sent Abraham Lincoln to the Legislature by a larger vote than any candidate received that year. He was, at this time, twenty-seven years old. He again trudged to Vandalia on foot. Here he met, for the first time, Stephen A. Douglas, then only twenty-three. The silent member of the previous session threw himself heart and soul into the business of this one. "He served upon the Committee of Finance : he at once took rank as an able debater and parliamentarian." Through his influence, and that of the other Sangamon County representatives, a bill was passed removing the Illinois capital to Springfield. With his six feet and four inches he must have towered above most of his colleagues. Before the close of the session he boldly avowed his anti-slavery convictions. It required splendid moral courage for a young and modest man to do this before an assembly so hostile that only one member supported Lincoln. Those trips in the flat-boats to New Orleans were bearing fruit.

"When the session closed he walked back to New Salem, his only baggage a bundle in his hand." It was fortunate for him that he had his superb strength, his constitution of oak and iron to fall back upon. They must have been an inheritance from the old Lincoln breed.

In 1839, Mr. Stuart proposed that young Lincoln should enter into a law-partnership with him. It goes without saying that he accepted so flattering an offer. He removed to Springfield, now the capital, and began the practice of law.

The story of the childhood and youth of struggle, poverty, hardship is ended at last. I do not believe that boy of the frontier ever wasted much time in envying rich men's sons their

smoother lot and their larger opportunities. With his superb health and his indomitable will, he had looked his hard fortune in the face, and made up his mind for the fight and the victory.

From the time that he removed to Springfield the narrative of Abraham Lincoln's life is one of steadily growing success and prosperity. Everybody is familiar with the story. In a little while he had earned a wide reputation at the bar. His clear, forcible, logical presentation of a case had an immense influence on the minds of the jury; he employed no sophistries; he indulged in no plausible talk, which perplexed and confused the understandings of plain, honest men; "he had none of the graces of oratory; but he had an intuitive insight into the human heart, a clearness of statement which was itself an argument, with uncommon power and felicity of illustration, often, it is true, of a plain and homely kind."

"He would never advocate a cause which he did not believe to be a just one, and no amount of odium or unpopularity could dissuade him from undertaking a cause where he thought the right was with his client."

During this time young Lincoln was frequently a guest at the house of his intimate friend, Mr. Ninian Edwards. He met there Miss Mary Todd, a bright, vivacious young lady, the sister-in-law of his host. Like Lincoln, she was from Kentucky, although her home-life and early advantages had been, in many respects, immensely superior to his own. But the young lady soon perceived, beneath all external drawbacks, the high abilities and sterling qualities of the young lawyer.

The romance of Abraham Lincoln's life was in the grave of Ann Rutledge; but the man's heart was lonely and empty. After a while he and Miss Todd were engaged. It is not necessary to enter into the details of the courtship. They were married, and Abraham Lincoln had won—what he never really had before—a home. This was in 1841.

The record of the next twenty years is one of constantly enlarging public life, of increasing responsibilities, of accumulating honors, until these are at last crowned with the nation's highest gift.

The limits of this biography permit only a glance at the ascending fortunes. In 1847, the Sangamon district—always loyal to Lincoln—sent him to Congress. In all the vital questions which engaged its attention at that critical period the new member took a decided part, and defended his positions with great ability and earnestness. He left no doubt that he would follow his convictions wherever they might lead him.

They led him into an unflinching opposition to the extension of slavery; they led him also to delivering that series of immortal campaign speeches, in which he matched his strength against his powerful political rival, Stephen A. Douglas. Lincoln's speeches at this time made him famous throughout the country. The first one, delivered at Ottawa, was listened to by an audience of twelve thousand people. "Everywhere Mr. Lincoln proved his superiority, both in intellectual power and soundness of moral position."

But this position was an advanced one for those days, and the people of Illinois, though they were aroused and impressed, "were not quite ready to follow Lincoln." If Douglas had been worsted on the platform, he none the less went to the Senate.

No doubt Lincoln's disappointment was, for the moment, keen, though he said of his defeat in his quaint, homely fashion, "I felt like the boy who had stubbed his toe—too badly to laugh, and too big to cry."

By this time the boy whose beginnings were the Kentucky woods and the Indiana river-bottoms, the log cabin and the "pole-shelter," had won a national reputation, and was recognized as one of the leaders of the new Republican party. Invi-

tations to speak crowded upon him ; he went to Kansas, and afterward to New York and to New England ; he captivated his audiences, whether they belonged to the Western frontier, or to the most polished and cultivated circles of old Eastern cities.

At Cooper Institute, where his audience was largely composed of the most distinguished citizens of New York, his speech aroused unbounded enthusiasm. His originality, his real greatness, and his odd personality, all served to make him an object of marked interest to the polished Eastern people among whom he was now thrown. This tall, gaunt, sinewy Western lawyer, with his shrewdness, his apt, homely illustrations that went straight to the mark, and his eloquence that held his hearers thrilled and spellbound, was something quite out of their line. Some of these were curious to learn, if possible, the secret of his power. To one of his new friends, who inquired about his early education, he replied in his frank, simple way : "Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct, I never went to school more than six months in my life ; I can say this, that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when people talked to me in a way I could not understand.

"I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings.

"I could not sleep, although I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it ; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy to understand. That was a kind of

passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, until I have bounded its north and south, east and west."

The Republican Convention, which met in Chicago in June, 1860, was to prove the most momentous one which had assembled on this continent since that old one, which, seventy-three summers before, had framed in Philadelphia the Constitution of the United States. The history of the Chicago Convention cannot be dwelt on here. In its crowded, tumultuous assemblies one name was long and oftenest on men's lips for the Presidency. It was that of a great statesman and true patriot, William H. Seward. But when the Convention separated, it had, to the amazement of great sections of the country, nominated Abraham Lincoln.

It was characteristic of the man that when, a little later, the committee, in accordance with the etiquette of the occasion, called at his simple home to inform him of his nomination, he "pledged their mutual healths in pure Adam's ale from the spring;" he averred, "that it was the only beverage he had ever used or allowed in his family."

During the summer and autumn which followed the nation held its breath, awaiting the election on which such vast issues were to hang. In November it was known throughout the length and breadth of the land that Abraham Lincoln would be the next President of the United States.

The hour had struck; and the man who had been trained in the hard, rough, hidden ways, had come to his place and his task.

During the winter which followed he sat under his quiet roof-tree at Springfield, watching the course of events, with his shrewd, intent, far-seeing gaze. And what events they were! For the South, gone mad now with pride and rage, was resolved that the new President should have no "rights, power, or

authority within her borders." By February 1, 1861, seven States had seceded from the Union.

A great sadness, during these waiting weeks, fell upon the soul of the man who was so soon to take his place at the nation's helm. Lincoln had been reading the signs of the times with a farther piercing vision than any other statesman of that day. He had a prescience of the struggle that was coming, of the dark and bloody years that were at hand.

As the winter went its way there were other things to him than its storms, and its snows in the air. That was full of mournful voices of dread and terror, of prophecies of anguish and desolation to come.

Abraham Lincoln was barely fifty-three when he left Springfield, which he was never to see again, for Washington. He was really in his prime, but everybody thought of him as an old man. Those who liked him trusted him, spoke of him affectionately as "Old Abe." I suspect he was called that in his boyhood, in the low home, and among his playmates. With those homely features and that solemn face, he must always have had an odd, unchildlike look.

Probably Abraham Lincoln was the saddest man—unless possibly it may have been George Washington—who ever went from his home to the Presidential post.

The history of the Civil War does not belong to this narrative. The part which Abraham Lincoln played during those four great historic years has been read of all men. We know with what tireless patience and courage he tried to conciliate his foes and avert the war. But when the storm broke at last, and there was no appeal between the North and the South but the God of Battles, we know, too, how grandly he met the issues and proved himself equal to the time, and how he freed the slave and saved the Union.

It almost dizzies one now to think what burdens he had to

bear, what cares and responsibilities were laid on that strong, patient, saddened man.

Abraham Lincoln grew larger and wiser with the times, as all great souls do with occasion. There was necessarily much in the circumstances of his new position which afforded no precedents to guide him ; and he was often obliged to fall back upon his own instincts, his rare common sense, his sound judgment. Much, of course, had to be tentative and experimental during the first years of his administration. He had to learn men, and the places they were born to fill, and this required time and trial.

His military training had been limited to a few weeks' service during his youth in the Black Hawk War. Yet the Constitution made him Commander-in-Chief of the great Northern armies, and he was held responsible for their organization, the conduct of their officers, and the success or failure in the field. The wonder is, not that he made some mistakes, but that they were so few.

Great as were the burdens on this man's thought and brain through all those four years, the burden on his heart was heavier, and that never slipped off—never, indeed, lightened. When the first regiments that the North sent to Washington marched before the President in their glittering bravery and gayly saluted him, the sad eyes grew sadder as they looked on all the pomp and parade. For Abraham Lincoln saw beyond these, the awful shadows of the battle-fields, and the dead and the dying were there ; and he thought of the darkened homes in all the Northern and Southern land, where the women—tender mothers and wives, sisters and daughters—would weep their woman's tears and break their woman's hearts over those who had gone out brave and confident, and who would never come back again.

“The boys !” I think that in a very deep, tender sense

they were all Abraham Lincoln's "boys" who went to the war; that he carried them constantly in his heart and thoughts through all those terrible four years.

Once the shadow that was filling the homes of the land fell upon the White House hearthstone. Under the quiet roof at Springfield one boy after another had come, until there were a trio to bear the father's name and make the tired heart glad with the life and fun of childhood. The second of these—"little Willie, a peculiarly promising child"—sickened and died suddenly during the first year of his father's administration.

It was a terrible blow to the burdened man, though the times allowed him no pause for grief; but his own loss gave him thereafter a deeper, more intimate sympathy with every mourning household in the land.

He grew greater, not only in knowledge and wisdom, but in simple goodness. He carried his own sorrows—he carried the great Nation which had set him in its highest place, and trusted him with its life, to the help and the pity of God.

Perhaps no one during these years penetrated to the innermost of this man's life. But those who knew Abraham Lincoln best, and met him oftenest at this time, saw that a change had come over him. There was a new life in the man. A deeper faith, a surer trust, a larger charity, were evident in all his speech and action, and those who listened and watched wisely, knew that God had not failed him.

The war went its long way of agony for North and South. In due time came that "Emancipation Proclamation," for which neither ruler nor people at the beginning had been ripe. During his first administration the nation and its President had grown slowly to trust each other; and when another "political Olympiad" came around, the people's verdict again made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States.

By this time it had become evident to all who had the vision to pierce coming events that the cause of the Southern Confederacy—maintained at such long cost and with such high courage—was in its death throes. The second inaugural of the President had about it a calm atmosphere of assured coming victory. Sherman was making his historic march to the sea, and Grant was steadily approaching Richmond.

There came a day in the soft April weather, when the President learned that Richmond was evacuated. On that same day, he made his entrance into the captured city. But the victor went with no signs of triumph. A tall man, with a sad, kindly, furrowed face, was seen moving on foot through the streets, leading his young son by the hand. Around him joyous crowds of colored people pressed, shouting and sobbing, and hailing him as their Liberator.

“The President took his hat off reverently and bowed; but he could not speak, for the tears were pouring down his cheeks.”

It was such a scene as the world had never witnessed before. Never had one of its conquerors made a like triumphal progress. How the light and joy of that scene shine against all the dark background of this man's days! Did he remember them at that time? Did he think that all the struggle and hardship had not been too great a price to pay for that hour?

Yet when Abraham Lincoln left Richmond that day, his work was virtually done.

Less than two weeks afterward, April 14, 1865, the end came. It is useless going over here with the story that the world knows by heart. It has gone with him to the theatre where the tired President went that night, partly at his wife's request, partly to give body and soul some relaxation from the long burden and strain they had undergone. The North was in its first flush of joy and victory; but Abraham Lincoln must

have felt that the future still held for him new cares, and vast responsibilities, and untried duties.

In that peaceful hour Death waited for him. It came stealthily, but it came swift and sure—when there was no dream of danger, when Abraham Lincoln's loyal people were all about him, and when his heart was stilled, with an unutterable gladness and gratitude, because the *war was ended*.



Andrew Johnson

THE
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ANDREW JOHNSON.

ON the morning of April 15, 1865, Andrew Johnson became President of the United States. The Vice-President of six weeks took his oath of office under circumstances which might well appall the stoutest heart. A man must have been more or less than human whose nature was not stirred to its depths by the conditions and events amid which the new Executive passed to the nation's chief place.

For that fair April morning was the saddest that ever rose over America. The beloved President had just breathed his last in the little chamber where they had borne him from the theater in that unconsciousness from which he never roused after the assassin's bullet had struck him down.

The knowledge of the great tragedy came upon the country in its hour of rejoicing. The air of all the North-land was tremulous with the ringing of bells which celebrated the return of peace, when the blackness fell, and the hush which followed was broken only by voices of mourning.

In that hour all eyes were of course turned to the man upon whose shoulders the mantle of the dead President had fallen. In the shadow of death Andrew Johnson went up to the place of the lost ruler. In doubt, consternation, dismay, all loyal people began to ask themselves of what stuff the man was made, who at this unparalleled hour had been intrusted with the destinies of the nation.

He had been elected Vice-President with scant knowledge of his real character outside that section of interior country where he had been born and played his part with signal

honor and success. When the test came that tried men's souls, he had proved faithful to the Union ; he had pleaded its cause with his ringing, fiery speeches, at the risk of his life ; he had been hunted over the land ; his helpless family had been forced to fly from their home. Yet Andrew Johnson's loyalty had proved of the highest strain. The fortune he had accumulated and the friendships of his life had all been sacrificed to his love for that old flag beneath which he had been born and reared. This was what men were telling each other, and trying to take comfort in the thought, on that baleful Saturday morning, April 15, 1865.

