

# *The World's Story*

## *U.S. History - Civil War, Mexico*

VOLUME NINE

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

# *The World's Story*

## *A History of the World in Story, Song and Art*

*Volume 9*
*U.S. History – Civil War, Mexico*

*Edited by Eva March Tappan*

**Libraries of Hope**

The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 9
U.S. History – Civil War, Mexico

Copyright © 2020 by Libraries of Hope, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

The World's Story, A History of the World in Story, Song and Art, edited by Eva March Tappan. (Original copyright 1914)

Cover Image: The Underground Railroad, by Charles T. Webber (1893). In public domain, source Wikimedia Commons.

Libraries of Hope, Inc.

Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website www.librariesofhope.com

Email**:** librariesofhope@gmail.com

Printed in the United States of America

# CONTENTS

## THE UNITED STATES

### I. THE MEXICAN WAR

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO" . . . . *Cyrus Townsend Brady* 3
From "Border Fights and Fighters."
THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE VOTE . . *W. H. Vail* 14
From "The Outlook."
THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC . . *James Barnes* 15
From "The Giant of Three Wars."

### II. CALIFORNIA

WHEN THE ENGLISH DISCOVERED CALIFORNIA
*Edward Everett Hale* 23
From "Narrative and Critical History of America."
ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST IN THE THIRTIES
*Richard Henry Dana, Jr.* 29
From "Two Years Before the Mast."
HOW THE "FORTY-NINERS" REACHED CALIFORNIA
*Henry Childs Merwin* 39
EARLY BUSINESS DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO
From "The Life of Bret Harte." *Henry Childs Merwin* 46

### III. THE SHADOW OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE "BROADCLOTH MOB" OF BOSTON *Harriet Martineau* 53
From "Society in America."
ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY *Francis Grierson* 60
THE GREAT LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE *Francis Grierson* 68
From "The Valley of Shadows." . .
JUST BEFORE THE WAR . *Morris Schaff* 76
From "The Spirit of Old West Point."

### IV. FROM FORT SUMTER TO CHANCELLORSVILLE

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER . *Orville J. Victor* 89
From "History of the Southern Rebellion."
BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC *Julia Ward Howe* 95
THE GATHERING OF THE GREAT ARMY *Charles Carleton Coffin* 97
From "My Days and Nights on the Battlefield."
JONATHAN TO JOHN *James Russell Lowell* 104
From "The Biglow Papers."

# CONTENTS


THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR *John S. Wise* 109
From "The End of an Era."
TAKEN PRISONER AT SHILOH . . . *Henry M. Stanley* 126
From "The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley."
BOSTON HYMN . . . . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 143


## V. THE TURNING-POINT


"STONEWALL" JACKSON BY THE RIVER *Mary Johnston* 149
From "The Long Roll."
A THREE-HOURS TRUCE AT VICKSBURG *W. H. Tunnard* 160
From "A Soldier's Story of the Siege of Vicksburg."
A DRUMMER-BOY AT GETTYSBURG . . . . *Harry M. Kieffer* 165
From "Recollections of a Drummer Boy."
JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG . . . . . *Bret Harte* 182
THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS . . . . . *Abraham Lincoln* 186
ALABAMA DRESSMAKING IN THE DAYS OF THE BLOCKADE
From "A Blockaded Family." *Parthenia Antoinette Hague* 190


## VI. THE END OF THE STRUGGLE


THE DAY OF THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND *Morris Schaff* 209
From "The Sunset of the Confederacy."
CARRYING A MESSAGE TO GENERAL LEE *John S. Wise* 212
From "The End of an Era."
LEE'S SURRENDER . . . . . *Morris Schaff* 226
From "The Sunset of the Confederacy."
AMERICA AFTER THE CIVIL WAR . *William Ewart Gladstone* 234
From "The Might of Right."


## MEXICO

## I. STORIES OF THE AZTECS


A HYMN OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS . *Unknown* 239
From "The Rig Veda Americanus," edited by D. G. Brinton.
NEZAHUALCOYOTL, KING OF THE TUSCUCANS
*William Hickling Prescott* 240
From "History of the Conquest of Mexico."
HOW AN AZTEC BOY BECAME A KNIGHT *Hubert Howe Bancroft* 245
HOW THE AZTEC KING PASSED HIS TIME *Hubert Howe Bancroft* 250
From "A Popular History of the Mexican People."

# CONTENTS

## II. THE COMING OF THE SPANIARDS

HAS THE GOD QUETZALCOATL COME TO MEXICO? *William Hickling Prescott* 257
From "History of the Conquest of Mexico."
THE KING WITHOUT A THRONE *Hubert Howe Bancroft* 266
From "A Popular History of the Mexican People."
THE FALL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO *Jacob Abbott* 274
From "History of Hernando Cortez and his Conquest of Mexico."

## III. MODERN MEXICO

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA *John G. Whittier* 283
MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO . . . *Margaret Junkin Preston* 288
THE RULE OF PORFIRIO DIAZ *Channing Arnold and Frederick J. Tabor Frost* 292
From "The American Egypt."

# I
# THE MEXICAN WAR

## HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1821, Mexico became independent of Spain, and forthwith invited immigration. During the first half of the nineteenth century, more than twenty thousand people from the United States accepted this invitation, and settled in Texas, the northern province of Mexico. They found Mexican law and treatment unsatisfactory, and in 1836 these Texans fought their way to freedom, founded the Republic of Texas, and asked to join the Union as a State. As slavery existed in Texas, the anti-slavery party objected to its admission, and there was a long delay. At length the pro-slavery party triumphed, and in 1845 Texas was admitted.

Mexico not only refused to acknowledge the independence of Texas, but also declared that in any case the river Nueces was her own northern boundary, while Texas claimed to be bounded by the Rio Grande. The disputed territory was occupied by an American army, and when the Mexicans attempted to drive it out, the United States formally declared war. General Taylor invaded northern Mexico and won battle after battle along the Rio Grande. Kearny took possession of New Mexico and Arizona, and Frémont occupied California. The main army under General Winfield Scott landed at Vera Cruz, and, after several hard-fought battles against superior forces, captured the City of Mexico. This ended the war.

By the treaty of peace the United States gained a territory equal in extent to the combined areas of Germany, France, and Spain.

# "REMEMBER THE ALAMO!"

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

[THE Alamo is an ancient Spanish mission in the present city of San Antonio. Here, in 1836, during the Texas struggle for freedom, a band of one hundred and eighty Americans and Texans, including David Crockett, the famous scout, and James Bowie, inventor of the bowie knife, were attacked by a Mexican army under General Santa Anna.

*The Editor.*]

ON the 23d of February, 1836, Santa Anna in person appeared before the fort with the advance of his army and demanded its surrender. He had led some five thousand men of the Mexican regular army, with many camp-followers and women, a forced march of one hundred and eighty leagues from Monclova to San Antonio, across a desert country in the depth of a Texas winter with its extremes of heat and cold and blasting storm. Only after incredible hardships and great losses had the terrible march been completed. That Santa Anna could do this is no small evidence of his capacity as a leader and his ability to inspire his men to heroic action.

His arrival was a complete surprise to the Texans; many of them were scattered through the town at a *fandango* at the time. When the alarm was given they repaired to the Alamo, and Travis met the demand for a surrender by a shot from his battery, at the same time hoisting his flag. This was the white, red, and green banner of the Mexican Republic with two stars (Texas-

Coahuila) in the center in place of the familiar eagle and serpent. The Lone Star flag had not then been adopted.

Santa Anna displayed a red ensign, signifying that no quarter would be given, and began erecting batteries with which he opened fire, the Texans replying with good effect. The Mexicans, while greatly outnumbering the garrison, were not yet in sufficient force completely to invest the works, although their numbers were increasing as the different regiments followed the advance guard, and the Texans might easily have escaped. Travis, however, had no thought of retreating — not he. He immediately dispatched the following appeal for assistance: —

*To the people of Texas and all Americans in the World.*

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,
BEXAR, February 24, 1836.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS, —

I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call upon you, in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three

or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country.

*Victory or Death!*

W. BARRETT TRAVIS,
Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

P.S. — The Lord is on our side. When the army appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses eighty or ninety bushels and got into the walls twenty or thirty beeves.

Brave Travis! Other ringing sentences from his subsequent letters are worth quoting: —

"I shall continue to hold the Alamo until I get relief from my countrymen, or I perish in its defense."

"Take care of my little boy; if the country should be saved, I may make him a splendid fortune, but if the country should be lost and I should perish, he would have nothing but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country."

The thought of that little boy adds a touch of pathos to the story of the dauntless cavalier and his devoted band facing fearful odds "for liberty and honor, God and Texas, victory or death!"

Travis also dispatched messengers invoking assistance from adjacent garrisons. Colonel James Butler Bonham, a young South Carolina volunteer, broke through the Mexican lines and rode post-haste to Colonel Fannin at Goliad, some two hundred miles to the southeast. Fannin promptly started out with three hundred men

and four guns, but his ammunition wagons broke down, his transportation failed him, his provisions gave out, he could not get his artillery over the rivers, and he was reluctantly forced to turn back.

He tried in vain to keep Bonham with him. "I will report to Travis or die in the attempt," returned the chivalric Carolinian, who had been a schoolboy friend of Travis, as he started back to the fort. At one o'clock in the morning of March 3, he succeeded in reaching the fort through the beleaguering army, after a long and dangerous ride in which he literally took his life in his hands. So far as any one could see, he came back to certain death with his friends. Honor to him! Travis had received a valuable reinforcement of thirty-two heroic fellows from Gonzales, who dashed through the lines on horses, cutting their way into the Alamo at three in the morning of March 1. Captain J. W. Smith led them and they came cheerfully, although they divined what their fate would be if the place was stormed.

For eleven days the siege continued. The Mexicans lost heavily whenever they came within rifle range; on one occasion they tried to bridge the aqueduct and thirty of them were instantly killed. Sorties were made by the besieged at first, but were soon given over. The bombardment of the works was continuous, but, strange to say, no Texan was killed, although the whole garrison was completely worn out by the strain of ceaseless watching and continual fighting. There is no question but they could have cut their way out and escaped at almost any time, but no one dreamed of such a thing. They were there to stay until the end, whatever it might be.

Santa Anna would undoubtedly get the fort eventually; well, he might have it by paying the price; so they reasoned, but that price would be one, in the words of a later revolutionist, that would "stagger humanity." Knowing Santa Anna, they could have no doubt of his intentions toward them, especially as he had made no secret of his purpose to put them all to death unless they surrendered at discretion. The calm courage with which they faced this appalling certainty is as noteworthy as the high heroism of their last defense.