But despite all this record of heroic endurance and loyalty, there lay a doubt and a dread at the heart of things—a feeling that this man, Andrew Johnson, who had just become President of the United States, was largely an “unknown quantity.”

He owed nothing to fortune, unless her frowns mean, in the long run, the fairest fate ; his beginnings were the straitest and humblest ; he was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, just at the close of the eighth year of the century ; his parents were too poor to give him any advantages of schooling, at a time when these at their best were meager enough. When Andrew was five, his father was drowned, while heroically attempting to save a friend's life. The widow was left with her fatherless boy on her hands, and managed to keep soul and body of both together by her labor.

At ten, Andrew, unable to read or write, a fact certainly of little credit to the authorities at Raleigh, was apprenticed to a tailor : he worked at the trade until he was sixteen, by which time he had managed to learn his letters. At eighteen he removed with his mother to Greenville, a small town in eastern Tennessee. Here he did, what proved to be the most fortunate thing in a life which held many of fortune's great prizes, he made a wise and happy marriage. With his active, vigorous personal-

ity, his strong, impulsive nature, there must have been something powerfully magnetic about Andrew Johnson. His wife is said to have been a very attractive girl, and her educational advantages had been superior to his own. With a woman's tact and devotion she set herself to teaching her young husband. She read to him while he worked, and during the evenings he was her intent and eager pupil. Under such an influence he soon acquired the rudiments of an education ; he possessed much native ability and his memory had a lasting grip on anything which he learned. From the time of his marriage Andrew Johnson's progress was steadily upward.

At twenty the North Carolina boy was an alderman; at twenty-two he was Mayor of Greenville. About this time he was also appointed one of the trustees of Rhea Academy. He must have had unusual mental quality, as well as moral force, to attain these positions at that age. He had also a native oratorical gift, a power of pungent, fiery speech, which soon gathered about him eager and enthusiastic audiences in his neighborhood.

It was inevitable that a man of this kind should early become interested in politics. Young Johnson was in the State where Andrew Jackson was the central figure, and he followed his chief with all the devotion of his ardent, resolute, combative nature. The elder political leader had taken full possession of the younger's imagination. This fact should never be lost sight of. It was always Johnson's aim to follow in the lines, and to shape his political methods after the example of the hero of the Hermitage. There were many suggestive analogies between the early lives of the two men. Johnson must have been acutely conscious of this fact. Both were natives of the same State. Both had become Tennesseans by adoption. It was a rather striking coincidence that the initials of both names were identical.

It has been said that Andrew Johnson was always gratified by "a comparison between his qualities and those of General

Jackson." But sagacious observers, who studied the characters of the two men, did not think the resemblance so intimate and permanent as the younger fancied them.

Whatever honest ambitions or personal vanities Andrew Johnson might cherish, his career from the time he reached early manhood was certain to encourage these. At twenty-seven he was elected to the Tennessee House of Representatives; afterward he went to the State Senate.

These, however, were but the lower rungs of that political ladder which he was destined to climb. In 1843 Tennessee sent him a Representative to Congress, and by succeeding elections he held the office for ten years. In 1853 he was Governor of Tennessee, and re-elected when his first term expired.

No man could have held these varied and high positions for so many years without possessing marked character and ability. This one had outstripped in the race many of his contemporaries who had been born in wealth and nurtured in kindly atmospheres, and equipped with every social and educational advantage.

Andrew Johnson had the reputation among his neighbors and political colleagues of unflinching courage and unsullied integrity. This was greatly to his credit, but it must also be said that he was opinionated, obstinate and aggressive. Whatever he did he did with his whole heart and soul. When he was kindled into boundless enthusiasm for a cause or a measure, his fervid oratory, his strong, terse, pungent sentences, carried his audiences with him. In his best moments his forceful personality, his powerful declamation, and the courage and fire of the man, made an impression on cool heads and strong intellects. Of course, a Democrat of the Jackson type would, on all political issues, take the side of the people, and identify his interests with theirs.

Johnson was immensely popular; he said and did striking and

original things which interested and amused the people. One of the many characteristic anecdotes related of him was, that when Governor of Tennessee, he sent his brother Governor of Kentucky, who had been his early friend and companion, "a very handsome suit of clothes, cut and made with his own hands."

The Kentucky Governor, who had been a blacksmith in his young days, not to be outdone, "forged a very neat pair of shovel and tongs, which he sent to Governor Johnson, with the wish that they would help to keep alive the flame of their old friendship."

Tennessee had not yet exhausted her rôle of honors for Andrew Johnson. In 1857 she sent him to the Senate. Here he worked faithfully on the party lines until the prospect of secession set all the patriotism of his powerful nature aflame. On this issue the great popular leader separated from his party fearlessly, absolutely. No doubt he recalled Jackson's course in the Nullification era, and aimed at following in his predecessor's footsteps. It is certain that the Tennessee Senator left no stone unturned to save his State to the Union.

He made a grand figure as he stood almost alone amongst his political associates, and fought in the Senate against secession with a courage and zeal that would have delighted the soul of Andrew Jackson. Some of Johnson's speeches were like battle-cries, and they goaded his opponents to frenzy.

But no menaces and no dangers could move him. In that mad time all terrible passions were let loose. Johnson was burned in effigy at Memphis. He returned to Tennessee to find a price set upon his head. His house was sacked; his wife, an invalid, and his child, were driven into the streets, and forced to wander houseless fugitives through the country. For a long time they remained in ignorance of his fate.

In February, 1862, the capture of Forts Henry and Donel-

son restored a part of Tennessee to the Union. Johnson's turn came now. President Lincoln appointed him Military Governor of the State. He entered upon his office with a zeal which had been inflamed by his persecutions. "He sent the Mayor of Nashville and the City Council to the penitentiary for refusing to take the oath of allegiance." He threatened his enemies with prison and hanging. When the rebel armies again entered the State, and the timid began to falter, Governor Johnson's words went like an arrow to its mark: "I am no military man, but any one who talks of surrendering I will shoot."

The speeches and deeds of the loyal Tennessee Governor were widely related throughout the North and created profound admiration.

When the National Republican Convention met in Baltimore, June, 1864, and re-nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, Andrew Johnson was nominated for the vice-presidency.

A great mass-meeting assembled at Nashville to ratify his nomination. The Governor addressed it with characteristic boldness. "In trying to save slavery," he said, "you killed it, and lost your own freedom."

Perhaps the greatest day in Andrew Johnson's life was October 24, 1864, when he made his famous address to a dense mass of colored people in Nashville. The hour, the scene and the circumstances, all combined to kindle his imagination, and to bring out the whole man at his best. The speech filled his vast audience with wild enthusiasm; but when Johnson reached his grand climax and declared himself the Moses who would lead the people from bondage into liberty and peace, the tumult that followed, the ecstasy of joy that broke out in sobs and shouts, and in a wild uproar of voices, baffled all description. As Andrew Johnson descended that day from the steps of the capitol, where, no doubt, every word of his burning speech had

been uttered in perfect sincerity, he left the proudest scene of his life.

That speech electrified the North. A little later Andrew Johnson was elected Vice-President of the United States. Six weeks afterward he succeeded Abraham Lincoln.

There was alike throughout the North and the South, a belief that the new President would deal in a far sterner temper with the conquered people than his murdered predecessor would have done. Andrew Johnson came from a locality where all the passions of war had run rampant. They had filled all the fair land of East Tennessee with vindictive madness. The new President had been goaded by cruel wrongs to himself and to those dearest to him. It was feared alike by friends and foes that, now he was invested with the vast powers of the presidency, he would use them in a high-handed and remorseless fashion. All Johnson's speeches at this critical period, as well as his own character, tended to emphasize the general impression that he would adopt a vindictive and resentful policy. He talked of "punishing treason and hanging traitors" in a way that ill accorded with that generous temper in which the North desired to close the long civil contest.

But in a little while, to the boundless amazement of the country, the new President's views and feelings underwent a total change. The causes which brought this about have perhaps never been fully explained. His own character had much to do with the matter. Then he fell under powerfully persuasive and subtle Cabinet influences. It is a marvelous fact that in a few weeks the President's attitude toward the leaders of the rebellion and the conquered States, was precisely the opposite of his former one. He no longer denounced and threatened. All his speeches and acts indicated his inflexible purpose to forget the past and to exact no safeguards for the future.

It should always be remembered, in explanation of Andrew Johnson's course at this time, that he was by birth, instincts, training, a Southerner, though he had in the Civil War thoroughly identified himself with the North. But with the return of peace the old feelings reasserted themselves. The thought of becoming the friend and benefactor of the South must have gratified his vanity, as well as his more generous feelings. No doubt he had had in early life to endure many slights and indignities in a locality where the spirit of caste was strong and social exclusiveness had very much the force of law.

Andrew Johnson was not the kind of man to forget words or acts that had stung him; he could not fail to reflect that the tables were turned now. Those who had formerly felt themselves greatly his social superiors would be glad to sue humbly for his favor.

However natural this feeling was, it was not the magnanimous one of the true statesman. It was the President's misfortune that he could not in his high place divest himself of all merely personal considerations. His conceit, too, had been intensified by all the circumstances of his life. His inborn obstinacy, however it might have braced him in his early battle with fortune, could only be harmful where the interests of a great nation were at stake. In a little while Abraham Lincoln's successor had proved he was not the man for the time and the post.

The Reconstruction policy, the long and bitter quarrel with Congress, cannot be dwelt on here. As the controversy deepened, the President's anger was inflamed, his will was hardened, his tongue was loosened, he forgot the dignities of his position, and in his famous tour to Chicago, he denounced his opponents, inveighed against Congress, and lauded his own policy in a series of singularly unfortunate public speeches.

These coarse and denunciatory harangues, which had much

of the rant and bravado of rustic stump oratory, disgusted and embittered the people. The party which had elected Johnson, the soldiers who had saved the Union, felt that he had betrayed them.

The President, exasperated by opposition, went on his mad, defiant course. He vetoed bill after bill which Congress had passed, until that body, insulted and outraged, resolved on his impeachment.

The trial of President Johnson took place before the Senate, and was conducted with a "solemnity, dignity and order befitting the occasion." The charges, however, on which he was tried did not make the real count against him in the thought of Congress or of the people. He was saved from deposition by a single vote.

There is no doubt that, to the last, he believed himself in the right. He probably anticipated that in the end the nation would vindicate his course by a re-election, but the nominations of 1868 convinced him of his mistake.

Andrew Johnson must have retired from the presidency an embittered and disappointed man. In his own eyes he was still a hero; and in his prolonged battle with Congress, he always regarded himself as playing the part of a pure and enlightened patriot.

The President had a kind heart, and many qualities which endeared him to his family and neighbors. He had a shrewd, alert face, with large rugged features and keen eyes. One finds in his whole expression, hints of those qualities which had enabled him to surmount all the obstacles that stood in the path of success, and which would have disheartened a nature of less verve and determination.

It was his good fortune to have women of fine character always about him. The wife to whom his youth owed so much, was too broken in health to take on herself the duties of

mistress of the White House, but her daughter, Mrs. Martha Patterson, took her mother's place. Its responsibilities were at this time particularly onerous. Mrs. Patterson entered the White House to find it in a greatly disordered condition, and she devoted all her energy and taste to supervising its restoration. Aided by an appropriation from the government, she succeeded in making a vast improvement in the interior.

In these arrangements, as well as in her social duties, Mrs. Patterson was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Stover. But the ladies of Mr. Johnson's family probably felt few regrets when the time came to leave the White House and return to their home in Tennessee.

The President's Southern friends had applauded his course, and it was a necessity of his ardent, active nature that he should resume his public life. After a period of rest he engaged once more with all his old fervor in the political conflicts of the time.

Six years after he retired from the presidency Tennessee once more sent Andrew Johnson to the Senate. A fortnight after he took his seat he made a speech which proved that time had not ameliorated the old temper, the old convictions and personal resentments.

In that session Andrew Johnson did his last public work. When Congress closed he returned to Tennessee, and in the following July, 1875, he died suddenly while visiting his youngest daughter at Carter's Station.

Those who loved him were all about him at the last, and he no doubt died in the confident belief that he had served his country with as unsullied a patriotism as that of Andrew Jackson.



J. A. Stewart.

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ULYSSES S. GRANT.

ONE evening, in the spring of 1861, there was great excitement at Hanover, a small town a few miles to the south of Galena, Illinois. The firing on Fort Sumter, the call for volunteers to defend the Union, had thoroughly aroused all the Northern land. A mass-meeting had been appointed at the town-hall, but the crowds that responded had proved too large for the building. At last they repaired to the Presbyterian church, an old brick structure with ample accommodations. On that spring night such meetings were being held over all the loyal country. The people of Hanover, fired by addresses ringing with courage and patriotism, were reluctant to separate. At last a comparative stranger in the crowded assembly was called upon for a speech; he rose with an embarrassed air; he was a man of rather heavy build, of average height, with square features and resolute jaw; he was conspicuous on this occasion for the old blue army-coat—the only one in the audience—which he wore; he had been through the Mexican War, and later had been promoted to a captaincy, when with his regiment on the Pacific coast.

A silence fell upon the large audience, and all eyes were turned to the man standing there in his blue army-coat. At last he said, in a quiet, familiar fashion, and with a good deal of effort:

“Boys, I can’t make a speech. I never made a speech in my life. But when the time comes to go to the front, I am ready to go with you.”

The man who said this in the old brick meeting-house at Hanover was Ulysses S. Grant.

It is worth while looking at him a moment as he stands there, reluctant and shy, with no gifts or graces of oratory, the only distinction he had ever won, that captain's old blue army-coat.

On the night when he made that brief speech in Hanover, Ulysses Grant was barely thirty-nine years old. There was nothing in his past or his present which made the outlook for his future a promising one. Indeed, most men in his case might have felt that the "run of luck" had been particularly against them.

There is no story of poverty and bitter hardships to record of his beginnings. They form, in this respect, a sharp contrast to those of Abraham Lincoln. Ulysses Grant was born April 29, 1822, at Point Pleasant, in Clermont County, Ohio. He came of old English stock; his ancestors had emigrated to Massachusetts during the earliest years of the colony. Nearly a century and a half later, one of the race was present at the battle of Bunker Hill; he afterward emigrated to Ohio. The old soldier was not thrifty, and his son, Jesse, had a hand-to-hand battle with fate in the new country beyond the Alleghanies. In time he had married, acquired a simple, comfortable home, and his circumstances were probably much better than those of many of his neighbors, when his son, Ulysses, first saw the light on the banks of the Ohio.

In the autumn of the following year the family removed to Georgetown in the adjoining county. The boy's earliest memories clustered about this place, for the childhood and boyhood of Ulysses S. Grant were passed in this county-seat, on what was then the Western frontier.

They were pleasant memories, and the man liked to dwell on them when his life had reached the zenith of its success and glory. His childhood opened in a simple, wholesome atmosphere, where all the influences were kindly, and the home

affections strong. The boy's energies were early stimulated, and his muscles developed by various out-door work, which he probably never regarded as hardship. Ulysses' father combined leather manufacturing with farming. At seven or eight the boy drove the wagons loaded with wood from the forest to the house. "At eleven he was strong enough to hold a plow." After that time his history, until he was seventeen, is that of a contented, industrious, good-tempered home boy. It was a life which lacked, of course, some of the advantages and refining influences of an older phase of civilization; but it was a happy, wholesome life for a boy. When Ulysses Grant looked back upon it no gaunt face of the wolf cast its shadow inside the simple door of his home. The kindly father and mother were there, and the family discipline was so light that it might have proved harmful to a boy of a different temperament and tendencies. The parents "never scolded or punished their children." If Ulysses, when the work was done, went his own way, it was one of simple, rational games and pastimes. He had a passion for horses, and was on the back of one as often and as long as possible; he went fishing and swimming in the creek in summer, and had jolly times skating and sleigh-riding in the winter; a rather shy, silent, independent boy, not given to sowing wild oats, but putting his heart into his work or his play, and in either to be depended upon.

What was of vastly more importance, Ulysses had the best school advantages which the neighborhood afforded. These were slender enough at best. The father, an intelligent man, much given to reading, deplored his own scant schooling "which had been limited to six months," and was resolved that his young son should have a better chance; he sent him regularly to school, and this was better than not going at all, even with the very meager teaching he received. What golden opportunities young Grant's would have seemed to Abraham

Lincoln, born across the line in Kentucky thirteen years before him ! But the struggles and hardships of the latter's boyhood and youth form a much more picturesque and dramatic history than that of Ulysses Grant's smoother, happier one.

He was seventeen when that event occurred which was to color and shape all his future life. The father had ambitions for his son, and when he learned "there was a vacancy from the district," applied for the appointment of Ulysses to West Point Academy. The appointment came in due time, much to the youth's surprise, not greatly at first to his pleasure ; he dreaded the examinations, and, with his lack of egotism, feared that he should fail in them ; but the father had set his heart on the matter, and his will was law ; so Ulysses went to West Point. A part of the journey was made by the river steamer, a part by the canal boat. The boy saw everything with his quiet, observant eyes, among other things, and for the first time, a railroad. Still, amid all the novel scenes and experiences, the end of the journey was like a grim specter perpetually before him ; and he would have been thankful if some "temporary injury" had disabled him, so that he could have escaped West Point.

He loitered a little at Philadelphia and New York ; he arrived at West Point in the last of May, 1839. Here, much to his surprise, he passed the examinations without difficulty.

His life as a cadet does not appear to have been particularly agreeable, as his record certainly was not a brilliant one. He had not the instincts and habits of the scholar, except for mathematics ; for these he had a genius. He read much fiction at this time, but it was always of the best sort ; he admits, with his usual frankness, that time hung heavily with him ; he would have been glad, at least during the first year, if Congress had passed the bill under discussion for abolishing the Military Academy !

It is evident that the Ohio boy was home-sick and hungered for a sight of the household faces, and for the free, wide, outdoor life, the long horse back rides in the woods and along the rough old country roads about Georgetown.

When General Scott came to review the cadets at West Point, young Grant was quite dazzled by the superb figure, the commanding air, the showy uniform; he regarded Scott as the man of men, and had a "momentary presentiment" that "he should one day occupy the General's place on a review." Beyond this he seems to have had no military ambitions and no intention of even remaining in the army.

At the end of two years he was home again for the summer furlough, but this time he went to Bethel, twelve miles from Georgetown, where the family were now living. His happiness was greatly enhanced by the possession of a young horse which had been purchased for his use during the furlough.

On his return to West Point time hung somewhat less heavily. The life there, with its unvarying routine, its rigid discipline, never suited young Grant; his health broke seriously before his graduation; he had a very stubborn cough, and there were fears that he had inherited certain consumptive tendencies of his family. But he rallied with the return home and with the long horseback rides.

Young Grant graduated about the middle of his class in 1843. Despite his first aversion to a military life, he had, before leaving West Point, made up his mind to enter the army. He was "assigned to duty with the Fourth United States Infantry, at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. It was the largest military post in the country at that time."

The young brevet second lieutenant had not been long in his new quarters before he visited one of his classmates, whose family were living a few miles from the barracks, on an estate called White Haven. Several young people, brothers and sis-

ters of his classmate, were in the household. Lieutenant Grant found the family at White Haven so hospitable and agreeable that he often rode over to see his young classmate.

Here he must frequently have heard the name of the eldest sister, Miss Julia Dent, who had been for several years at boarding-school in St. Louis. In the following year she returned home. The shy, silent officer was at once attracted by his classmate's sister. His visits from that time had a new interest. The young people saw a good deal of each other, and a friendship, simple, cordial, natural, like the character of both, grew up between the young officer and the girl, fresh from boarding-school. They had frequent walks and horse-back drives together. They made social visits to the people in the neighborhood; and all the while Grant was finding a deeper charm in the society of the bright, attractive girl, but neither appears to have had at this time any thoughts of a closer relation than their existing one.

So little wish or desire had the young lieutenant to remain in the army that, soon after he reached Jefferson Barracks, he applied for the post of Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point. The reply was so encouraging that he was satisfied he should soon have obtained his appointment, had not the Mexican War broken out and changed all his plans.

At this time the annexation of Texas had become a matter of absorbing interest in the politics of the country. Young Grant had been, from the beginning, utterly opposed to a measure which shocked all his instincts of honor and justice.

He had obtained leave of absence for a short trip to Ohio, when his regiment was ordered to Louisiana. He was at home when he learned this. He learned something else at the same time. The prospect of a separation from Miss Dent revealed to him the real nature of his feeling for her.

It was like his sturdy, straightforward character to resolve

to see her at once, to tell his story and learn his fate. He returned to the barracks, obtained a farther leave of absence, and immediately sought an interview with Miss Dent, swimming his horse with great difficulty over a swollen creek before he could reach her side.

The shy lieutenant stammered his story in the young girl's ear ; but a true, manly, and loyal heart went with the few awkward words. Miss Dent had discerned the man behind all the silence and the shyness. The breaking up of the regiment at the barracks had brought to the joyous, warm-hearted girl some unaccountable sense of loss and loneliness.

Young Grant's words revealed her heart to herself, and her reply must have made him the happiest of men.

The youth of both, and the lieutenant's circumstances, did not permit any thoughts of immediate marriage, but the affection of the two was from that moment deep and loyal. It stood the test of long separation and adverse fortunes. That young girl, to whom Ulysses Grant stammered his proposal, was to prove herself in all his marvelously varied career the chief happiness of his life.

Grant followed his regiment, the Fourth Infantry, to Louisiana, and the young people had to content themselves with frequent letters. The lieutenant did not carry his heart into the business when he went into camp at Fort Jessup, Louisiana, betwixt the Red River and the Sabine. Whatever ostensible reasons might be assigned for the presence of the United States troops on the scene, he knew perfectly well, as everybody else did, that they were intended as a menace against Mexico. All his life Ulysses Grant never wavered in the conviction that the first war in which he was engaged was a wrong and a shame—the injustice of a strong nation to a weaker one. In a few simple, straightforward words he characterizes the military occupation and annexation of Texas as “a conspiracy to ac-

quire territory out of which slave States might be formed for the Union." It is, however, only justice to add that, having forced the war upon the feeble, helpless government, and obtained a victory so thorough and complete that the conquered country lay prostrate and helpless at the feet of its powerful foe, the United States did not behave after the usual manner of conquerors. The American nation paused at its moment of triumph, made a treaty of peace, and paid fifteen millions for the wild territories it might easily have overrun and seized.

Young Grant's military career in Mexico can barely be glanced at now : he did his part honestly and bravely wherever it fell to him, whether it was in the long monotonous marches through the torrid, arid country, or on the varied battle-fields of Palo Alto, of Resaca de la Palma, of Monterey, or in the siege of Vera Cruz and the capture of the city of Mexico ; he served first under General Taylor, and afterward under General Scott. One gets an impression that the young lieutenant had to fall back on all his dogged staying power to get through with those four years of service in that country of wide, desolate plains, and picturesque mountain passes. His ambition certainly were not stimulated by rapid promotion. The earliest which he received was at the city of Mexico, where he was advanced to a first lieutenancy. Later, he was regimental quarter-master and commissary.

Little, however, as he imagined it, this Mexican campaign service was to prove invaluable to himself and to his country. In his subordinate place he was learning much of the business of war, and, in his shrewd, silent way, forming his own tenacious opinions. In that long campaign, and amid the good-comradeship of army life, he was acquiring much knowledge of men, then greatly his superiors, whom he was afterward to meet as foes, on equal ground, and on vastly larger battle-fields. He was faithful and untiring in the discharge of all his duties ; but he exhibited

no brilliant qualities. Nobody certainly credited him with a spark of genius, and he himself would be the last man to do that.

When the treaty was ratified and the victorious army left Mexico, Grant's regiment was ordered into camp at Mississippi in the heats of the summer of 1848. Here he obtained leave of absence for four months. He soon set out for White Haven. It must have been a happy hour for the long absent lover when he greeted his betrothed once more. He was married to Miss Dent, August 22, 1848.

In April of the following year he was ordered for garrison duty to Detroit, Michigan. He remained here two years. In 1851 the Fourth Infantry was sent to California. It was a wonder that any of the regiment lived to get there, after the discomforts of the long, perilous trip, and the unutterable horrors of the Isthmus, which they reached in midsummer, and where they encountered cholera. Between the dying men and the defaulting contractor, Grant, who was regimental quartermaster, had his hands full ; he worked quiet and resolute through the dreadful time, and early in December reached San Francisco, with all the regiment that had survived the cholera. Here new scenes awaited him : he found himself in the midst of a strange, rough, picturesque life ; in short, he was now in the midst of that gold-mining frenzy, which makes the early periods of California history more exciting and dramatic than the wildest dreams of the novelist. Lieutenant Grant had a chance to study the novel world about him in his shrewd, penetrating fashion, before he was ordered to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River.

In 1853 he was promoted to a captaincy. His new command was stationed at Humboldt Bay, California, in the Redwood region ; he remained here, however, only a short period.

By this time the charm of the Western life had exercised its fascination upon Grant ; he had grown so attached to the country that he was resolved on making it his future home.

But his domestic affections were very strong, and he could not be content to remain longer away from his wife and his two young sons.

The captain's pay was not sufficient to support the little family in California. He finally resigned his post and returned to the East. This was in the summer of 1854.

Captain Grant was now thirty-two : he had been in the army eleven years ; he certainly had not a brilliant record and his promotion had been slow and slight.

The autumn of 1854 had no encouraging outlook. A man with Grant's military education and habits would not be likely to find farming a congenial pursuit, but this alone opened to him. Mrs. Grant owned a farm near her old home at White Haven, and here the family resolved to make their future home. But there was no house on the land : the owners had no money to buy stock. Grant faced his fate manfully and set about raising a roof-tree for the wife and the boys ; he worked hard at building the house, and performed the varied drudgery of farm-work, just as he had done when he was a boy. Sometimes " he loaded a wagon with cord-wood and took it for sale to St. Louis." The lines must have appeared to him very hard ones. At last the fever and ague came on and shook even his iron constitution. In a little while the farming proved a failure. The Grant farm was sold at auction.

A trial at real-estate business with a relative in St. Louis followed. This did not prosper. Captain Grant did not have the money-making faculty.

In May, 1860, he removed to Galena and took a clerkship in his father's leather store. His two younger brothers were there. It was the elder Grant's intention to establish his three sons in the business ; but the second one died in the following year of consumption.

This is a brief outline of the history of the man who stood

in his old Mexican army-coat in the brick Presbyterian meeting-house at Hanover, and made his short, characteristic speech to the breathless crowd. Since he left the army, seven years before, his life had been a losing struggle with fate. He had not complained overmuch. Under the silence was a great deal of quiet, patient pluck. The best thing, thus far, that had ever come to him was the chance in the leather store and the prospect of the later partnership.

But the hour for the simple, quiet man to come to his place had struck at last. The North, waiting listless and incredulous while the South gathered its forces and trained its men for the coming struggle, was roused at last. The air was full of preparation for battle. The need of soldiers to defend the Union superseded everything else. There was an imperative call for capable and trained officers to command the enthusiastic, undisciplined volunteers, who had not the faintest idea what war really meant, and who now felt for the first time the passion of patriotism, the duty of living or dying for one's country.

Grant kept his word. The leather store at Galena knew him no more; he declined the captaincy of a company of volunteers, but he served them as drill-master, and when the time came he marched with them to Springfield. On the point of returning home, he was accosted by the Illinois Governor, to whom he had never spoken, and was offered a position in the Adjutant-General's office. This was accepted at once. From this time Grant had his hands full; he had charge of mustering the ten Illinois regiments into service.