The last of Santa Anna's army arrived at Bexar on the 2d of March; he allowed them three days for recuperation and on the 5th held a council of war to decide upon the course to be pursued. The council, like every other, was divided, with a preponderance of opinion in favor of waiting for siege-guns to breach or batter down the walls. Santa Anna, however, determined upon an immediate assault, to be delivered at daybreak the next morning. Twenty-five hundred picked men in four columns, commanded respectively by General Duque, Romero, and Morales, were detailed to make the attack. They were provided with scaling-ladders, axes, and crowbars, in addition to their weapons; and the cavalry of the army was disposed at strategic points to prevent escape should any of the hundred and eighty defenders succeed in breaking through the assaulting columns. Or, possibly, their function was to cut down any panic-stricken Mexican who might wish to withdraw from before the death-dealing Texas rifles!

Colonel Duque was to lead the main assault on the north side, while a simultaneous attack was to be made on the east and west sides and at the redoubt covering

the sally-port from the convent yard. No attack appears to have been contemplated on the stockade on the south wall at first. Accounts of what happened differ widely; it is to be remembered that no American lived to tell the tale, and it is hard to get at the absolute truth from Mexican testimony and the frightened recollections of two dazed women and two servants. Each narrator must build his own account by considering all the testimony and weighing the evidence. This that follows seems to me to be what happened.

About four o'clock on Sunday morning, March 6, the notes of a bugle calling the Mexican troops to arms rang over the quiet plain, across which the first gray light, precursor of the dawn, was already stealing. Bugles all about caught up the shrill refrain, lights appeared in the circling camps, the trampling feet of hurrying men, neighing of the horses, all apprised the weary garrison that the moment they had expected was at hand. They were instantly assembled.

What happened as they fell in on the plaza before they went to their several stations? Tradition has it that Travis paraded them, briefly addressed them, pointed out their certain fate, as he had sworn never to surrender, and bade any who desired to do so to leave him freely and escape while there was yet time. Not a man availed himself of the permission. "We will stay and die with you," they cried unanimously as they repaired to their stations on the outer wall.

Cool, calm, and resolute, they waited the breaking of the battle storm; undaunted by the prospect, unshaken by the fearful odds before them. America has produced no better soldiers! Even the dozen sick men in the long

room of the hospital with Bowie were provided with arms, of which, fortunately, they had a good supply, and they, too, shared the same heroic resolution. Ill and well were equally determined.

It was early morning when all the dispositions were made on both sides, and the day was breaking clear, cool, and beautiful, a sweet day indeed in which to die for home and country and liberty, in the great cause of human freedom — so they may have thought as they looked toward the eastward light for the last time. The quiet watchers on the walls presently detected movements in the dark rank of the besiegers. They were coming, then! Music, too, was there. All the bands of the Mexican army stationed with Santa Anna on the battery in front of the plaza were playing a ghastly air called "Deguello" — cut-throat! — that and the red flag speaking of no quarter pointed out a deadly purpose. Well, the Texans needed none of these things to nerve their arms. Rifles were lifted and sighted, the lock-strings of the carefully pointed cannon were tightened; they could not afford to throw away any shots, there was no hurry, no confusion.

The Mexicans were nearer now. The bugles rang charge, the close-ordered ranks broke into a run. From the east, the west, the north, they came, cheering and yelling madly! A shot burst from the plaza, the crack of the rifles broke on the air, a fusillade ran along the walls on every side. The cannon roared out, hurling into the faces of the Mexicans bags filled with hideous missiles. The advancing lines hesitated, paused, halted, fled! The first assault was beaten off, the ground was covered with dead and wounded; comparative stillness supervened.

Well done, brave Texans, look to your arms again, snatch a cup of water, enjoy your moment of respite, they are coming again!

The east and west columns had been driven to the north. Colonel Duque, gallant soul, re-formed them on his own brigade; there was a small breach in the north wall; he hurled the mass at it, himself in the lead. The Americans ran to the point threatened; again the withering rifle fire. Duque fell, desperately wounded; mortal man could not face that deadly discharge; the soldiers gave way once more — repulsed a second time; would they dare come on again?

Far off on the east side the roar of battle still surged around the redoubt covering the convent yard. How went the battle there, thought the triumphant defenders of the plaza as they gazed on their flying foemen? It was a critical moment for the Mexicans. Santa Anna recognized it, and galloped on the field leading a reinforcement. He noted that the west wall had been denuded of most of its defenders, and with soldierly decision threw his fresh troops against it, leading them in person, some accounts say. Oh, for a thousand brave hearts and true to man the long lines! The hundred and eighty could not be everywhere, the few at the point of impact died, and the Mexicans entered the plaza, at last.

At the same time the officers drove the men up to the third assault on the north wall. Under the eye of Santa Anna they advanced for a last desperate attempt. Honor to those Mexicans for their bravery, too. In this attack a bullet pierces Travis's brain — the little boy has only the heritage of an honored and heroic name then — he falls dead on the trail of a cannon. Bonham

is killed serving a gun, the north wall is taken, the redoubt to the east is gained, the stockade is attacked, other soldiers swarm up to the south wall, break through the gate — they come in on every side. The Texans are surrounded by fire and steel. Some of them run back while there is yet time and rally in the convent where Bowie lies. Others follow Crockett, now in chief command, to the church to die with him there. The whole Mexican army is upon them now, the ninescore against the five thousand at last.

The old convent is divided into little cell-like rooms, each with a door opening into the yard or plaza, but with no connection between the rooms. A few Texans hold each chamber, and into each smoke-filled inclosure the infuriated troops pour their gun fire and then rush the rooms, to writhe and struggle over the bloody pavements until all the defenders are killed. No quarter, indeed!

What of the invalids in the hospital fighting from their beds? Forty Mexicans fall dead before the door of the long room before they think to bring a cannon and blow the defenders into eternity. Bowie lies alone in his room waiting with grim resolution for what is coming, pain from injuries forgotten, fevered pulse beating higher; his bed is covered with pistols and near his hand lies his trusty knife. A brown fierce face peers in the door; another and another, the room is filled with smoke; yells and curses and groans rise from the floor where a trail of stricken soldiers reaches from the door to the bedside. And one bolder than his fellows lies on Bowie's breast with that awful American knife buried deep in his heart and Bowie has died as he had lived — sword in hand!

The only fight left now is in the churchyard. A little handful, bloody, powder-stained, desperate, are backed up against the wall. It is hand-to-hand work now on both sides, no time to reload, bayonet thrust against rifle-butt in berserker fury. Hope is lost, but they are dying in high fashion, faces to the foe, striking while they have a heart-beat left. "Fire the magazine," says Crockett to Major Evans, the only remaining officer. The man runs toward the church where the powder is stored and is stricken down on the threshold. The Mexicans rush upon Crockett and his remnant. The keen death-dealing "Betsy" has spoken for the last time, the old frontiersman has clasped it by the barrel now. Swinging this iron war-club he stands at bay, disdaining surrender. The Mexicans are piled before him in heaps; but numbers tell, they swarm about him, they leap upon him like hounds upon a great stag, they pull him down, bury their bayonets in his great heart, spurn him, trample upon him, spit upon him — so he makes a fine end!

It is over. Gunner Walker, the last man in arms, is shot and stabbed, tossed aloft on bayonets in fact. The flag is down. No one is left to defend it longer. Five wounded, helpless prisoners are dragged before Santa Anna and at his command butchered where they lie, or stand, some of the Mexican officers — to their credit be it said — vainly protesting. Six people who were in the fort at the beginning were left alive by the Mexicans, two women, two children, and two servants, one a negro slave, the other a Mexican.

One hour! One short hour filled with such sublime struggle as has not been witnessed often in the brief compass of sixty minutes. The sun is shining. The plaza

is filled with light, the light of morning, the light of heroic death, of self-sacrifice absolute; and the day breaks, a day of eternal remembrance. Wherever men live to love the hero, these will not be forgotten. By the defense of that old deserted Spanish House of Prayer, it was consecrated anew to the service of God, through the sufferings of men. Their sacrifice had not been in vain, for the cry that swept Texas to freedom, that drove the Mexican beyond the Rio Grande was

*Remember the Alamo!*

One scene remains of the splendid story. By Santa Anna's orders the dead Texans, to the number of one hundred and eighty-two, were gathered together and arranged in a huge pyramid, a layer of wood, a layer of dead, and so on, and the torch applied. A not unfitting end. As the dead demigod of Homeric days was laid upon his funeral pyre, as the dead viking of later time was burned with his ship, so these modern heroes. The wind scattered their ashes on the spot their defense had immortalized and made it forever a hallowed ground.

The hundred and eighty had done well, each one had accounted for more than four of the enemy, for the Spanish casualties are estimated as between six hundred and a thousand. And most was hand-to-hand fighting. The Texan-Americans had done their best and given their all. Honor to their valor and their courage!

On the monument erected at the State Capitol at Austin, to commemorate their unparalleled achievement, is graven this significant line: —

"THERMOPYLÆ HAD ITS MESSENGER OF DEFEAT;
THE ALAMO HAD NONE."

## THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE VOTE

BY W. H. VAIL

In De Kalb County, Indiana, when the election day arrived, there was a man who was in doubt whether to go to the mill or to the polls. Finally, after a certain amount of coaxing, he decided that he would exercise his right of franchise and vote. He voted the Democratic ticket, and a Democratic member of the Legislature was elected from his district by a majority of only one vote. That Legislature elected a United States Senator, and by the vote of the one member from that district Mr. Hannegan was chosen.

Mr. Hannegan took his seat in the Senate, and was president of the Senate *pro tem.*, when the vote was taken for the annexation of Texas. On the floor the vote was a tie, and Mr. Hannegan's casting vote decided the question in favor of annexation; and this action brought on the Mexican War, which has so shaped the subsequent history of our country.

This illustration certainly brings before us an extreme case, but who knows when another instance may occur proving the same value of one vote?

# THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC

[1847]

BY JAMES BARNES

[WHEN General Scott arrived before the City of Mexico with his little army he found the city defended by a double line of fortifications strengthened by lakes and marshes. On August 20, the outer works were carried by four desperate assaults. After a futile endeavor to arrange terms of peace, the forts of Molino del Rey were stormed and captured in a hand-to-hand struggle, and nothing remained to carry but the almost impregnable Castle of Chapultepec.