A little later he had a new experience; he beheld for the first time a secession flag waving defiantly in the air. The scene occurred at St. Louis, whither he had gone on his way to Belleville, the mustering place of the regiments of Southern Illinois. The sight of that symbol of rebellion kindled all Grant's patriotic wrath. A little later he saw it come down from the seces-

sion headquarters, and the old flag that he loved, in whose service he had spent his young manhood, and whose honor he was so splendidly to vindicate during the next four years, went up in place of the other.

Did Grant remember, one wonders, how a little while before he had driven his wagon-load of wood through the streets of that very city? If he did, he was not ashamed of it. Indeed, I think he was always rather proud that he had done his part bravely in the dark hour, in the lowly place.

About this time he made his application to General Thomas for command of a regiment. He merely stated his past services, and brought no influential names to back his application. Indeed, he owns that he felt some distrust as to his own ability to take charge of a regiment. But he might have spared himself all scruples. No notice was taken of his application.

This act must have been sufficiently mortifying. Grant, however, was to have his regiment. He had gone to visit his parents, now removed to Covington, Kentucky, and he had twice attempted to have an interview with General McClellan, whose headquarters were then in Cincinnati, but had not succeeded. He aspired at this time to a position on the General's staff. On Grant's return to Springfield he learned that Governor Yates, impressed by the efficient service he had rendered in mustering in the regiments, had appointed him Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. He joined them at their camp on the State fair grounds near Springfield. Ulysses Grant was now in the war.

The history of the next four years cannot be told here. The record of Grant's military career has been amply written by his friends and his foes; more than all, it was written by himself, in weariness and suffering, and amid the shadows of approaching death.

It is a significant fact that when the newly appointed Colo-

nel led his regiment to what he supposed was to be their first engagement, "his heart kept getting higher and higher until he felt as though it were in his throat." He was at this time with his regiment at Salt River in Missouri. A Confederate force was encamped at Florida, a small village, twenty-five miles away. Grant was ordered to move against the enemy.

It was a dismal march for the new Colonel and his unused troops. As they passed through the thinly settled country, the frightened people fled as they would before hordes of painted savages.

When at last they ascended the hill below which the enemy was supposed to be encamped, Grant, to use his own words, "would have given anything to be back in Illinois." The regiment reached the summit. There was no waving of flags, no flashing of arms, no sign of a soldier in all that wide summer stillness. The enemy had decamped in haste as soon as they learned Grant was on the march, and were now forty miles away. If he had dreaded to meet them, they were at least equally afraid of him. Grant was on the threshold of his new career. This experience was invaluable to the future General; he was never thereafter afraid to face the enemy in the field, though he admits that he often felt "anxious" on the eve of battle.

The new President was, in this terrible summer of 1861, desirous above all things to obtain officers of proved ability. Washburne, the new member from the Galena district, recommended Grant. He was accordingly promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general. This was an immense advance from that of drill-master, a few weeks before, of the Galena volunteers.

Not long afterward he was assigned to the important command of the South-eastern District of Missouri, with its headquarters at Cairo, Illinois. It was here that Grant first showed his real mettle.

Kentucky was at this critical moment trembling in the

balance, and Paducah on the Mississippi resolved to go the way of the Southern States.

On the day after Grant reached Cairo, he learned that the enemy were intending to seize and hold Paducah in the great State that, declaring herself neutral, was faltering in her allegiance to the Union.

It was early in the following morning when Grant and his two regiments debarked on the river shore at Paducah. During the night the little fleet had made the sail of forty miles, in steamers which lay at the Cairo levee. The Confederate flag was floating in the breeze of that autumn morning. The Confederate army, four thousand strong, lay scarcely a dozen miles away.

Grant's arrival was just in the nick of time. The inhabitants, amazed and alarmed, made no resistance. Grant assured them of his protection. The Confederate forces did not appear. The secession flag was lowered a second time and Paducah was saved to the Union. This was the beginning of that great military career which was to reach its triumphant close one April day, almost four years later, in the parlor of a private dwelling at Appomattox Station.

Between that morning of September 6, 1861, and that other afternoon of April 9, 1865, lie the names of Belmont, of Fort Donelson, of Shiloh, of Vicksburg, of Chattanooga, and later and last, of the Army of the Potomac. Each of these names means the story of a terrible battle—of a victory that was to amaze friends and foes, and a world which watched across the seas, intent, breathless, and largely hostile. In a little while Grant had learned the greatness and gallantry of the foe with whom he was contending. He learned to honor that, as a brave soldier must, even while he regarded the Southern cause, to use his own words, “as one of the worst for which people ever fought, and for which there was the least excuse.”

But he knew better, perhaps, than any other man, that the South was not conquered until she had proved her heroism on every battle-field where he met her, not conquered until she had given the flower of her youth, the strength and glory of her manhood, to the long agony, knew that when the hour of surrender struck on that April afternoon, it was not until every Southern home was impoverished by the war, and every Southern hearth-stone darkened by the shadow of death.

The Brigadier-General of Cairo had meanwhile become the Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States, and the Proclamation of Emancipation had freed every slave in the Union.

The series of splendid victories had not, of course, been easily won against so brave and determined a foe. Grant had had the usual fate of great commanders. At the beginning he had encountered distrust, jealousy, opposition. His reply was the all-sufficing one of some fresh victory on the battle-field.

A woman's opinion is not, of course, entitled to weight in military matters ; but it has always seemed to the writer that the sufficient reply to all adverse criticism of Grant's military genius was the fact that wherever he went during the Civil War with him also went Victory.

Those who admit this still insist that he had a better chance than any who preceded him in command of the Army of the Potomac, that he had larger liberty of action, and vastly greater resources at his disposal than any other general.

Without questioning this, it still remains true that the drill-master of the Galena Volunteers, the captain in the Hanover meeting-house, in his blue army-coat, had no prestige and no influential friends to aid him. If ever a man made his own way to the front, it was Ulysses S. Grant.

The years which followed the close of the war, and the great questions which shook the country, the Reconstruction of the

South, the relations of the President to Congress, belong to an ampler biography than this. The nation showed its faith in the Soldier with whom it had gone through the war by bestowing on him the highest place in its gift, the presidency of the United States.

He was inaugurated with the most imposing display which the capital had ever witnessed. Naturally simple and unostentatious in his tastes, he yet enjoyed his fame and greatness, and all the visible signs of it. Had he owned Mount Vernon it is hardly probable that he would, like Washington, after he had freed his country, have been eager to retire to his farm.

His first administration went its smooth, prosperous way. When the four years expired, Grant was re-elected with great enthusiasm, and by an immense majority to a second presidential term. This proved a period of great financial distress to the country. A terrible business panic prostrated the industries of the land, wrecked many fortunes, and filled the nation, which had gone on its prosperous ways, reckless and extravagant, with depression and disaster. The administration and the Republican party were held more or less responsible for the financial reverses. Some of the President's most trusted advisers lost the confidence of the people. But they did not lose faith in their Soldier amid the general feeling of depression and insecurity with which his last term closed.

Soon afterward General Grant made the tour of the world. All his life he had been fond of travel, and had felt a strong curiosity to behold foreign lands. In the prime of his years, in perfect health, and with sufficient fortune at command, he resolved to indulge the longing of his youth and go around the planet.

The little party which accompanied him from Philadelphia, among whom were his wife and the youngest of his three sons, sailed on the steamer *Indiana* in 1872. "The flag waved their

farewell from all the shipping in the Delaware," and he heard the thunder of "a parting salute from the guns of United States war vessels."

From the time that he landed on the English coast it was one long, triumphal progress for Ulysses Grant; his journey over the island, across the continent, around the world, reads in its simplest recital, almost like some Arabian Night's tale.

The sovereigns, the kingdoms, the rulers of the world, as he moved from one country to another, exerted themselves to do the soldier honor. He was the chief guest in palaces. Great cities offered him, with stately ceremonials, their freedom. The world, which a little while before had not greatly believed in him, was eager now to see the American who had come amongst them with his unparalleled military prestige.

But it was not only the great, the wise, the powerful, who gathered curious about him. When, at last, after his long European tour, he went to Egypt to see the records of her ancient civilization, dusky sheiks and warriors of the desert spurred from afar to look on the great Western commander.

At length Grant turned away from Europe and set his face toward India. He lingered for a while, intent and curious, in that old cradle of the Aryan race; then he visited China, and, last of all, Japan. From this place he crossed the Pacific and landed at San Francisco, to be welcomed home with immense enthusiasm.

All this pomp and glory would have dazzled any but a calm and well-balanced brain. Grant maintained through all the long ordeal his native simplicity, his kindness, his modesty. He who owed all his glory to the Civil War found no pleasure in military pomp and parade. He declined a review of the French army. The glitter of arms, the bravery of uniforms, the rhythmic march of columns, had no delight for him. "He never wanted to hear another drum beat."

Not long after his return he chose the city of New York for his home. She was proud of her illustrious citizen, and the Republic, if she may sometimes have forgotten to reward great historic services, was certainly generous to Grant.

After that April day when the North went wild with joy because the war was ended, Grant's position with the people much resembled that of the Duke of Wellington with the English nation after the battle of Waterloo.

Honors and wealth were heaped upon the victorious General. One subscription list raised him a quarter of a million dollars. Another provided him with a hundred thousand to purchase a home in New York for the remainder of his life.

He had a summer cottage at Long Branch. Its simplicity suited his quiet tastes. From its verandas he could watch the shipping of the world come and go, while grateful winds from the sea cooled the hot breath of the Northern summer.

In this retreat and amid the household ties so dear to him, the domestic qualities of General Grant—his devotion to his family, his kindliness, his thoughtful care for others, his simplicity of bearing, and his real sincerity—revealed themselves in their most attractive aspects. Those who saw him in his home-life at Long Branch must have felt that they had seen something of the real General Grant, which the great public could not wholly know.

In 1880 a determined effort was made by the Republican party to nominate General Grant for a third term to the presidency. This measure was opposed to all the traditions and precedents of the Government since the adoption of the American Constitution.

The effort met with prolonged and inflexible opposition; but so popular was the soldier, so insistent his support, that the contest became an extremely bitter one. It shook the Republican party to its center, but at last the delegates to the

famous convention at Chicago were induced to unite in nominating James A. Garfield for the presidency.

“Call no man happy until he dies.” The famous maxim of the ancients had a modern illustration in the case of Ulysses Grant. Fortune, fame, health, affection—all the best gifts of the gods—he had these in abundance; he seemed to have reached the apex of human success and prosperity.

The first trouble came when, one evening, leaving his carriage and about to enter his home, he slipped on the icy sidewalk. The fall shook his iron frame. The accident confined him to his chamber a long time; he was so crippled that any exertion was extremely painful to him.

In May, 1884, the great blow fell. One does not like to linger on the time or the story. There was a period when the nation held its breath in dismay, learning that the weight of that great name had been lent to a delusion and a fraud.

But in a little while the truth came to light. The soldier, the ex-President, came out of the trial, which wrecked the firm in which he had been senior partner, with his honor and honesty undimmed; he had been the victim of too large faith in others, and his present fortunes had been engulfed with the ruined firm.

The thunderbolt which, out of a clear sky, fell upon General Grant that May day, the loss and anguish that followed, make this period the darkest of his life.

But the end of all earthly griefs was now rapidly approaching for him.

During the summer of 1884, while he was at Long Branch, General Grant began to feel mysterious pains in his throat. He at last reluctantly, and to gratify his alarmed wife, submitted to an examination. The recent suffering was explained by a “cancerous affection of the throat.”

The disease made its approaches slowly but surely. All

the heroism of Grant's nature, all its patience and quiet strength, came to the surface now. The man of the victorious battle-fields turned, as his sun was setting, to his pen. With death staring him in the face, and with a sense of his broken fortunes harassing him by night and by day, he resolved to write the memoirs of his life.

To undertake such a task, and to carry it to its completion in a couple of large volumes, amid weakness, pain and growing disease, required a patient, sustained heroism, which, in some of its aspects, surpassed the greatest victory Grant had ever won on the battle-field.

In March, 1885, a bill was passed in Congress once more creating Ulysses S. Grant a General of the Army. This gave him immense gratification. The old forces of his constitution rallied for a brief time. The contract for the publication of the memoirs was signed. Those Grant loved so devotedly were now amply provided for.

Early in June he left the noise and heats of that city where he had received such honor and glory, and endured such agony of soul and body, and went to a quiet cottage at Mount Gre-gor, near Saratoga.

Here he gradually failed until after midsummer. He waited quietly, patiently, bravely, with the faith and the hope of a Christian for the death that was slowly but surely coming.

It came for Ulysses Grant July 23, 1885.



Sincerely
W. B. Mayo

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES.

“AN officer fit for duty, who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress, ought to be scalped.”

In August, 1864, a brevet Major General, who had won his title by gallant services in the West Virginia campaign, expressed himself in these words. They have the ring of a noble patriotism. They were the reply of the man who had been for the first time nominated to Congress by a district of his native State. He was in the field, and a friend urged him to return home awhile and canvass for the election. The heart of the patriot, the spirit of the soldier, spoke in this prompt, decided answer. The man who made it was Rutherford B. Hayes. He was born in Delaware, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1822. His father had died in the previous July. They came of New England stock, with its energy and thrift and stanch moral fiber, which, transplanted beyond the Alleghanies, laid the foundations of the future greatness of the North-West.

The Hayes family emigrated from Vermont in the early years of the century, and had taken firm root in what was then the far West country before the elder died, or his son first saw the light.

The childhood and boyhood of Rutherford B. Hayes was a smooth, comfortable, prosperous one. In the quiet home where his life had its beginnings, there was no struggle with poverty for the widowed mother and her fatherless boy. Rutherford went first to the common schools in the neighborhood. Then he was sent to the academy at Newport, Ohio, and later he was

at Middletown, Conn., where he prepared for Kenyon College in his native State.

Here the undergraduate showed his intellectual quality. He was not only a fine scholar, but he made his mark in the literary societies of his "alma mater." He graduated in 1842 and won much praise for his valedictory oration.

He began his legal studies in Columbus, Ohio. Later he attended the Harvard Law School for two years in order to equip himself thoroughly for the bar.

Young Hayes entered on the practice of his profession in his native State, at Fremont, called at that time Lower Sandusky, but his health now broke so seriously that he was compelled to give up all business and spend a winter at the South, where the milder climate restored him.

On his return to Ohio he established himself at Cincinnati, where the real abilities of the young lawyer, his high character, and his agreeable social gifts, won him many eminent friends.

In 1852 he married Miss Lucy W. Webb, the daughter of a physician in Chillicothe, Ohio. She was a pupil of the Wesleyan Female College in Cincinnati. She was a young girl of fine character; she had an ingenuous manner, which was singularly attractive, and a face whose bright charm was the index of a rare and lovely soul.

A number of happy, prosperous years followed the marriage. Mr. Hayes had a successful law practice and occupied positions of honor and responsibility in the city government.

The firing on Fort Sumter was the signal for an immense change in his life. His anti-slavery convictions had been early formed and were very decided: he had joined the Republican party on its organization. The strength of his opinions, the resolution and ardor of his character, were certain to bring him into the foreground of affairs at this time.

A great mass-meeting gathered in Cincinnati. Mr. Hayes was

in its midst and was appointed chairman to express the popular passion which at that time swept over the North, a great tidal wave, carrying everything before it. It was impossible that so ardent a patriot, so devoted a friend of the Union, as Mr. Hayes, should not come to his place and do his work in the hour when his country called upon her sons to save her.

In a short time the Cincinnati lawyer was appointed Major of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In September, 1861, General Rosecrans, under whom he was serving, appointed him Judge-advocate of the Department of Ohio, and in the month following he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the famous battle of South Mountain, September 14, 1862, the new Colonel carried himself with great gallantry. A musket ball struck him in the left arm, but he refused to leave the field and at last had to be borne from it. His wound forced him to leave the army for awhile, but as soon as he recovered he was once more at the head of his troops.

The details of the military career of General Hayes do not belong to this brief narrative. It was a career of varied and brilliant services and of hard-fought engagements, during which he always rushed into the thick of danger. Where the blows fell thickest his soldiers were always certain to find their commander.

His military record forms a part of the glory of the campaign in West Virginia. During the war he was wounded four times; and the names of Winchester, and Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, where his horse was shot under him, must always be associated with his own. His services now won him a fresh promotion and he became Brigadier-General.

It was at this time that the nomination to Congress occurred, with the characteristic refusal to obtain leave of absence and work for fresh laurels in the political field.

During this time Mrs. Hayes proved herself the true wife of a soldier. She visited her husband in camp, where her bright

womanly presence and devoted services to the wounded men won their hearts. She mended the rough soldiers' clothes with her delicate hands; she visited the wounded and nursed them with a tender sympathy that must have touchingly reminded them of the mothers and wives at home.

Despite his absence from the political arena, General Hayes won the election for Congress. In the following spring the war closed, and he took his seat in the House, December 4, 1865.

In his new field General Hayes did work which, though it might not be so brilliant as that which he had performed on the battle-field, was still of great service to his country. He did not display dazzling oratorical gifts, but he was a legislator of strong sense and solid judgment: his fearlessness, his high moral sympathies, his deep instincts for justice and right, won the respect and confidence of his colleagues. The measures which he promoted during that critical period of national legislation were always inspired by the large views and the magnanimous temper of the statesman.

The Congressional history of Rutherford B. Hayes belongs, like his military one, to a larger narrative. All the honors which came to him were unsought, and must have seemed a good deal like the gifts of the gods, though they were really the result of that wide popular confidence which his character and work abundantly inspired.

In 1867 Ohio elected her Congressman Governor of the State. It is a sufficient commentary on his services in that responsible post, that he was twice re-elected to it.

In 1873 Governor Hayes resolved to return to private life and make his home in Fremont, Ohio, where he had settled in early manhood.

But the dreams of the quiet life and the fireside happiness with his wife and his children were not to be realized at that time.

The National Republican Convention which met at Cincin-

nati June 14, 1876, had many brilliant and distinguished men among its candidates. At the last, however, Governor Hayes carried the nomination for the presidency.

The contest which followed was strong and acrimonious to the last degree. Both parties claimed that it had elected its candidate. The country was shaken with the strife. Political passions flamed on every side. There were threats of civil war. Foreboding and dismay filled the nation.

The storm, however, quieted at last. Rutherford Hayes took his oath of office and was duly inaugurated President of the United States, and the country settled down tranquil and confident.

His administration was one which might have been largely anticipated from the character and convictions of the President. He had very decided opinions on civil service reform, and he made strong and courageous efforts to promote it. But so great and far-reaching a reform could not be accomplished in four years. The President encountered on this whole question bitter and persistent opposition from some of the leaders in his own party, though it is said that during this administration "there was far less meddling with party politics on the part of officers of the government than at any period since Andrew Jackson's time."

The new and lenient policy which the Executive adopted toward the Reconstructed States, ameliorated much bitter sectional feeling and proved in the end the highest wisdom.

It is certain that the administration, which began under so deep a cloud, closed amid wide tranquillity and prosperity throughout the country.

It has been affirmed by those who ought to know that "the success of the Republican Party in the election of 1880 was largely owing to the general satisfaction among the people with the Hayes Administration."

The ex-President returned to the home of his young manhood in Fremont. He was still in the prime of his years, and he was fully alive to all the great questions and interests of the day.

Since his retirement President Hayes has been the recipient of many honorary distinctions, and his time is still much absorbed "in various philanthropical and useful enterprises." A greatly needed reform in the present system of prison government has of late had a large share of his attention.

The life of Rutherford B. Hayes does not afford to his biographer those dramatic incidents and contrasts which make the early lives of many of our Presidents so full of vivid interest and adventure. Born in a simple home, with moderate fortunes, reared amid refining and elevating influences, he has never known the struggle and grind of poverty; never had, in the hard upward climb, to break away from the power of early habits and of coarse associations.

The life of this man moves from his birth amid pleasant and prosperous ways. Not yet an old man, he is still our only living ex-President. The simplicity and dignity of the quiet life at Fremont strongly suggests that of some of his earliest predecessors after they had retired from the executive chair. Mr. Hayes is a broad-shouldered, large-built man, with an agreeable presence, and a thoughtful, intelligent face. It is full of spirit and resolution, while the eyes have a singularly intent, piercing glance.

The ex-President's domestic life has been one of rare happiness. Mrs. Hayes has lent the grace of her sweet woman's presence, the strength of her noble woman's instincts, to all the varied high positions her husband has filled. When she presided at the White House, she proved that, with all her tenderness of heart, with all the radiating sweetness and kindness of her nature, she had the courage of her convictions.

Many a strong man would not have had the moral strength

of which this "woman of the hearth and home" showed herself capable, when, making her conscience the supreme arbiter, she excluded wine from the tables of the executive mansion.

Ohio stands with her noble record among her sister States. The deeds of her sons have added many a splendid chapter to the national history. It is not the least of her honors that when she gave in successive administrations two of her daughters to represent American womanhood at the White House, one of these was Lucy Webb Hayes and the other was Lucretia Rudolph Garfield.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

AMONG the opening days of September, 1854, a young man, who would see his twenty-third birthday before that autumn closed, had achieved the great ambition of his youth. Whatever high honors, whatever large place, the future might have in store for him, it is doubtful whether any of its days could wear such a glow of hope and aspiration, could so abound with the satisfaction of noble purpose accomplished after long struggle, as those which closed the twenty-second summer of his life.

For James Abram Garfield was going to college. Infinitely important as this fact was to himself, it was at that time of little consequence to anybody else, with the exception of a small circle of his friends and neighbors, the majority of whom would probably have disapproved of his going at all.

The story of his youth, rounding now to its twenty-third birthday, is a story of pioneer life in northern Ohio. Its general features have a certain resemblance to Abraham Lincoln's early life; but the Ohio boy was born more than twenty years after the Kentucky one, so the beginnings of the younger were not so scant and hard as those of the elder. Still, James Garfield's youth is the story of a fatherless boy's long, brave battle with hard fortune, under the narrow roof of a widowed mother left desolate by her husband's sudden death, and with almost no means of support for herself and her young children, in a clearing on the edge of the wilderness, in Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio.

The boy came of stanch ancestry on both sides. The Garfields were among the earliest Puritan settlers of the Massa-



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chusetts Colony, and one, at least, of the race followed the example of his ancestors at Naseby and Marston Moor, and went from his home at Lincoln to the fight at Concord. James's mother, Eliza Ballou, came of the old French Huguenot breed, which left France with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and whose blood enriched the Protestant communities of two continents.

In the newly-raised log cabin of the Ohio clearing the child who came of these two sterling races was born November 19, 1831. James was the youngest of the children, a brother and two sisters having preceded him. He was about a year and a half old at the time of his father's death. This was brought on by exposure after long fighting a dangerous fire about the clearing.

The boy was happily too young to comprehend the loss which had come to him just on the threshold of life. It meant struggle, privation, hardship, the wolf close to the door through all his boyhood and youth; but it did not mean the lack of tender and noble virtues, of robust health, of steady, wholesome industries, of independence and energy that braced the soul with courage and hope. The mother, sitting among her young brood under the log-cabin roof, could afford little time for the luxury of grief. The blow did not crush her as it would a weaker-fibered woman. She resolved to keep her roof and her boys and girls under it; and somehow, with the help of the elder son and the exercise of unflinching economy, she did it.

"Go without!" Those words, which Matthew Arnold tells us should form the controlling maxim of every human life, had to be lived in all their hard, stern meanings inside that low home where the widowed mother and her children kept up their long fight with fortune.

Of course everything had to be as plain and scant as possible. One naturally shrinks from going into details, as one

would from prying too closely into one's neighbor's affairs. There is no lack of anecdotes to illustrate the domestic life of the humble home. But if James Garfield went barefoot, if he wore coarse clothes, and ate plain food, all these things did not harm him.

With the noble mother, with the humble fireside, where all sweet and wholesome virtues flourished, no iron of poverty could enter his soul. He had too free, too varied, and too active a childhood to be conscious of any humiliating or depressing influences in its atmosphere. Those Ohio woods and streams and fields were his kindly, intimate teachers. With what vigorous health, with what bounding life, they filled the blue-eyed, fair-haired child who spent so much of his days amongst them! What pure, noble, life-long lessons they taught him, which he could never have found, even in the books he was afterward to love with a perfect love!

James was the youngest, the pet of the household; he was a bright, sturdy, resolute boy, much bent on having his own way—a fact which gave the doting mother a good deal of anxiety. He appears to have been always larger than his years warranted. There was certainly a touch of precocity in his learning to read by the time he was three. Brave, resolute, truthful, he must early have exhibited qualities which gave promise of a rare and earnest character. The mother, at her work,—she must have had scant leisure with her young household and her small farm—read poems, and told Bible-stories to her children, all of which James greatly enjoyed.

He borrowed, like Abraham Lincoln, all the books, far and near, and devoured them. During the winters he attended the district school. When he was about eleven, the Orange boys formed a lyceum, and James eagerly joined the debating clubs, and these, no doubt, roused and stimulated his mind in various directions.

All this time he was doing a farm boy's work. He was about fifteen when the great ambition of the Garfield household was gratified, and they exchanged their log cabin for a wood house of four rooms. The orchard of a hundred trees, which the father had planted, stood, by this time, green and ample, about the small home. Under the shade of the apple-trees James had spent many of the happiest hours of his boyhood. He had watched with immense interest the building of the new house, and he now made up his mind to become a carpenter. He followed the business for about two years, with intervals of farm work.

At this period he had frequent moods of discouragement, such as often come with adolescence. It must have been a peculiarly trying time to him ; he was restless and pursued by vague longings and ambitions ; he did not know himself, nor to what goal his aptitudes pointed. Everything was confused and tentative in his thoughts and his work ; he must have had many gloomy hours. Nobody understood him well enough to advise or help him. His restlessness and his young imagination, which had been fed by tales of the sea, aroused strong desires for a sailor's life. While he was in this mood, he went to work for a while in his uncle's woodland, near Newburg. He saw Lake Erie, and the sight of the blue water suggested a trip on the lake boats as the beginning of a seafaring career.

When the wood chopping was done he attempted to find a place as "deck-hand or common sailor" on some ship, but his first application was so discouraging that he did not repeat it. A position, humbler if possible than the one he had sought, now opened to him. His uncle owned a canal-boat which carried cargoes of coal from the mines to Cleveland. The nephew "engaged to drive the horses which drew the boat along the Ohio canal."

He had now reached the nadir of his career. The new

work was outdoors, and in this respect suited his restless mind and body; but the labor brought with it associations which his careful mother would have disapproved.

He followed the canal work for about six months, and then the fever and ague clutched him. One day, weak and dizzy, he fell into the canal. That fall was a fortunate one for James Garfield, though he barely escaped drowning; he was now too ill to continue at his post, and with much difficulty he managed to reach home. A long and dangerous illness followed, but his fine constitution brought him safely through at last.

In the long leisures of convalescence new and serious thoughts awoke in his soul. They ripened at last into an invincible resolution to make something of himself, to set about getting an education.

The obstacles in his way would have seemed insurmountable to most boys. But the one who lay with his wide-awake brain under that low roof, and made up his mind what he was going to do, was now to prove what splendid reserves of pluck he had in him.

In one shape and another, ways opened. A kind clergyman in the neighborhood encouraged James's purpose and gave him valuable advice; his mother, too, sympathized warmly with his new plans.

As soon as he recovered he set about his studies; he had to do this by himself, as the household finances did not admit of his attending school. But he held to his purpose unflinchingly. It was certain during this time that, when he was not at work, he was at his studies.