*The Editor.*]

THERE was no sleep that night for the general or his staff. They had taken the first step to Chapultepec. They were on the lower stair, but they would have to fight their way to the very top, and if this day's battle was an earnest of the one that was to follow, there would be between five and six thousand men, only, left him to enter a city that had comprised among its population nearly eighty thousand men of fighting age. Whether the city would resist his entering — if Chapultepec should fall — he could not tell. He was led to suppose it would not. At all events, there was no time to hesitate. Action was necessary. Scott said to one of his officers: "If I had ten times the number of men that I now have, I could use them; so every man must fight as if he was ten himself." And that is exactly what they did.

By all rules of the game of war that were ever printed, written, or learned, Scott was defeated and repulsed. In

fact, he should have been annihilated, if not at Molino del Rey, the first thing on the following morning after this costly victory. The Mexicans might have poured out like an avalanche from the cliffs above and swept the little blue-coated army out of existence. But such a thought never entered the American private's mind. The general had carried him through tight places before, and he would do it again. There was nothing to prevent him entering the city proper at this very minute. All he had to do was to batter down one of the gates and rush through into the streets that were filled with the terror-stricken inhabitants, but with Chapultepec in the Mexicans' hands, his sojourn in Mexico would have been short; he might have entered, but he would never have left again. It was necessary to pause before delivering the final attack.

Scott determined to divert attention by pretending that the city was his destination. So on the 12th of September a battery, well supported, was sent forward to begin hammering at the gate. Four large batteries were planted within easy distance of the castle walls, with orders to begin firing as soon as daylight was sufficient for the ranges to be found. Long before the sun had shown above the horizon, the grim, gray dawn was saluted by the red gashes of flame from the cannon's mouths. The shells raising their fiery arches from their burning fuses, the thundering discharges of the Mexican guns that soon replied, almost shook the solid rock. From daylight till it was pitch dark the artillery duel went on. The Mexicans, though firing from above, displayed, luckily, little accuracy, and the American gunners soon got the range to a dot, and hardly a shot went

wild. By nightfall it was evident the fortress was severely shaken; and by the morning of the 13th the storming party were in position. The plan was to advance in two columns.

Pillow was to come forward from the west, and Quitman from the southeast. Ahead of the main columns, on each side, were 250 picked men. Worth's division was to act as a reserve, and Twiggs was to keep up his attack on the gates of the city.

The Mexicans had mined the first line of defenses, and it was the intention to blow up the Americans if they should ever cross the ramparts; but so keen were the troops and so swift was the first advance that the picked vanguard reached the first wall and surmounted it alone. They shot down the men who had been left to fire the mines, and were stamping out some of the burning fire trains that led to them, as the main division, shouting and cheering, came tumbling over the escarpment.

The firing now broke out all along the surface of the hill. Here and there little bands of five or six men could be seen, climbing along like goats, helping with hand and shoulder their comrades above and beneath them. Resistlessly they pushed up. The Mexicans watching from the cathedral spires and the city walls saw the Stars and Stripes, flag after flag, appear, as point after point was taken. But for some time from the topmost pinnacle floated the Mexican banner, and then at last it wavered, fluttered, and came down.

A detachment of the New York volunteers, led by Lieutenant Reid, and another of the Second Infantry, led by the brave Lieutenant Steele, were first to gain the

inner walls of the citadel. Young Steele was badly wounded, but with the assistance of two men on either side of him, he kept moving upward, and when at last he reached the top, it was his own hand that lowered the last Mexican banner. As its folds fluttered about him, he fell fainting to the ground.

Scott, with great difficulty, owing to his tremendous size and weight, at last reached the crest, and saw the retreating Mexicans streaming away on all sides; and hanging on their flanks, pursuing them, were bodies of American troops, mad with the desire to kill and to have revenge for the slaughter of their comrades at Molino del Rey. Scott sent orders, ordering the recall of the pursuers. To those about him he raised his voice almost in supplication: "Be humane and generous, my boys, as you are victorious, and I will get down on my bended knee to God for you to-night."

It was a long time, however, before the officers could call off their men from the pursuit. The hillsides and the plain and the meadow beyond were crowded with dead and wounded Mexicans.

In the afternoon a small battery was carried before the gates, and at four o'clock on the next morning, September 14, a deputation from the City Council waited upon General Scott and informed him that the Government and all the troops had fled from the capital, and that the citizens themselves wished to surrender the city.

Scott refused to sign any capitulation, claiming that the city was already in his possession, and about daylight Worth and Quitman advanced, and, practically unmolested, reached the great plaza and hoisted the colors

of the United States on the National Palace. There was some rioting that lasted twenty-four hours, for many soldiers had thrown aside their uniforms, and joining the liberated convicts, carried on desultory firing from the housetops. But with the assistance of the municipal authorities, who apparently were glad to see the American army in possession, they were at last driven out and punished. Guards were posted everywhere, and within four days the city was tranquil and cheerful, and the American soldiers everywhere winning their way, not now by force of arms, but by strict maintenance of law and order, and by the magnanimity of their conduct.

# II
# CALIFORNIA

## HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Spaniards first visited California, in 1533, and a few years later some little exploring was done under Caprillo. Sir Francis Drake came to the country in 1579, and named it New Albion. Two hundred years later, the erection of missions by the Franciscan monks began. The Indians were taught Christianity, and also how to carry on farming and to live in settled communities.

In 1826, American immigration from the East took place. After 1840, it was plain that California would eventually become independent of Mexico, and the question of future government arose. Some of the settlers thought it would be best to establish a British protectorate; others favored annexation to the United States. John C. Frémont, the "path-finder," headed an exploring expedition to California, and in 1846, with the aid of some of the inhabitants, he seized the town of Sonoma, and proclaimed the independence of the country. This was just at the outbreak of the Mexican War, and by orders from the United States Government other parts of the country were seized; so that when General Kearny made his way thither after capturing Santa Fé, the conquest was already nearly completed. In August, 1846, California was made a territory of the United States.

The discovery of gold, in 1848, aroused in all parts of the world a frantic immigration to the western coast; it is estimated that one hundred thousand persons came during the first year. In 1850, California was admitted to the Union as a State.

# WHEN THE ENGLISH DISCOVERED CALIFORNIA

[1577–1579]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[In 1577, Sir Francis Drake set out on a voyage to America. He rounded Cape Horn, and sailed fearlessly up the western coast of the continent, sacking a Spanish town or capturing a Spanish treasure-ship now and then by way of pastime. He went to the north, hoping to find a passage to the Atlantic, but was driven back by the intense cold. At either the harbor of San Francisco or some bay not far from there he stopped to refit his ships, and then crossed the Pacific on his homeward voyage.

*The Editor.*]

The day after they entered this harbor an Indian came out to them in a canoe. He made tokens of respect and submission. He threw into the ship a little basket made of rushes containing an herb called *tobàh*. Drake wished to recompense him, but he would take nothing but a hat, which was thrown into the water. The company of the Pelican supposed then and always that the natives considered and reverenced them as gods. In preparation for repairing the ship, Drake landed his stores. A large company of Indians approached as he landed, and friendly relations were maintained between them and the Englishmen during the whole of their stay. Drake received them cautiously but kindly. He set up tents, and built a fort for his defense. The natives, watching the English with amazement, still regarded them as

gods. One is tempted to connect this superstition with the direct claim which Alarçon had made of a divine origin, in presence of these tribes, a generation before, though at a point five hundred miles away. Fletcher's description of their houses is precisely like the Spaniard's account of the winter houses of the tribes he met. "Those houses are digged round within the earth, and have from the uppermost brimmes of the circle clefts of wood set up, and joined close together at the top like our spires on the steeple of a church; which, being covered with earth, suffer no water to enter, and are very warm; the door in the most part of them performs the office also of a chimney to let out the smoke; it's made in bigness and fashion like to an ordinary scuttle in a ship, and standing slopewise."

At the end of two days an immense assembly, called together from all parts of the country, gathered to see the strangers. They brought with them feathers and bags of *tobàh* for presents or for sacrifices. Arrived at the top of the hill, their chief made a long address, wearying his English hearers and himself. When he had concluded, the rest, bowing their bodies in a dreamy manner "and long producing of the same," cried "Oh!" giving their consent to all that had been spoken. This reminds one of the "Hu" of the Indians of the Tizon. The women, meanwhile, tore their cheeks with their nails, and flung themselves on the ground, as if for a personal bloody sacrifice. Drake met this worship, not as Alarçon had done, but by calling his company to prayer. The men lifted their eyes and hands to heaven to signify that God was above, and besought God "to open their blinded eyes to the knowledge of him and of Jesus Christ

the salvation of the Gentiles." Through these prayers, the singing of psalms, and reading certain chapters of the Bible, Fletcher, who was the chaplain, says they sat very attentively. They observed every pause, and cried "Oh" with one voice, greatly enjoying our exercises. They thus showed a more catholic spirit than the whites had shown, who were wearied by the length of the address of the savages. Drake made them presents, which at the departure of the English they returned, saying that they were sufficiently rewarded by their visit.

The fame of this visit extended so far, that at the end of three days more, on the 26th of June, a larger company assembled. This time the king himself, with a body-guard of one hundred warriors, was with them. They called him their *Hióh.* He approached the English, preceded by a mace-bearer, who carried two feather crowns, with three chains of bone of marvelous length, often doubled. Such chains were of the highest estimation, and only a few persons were permitted to wear them. The number of chains, indeed, marked the rank of the highest nobility, some of whom wore as many as twenty. Next to the mace-bearer came the king himself. On his head was a knit crown somewhat like those which were borne before him. He wore a coat of the skins of conies coming to his waist. His guards wore similar coats, and some of them wore cauls upon their heads, covered with a certain vegetable down, almost sacred, and used only by the highest ranks. The common people followed, naked, but with feathers, every one pleasing himself with his own device. The last part of the company were women and children. Each woman

brought a well-made basket of rushes. Some of these were so tight that they would hold water. They were adorned with pearl shells and with bits of the bone chains. In the baskets they had bags of *tobàh* and roots called *petâh*, which they ate cooked or raw. Drake meanwhile held his men in military array.

The mace-bearer then pronounced a long speech, which was dictated to him in a low voice by another. All parties, except the children, approached the fort, and the mace-bearer began a song, with a dance to the time, in which all the men joined. The women danced without singing. Drake saw that they were peaceable, and permitted them to enter his palisade. The women showed signs of the wounds which they had made before coming, by way of preparing for the solemnity.

At the request of the chief, Drake then sat down. The king and others made to him several orations, or, "indeed, supplications, that he would take province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king and patron." With one consent they sang a song, placed one of the crowns upon his head, hung their chains upon his neck, and honored him as their *Hióh*.