Such a determination, pursued unflinchingly in the face of all difficulties, is certain, in the long run, to win. The story of the struggle, inspiring as it is, is too long for this sketch. The fight was continuous and hard enough to wear out any but a will of very stern fiber.

James Garfield had made a long climb upward when, in 1849, he entered the academy at Chester ; he remained there, more or less, for two years.

At eighteen the boy who had worked on the farm and tried carpentering and driving on the tow-path, was teaching school in his native town.

Later he went to Hiram College, which had been recently founded by the Church of the Disciples. Mrs. Garfield had joined this simple and devout community, and her youngest son, whose religious convictions were always deep and vital, had become a member of the same body. At Hiram College young Garfield passed three years. They must have been happy ones to him, with their congenial associations, their strenuous study, their various toils to meet the expenses of his education, and their economies that were ennobled by a lofty purpose.

It was in 1854 that the uncle whose wood he had chopped, and whose canal-boat horses he had driven, loaned his promising young nephew five hundred dollars to complete his studies in an Eastern college.

So James Garfield had reached the acme of his ambition, and this was why the autumn of 1854 had opened so radiantly for him.

But here he must speak for himself in the words which he wrote at this time to a friend, little dreaming that the world would ever dwell on them with curious interest.

“ I am the son of Disciple parents ; am one myself, and have had but little acquaintance with people of other views ; and having always lived in the West, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religious and general views and sentiments, to go into a new circle where I shall be under new influence. These considerations led me to conclude to go to some New England college. I, therefore, wrote to the Presidents of Brown University, Yale and Williams, setting forth the amount of

study I had done, and asking how long it would take me to finish their course.

“These answers are now before me. All tell me I can graduate in two years. They are all brief business notes, but President Hopkins concludes with these words: ‘If you come here we shall be glad to do what we can for you.’ Other things being so nearly equal, this sentence, which appears to be a friendly grasp of the hand, has settled the question for me. I shall start for Williams next week.”

He entered the junior class; he was now in the full glow of young manhood’s strength and vigor. The large-molded head, the strong, eager face, with the blue eyes and brown hair, suggested his Saxon rather than his Huguenot ancestry. With his spirited head on his stalwart shoulders and his tall figure, he must have seemed a kind of young Titan among his slighter fellows.

The student who had made such struggles and sacrifices to get to college, would not be likely, once there, to waste his opportunities. It is enough to say that young Garfield went at his work with the delight and thoroughness of the born scholar—that his range of reading was as broad as his time and class-work allowed. But he was not solely a student. With his abounding vitality, with his genial, cordial nature, he could not fail to enjoy the social life of the college. He had here, as everywhere, a singular power of attracting friends; he indulged sparingly in the sports of the college. Those powerful muscles had been trained in a sterner school; his stringent integrity, his openness and manliness of character, could not fail to make their mark here, as they did in all the circumstances of his varied life.

Young Garfield seems to have absorbed all the best and finest influences in the intellectual and moral atmosphere about him; his whole being was roused and stimulated by the thought

and example of the President of the college whose few words had brought him to Williams, and for whom he always cherished a deep admiration and affection.

Those were precious days of expanding thought and ripening character. The student, however, little dreamed of the grand arena for which they were preparing him.

At twenty-four James Garfield graduated and returned to Ohio. He was now fairly equipped and eager for the race. In a short time he was offered and accepted a professorship in Hiram College. A year later he was its President.

In 1858 he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph of Hiram. They had been students in the old days at Chester. The young lady came also of a stanch New England race, and had been brought up in a home where all sterling virtues flourished. James Garfield's marriage was, in all the best meaning of the words, "a wise one." The young wife brought, with her sweet face and her womanly tenderness, a rare intellectual sympathy and companionship to their wedded life; while her good judgment, her simplicity of taste and character, must have been peculiarly wholesome and restful to a man of her husband's ardent, impulsive temperament.

With his religious training and convictions he had at one time almost determined to study for the ministry, but soon after his marriage he resolved to prepare himself for the law, and with characteristic energy set about his legal studies; he pursued these under great drawbacks, for the duties of President of Hiram College were varied and exacting. It was fortunate that his early rugged life had given him such robust health, or it would not have borne the double strain of those years. While he was studying law, the instincts of the statesman became interested in the political question; which now began to come to the political foreground. On the subject of slavery James Garfield, like Abraham Lincoln, took his stand early and kept

it unflinchingly. He was, from first to last, its resolute, outspoken, consistent foe.

In 1859 he was, to his own great surprise, elected to the State Senate of Ohio. This was no small honor to a young man who had left his "alma mater" only five years before. He now entered upon public life, but he had no controlling ambition to remain in it. He had the instincts and tastes of the born scholar, and he did not even resign his position at Hiram.

But two years later the hour struck which summoned James Garfield to the new work and the larger place. It was his fate never to return to private life. The President of Hiram College, the recent law student, the young Ohio State Senator, knew nothing of military affairs. But the events of 1861 stirred his whole soul with a passion of patriotism. He felt, as every loyal man in the North did, that he had a country to live or to die for. With his habit of putting his heart and soul into everything he did, he now set about assisting the Governor "in organizing the Ohio volunteers and in raising supplies for the army."

The whole business was novel and full of harassing perplexities to all who undertook it. Garfield rendered inestimable service at this trying time. He did everything in the spirit of a true patriot. While many were intent on reward and office, he did not solicit either; but in a little while both came to him.

A regiment of enthusiastic volunteers, composed largely of his college pupils, was organized at Hiram. The students were eager that their President should be appointed Colonel of the regiment. He felt himself unequal to the grand responsibilities which the command involved; but it was at last forced upon him, and Colonel Garfield marched with his regiment, the Forty-second Ohio.

Colonel Garfield won his first military laurels, as everybody knows, in the Big Sandy campaign. The rebels had swarmed

into Kentucky, resolved to carry the reluctant border State into secession. Marshall, with his five thousand troops, was in the Big Sandy valley when Garfield went with his raw young soldiers to meet him.

After much marching and skirmishing the battle took place at Prestonburg. It must have been a trying moment to the new Colonel, who had never himself been in an engagement, when he led his greatly inferior numbers to their first encounter with the enemy. It closed at last in a victory for the Unionists. Marshall's troops, as fresh as Garfield's, "were put to rout, and during the night beat a hasty retreat into Southwestern Virginia." The Big Sandy victory was doubly important because it was won against an enemy so superior in numbers, and at a time when the Union armies had met with serious reverses.

The figure of the young Colonel, as he tossed his coat into a tree and shouted back to his cavalry, whom he had first ordered to charge, "Give 'em 'Hail Columbia,' boys," forms the most striking and heroic picture of this campaign.

The remainder of Garfield's brief military career is in keeping with its brilliant opening chapter. He was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general by the President, whose anxious and long vexed soul was rejoiced by tidings of victory from the West. The remainder of the year was full of varied military service for Garfield. But during that time he was in no battles. He was busy at the work of "reconstructing railroad bridges and re-establishing lines of railway communication for the army, beside serving on important court-martials." Later, he was at the outposts with his brigade during the long siege of Corinth; but the hardships he underwent brought back his old foe, malaria, and he was forced to return to his home at Hiram, where he lay prostrated by illness.

As soon as his recovery permitted he repaired once more to the field. He now joined the army of the Cumberland, as

General Rosecrans' chief-of-staff. It was at that time a position full of trials and heavy responsibilities. Garfield went through the battle of Chickamauga. It proved a lost one for his cause. Yet out of its very defeat he plucked fresh laurels for his own wearing. His perilous ride back to the scene of action after the reverse and flight on that terrible day, lifts him into the light of poetry and heroism. That ride, just at the critical moment, saved General Thomas's army, and as the night darkened over the field the enemy's columns retreated before the Union batteries.

That day's work was General Garfield's last on the field of battle. He earned there the title of Major-general. But his country needed other service from him now. He had been elected to Congress by his native State.

General Garfield was only thirty-two years old, and had been for two years and four months in the army, when he, in accordance with President Lincoln's strong desire,—he himself appears to have been inclined to remain in the field,—took his seat in the House of Representatives.

General Garfield had now entered the lists in which he was to do the longest and most important work of his life, for he was in Congress seventeen years. He had proved that he had in him the stuff of a born commander of soldiers; but whether he would have achieved a great military fame had he remained longer in the army must now be always an unsolved problem; his career in the field was cut short suddenly and absolutely, as though an enemy's bullet had closed it.

It can at least be said for James Garfield, that whenever his powers were put to the test, they made their mark. There is no doubt that he would have won high distinction at the bar had not his public services supervened; his legal studies, however, proved of immense value to him in his Congressional labors.

Abraham Lincoln was shrewd at reading the characters and aptitudes of men. His estimate of young Garfield was amply justified by the latter's course in the national legislature.

The Ohio member rendered his country splendid service during a period that was full of new and untried issues for the government. During more than a decade and a half, he served his country with all the forces of his intellect, and with all the devotion of his heart. As a debater he soon took front rank among his colleagues. As one critical measure after another came up for discussion in those trying years of the nation's history, Garfield treated it in his masterly, exhaustive manner, and with all the force of his strong, aspiring instincts and convictions ; he made many brilliant and effective speeches ; he had a wonderfully happy way of pouring, by a few terse, rapid sentences, or a simple, pointed anecdote, a flood of light upon some confused or doubtful matter. Of course he was often in the thick of political controversy, and had to give and take heavy blows ; but he was a generous antagonist, and he was never the mere politician : he always, in aim at least, was the Christian statesman.

The range and breadth of his Congressional labors cannot even be recounted here. They deal with an immense variety of interests. Some of these were the most important and far-reaching which could engage the thoughts and appeal to the heart of a statesman ; and some were only of narrow and local importance.

But in one way or another they illustrate the grasp and versatility of the mind that could deal with such various and widely contrasted matters.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that his public success, great as that unquestionably proved, was the result merely of native gifts. He was all his life, what he had been at Chester Academy and Williams College, a constant, untiring

scholar : he snatched moments, odds and ends of time, out of his crowded life, for study : he had, it is true, a good deal of Macaulay's knack of getting at the pith of a page, the core of a book, by a rapid glance at its pages.

The man's nature, like his physique, was molded in large, generous lines. He had a glowing, abounding vitality. His temperament was invincibly hopeful and optimistic ; he had unbounding faith in men and women ; he believed in their noblest possibilities, and appealed directly to those because he had faith in the God who made them. He must have had a singularly lovable personality. It attracted and held throughout his life people of widely opposite characters and tastes. If he sometimes made mistakes in judging of others, that only proves he was human. But in the main, his opinions of his fellow-men, his political prescience, and his moral instincts, have been justified by events.

General Garfield probably thought he had attained the summit of his political ambitions when Ohio elected him to the United States Senate ; but there was a greater honor in reserve for him. In 1880 the Republican convention at Chicago, after its famous week of tumultuous passions and fierce controversies, which held the whole country in suspense, nominated James A. Garfield for the presidency.

The nomination was entirely unsought by him. He was a delegate to the convention, and had worked heart and soul for the nomination of his friend, John Sherman of Ohio, and he was probably as much astonished at the result as any of his colleagues in the convention.

The campaign which followed went the way of all campaigns. It was full of tumult and excitement, of noisy stump-speaking and of cruel detraction, but the end came at last, and the long political storm subsided, when James Abram Garfield was, in November, 1880, elected to the presidency.

He who had chopped the farm-wood and steered the canal-boat, and who probably would have been less a man had he not done both in his boyhood, went from his quiet home at Mentor, Ohio, to take his place at the nation's helm. He was in the prime of his years, so young, indeed, that many a man who has won lasting fame, has, at Garfield's age, had all his life-work before him.

The inauguration took place amid the usual vast crowds, and with much heartfelt enthusiasm, which the character and history of the President inspired.

The inauguration had, however, some fresh features lent to it by the personality of its central figure. When James Garfield had taken the oath of office, he turned suddenly and kissed his old mother and the wife of his youth who stood by her side. The most captious spectator felt what was in his heart and thought at that moment, and forgot to criticise.

But, despite his brave, hopeful temperament, the new President did not underrate the difficulties and vast responsibilities before him. He frankly stated that, had he consulted his own likings, he would have better enjoyed being a "free-lance" in Congress.

The new occupant of the White House usually finds his first weeks there the most wearisome and harassing of his administration. Crowds of hungry office-seekers consume his time and tax his strength, until he must ask his vexed soul whether this honor and high place are worth their price.

Garfield's experience, during the spring and early summer, was no exception to the rule. There is something pathetic in the exclamation wrung one day from his disgust and weariness: "I have been dealing all these years with ideas, and here I am dealing only with persons."

At this time his wife had an alarming illness which "almost unnerved" her husband.

Mrs. Garfield's character was drawn on a certain reserve, and the position of mistress of the White House, with all the pomp and display it involved, had few attractions for her quiet tastes. Her own fireside, where she could hear her children's happy voices and share her husband's intellectual life, with which she had so fine a sympathy, was to her the dearest spot on earth. But she had accepted the duties and responsibilities of her new position with the rare good judgment which made her husband affirm "that in all his official life he had never suffered from any word or act of his wife's."

The morning of July 2, 1881, dawned upon a peaceful and prosperous nation. It found the President ready to lay aside his armor and take a short midsummer rest. That Saturday morning must have seemed, in a large sense, the crown and completion of his life. No other morning amid all his days of achievement and success could have held for him all that this one did. With his sensitive imagination he must have felt what the hour symbolized for him, as, standing on the White House piazza, he looked on its wide bloom and dazzling loveliness. He was on the eve of leaving for a few days the scene of his great triumphs and of his harassing labors and anxieties.

It was said of him afterward, when all memories of this hour were to have an unutterable significance, that he was "joyously, almost boyishly happy."

The President was on the point of joining his wife, who had been sent to the quiet and cool air of Long Branch. He was to spend the national holiday at Williams College, amid old, delightful memories and associations. He could not have failed to remember, with no ignoble pride, that if he went to his "alma mater" the poorest of her students, he was going back to her now the greatest, the most honored.

Beyond the visit to Williams spread the prospect of a restful trip with his convalescent wife on the coast, and among the

mountains of northern New England. All this must have been in the heart and thoughts of the man who drove from the White House to the railroad station in the bright air of that July morning.

Everybody knows what he was to meet there, and how it came to him !

Before noon the nation was stunned with tidings of the tragedy, and its shadow had darkened all the land that was getting ready for its holiday.

The bullet did its work surely, but not swiftly, as in Abraham Lincoln's case. Long months followed of anguish for the sufferer, of hope and fear for the country. The wound, in the end, proved mortal, but its progress was hidden and baffled the skill of the physicians. The summer waned, while the shadow of a great grief deepened upon the land. For it seemed as though man was never so loved as this man, never life so longed for, as that one which slowly, amid fluctuations of strength and weakness, was languishing to the end under the White House roof, amid the summer heats of Washington.

The President bore his long anguish with characteristic patience and heroism. He had everything that man could have to live for, but the faith of his life did not fail him when all earthly glories and honors grew dim and small. As he lay stricken and helpless, his thoughts must often have gone back to his struggling boyhood, to his studious, aspiring youth, to his manhood, crowned with such glory as he had never dreamed of in his most ambitious hour. No doubt, he often cherished high hope of recovering, and of noble work that lay before him ; but there must have been times when, his prescience made clearer by wasting strength and wearing pain, he turned from the world and all that it held for him, away from the friendships that had been so dear, and the household loves that had made the sweetness of his life, and gazed into the stillness and darkness of the

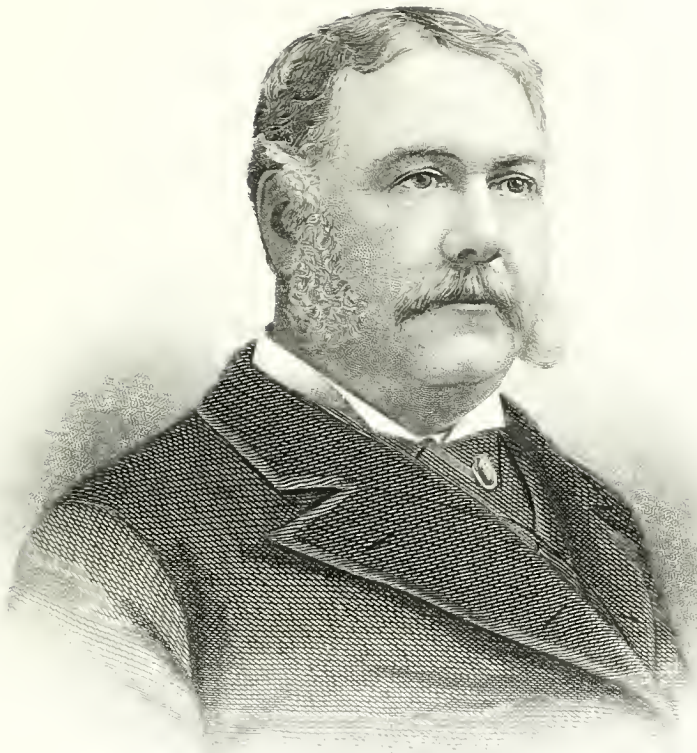
grave. But the light of eternal hope shone there for him, and in the stillness where human voices must die away he heard the Voice of God.

The message which summoned Mrs. Garfield to Washington on that fateful Saturday, when, recovering from her long illness, she was awaiting her husband at Long Branch, did not reveal the full extent of his danger.

Through the agonizing weeks in which she watched her husband droop slowly to his death, she bore herself with a quiet fortitude worthy of a Roman matron, with the noble faith of a Christian woman. No act, no word wrung from her weakness and grief, ever misbecame that long period of unutterable trial. Coming up herself almost from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, she returned to find, on the White House threshold, that Shadow awaiting her, and to dwell in it through endless days and nights until the summer had waxed and waned. When she crossed the threshold for the last time, she accompanied the worn, prostrate figure, now all that was left of the spirited head, the noble face, the manly presence, of her husband.

For in James Garfield's last days his old boyhood's longings for the sea had returned. They carried him down to the Long Branch shore. But it was too late for the cool, salt air to work its healing on him; perhaps it would have been from the moment the bullet went home.

But the dying man had time to look again upon the wide shore and the blue, tumbling sea, and then all other voices grew silent to James Garfield, except that Voice which called him into the eternal morning, September 19, 1881.



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CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

IN September, 1881, amid the mourning of the nation, Chester Alan Arthur became President of the United States. The land was darkened with the shadow of the tragedy which had placed him at the nation's helm, and any joyful inaugural ceremonies would have been singularly out of place. The voices which congratulated him were forced to be brief and hushed as those which speak in the chamber of death.

Mr. Arthur took his oath of office under circumstances which could not fail to be trying to a man of sensitive feelings; he was well aware that the nation had accepted him perfunctorily as its Chief Magistrate, that he was regarded with doubt and coldness by the majority of his own party; he must have had a keen consciousness that his presence at the White House could not fail to be a bitter reminder of one so greatly loved and mourned, who had left it vacant.

It should always be borne in mind that our twenty-first President was acutely conscious of the deep cloud under which he entered upon his office. It was inevitable that he should be the object of more adverse criticism than usually falls to the lot of an incoming President.

The precedents in this case were not encouraging. The three vice-Presidents who had succeeded to the executive chair on the death of the people's first choice, had made on the whole a disappointing record in presidential history. This fact was sure to be recalled to the disadvantage of the present one.

The character, the personal and political aims of the man who had succeeded James Garfield, became suddenly a matter

of immense anxiety to the nation. It was evident that the time had now come which was thoroughly to test his quality.

Chester Alan Arthur became President just before he reached his fifty-first birthday; he was born in Fairfield, Franklin County, Vermont, October 27, 1830. He was the son of a Baptist clergyman, who, in his early youth, emigrated from Ireland, and who was a man of strong feelings, decided theological convictions, and ardent devotion to his studies; he had various country pastorates, and with his large family and slender clerical income, must have found it a struggle to make both ends meet. Chester was the eldest son, and rigid economies were, of course, the habit of the household. But the clergyman was bent on giving his son an education which would equip him for the battle of life. Chester's boyhood had the great advantage of his father's library and his father's training.

He came up a bright, impulsive, active boy, and early showed his strong, domestic attachments and his frolicsome temper. When it came in his way to earn a little money, he did farm work, or any other odd job to which a strong, vigorous boy could set his hand; he must have inherited the parental aptitudes for study, for at fourteen he entered Union College; his social disposition and his youth interfered a good deal with his love of study; he was foremost in sports and adventures, especially if they had a spice of danger; he enjoyed to the full all the class-games and fun, and liked torch-light processions, and to take his part in parades, all of which only goes to prove that he was a thorough, happy, wide-awake boy.

He graduated with an average record, and at once set about school-teaching, which he tried for two years in his native state. Then, having saved a few hundred dollars, he went to New York, where he promptly set about preparing himself for admission to the bar. At this time he had large dreams of establishing himself at the West and winning fame and fortune in

his profession ; he at last made a trip there with a young friend and brother-lawyer, Henry S. Gardner ; but once on the ground, there appeared no prospect of immediate and striking success. The two, probably a little sadder and wiser, but by no means disheartened, returned to New York. They established a partnership and fortune smiled on them. The young firm entered on an extensive and lucrative practice. For the next ten years young Arthur devoted himself to his profession, and he reaped large rewards of distinction and fortune. The first partnership lasted for four years ; then Arthur practiced alone for five, and afterward formed a brief second partnership. He became early interested in anti-slavery measures ; his generous young soul was fired with indignation at the recital of William Lloyd Garrison's persecutions in Boston. Chester Arthur was thrown much among abolitionist influences, and became a staunch defender of the colored people ; his arguments in the famous Lemon slave case won him much honor, and he succeeded in securing the right of the colored race to ride in the New York street cars.

No doubt his anti-slavery sympathies gave a complexion to his political career.

In 1855 young Arthur became Judge-advocate of a brigade of New York militia ; he was afterward appointed chief engineer on Governor Morgan's staff, and two years later he was Inspector-general of the State. These were high honors for a young man who had not yet reached his thirtieth birthday.

When the war broke out, and the great problem of supplies for the New York troops had to be solved, Arthur was appointed Brigadier-General ; he served in this department for six months. When Governor Morgan was followed by Governor Seymour, Arthur's management won the highest praise from the officer who took his place.

In 1871 General Arthur, who had returned to his lucrative

law practice, was appointed by President Grant, Collector of the Port of New York—he occupied this high office for four years: he was nominated and re-appointed the same day. The matter was not referred to a committee. This was a marked courtesy. It had hitherto been shown only to Senators.

President Hayes at last resolved to remove Arthur from his post, but offered him a foreign appointment. The Collector declined to resign. No charge could be brought against him, except “his active participation in politics:” he was known to be in strong sympathy with the Grant or “third term wing of the Republican party.”

But the closest investigations failed to show a flaw in the Collector’s integrity, and the President asserted his entire belief in General Arthur’s official honesty. The latter had expressed the feeling of his life, when, long before, he said one day to a friend: “If I had misappropriated five cents, and on walking down town saw two men talking on the corner together, I should imagine they were talking of my dishonesty, and the thought would drive me mad.”

General Arthur was a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention which met in Chicago in 1880. He ardently supported General Grant’s nomination; but when, after the long, fierce controversy, the choice was declared for Garfield, Arthur was, by acclamation, nominated for the vice-presidency.

It is impossible to enter here on the strife over the New York appointments which followed the election of Garfield and Arthur, and which shook the Republican party to its center.

On July 2, 1881, the great tragedy occurred which hushed the strife of parties.

As the prospect of the President’s recovery grew fainter, men’s thoughts turned to Chester A. Arthur. It was well known to which side his political traditions and friendships had

inclined him in the late contests. The nation remembered with dismay its last experience of a Vice-President who had become Chief Magistrate, and was, as we have seen, filled with anxious forebodings.

But during those trying months while the President lay fluctuating between life and death, Chester Arthur carried himself with a dignity and propriety which afforded no grounds for criticism. "He refrained from all participation in public affairs and the controversies of the time, only expressing on fitting occasions his own sincere share in the common grief and anxiety."

This is a scant outline of the history of the man who on September 19, 1881, became President of the United States.

From that time the partisan was lost in the President. His inaugural surprised the people by its temperate, reassuring tone, and he soon proved his determination to administer his high office in the interests of no faction. By his course he estranged some of his political friends, but "he had the noble consciousness that he had largely succeeded in healing the dissensions of his party."

Such an administration could not, of course, be a brilliant, aggressive one. But this latter would have been the worst possible for the nation. The country needed a period of calm, of assured quiet, to recover from the long strain and excitement through which it had passed.

To President Arthur's great honor it must be said that, during his three and a half years of administration, he gave his country what she most needed. Had he displayed a different temper; had he allowed his personal ambitions, his private partialities or resentments to dominate him; had he been bent on establishing his own policy and pursuing a strong, independent course, he might have plunged the nation, in its sensitive and excited mood, into political discussions and contests out of which vast evil would have flowed.

But the crisis brought out the nobler qualities of the man and the patriot : he himself never forgot that he was not the first choice of the nation, though he in the end earned its respect and its admiration. For the first time a Vice-President, called to the higher office, closed his administration amid the favor and confidence of the party which had elected him.

President Arthur's person was tall and well proportioned ; he had a handsome, intelligent face and a distinguished presence. In character he was affable and genial ; his affections were strong, and he was much beloved by his friends.

All his official intercourse was marked by unvarying courtesy, and he was the dignified and gracious master of the White House.

When Chester Arthur was about twenty-two he had married the daughter of Commodore Herndon, whose bravery was attested by the gold medal which Congress awarded his widow.

Mrs. Arthur died in 1879, and her husband never married again.

When President Arthur retired from the Presidency, and returned to New York, he was still in the prime of his life, and there was every reason to suppose that many years lay before him. But in the following year he had a severe attack of illness, and though he rallied for awhile, his recovery proved only transient.

His death was a surprise to his friends and to the country he had served so well. He died in New York City November 18 1886.



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GROVER CLEVELAND.

IN the autumn of 1855 a young man entered a Buffalo law firm as clerk and copyist. He received the very small salary of four dollars a week for his services ; his name was Grover Cleveland.

The young law student who was now making a brave struggle for admission to the bar, had been born in Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman whose English ancestry had settled in New England in its early colonial history. The mother was the daughter of a Baltimore merchant who came of Irish stock. Grover was named after the clergyman who had preceded his father at Caldwell.

When the boy was four the pastorate was changed for another at Fayetteville. Here he went to the academy and laid the foundations for his education. Afterward the family removed to Clinton, Oneida County, New York, where he resumed his studies at another academy.

With his resolute, sturdy, self-helpful nature, the Presbyterian parson's son was certain to set himself early and square at the battle of life, and it was almost a matter of course, that the household means of a country minister would be very limited. Grover, with his sensible, practical temperament, must have looked the facts early and courageously in the face, and resolved on having a hard battle with fate. At seventeen he was in New York City as clerk and assistant teacher in an institution for the blind. His elder brother, like the father, a Presbyterian clergyman, was teaching at the same place, and had, no doubt, secured a position for the younger.

He did not occupy it long. In 1855 he resolved to go to

the West and make his place there ; he went as far as Buffalo where his destiny was to keep him ; he assisted an uncle in some literary work, and then entered a law office and set about studying Blackstone.

In 1859 Grover Cleveland was admitted to the bar ; he remained for three years with the firm with which he had begun his legal studies. Afterward he became a member of several other law firms in the city.

The young Buffalo lawyer had the strong fiber, the power of persistent work, the resolute purpose, which is certain to succeed in life. During the years which followed his admission to the bar, Grover Cleveland "had obtained high rank as a lawyer : he was noted for the simplicity and directness of his logic and expression and thorough mastery of his cases."