Drake did not think he should refuse this gift. "In the name and to the use of Queen Elizabeth, he took the scepter, crown, and dignity of the country into his hand." He only wished, says the historian, that he could as easily transport the riches and treasures wherewith in the upland it abounds, to the enriching of her kingdom at home. Had Drake had any real knowledge of the golden gravel over which the streams of the upland flowed, it may well be that the history of California would have been changed.

From this time, through several weeks while Drake remained there, the multitude also remained. At first they brought offerings every three days as sacrifices, until they learned that this displeased their English king. Like other sovereigns who have had much to do with this race, he found that he had to feed his red retainers. But he had mussels, seals, "and such like," in quantity sufficient for their rations.

Drake made a journey into the country. He saw "infinite company" of fat deer, in a herd of thousands. He found a multitude of strange "conies" in large numbers, with long tails, and with a bag under the chin in which to carry food either for future supply or for their children.

Drake erected on the shore a post, on which he placed a plate of brass. Here he engraved the Queen's name, the date of his landing, the gift of the country by the people, and left Her Majesty's portrait and arms. The last were not designed by his artists, as some historians have carelessly supposed, but were on a silver piece, of sixpence, "showing through a hole made of purpose in the plate."

When the people saw that Drake could not remain, they could not conceal their grief. At last they stole on the English unawares with a sacrifice which "they set on fire," thus burning a chain and bunch of feathers. The English could not dissuade them till they fell to prayers and singing of psalms, when the sad natives let their fire go out, and left the sacrifice unconsumed. On the 23d of July the friends parted, the English for the shores of Asia, the savages to the hills, where they built fires as long as the Pelican was in sight. Thus did Eng-

land take possession of the region which, after near three hundred years, proved to be the richest gold-bearing country in the world. Drake gave to the country the name of New Albion, and it bore that name on the maps for centuries.

# ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST IN THE THIRTIES

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

[WHEN Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was a student at Harvard, his eyes became so seriously affected that it was necessary for him to leave college for a time. A trip abroad was planned for him, but he preferred to make a voyage to California by way of Cape Horn in the capacity of a sailor. His notebook developed into the famous "Two Years before the Mast," from which the following extract is taken.

*The Editor.*]

WE were "turned-to" early, and began taking off the hatches, overhauling the cargo, and getting everything ready for inspection. At eight, the officers of the customs, five in number, came on board, and began examining the cargo, manifest, etc. The Mexican revenue laws are very strict, and require the whole cargo to be landed, examined, and taken on board again; but our agent had succeeded in compounding for the last two vessels, and saving the trouble of taking the cargo ashore. The officers were dressed in the costume which we found prevailed through the country, — broad-brimmed hat, usually of a black or dark brown color, with a gilt or figured band round the crown, and lined under the rim with silk; a short jacket of silk, or figured calico (the European skirted coat is never worn); the shirt open in the neck; rich waistcoat, if any; pantaloons open at the sides below the knee, laced with gilt, usually

of velveteen or broadcloth; or else short breeches and white stockings. They wear the deerskin shoe, which is of a dark brown color, and (being made by Indians) usually a good deal ornamented. They have no suspenders, but always wear a sash round the waist, which is generally red, and varying in quality with the means of the wearer. Add to this the never-failing poncho, or the serapa, and you have the dress of the Californian. This last garment is always a mark of the rank and wealth of the owner. The *gente de razon*, or better sort of people, wear cloaks of black or dark blue broadcloth, with as much velvet and trimmings as may be; and from this they go down to the blanket of the Indian, the middle classes wearing a poncho, something like a large square cloth, with a hole in the middle for the head to go through. This is often as coarse as a blanket, but being beautifully woven with various colors, is quite showy at a distance. Among the Mexicans there is no working class (the Indians being practically serfs, and doing all the hard work); and every rich man looks like a grandee, and every poor scamp like a broken-down gentleman. I have often seen a man with a fine figure and courteous manners, dressed in broadcloth and velvet, with a noble horse completely covered with trappings, without a *real* in his pockets, and absolutely suffering for something to eat

The next day, the cargo having been entered in due form, we began trading. The trade-room was fitted up in the steerage, and furnished out with the lighter goods, and with specimens of the rest of the cargo; and Mellus, a young man who came out from Boston with us before the mast, was taken out of the forecastle, and made

supercargo's clerk. He was well qualified for this business, having been clerk in a counting-house in Boston; but he had been troubled for some time with rheumatism, which unfitted him for the wet and exposed duty of a sailor on the coast. For a week or ten days all was life on board. The people came to look and to buy, — men, women, and children; and we were continually going in the boats, carrying goods and passengers, — for they have no boats of their own. Everything must dress itself and come aboard and see the new vessel, if it were only to buy a paper of pins. The agent and his clerk managed the sales, while we were busy in the hold or in the boats. Our cargo was an assorted one; that is, it consisted of everything under the sun. We had spirits of all kinds (sold by the cask), teas, coffee, sugars, spices, raisins, molasses, hardware, crockery-ware, tin-ware, cutlery, clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes from Lynn, calicoes and cotton from Lowell, crapes, silks; also shawls, scarfs, necklaces, jewelry and combs for the women; furniture; and, in fact, everything that can be imagined, from Chinese fireworks to English cart-wheels, — of which we had a dozen pairs with their iron tires on.

The Californians are an idle, thriftless people, and can make nothing for themselves. The country abounds in grapes, yet they buy, at a great price, bad wine made in Boston and brought round by us, and retail it among themselves at a *real* (12½ cents) by the small wine-glass. Their hides, too, which they value at two dollars in money, they barter for something which costs seventy-five cents in Boston; and buy shoes (as like as not made of their own hides, which have been carried twice round

Cape Horn) at three and four dollars, and "chicken-skin boots" at fifteen dollars a pair. Things sell, on an average, at an advance of nearly three hundred per cent upon the Boston prices. This is partly owing to the heavy duties, which the Government, in its wisdom, with an idea, no doubt, of keeping the silver in the country, has laid upon imports. These duties and the enormous expenses of so long a voyage, keep all merchants but those of heavy capital from engaging in the trade. Nearly two thirds of all the articles imported into the country from round Cape Horn, for the last six years, have been by the single house of Bryant, Sturgis, & Co., to whom our vessel belonged.

This kind of business was new to us, and we liked it very well for a few days, though we were hard at work every minute from daylight to dark, and sometimes even later.

By being thus continually engaged in transporting passengers, with their goods, to and fro, we gained considerable knowledge of the character, dress, and language of the people. The dress of the men was as I have before described it. The women wore gowns of various texture, — silks, crape, calico, etc., — made after the European style, except that the sleeves were short, leaving the arm bare, and that they were loose about the waist, corsets not being in use. They wore shoes of kid or satin, sashes or belts of bright colors, and almost always a necklace and ear-rings. Bonnets they had none. I saw only one on the coast, and that belonged to the wife of an American sea-captain who had settled in San Diego, and had imported the chaotic mass of straw and ribbon, as a choice present to his new wife. They wear

their hair (which is almost invariably black, or a very dark brown) long in their necks, sometimes loose, and sometimes in long braids; though the married women often do it up on a high comb. Their only protection against the sun and weather is a large mantle which they put over their heads, drawing it close round their faces, when they go out of doors, which is generally only in pleasant weather. When in the house, or sitting out in front of it, which they often do in fine weather, they usually wear a small scarf or neckerchief of a rich pattern. A band, also, about the top of the head, with a cross, star, or other ornament, is common. Their complexions are various, depending — as well as their dress and manner — upon the amount of Spanish blood they can lay claim to, which also settles their social rank. Those who are of pure Spanish blood, having never intermarried with the aborigines, have clear brunette complexions, and sometimes even as fair as those of English women. There are but few of these families in California, being mostly those in official stations, or who, on the expiration of their terms of office, have settled here upon property they have acquired; and others who have been banished for state offenses. These form the upper class, intermarrying, and keeping up an exclusive system in every respect. They can be distinguished, not only by their complexion, dress, and manners, but also by their speech; for, calling themselves Castilians, they are very ambitious of speaking the pure Castilian, while all Spanish is spoken in a somewhat corrupted dialect by the lower classes. From this upper class, they go down by regular shades, growing more and more dark and muddy, until you come to the pure

Indian, who runs about with nothing upon him but a small piece of cloth, kept up by a wide leather strap drawn round his waist. Generally speaking, each person's caste is decided by the quality of the blood, which shows itself too plainly to be concealed at first sight. Yet the least drop of Spanish blood, if it be only of quadroon or octoroon, is sufficient to raise one from the position of a serf, and entitle him to wear a suit of clothes, — boots, hat, cloak, spurs, long knife, all complete, though coarse and dirty as may be, — and to call himself Español, and to hold property, if he can get any.

The fondness for dress among the women is excessive, and is sometimes their ruin. A present of a fine mantle, or of a necklace or pair of ear-rings, gains the favor of the greater part. Nothing is more common than to see a woman living in a house of only two rooms, with the ground for a floor, dressed in spangled satin shoes, silk gown, high comb, and gilt, if not gold, ear-rings and necklace. If their husbands do not dress them well enough, they will soon receive presents from others. They used to spend whole days on board our vessel, examining the fine clothes and ornaments, and frequently making purchases at a rate which would have made a seamstress or waiting-maid in Boston open her eyes.

Next to the love of dress, I was most struck with the fineness of the voices and beauty of the intonations of both sexes. Every common ruffian-looking fellow, with a slouched hat, blanket cloak, dirty underdress, and soiled leather leggins, appeared to me to be speaking elegant Spanish. It was a pleasure simply to listen to the sound of the language, before I could attach any meaning to it. They have a good deal of the Creole

drawl, but it is varied by an occasional extreme rapidity of utterance, in which they seem to skip from consonant to consonant, until, lighting upon a broad, open vowel, they rest upon that to restore the balance of sound. The women carry this peculiarity of speaking to a much greater extreme than the men, who have more evenness and stateliness of utterance. A common bullock-driver, on horseback, delivering a message, seemed to speak like an ambassador at a royal audience. In fact, they sometimes appeared to me to be a people on whom a curse had fallen, and stripped them of everything but their pride, their manners, and their voices.

Another thing that surprised me was the quantity of silver in circulation. I never, in my life, saw so much silver at one time as during the week that we were at Monterey. The truth is, they have no credit system, no banks, and no way of investing money but in cattle. Besides silver, they have no circulating medium but hides, which the sailors call "California bank-notes." Everything that they buy they must pay for by one or the other of these means. The hides they bring down dried and doubled, in clumsy ox-carts, or upon mules' backs, and the money they carry tied up in a handkerchief, fifty or a hundred dollars and half-dollars.

Monterey, as far as my observation goes, is decidedly the pleasantest and most civilized-looking place in California. In the center of it is an open square, surrounded by four lines of one-story buildings, with half a dozen cannon in the center; some mounted, and others not. This is the *presidio*, or fort. Every town has a *presidio* in its center; or rather every *presidio* has a town built around it; for the forts were first built by the

Mexican Government, and then the people built near them, for protection. The *presidio* here was entirely open and unfortified. There were several officers with long titles, and about eighty soldiers, but they were poorly paid, fed, clothed, and disciplined. The governor-general, or, as he is commonly called, the "general," lives here, which makes it the seat of government. He is appointed by the Central Government at Mexico, and is the chief civil and military officer. In addition to him, each town has a commandant who is its chief officer, and has charge of the fort, and of all transactions with foreigners and foreign vessels; while two or three *alcaldes* and *corregidores*, elected by the inhabitants, are the civil officers. Courts strictly of law, with a system of jurisprudence, they have not. Small municipal matters are regulated by the *alcaldes* and *corregidores*, and everything relating to the general government, to the military, and to foreigners, by the commandants, acting under the governor-general. Capital cases are decided by the latter, upon personal inspection, if near; or upon minutes sent him by the proper officers, if the offender is at a distant place. No Protestant has any political rights, nor can he hold property, or, indeed, remain more than a few weeks on shore, unless he belong to a foreign vessel. Consequently, Americans and English who intend to reside here, become Papists, — the current phrase among them being, "A man must leave his conscience at Cape Horn."

But, to return to Monterey. The houses here, as everywhere else in California, are of one story, built of *adobes*, that is, clay made into large bricks, about a foot and a half square, and three or four inches thick, and

hardened in the sun. These are joined together by a cement of the same material, and the whole are of a common dirt-color. The floors are generally of earth, the windows grated, and without glass; and the doors, which are seldom shut, open directly into the common room, there being no entries. Some of the more wealthy inhabitants have glass to their windows, and board floors; and in Monterey nearly all the houses are white-washed on the outside. The better houses, too, have red tiles upon the roofs. The common ones have two or three rooms which open into each other, and are furnished with a bed or two, a few chairs and tables, a looking-glass, a crucifix, and small daubs of paintings enclosed in glass, representing some miracle or martyrdom. They have no chimneys or fireplaces in the houses, the climate being such as to make a fire unnecessary; and all their cooking is done in a small kitchen, separated from the house. The Indians, as I have said before, do all the hard work, two or three being attached to the better houses; and the poorest persons are able to keep one, at least, for they have only to feed them, and give them a small piece of coarse cloth and a belt for the men, and a coarse gown, without shoes or stockings, for the women.

In Monterey there are a number of English and Americans (English, or Ingles, all are called who speak the English language) who have married Californians, become united to the Roman Church, and acquired considerable property. Having more industry, frugality, and enterprise than the natives, they soon get nearly all the trade into their hands. They usually keep shops, in which they retail the goods purchased in larger quan-

tities from our vessels, and also send a good deal into the interior, taking hides in pay, which they again barter with our ships. In every town on the coast there are foreigners engaged in this kind of trade, while I recollect but two shops kept by natives. The people are naturally suspicious of foreigners, and they would not be allowed to remain, were it not that they conform to the Church, and by marrying natives, and bringing up their children as Roman Catholics and Mexicans, and not teaching them the English language, they quiet suspicion, and even become popular and leading men. The chief *alcaldes* in Monterey and Santa Barbara were Yankees by birth.

# HOW THE "FORTY-NINERS" REACHED CALIFORNIA

BY HENRY CHILDS MERWIN

THE length of the voyage from Atlantic ports to San Francisco was from four to five months, but most of the pioneers who came by sea avoided the passage around Cape Horn, and crossed the Isthmus of Nicaragua, or, more commonly, of Panama. This, in either case, was a much shorter route; but it added the horrors of pestilence and fever, and of possible robbery and murder, to the ordinary dangers of the sea. All the blacklegs, it was noticed, took the shorter route, deeming themselves, no doubt, incapable of sustaining the prolonged ennui of a voyage around the Cape. Passengers who crossed the Isthmus of Panama disembarked at Chagres, a port so unhealthy that policies of life insurance contained a clause to the effect that if the insured remained there more than one night, his policy would be void. Chagres enjoyed the distinction of being the dirtiest place in the world. The inhabitants were almost all negroes, and one pioneer declared that a flock of buzzards would present a favorable comparison with them.

From Chagres there was, first, a voyage of seventy-five miles up the river of the same name to Gorgona, or to Cruces, five miles farther. This was accomplished in dugouts propelled by native Indians. Thence to Panama the pioneers traveled on foot, or on mule-back, over a narrow, winding bridle-path through the moun-

tains, so overhung by trees and dense tropical growths that in many places it was dark even at midday.

This was the opportunity of the Indian muleteer, and more than one gold-seeker never emerged from the gloomy depths of that winding trail. Originally, it was the work of the Indians; but the Spaniards who used the path in the sixteenth century had improved it, and in many places had secured the bank with stones. Now, however, the trail had fallen into decay, and in spots was almost impassable. But the tracks worn in the soft, calcareous rock by the many iron-shod hoofs which had passed over it, still remained; and the mule that bore the American seeking gold in California placed his feet in the very holes which had been made by his predecessors, painfully bearing the silver of Peru on its way to enrich the grandees of Spain.

Bad as the journey across the Isthmus was or might be, the enforced delay at Panama was worse. The number of passengers far exceeded the capacity of the vessels sailing from that port to San Francisco, and those who waited at Panama were in constant danger of cholera, of the equally dreaded Panama fever, and sometimes of smallpox. The heat was almost unbearable, and the blacks were a source of annoyance, and even of danger. "There is not in the whole world," remarked a contemporary San Francisco paper, "a more infamous collection of villains than the Jamaica negroes who are congregated at Panama and Chagres."

In their eagerness to get away from Panama, some pioneers paid in advance for transportation in old rotten hulks which were never expected or intended to reach San Francisco, but which, springing a leak or

being otherwise disabled, would put into some port in Lower California where the passengers would be left without the means of continuing their journey, and frequently without money.

Both on the voyage from Panama and also on the long route around Cape Horn, ship-captains often saved their good provisions for the California market, and fed their passengers on nauseous "lobscouse" and "dunderfunk." Scurvy and other diseases resulted. An appeal to the United States Consul at Rio Janiero, when the ship touched there, was sometimes effectual, and in other cases the passengers took matters into their own hands and disciplined a rapacious captain or deposed a drunken one. In view of these uprisings, some New York skippers declined to take command of ships, about to sail for California, supposing that passengers who could do such an unheard-of thing as to rebel against the master of a vessel must be a race of pirates. Great pains were taken to secure a crew of determined men for these ships, and a plentiful supply of muskets, handcuffs, and shackles was always put on board. But such precautions proved to be ridiculously unnecessary. There was no case in which the pioneers usurped authority on shipboard without sufficient cause; and in no case was an emigrant brought to trial on reaching San Francisco.

In the various ports at which they stopped much was to be seen of foreign peoples and customs; and not infrequently the pioneers had an opportunity to show their mettle. At Santa Catarina, for example, a port on the lower coast of Brazil, a young American was murdered by a Spaniard. The authorities were inclined to treat the matter with great indifference; but there happened

to be in the harbor two ship-loads of passengers *en route* for San Francisco, and these men threatened to seize the fortress and demolish it if justice was not done. Thereupon the murderer was tried and hanged. Many South Americans in the various ports along the coast got their first correct notion of the people of the United States from these chance encounters with sea-going pioneers.

Still more, of course, was the overland journey an education in self-reliance, in that resourcefulness which distinguishes the American, and in that courage which was so often needed and so abundantly displayed in the early mining days. Independence, in the State of Missouri, was a favorite starting-point, and from this place there were two routes, the southern one being by way of Santa Fé, and the northern route following the Oregon Trail to Fort Hall, and thence ascending the course of the Humboldt River to its rise in the Sierra Nevadas.

At Fort Hall some large companies which had traveled from the Mississippi River, and even from States east of that, separated, one half going to Oregon, the other turning westward to California; and thus were broken many ties of love and friendship which had been formed in the close intimacy of the long journey, especially between the younger members of the company. Old diaries and letters reveal suggestions of romance if not of tragedy in these separations, and in the choice which the emigrant maiden was sometimes forced to make between the conflicting claims of her lover and her parents.

In the year 1850, fifty thousand crossed the Plains. In 1851, immigration fell off because even at that early date there was a business "depression," almost a

"panic" in California, but in 1852 it increased again, and the Plains became a thoroughfare, dotted so far as the eye could see with long trains of white-covered wagons, moving slowly through the dust. In one day a party from Virginia passed thirty-two wagons, and during a stop in the afternoon five hundred overtook them. In after years the course of these wagons could easily be traced by the alien vegetation which marked it. Wherever the heavy wheels had broken the tough prairie sod there sprang up, from the Missouri to the Sierras, a narrow belt of flowering plants and familiar dooryard weeds, — silent witnesses of the great migration which had passed that way. Multitudes of horsemen accompanied the wagons, and other multitudes plodded along on foot. Banners were flying here and there, and the whole appearance was that of an army on the march. At night camp fires gleamed for miles through the darkness, and if the company were not exhausted the music of a violin or a banjo floated out on the still air of the prairies. But the fatigue of the march, supplemented by the arduous labors of camping out, was usually sufficient to send the travelers to bed at the earliest possible moment.

The food consisted chiefly of salt pork or bacon, — varied when that was possible with buffalo meat or venison, — beans, baked dough called bread, and flapjacks. The last, always associated with mining life in California, were made by mixing flour and water into a sort of batter, seasoning with salt, adding a little saleratus or cooking-soda, and frying the mixture in a pan greased with fat. Men ate enormously on these journeys. Four hundred pounds of sugar lasted four

pioneers only ninety days. This inordinate appetite and the quantity of salt meat eaten frequently resulted in scurvy, from which there were some deaths. Another cause of illness was the use of milk from cows driven along with the wagon-trains, and made feverish by heat and fatigue.