By this time the father had died, and the widow and her family were left in those straitened circumstances which are so often the fate of clergymen's families.

Fortunately for this one there was a brother with a strong brain and a generous hand to come to its aid.

In the autumn of 1881 Grover Cleveland was nominated for Mayor of Buffalo. He characteristically expressed his opinion at this time "that the affairs of the city should be conducted as far as possible on the same principles as a good business man manages his private concerns."

After his election he became known as the "Veto Mayor." It was certainly to his honor that he "used his prerogative fearlessly in checking useless and extravagant expenditures." The appropriations for the celebration of the Fourth of July were curtailed that the money might be more wisely expended on Decoration Day.

In the Democratic convention at Syracuse the Buffalo Mayor was nominated for Governor of New York, and duly elected.

In this high position he promptly showed his dislike of mere official parade and ceremony. He avowed, in his clear, terse style, his purpose "to serve the people faithfully and well."

He afforded an unprecedented spectacle in Albany when he went on foot through its streets to the capitol, accompanied only by a friend, to take his oath of office. As far as possible, he dispensed with official forms and ceremonials. "The Governor of the State lived simply, keeping no carriage, and walking daily from his house to the scene of his duties."

The "Veto Mayor" proved an "honest Governor." His opponents might disapprove of many of his political measures, but nobody questioned his integrity.

In 1884 the Democratic National Convention at Chicago nominated Grover Cleveland for twenty-second President of the United States. The canvass which followed was one of great rancor and bitterness. The Republican party, which had carried the country through the grief and glory of the most momentous quarter of a century in its history, was shaken by dissensions and antipathies, partly political and partly personal. It was also weakened by the separation and opposition of some of its most prominent and trusted leaders. In November Grover Cleveland was elected President of the United States.

His administration has been marked by those forcible and independent qualities which distinguished him as Mayor of Buffalo and Governor of New York. It is characteristic of such a man that he should exercise his veto power more frequently than most of his predecessors.

The President is now in the prime of his years. He is a man of large, rather massive build, with a strong, resolute, intelligent face, and with a quiet, simple directness of speech and manner.

His sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, a lady of literary tastes, whose writings give evidence of mental grasp and

earnest thought, became, after her brother's inaugural the mistress of the White House.

On June 2, 1886, the President was married to Miss Frances Folsom. The young lady was the daughter of his intimate friend and former law partner, and must have had throughout her girlhood pleasant and fireside associations with one who, after her father's sudden death, became the intimate, loyal friend of his family.

The young wife who now presides at the White House is said to have many attractions of person and manner. She has lent the charm of sweet and graceful young womanhood to all the dignities and responsibilities of the high position which she occupies.

In June, 1888, the Democratic National Convention assembled at St. Louis and re-nominated President Cleveland to a second term of office.

The main issue between the two political parties was the ever-recurring one of the tariff. The quiet and good temper with which the campaign has been conducted forms an agreeable contrast to the excitement and acrimony of the preceding one.



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BENJAMIN HARRISON.

THE inauguration of the next President of the United States will have one memorable feature. This cannot fail to touch the imagination and stir all the patriotic feeling of the man who will form the central figure in that impressive ceremonial. For the oath of office which he takes will close a century of Presidents. It will mark the striking of that hour which opens a new one.

Benjamin Harrison was born at North Bend, in the old Harrison homestead, on August 20, 1833. North Bend was the estate, or, as his sturdy old grandfather would have called it, the "farm" of the Harrisons, which lay on the Ohio River, not far from Cincinnati.

Benjamin, as all the world knows, came of a stanch, patriotic breed. The Harrisons belonged to the old Virginia colonists, and a nimbus of the Revolution clung about the name. The boy at North Bend was christened after the great-grandfather who had set his name to the Declaration of Independence, and who served his country loyally in the colonial Congress during the Revolution, and as Governor of the young State of Virginia.

The grandfather, under whose roof Benjamin first saw the light, became, a few years after the boy's birth, ninth President of the United States, so the Harrisons form the second instance within the century where the great office has been bestowed on members of the same family.

Benjamin's father, John Scott Harrison, inherited the virtues of the race—its simplicity, its fidelity, its generosity. Love of riches, greed of fame, vaulting ambition, do not seem to have

been in the Harrison blood. The "Father of the Northwest" left the place which had afforded him such temptations of carving a colossal fortune out of the vast territories over which he was virtually dictator, with hands as stainless as Washington's when he resigned his sword at the close of the war of the Revolution.

The son, John Scott, loved his farm, "lying on the peninsula between the Ohio and Miami rivers, just five miles below North Bend, and touching at one point the Indiana boundary line," better than he did all the honors and high places of the world. He was twice sent to Congress, but the political arena was not suited to his temperament. He returned to his family and his farm. He belonged there. He will always stand a quiet, unpretentious figure between his famous father and his distinguished son.

Benjamin was the second boy of the household. His first school-house was a log-cabin, a short distance from his own very simple home. His father, who could leave his boys no fortune, was resolved they should be started with a good education. When the log-cabin went to pieces with age and the weather, private teachers were secured for the boys at home. Afterward Benjamin went for two years to an academy with the homely name of "Farmers' College," a few miles from Cincinnati.

The boy was singularly fortunate in his home-life. It forms a simple, attractive picture, whenever we get a glimpse of it. The household atmosphere was sweet with all wholesome and sterling virtues. There was a tender mother, with a devout Christian character, at the head of the home, and she must have had a powerful molding influence upon the young lives growing up about her.

On Sundays, we read, Benjamin went regularly with his family to church at North Bend. His birthplace must have

been a second home to him with the kindly, indulgent grandmother, and the famous grandfather of whom he no doubt still has some childish memories, though he died at the White House before Benjamin had reached his eighth birthday.

After two years at Farmers' College, the boy entered Miami University. He was, at this time, a slight-framed, rather undersized youth, a little grave and serious, one imagines, for his years. He showed a decidedly studious bent and made the most of his advantages ; he was fond, too, we learn, of all the rude, outdoor games of the time and the place.

Young Harrison made a fine record at Miami University and graduated at eighteen, "taking the fourth honors of his class."

The boy reared on the Ohio farm had now to face life for himself. Things had gone from bad to worse with the estate which his father had inherited, and stripped of everything else, the owner was barely able, through the interposition of relatives, to retain possession of his farm.

A little while before John Scott Harrison's father had been President of the United States ; he had given the strength of his youth, the prime of his manhood, to his country ; he had died in her service ; yet it appears never to have crossed the mind of his son that he had a claim on the country because of that life of unswerving patriotism and devotion.

Benjamin Harrison certainly never thought of it when he came out of college and faced his fate and made up his mind to prepare for the bar. He entered a law-office in Cincinnati, and set about his studies with that earnestness which was to be the characteristic of his life.

He was barely twenty, his studies were not yet completed, when he took to wife Miss Caroline W. Scott, the daughter of the president of an academy, which "stood in a town overlooked by Miami University."

The bright, intelligent, attractive girl had won the heart of

the young student. That early marriage must have seemed a very imprudent step to their older and wiser friends. The young husband had no fortune, no assured means of support. But the union was to prove one of life-long sympathy and blessedness.

The lines would have appeared very hard ones to aught but youth and love and courage. Young Harrison completed his studies and resolved to enter the Indianapolis bar. It seemed a godsend that he had inherited a few hundred dollars from an aunt, but the sum was too small "to admit of his renting a house, or even an office." He had no influential friends in that young Western city, where the grandson of the President resolved to make his brave struggle with fortune.

The story is too long and varied for the limits of this sketch. The slight-framed, small-statured young lawyer, with the blue eyes and blonde complexion of his race, with his simple dress and his modest manner, soon became a member of the Indianapolis bar. But there was an unwavering purpose, a well-balanced brain, a manly integrity, behind the young face and the unassuming carriage.

The struggle for the first years must have taxed every energy and strained every fiber. Alluding to that hard time long after it was over, Benjamin Harrison has said, "A five dollar bill was an event."

Times brightened slowly but steadily. After the birth of the first son the young people went to housekeeping. The home—a one-story house, with three rooms—was the humblest imaginable. But beneath that lowly roof-tree dwelt the happiness which is often a stranger in palaces.

In due time a law-partnership opened to young Harrison. His ability and integrity began to make their mark. In 1860 he was nominated by the Republican Convention for Reporter of the Supreme Court. He stumped the State, and his

speeches—particularly one at Rockville, where he was opposed to Mr. Hendricks—gained him a lasting reputation. Harrison was at this time elected to his first political office.

From that time, the record of the Indianapolis lawyer is one of constantly ascending fortunes. He was not long in proving that he had chosen the profession for which nature had designed him. His arguments were marked by a clear, concise, vigorous style—a style which could on occasion rise into passionate indignation or into earnest eloquence.

It was characteristic that he did not lose his temper in the heat and rush of argument, and that he treated the opposing counsel and the witnesses under his quiet, penetrating cross-examinations with unvarying courtesy.

Benjamin Harrison was not twenty-eight years old when the Rebellion broke out. In that spring of 1861 he had won his place at the bar, and the future must have stretched ample and promising before him. In 1862, when the times were gloomiest, and the Northern cause had reached its nadir, Benjamin Harrison made up his mind that his country had a supreme claim on him, and resolved to go to the war.

With characteristic promptness he set about drilling and recruiting a company. In a little while other companies joined it. Harrison was commissioned Colonel of the 70th Regiment Indiana Volunteers. He marched with his men to Bowling Green. He remained with his regiment until it was mustered out at the close of the war.

It is impossible to dwell at this time on the military career of Benjamin Harrison. It will form a chapter full of life, color, action, in an ampler history of the man. He was now to enter a new field, and his whole moral and mental make-up were to be subjected to new and stern tests. It must be sufficient to say here that, alike in the camp and on the battle-field he proved the soldier's stuff that was in him. At the battles of

Resaca, of Kenesaw Mountain, of Peach Tree Creek, he rendered gallant service, and in long march, and weary bivouac, and desperate fight, showed himself the true soldier, the born commander.

At Peach Tree Creek the young Colonel of the 70th Indiana Volunteer Infantry makes a striking figure, as he swings into line, with his ringing shout: "Come on, boys! we've never been licked yet, and we won't begin now."

His men called their valiant, small-framed leader, "Little Ben." He won their hearts for the thoughtful tenderness that was like a woman's. They had seen him after the fierce battle of New Hope Church, in the "little frame house" to which his wounded men had been borne, throw off his coat, roll his sleeves to his elbows, and set himself at work stanching their wounds. The candles poured a dim, wavering light over the scene—over ghastly faces and figures of brave men lying smitten and helpless all around—over their colonel as he moved rapidly among his wounded soldiers, intent only on relieving their sufferings. Hour after hour he worked on, and did not cease until, after midnight, the surgeons appeared.

One other scene deserves a place even in this slight record.

During the last winter of the war the 70th Indiana Regiment was encamped near Nashville. At one time the cold was terrible. "A storm of snow and sleet came on. The earth turned to a sheet of ice." Soldiers were frozen stark on the picket lines. Others never recovered from the cruel exposure of those nights. During one of these Colonel Harrison left his own warm quarters, and went out into the cold and darkness, carrying a can of hot coffee among the freezing pickets. "He was afraid," he said, "that the men would perish, and he knew the hot coffee would keep them alive."

If it seems like a homely act, hardly becoming the dignity of history—well, my reader, just put yourself for a moment in the

place of those freezing men on picket in that long-ago winter night at Nashville!

When the war closed General Harrison—he had been promoted to the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General—returned to Indianapolis. The true soldier always makes a good citizen. He now resumed his law practice. He had, however, won his first political honors before he went to the field, and in 1864 he was re-elected to the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court.

Three years afterward he declined a third nomination, as his official duties interfered seriously with his professional work. But his experience during the war had, no doubt, intensified his Republicanism, for he took a prominent part in both the "Grant campaigns," and at that time addressed frequent and large audiences throughout the State.

In 1876 he absolutely declined the nomination for Governor of Indiana. But the times were critical. The Republicans regarded it vastly important to carry the State for their presidential candidate, Rutherford B. Hayes. A great pressure was brought to bear on General Harrison, and he was at last forced to accept the nomination. The Democrats, however, won the election.

In the famous National Convention of 1880, at Chicago, General Harrison's name was suggested for nomination to the Presidency, but he positively declined to enter the lists and threw all his influence into General Garfield's scale.

Honors and fame now fell rapidly to General Harrison. He was offered a seat in the Garfield Cabinet, but declined that, because he had, after the presidential election, been unanimously chosen to the United States Senate, where he served his country for the next six years with conspicuous ability.

In 1884 his claims to the presidential office were again discussed. The National Republican Convention, which met in Chicago, June 19th, 1888, nominated General Harrison for the

Presidency. He was, after a campaign conducted on both sides with a quiet and good taste in marked contrast to the stormy ones which had preceded it, elected in the following November.

The story so scantily related here belongs to an earnest, manly, well-balanced character, to a life ennobled by high and worthy purposes, and loyal in all places and to all duties.

It will fall to General Harrison's lot, if God wills, to take, on the 4th of next March, that sacred oath of office which his grandfather took, forty-eight years before.

But Benjamin Harrison appears never to have had the slightest feeling that the world owed him anything because he was the grandson of that grandfather. Indeed his sense of his own debt to his day and generation has perhaps been most fitly expressed by that gallant old "Noblesse oblige."

Mrs. Harrison is a lady of fine presence and intelligent and attractive countenance. In a little while she will become the representative of American womanhood to the world. But one wonders whether, amid all the pomp and splendor of the White House, her memories will not sometimes go back to dwell fondly on that little "three-roomed, one-storied house" where she lived the romance of her youth; whether her heart will not sometimes yearn, amid all the grandeur about her, for the old simple quiet and happiness.

It is the glory of our country that the lowly home was the way, like Abraham Lincoln's cabin, to the White House.