Many of the emigrants, especially those who undertook the journey in '49 or '50, were insufficiently equipped, and little aware of the difficulties and dangers which awaited them. Death in many forms hovered over those heavy, creaking, canvas-covered wagons, — the "prairie schooners," — which, drawn sometimes by horses, sometimes by oxen, sometimes by mules, jolted slowly and laboriously over two thousand miles and more of plain and mountain; death from disease, from want of water, from starvation, from Indians, and, in crossing the Sierras, from raging snowstorms and intense cold. Rivers had to be forded, deserts crossed, and a thousand accidents and annoyances encountered.

Some men made the long journey on foot, even from points east of the Mississippi River. One gray-haired pioneer walked all the way from Michigan with a pack on his back. Another enthusiast obtained some notoriety among the emigrants of 1850 by trundling a wheelbarrow, laden with his goods, from Illinois to Salt Lake City.

Often the cattle would break loose at night and disappear on the vast Plains, and men in search of them were sometimes lost, and died of starvation or were killed by Indians. Simply for the sake of better grazing, oxen have been known to retrace their steps at night for twenty-five miles.

The opportunities for selfishness, for petulance, for obstinacy, for resentment, were almost innumerable. Cooking and washing were the labors which, in the absence of women, proved most vexatious to the emigrants. "Of all miserable work," said one, "washing is the worst, and no man who crossed the Plains will ever find fault again with his wife for scolding on a washing day." All the pioneers who have related their experiences on the overland journey speak of the bad effect on men's tempers. "The perpetual vexations and hardships keep the nerves in a state of great irritability. The trip is a sort of magic mirror, exposing every man's qualities of heart, vicious or amiable."

# EARLY BUSINESS DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO

[1849–1853]

BY HENRY CHILDS MERWIN

"Two years ago," said the "Alta California" in 1851, "trade was a wild unorganized whirl." Staple goods went furiously up and down in price like wild-cat mining stocks. There was no telegraph by which supplies could be ordered from the East or inquiries could be answered, and several months must elapse before an order sent by mail to New York could be filled. A merchant at Valparaiso once paid twenty thousand dollars for the information contained in a single letter from San Francisco.

Consignors in the East were almost wholly ignorant as to what people needed in California, and how goods should be stowed for the long voyage around the Cape. Great quantities of preserved food — it was before the days of canning — were spoiled *en route*. Coal was shipped in bulk without any ventilating appliances, and it often took fire and destroyed the vessels in which it was carried. One unfortunate woman, the wife of a Cape Cod sea-captain, was wrecked thrice in this way, having been transferred from one coal-laden schooner to another, and later to a third, all of which were set on fire by the heating of the coal, and burned to the water's edge. In one of these adventures she was lashed to a chair on deck, where she spent five days, in a rough sea, with smoke and gas pouring from the ship at every

seam. Her final escape was made in a rowboat which landed at a desolate spot on the coast of Peru.

Elaborate gold-washing machines which proved to be useless and ready-made houses that nobody wanted were among the articles shipped to San Francisco. The rate of interest was very high, capital being scarce, and storage in warehouses was both insecure, from the great danger of fire, and extremely expensive. It was, therefore, nearly impossible for the merchants to hold their goods for a more favorable market. In July, 1849, lumber sold at the enormous rate of five hundred dollars a thousand feet, — fifty times the New England price; but in the following spring, immense shipments having arrived, it brought scarcely enough to pay the freight bills. Tobacco, which at first sold for two dollars a pound, became so plentiful afterward that boxes of it were used for stepping-stones, and in one case, as Bret Harte has related, tobacco actually supplied the foundation for a wooden house.

Holes in the sidewalk were stopped with bags of rice or beans, with sacks of coffee, and, on one occasion, with three barrels of revolvers, the supply far exceeding even the California demand for that article. Potatoes brought sixty dollars a bushel at wholesale in 1849, but were raised so extensively in California the next year that the price fell to nothing, and whole cargoes of these useful vegetables, just arrived from the East, were dumped into the Bay. In some places near San Francisco it was really feared that a pestilence would result from huge piles of superfluous potatoes that lay rotting on the ground. Saleratus, worth in New York four cents a pound, sold at San Francisco in 1848 for fifteen dollars

a pound. The menu of a breakfast for two at Sacramento in the same year was as follows: —

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 box of sardines | $16 |
| 1 pound of hard bread | 2 |
| 1 pound of butter | 6 |
| ½ pound of cheese | 3 |
| 2 bottles of ale | 16 |
| Total | $43 |

Flour in the mining camps cost four and even five dollars a pound, and eggs were two dollars apiece. A chicken brought sixteen dollars; a revolver, one hundred and fifty dollars; a stove, four hundred dollars. Laudanum was one dollar a drop; brandy twenty dollars a bottle; and dried apples fluctuated from five cents to seventy-five cents a pound. It is matter of history that a bilious miner once gave fifteen dollars for a small box of Seidlitz powders, and at the Stanislaus Diggings, a jar of raisins, regarded as a cure for the scurvy, then prevailing, sold for their weight in gold, amounting to four thousand dollars. As showing the dependence of California upon the East for supplies, it is significant that even so late as 1853 six thousand tons of hard bread were imported annually from New York.

Wages and prices were high, but nobody complained of them. There was in fact a disdain of all attempts to cheapen or haggle. Gold dust poured into San Francisco from the launches and schooners which plied on the Sacramento River, and almost everybody in California seemed to have it in plenty. "Money," said a pioneer in a letter written at the end of '49, "is about the most valueless article that a man can have in his possession here."

As an illustration of the lavish manner in which business was transacted, it may be mentioned that the stamp box in the express office of Wells, Fargo, and Company was a sort of common treasury. Clerks, messengers, and drivers dipped into it for change whenever they wanted a lunch or a drink. There was nothing secret about this practice, and if not sanctioned it was at least winked at by the superior officers. Huge lumps of gold were exhibited in hotels and gambling houses, and the jingling of coins rivaled the scraping of the fiddle as the characteristic music of San Francisco.

The first deposit in the United States Mint of gold from California was made on December 8, 1848, and between that date and May 1, 1850, there were presented for coinage gold dust and nuggets valued at eleven million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars. A lot of land in San Francisco rose from fifteen dollars in price to forty thousand dollars. In September, 1850, bricklayers receiving twelve dollars a day struck for fourteen dollars, and obtained the increase. The wages of carpenters varied from twelve dollars to twenty dollars a day. Those who did best in California were, as a rule, the small traders, the mechanics and skilled workmen, and the professional men who, by resisting the temptation to hunt for gold, made money by being useful to the community. "It may truly be said," remarked the San Francisco "Daily Herald" in 1852, "that California is the only spot in the world where labor is not only on an equality with capital, but to a certain extent is superior to it."

Women cooks received one hundred dollars a month, and chambermaids and nurses almost as much. A resi-

dent of San Francisco went to the mines for four weeks, and came back with a bag of gold dust which, he thought, would astonish his wife, who had remained in the city; but meanwhile she had been "taking in washing," at the rate of twelve dollars a dozen; and he was crestfallen to find that her gains were twice as much as his. It was cheaper to have one's clothes sent to China or the Sandwich Islands to be laundered, and some thrifty and patient persons took that course. A valuable trade sprang up between China and San Francisco. The solitude became a village, and the village a city, with startling rapidity. In less than a year, twelve thousand people gathered at Sacramento where there had not been a single soul. Events and changes followed one another so rapidly that each year formed an epoch by itself. In 1853, men spoke of 1849 as of a romantic and half-forgotten past.

# III

# THE SHADOW OF THE CIVIL WAR

## HISTORICAL NOTE

"THESE events [the Fugitive Slave Law, the John Brown raid, etc.] brought the agitation of the subject of slavery to its highest pitch, during President Buchanan's Administration. When the time drew near for the election of a new President, the old parties were so broken up that there were four candidates in the field; though Mr. Buchanan himself was not one of these. Out of these four, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was elected, he having been nominated by the Republican party; this being an enlarged form of the Free-Soil party, which had itself succeeded the Liberty party.

"Mr. Lincoln was a man of very moderate opinions in regard to slavery, and was not disposed to interfere with it where it was already established by law. But his election was regarded by many in the slave States as very dangerous to the interests of slavery; and these men resolved to dissolve the Union. They maintained that the United States consisted of a copartnership of entirely independent governments, and that any State could withdraw from it at will. This was the doctrine called 'State Rights,' which had long been popular in the Southern States, and especially in South Carolina. It was therefore very natural that South Carolina should take the lead in withdrawing from the Union; and a convention was accordingly called in that State, and adopted (December 20, 1860) an ordinance of secession.

"Within six weeks similar conventions had been held, and similar votes passed in the States of Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. These States then formed themselves into what was called the 'Southern Confederacy,' and elected Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, as Vice-President. The new confederacy placed itself boldly upon the righteousness of slavery as a permanent institution, and it openly aimed to establish a slave-holding nation in the Southern States." — *Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

# THE "BROADCLOTH MOB" OF BOSTON

[1835]

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU

[THE author of this article was a well-known English woman who traveled in the United States in 1834.

*The Editor.*]

THE abolitionists were warned that if they met again publicly, they would be answerable for the disorders that might ensue. The abolitionists pleaded that this was like making the rich man answerable for the crime of the thief who robbed him, on the ground that if the honest man had not been so rich, the thief would not have been tempted to rob him. The abolitionists also perceived how liberty of opinion and of speech depended on their conduct in this crisis; and they resolved to yield to no threats of illegal violence; but to hold their legal meeting, pursuant to advertisement, for the dispatch of their usual business. One remarkable feature of the case was that this heavy responsibility rested upon women. It was a ladies' meeting that was in question. Upon consultation, the ladies agreed that they should never have sought the perilous duty of defending liberty of opinion and speech at the last crisis; but, as such a service seemed manifestly appointed to them, the women were ready.

On the 21st of October, they met, pursuant to advertisement, at the office of their association, No. 46 Washington Street. Twenty-five reached their room,

by going three quarters of an hour before the appointed time. Five more made their way up with difficulty through the crowd. A hundred more were turned back by the mob.

They knew that a hand-bill had been circulated on the Exchange, and posted on the City Hall, and throughout the city, the day before, which declared that Thompson, the abolitionist, was to address them; and invited the citizens, under promise of pecuniary reward, to "snake Thompson out, and bring him to the tar-kettle before dark." The ladies had been warned that they would be killed, "as sure as fate," if they showed themselves on their own premises that day. They therefore informed the mayor that they expected to be attacked. The reply of the city marshal was, "You give us a great deal of trouble."

The committee-room was surrounded, and gazed into by a howling, shrieking mob of gentlemen, while the twenty-five ladies sat perfectly still, awaiting the striking of the clock. When it struck, they opened their meeting. They were questioned as to whether Thompson were there in disguise; to which they made no answer.

They began, as usual, with prayer; the mob shouting, "Hurra! here comes Judge Lynch!" Before they had done, the partition gave way, and the gentlemen hurled missiles at the lady who was presiding. The secretary having risen, and begun to read her report, rendered inaudible by the uproar, the mayor entered, and insisted upon their going home, to save their lives. The purpose of their meeting was answered: they had asserted their principle; and they now passed out, two and two, amidst the execration of some thousands of gentlemen; — per-

sons who had silver shrines to protect. The ladies, to the number of fifty, walked to the house of one of their members, and were presently struck to the heart by the news that Garrison was in the hands of the mob. Garrison is the chief apostle of abolition in the United States. He had escorted his wife to the meeting; and, after offering to address the ladies, and being refused, out of regard to his safety, had left the room, and, as they supposed, the premises. He was, however, in the house when the ladies left it. He was hunted for by the mob; dragged from behind some planks where he had taken refuge,[1] and conveyed into the street. Here his hat was trampled underfoot, and brickbats were aimed at his bare head; a rope was tied round him, and thus he was dragged through the streets. His young wife saw all this. Her exclamation was, "I think my husband will not deny his principles." Her confidence was just. Garrison never denied his principles.

He was saved by a stout truckman, who, with his bludgeon, made his way into the crowd, as if to attack the victim. He protected the bare head, and pushed on toward a station house, whence the mayor's office issued, and pulled in Garrison, who was afterwards put into a coach. The mob tried to upset the coach, and throw down the horses; but the driver laid about him with his whip, and the constables with their staves, and Garrison was safely lodged in jail: for protection; for he had committed no offense.

Before the mayor ascended the stairs to dismiss the ladies, he had done a very remarkable deed; — he had

[1] Garrison was determined to face the mob, but was finally persuaded that he ought to avoid capture as long as possible. (*The Editor.*)

given permission to two gentlemen to pull down and destroy the anti-slavery sign, bearing the inscription, "Anti-Slavery Office," — which had hung for two years, as signs do hang before public offices in Boston. The plea of the mayor is that he hoped the rage of the mob would thus be appeased: that is, he gave them leave to break the laws in one way, lest they should in another. The citizens followed up this deed of the mayor with one no less remarkable. They elected these two rioters members of the State Legislature, by a large majority, within ten days.

I passed through the mob some time after it had begun to assemble, I asked my fellow passengers in the stage what it meant. They supposed it was a busy foreign-post day, and that this occasioned an assemblage of gentlemen about the post-office. They pointed out to me that there were none but gentlemen. We were passing through from Salem, fifteen miles north of Boston, to Providence, Rhode Island; and were therefore uninformed of the events and expectations of the day. On the morrow, a visitor, who arrived at Providence from Boston told us the story; and I had thenceforth an excellent opportunity of hearing all the remarks that could be made by persons of all ways of thinking and feeling, on this affair.

It excited much less attention than it deserved; less than would be believed possible by those at a distance who think more seriously of persecution for opinion, and less tenderly of slavery than a great many of the citizens of Boston. To many in the city of Boston the story I have told would be news, and to yet more in the country, who know that some trouble was caused

by abolition meetings in the city, but who are not aware that their own will, embodied in the laws, was overborne to gratify the mercenary interests of a few, and the political fears of a few more.

The first person with whom I conversed about this riot was the president of a university. We were perfectly agreed as to the causes and character of the outrage. This gentleman went over to Boston for a day or two; and when he returned, I saw him again. He said he was happy to tell me that we had been needlessly making ourselves uneasy about the affair; that there had been no mob, the persons assembled having been all gentlemen.

An eminent lawyer at Boston was one of the next to speak upon it. "Oh, there was no mob," said he. "I was there myself, and saw they were all gentlemen. They were all in fine broadcloth."

"Not the less a mob for that," said I.

"Why, they protected Garrison. He received no harm. They protected Garrison."

"From whom, or what?"

"Oh, they would not really hurt him. They only wanted to show that they would not have such a person live among them."

"Why should he not live among them? Is he guilty under any law?"

"He is an insufferable person to them."

"So may you be to-morrow. If you can catch Garrison breaking the laws, punish him under the laws. If you cannot, he has as much right to live where he pleases as you."

Two law pupils of this gentleman presently entered.

One approved of all that had been done, and praised the spirit of the gentlemen of Boston. I asked whether they had not broken the law. Yes. I asked him if he knew what the law was. Yes; but it could not be always kept. If a man was caught in a house setting it on fire, the owner might shoot him; and Garrison was such an incendiary. I asked him for proof. He had nothing but hearsay to give. The case, as I told him, came to this: A says Garrison is an incendiary. B says he is not. A proceeds on his own opinion to break the law, lest Garrison should do so.

The other pupil told me of the sorrow of heart with which he saw the law, the life of the Republic, set at naught by those who should best understand its nature and value. He saw that the time was come for the true men of the republic to oppose a bold front to the insolence of the rich and the powerful, who were bearing down the liberties of the people for a matter of opinion. The young men, he saw, must brace themselves up against the tyranny of the moneyed mob, and defend the law; or the liberties of the country were gone. I afterwards found many such among the young men of the wealthier classes. If they keep their convictions, they and their city are safe.

No prosecutions followed. I asked a lawyer, an abolitionist, why. He said there would be difficulty in getting a verdict; and, if it was obtained, the punishment would be merely a fine, which would be paid on the spot, and the triumph would remain with the aggressors. This seemed to me no good reason.

I asked an eminent judge the same question; and whether there was not a public prosecutor who might

prosecute for breach of the peace, if the abolitionists would not, for the assault on Garrison. He said it might be done; but he had given his advice against it. Why? The feeling was so strong against the abolitionists, — the rioters were so respectable in the city, — it was better to let the whole affair pass over without notice.

# ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

[About 1858]

BY FRANCIS GRIERSON

[THE following selections are from the boyhood recollections of a famous English author and musician who was brought up on the Illinois prairie.

"Underground railway" was a name given to the secret arrangement by which escaped slaves were taken from one anti-slavery man to another until they reached Canada or some other place of safety and freedom.

*The Editor.*]

ON certain evenings my father would sit before the big, open fireplace and watch with unalloyed satisfaction the burning logs. He would see pictures in the blazing wood, and he had a science of his own in the mingling of different logs.

"How well that dried hickory burns with the damp walnut!" he would say, taking the tongs and shifting the pieces, now a little more to the front, now a little farther back.

He taught me to see castles, people, and faces in the flames and embers, and I knew what colors to expect from the different woods. He kept some that were full of sap, that would burn slowly; others were split up to dry. While sitting before the fire on a clear, bracing night my father was wont to forget every care and abandon himself to the pure pleasures of the hearth. He would dream of the past, of friends in the old country,

and more than once he would remark to me, taking the tongs and pointing: "There's a face that reminds me of poor So-and-So." He loved to revisit the old familiar scenes while the fire gave them momentary life and set them before him in frames of gold and flaming opal. Then he would tell me stories of the wild animals of the old homestead, of the tracks of the marten in the snow, and how he discovered its hiding-place; of a memorable fox hunt when one of his friends held the fox up by the tail and another friend cried out from a distance: "Don't hurt the fox! don't hurt the fox!" and of his sojourn in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe.

At such times my mother added a spirit of cheerfulness by some joyful exclamation, such as: "There's a letter in the candle!" as if the simple expression in itself would assist the arrival of good news from afar; and when I looked I saw a large flaming blot, on the side of the wick, pointing toward us.

I cannot remember whether the letters arrived, as the candle so often announced; but how vividly I recollect the night when I lay awake in the next room and heard my parents discuss the uncertainty of the future, the imminent need of funds to carry on the work of the farm, and the possibility of failure and ruin! Such conversations occurred after the other members of the family had gone to bed, but I heard everything, and night after night I listened to those talks, and racked my brain wondering how it would all end. My distress was even greater than that of my mother, for she knew what I did not, and she could still hope.

After such talks the quivering song of the cricket dotted the stillness with an accent of deeper melancholy,

while the heavy pendulum slowly measured out the minutes between midnight and the dismal twilight of dawn.

We were all sitting quietly together the evening after my visit to the Load-Bearer's home, my mother with the Bible in her lap — the only book she ever read while in the Log House — my father reading a newspaper containing an account of a recent speech by Abraham Lincoln. My mother's face looked paler and more pensive than usual, for, some days previous to this, my father had had a misunderstanding with one of the settlers. The only weapon in the house was a double-barreled gun, and even this stood unloaded against the wall in a corner of the sitting-room. No dog was kept on the place, for the reason that a dog was regarded as one of the things most likely to cause trouble with the neighbors.

The wind was blowing across the prairie from the east. My mother seemed apprehensive, and I must have caught some of the thoughts which filled her mind with gloomy presentiments. During a lull of the wind a sound reached us from the prairies. It might have been a shout or a call. How vividly it all comes before me now! She looked inquiringly at my father, who was absorbed in his newspaper and heard nothing. I needed no words to tell me what she was thinking; her face assumed a grave and anxious look. I was hoping the sound might be nothing more than the noise of belated travelers passing on horseback when we heard it again, like a confused, mumbling menace — this time a little nearer, still disguised in the muffled wind. She walked into the next room, greatly agitated, but instantly returned and began to read in the Prayer-Book.

My father had just put aside his newspaper when a low, hollow murmur came from the prairie.

"What can it be?" asked my mother in a voice scarcely audible. Without answering, he went into the next room for the ammunition, took the gun from the corner and began to load with buckshot. It seemed to me he had never looked so tall, so grim, so determined as when he rammed the wadding down with the ramrod. Then he went to the front door and listened. My mother sat with closed eyes like one in a trance, until it seemed to me as if by some unaccountable hocus-pocus we had been thrust into a world where pantomime and mystery had taken the place of speech, and we were waiting for some sudden and terrible stroke of destiny. What was going to happen? Was it the end of all things at the Log House?

My father decided not to go out by the front way, and after the light was removed he opened the kitchen door and stood outside in the dark.

"The moon is just rising," said my mother in a half-whisper, looking through the window of the front room. Then I looked, and as the clouds drifted by I saw the moon in the shape of a gleaming scythe. A sudden chill of autumn had come to the house. She hurried out to beg my father to come in, but he was creeping from corner to corner and from tree to tree, with the gun held before him, cocked and ready for that deadly aim for which he was so well known.

After going as far as the smokehouse and waiting there some time, he returned; he thought the sounds must have been due to some prowling animal. He was about to give up further search when the moaning was

again heard, out a little beyond the trees, and then, as my mother stood trembling at the door, a voice shouted: —

"Don' shoot, massa; don' shoot! fer de Lawd's sake, don' ye shoot!"

My father went straight toward the voice.

"We done lost, massa," some one shouted as soon as he reached the open; "we is lookin' fer Massa Gest's place."

"Come in, come in."

My father came back into the kitchen with two negro fugitives.

"Where have you been?"

"Mass' Snedeker done drap us ober dere," said one of the negroes, pointing west.

"He was running you off?"

"Yes, massa."

"And finding he was chased, let you down, and so you got lost?"

"Yes, massa."

Just then a loud knocking at the front door came with terrible suddenness, for during the talk and confusion no one had heard any noise in the road.

My father took his gun, and standing at one side of the door asked who was there.

"Isaac Snedeker," answered a familiar voice.

Open went the door and in rushed Ike Snedeker, one of the most intrepid souls that ever risked death for the sake of conscience.

A man stood before us who had never known fear. One glance at his face would be enough to make an enemy stop and think twice before coming to close

quarters with such a being. He was courage incarnate, with the shaggy head of a lion, the sharp, invincible eye of an eagle, the frame of an athlete, the earnestness of a convinced reformer. His hair stood out thick and bushy, and his bearded face, with the upper lip clean-shaven, gave to the whole countenance a massive, formidable look that inspired every fugitive with confidence and struck fear into the hearts of his secret foes.

"I've lost two runaways," he said, as he walked through to the kitchen; "had to let them out of the wagon over there near the maple grove — we were followed."

"I think they are here," said my father, "and I came near shooting one of them by mistake."

"I directed them to come this way as near as I could, hoping they would strike through the prairie at this place."

My mother was now bringing the fugitives something to eat when Isaac Snedeker said peremptorily: —

"Come along, it's now or never. We've got to get to Brother Gest's with that load before midnight. You see, I've had to gather 'em up here and there in different places, and I have in the wagon out there two lots — one sent over by Ebenezer Carter and the other by Brother Wolcott. If we get caught it'll be the first time; but they'd get a haul that would amount to something — I've got fourteen altogether."

The two fugitives left without having time to drink a cup of coffee, and we all went to the road to see them off. The wagon was full of frightened, trembling runaways: negroes, mulattoes, octoroons. Not a moment was lost. Isaac Snedeker had only to speak to his

horses — a fine, powerful team — to send them going at a great speed down the road toward the appointed meeting-place at Elihu Gest's.

We went back into the house, where my mother sank exhausted into a rocking-chair.

But she had still another ordeal to go through. Prayers had been said, and we were all about to retire for the night, when the noise of galloping horses and men talking could be heard in the road. One moment of suspense followed another. Footsteps were heard near the kitchen door, then there came a light and somewhat timid rapping as if the persons outside were not certain about this being the right place. My father opened, this time without asking who was there. Two disreputable-looking men stood before him, one of them scowling at us through the door like some ferocious animal. They carried pistols and dirks. Their eyes were shaded by slouched hats that partly concealed the upper part of their faces, so that, for all we knew, they might have been neighbors living at no great distance from the Log House.

"Hev ye seen any runaways hangin' round hyar?" asked the elder man, looking up from under his hat, and with an expression that told of a fearful admixture of malicious cunning and moral cowardice.

"I have," answered my father. "Who delegated you to look for them?"

The fellow hesitated.

Then he stammered: —

"Be you a fire-eating abolitionist?"

"I have voted for Abraham Lincoln once, if that is what you mean by being an abolitionist."

"Ye ain't been long in this country," observed the younger man.

"Long enough to become an American citizen, and vote."

This surprised them. They looked confused, but they braced themselves for a final effort.

"We 're arter them runaways, 'en we don't calc'late te leave hyar without takin' 'em along."

"They went from here sometime ago, so you'll have to look elsewhere if you want to find them."

"Let's go over to the barn," said the elder of the two.

They started for the barn, but stopped just beyond the big locust tree, and I heard the words: —

"Say, Jake, I don't like the look o' that old Britisher."

"No more do I."

"He'll shoot the fust thing we know. He's got sumthin' mighty juberous in thet eye o' his'n."

Not another word was said. They wheeled about, made for the road, mounted their horses, and were off.

They had been cowed and disarmed by my father's coolness, his independence, by his towering height, and a scorn that was withering to the two slave-hunting villains.

# THE GREAT LINCOLN–DOUGLAS DEBATE

[1858]

BY FRANCIS GRIERSON

It was the 15th day of October, 1858. Crowds were pouring into Alton. For some days people had been arriving by the steam-packets from up and down the river, the up-boats from St. Louis, bringing visitors with long, black hair, goatees, and stolid, Indian-like faces, slave-owners and slave-dealers, from the human marts of Missouri and Kentucky; the northern visitors arriving by boat or rail, abolitionists and Republicans, with a cast of features distinctly different from the types coming from the south.

They came from villages, townships, the prairies, from all the adjoining counties, from across the Mississippi, from far-away cities, from representative societies North and South, from congressional committees in the East, from leading journals of all political parties, and from every religious denomination within hundreds of miles, filling the broad space in front of the town hall, eager to see and hear the now famous debaters — the popular Stephen A. Douglas, United States Senator, nicknamed the "Little Giant," and plain Abraham Lincoln, nicknamed the "Rail-Splitter."

The great debate had begun on the 21st of August at another town, and to-day the long discussed subject would be brought to a close. Douglas stood for the doc-

trine that slavery was nationalized by the Constitution, that Congress had no power to prevent its introduction in the new Territories like Kansas and Nebraska, and that the people of each State could alone decide whether they should be slave States or free. Lincoln opposed the introduction of slavery into the new Territories.

On this memorable day the "irrepressible conflict" predicted by Seward actually began, and it was bruited about that Lincoln would be mobbed or assassinated if he repeated here the words he used in some of his speeches delivered in the northern part of the State. From the surging sea of faces thousands of anxious eyes gazed upward at the group of politicians on the balcony like wrecked mariners scanning the horizon for the smallest sign of a white sail of hope.

The final debate resembled a duel between two men-of-war, the pick of a great fleet, all but these two sunk or abandoned in other waters, facing each other in the open, the Little Giant hurling at his opponent, from his flagship of slavery, the deadliest missiles, Lincoln calmly waiting to sink his antagonist by one simple broadside. Alton had seen nothing so exciting since the assassination of Lovejoy, the fearless abolitionist, many years before.

In the earlier discussions Douglas seemed to have the advantage. A past-master in tact and audacity, skilled in the art of rhetorical skirmishing, he had no equal on the "stump," while in the Senate he was feared by the most brilliant debaters for his ready wit and his dashing eloquence.

Regarded in the light of historical experience, reasoned

about in the light of spiritual reality, and from the point of view that nothing can happen by chance, it seems as if Lincoln and Douglas were predestined to meet side by side in this discussion, and unless I dwell in detail on the mental and physical contrast the speakers presented it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the startling difference in the two temperaments: Douglas — short, plump, and petulant; Lincoln — long, gaunt, and self-possessed; the one, white-haired and florid; the other, black-haired and swarthy; the one, educated and polished; the other, unlettered and primitive. Douglas had the assurance of a man of authority; Lincoln had moments of deep mental depression, often bordering on melancholy, yet controlled by a fixed, and, I may say, predestined will, for it can no longer be doubted that without the marvelous blend of humor and stolid patience so conspicuous in his character, Lincoln's genius would have turned to madness after the defeat of the Northern army at Bull Run, and the world would have had something like a repetition of Napoleon's fate after the burning of Moscow. Lincoln's humor was the balance-pole of his genius that enabled him to cross the most giddy heights without losing his head.

Judge Douglas opened the debate in a sonorous voice plainly heard throughout the assembly, and with a look of mingled defiance and confidence he marshaled his facts and deduced his arguments. To the vigor of his attack there was added the prestige of the Senate Chamber, and for some moments it looked as if he would carry the majority with him, a large portion of the crowd being pro-slavery men, while many others were "on the fence," waiting to be persuaded.

At last, after a great oratorical effort, he brought his speech to a close amidst the shouts and yells of thousands of admirers.

And now Abraham Lincoln, the man who, in 1830, undertook to split for Mrs. Nancy Miller four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans dyed with walnut bark that would be required to make him a pair of trousers, the flatboatman, local stump-speaker and country-lawyer, rose from his seat, stretched his long bony limbs upward as if to get them into working order, and stood like some solitary giant on a lonely summit, very tall, very dark, very gaunt, and very rugged, his swarthy features stamped with a sad serenity, and the instant he began to speak the ungainly mouth lost its heaviness, the half-listless eyes attained a wondrous power, and the people stood bewildered and breathless under the natural magic of the strangest, most original personality known to the English-speaking world since Robert Burns. There were other very tall and dark men in the heterogeneous assembly, but not one who resembled the speaker. Every movement of his long, muscular frame denoted inflexible earnestness, and a something issued forth, elemental and mystical, that told what the man had been, what he was, and what he would do in the future. There were moments when he seemed all legs and feet, and again he appeared all head and neck; yet every look of the deep-set eyes, every movement of the prominent jaw, every wave of the hard-gripping hand, produced an impression, and before he had spoken twenty minutes the conviction took possession of thousands that here was the prophetic man of the present and the political savior of the future. Judges of human

nature saw at a glance that a man so ungainly, so natural, so earnest, and so forcible, had no place in his mental economy for the thing called vanity.

Douglas had been theatrical and scholarly, but this tall, homely man was creating by his very looks what the brilliant lawyer and experienced Senator had failed to make people see and feel. The Little Giant had assumed striking attitudes, played tricks with his flowing white hair, mimicking the airs of authority with patronizing allusions; but these affectations, usually so effective when he addressed an audience alone, went for nothing when brought face to face with realities. Lincoln had no genius for gesture and no desire to produce a sensation. The failure of Senator Douglas to bring conviction to critical minds was caused by three things: a lack of logical sequence in argument, a lack of intuitional judgment, and a vanity that was caused by too much intellect and too little heart. Douglas had been arrogant and vehement, Lincoln was now logical and penetrating. The Little Giant was a living picture of ostentatious vanity; from every feature of Lincoln's face there radiated the calm, inherent strength that always accompanies power. He relied on no props. With a pride sufficient to protect his mind and a will sufficient to defend his body, he drank water when Douglas, with all his wit and rhetoric, could begin or end nothing without stimulants. Here, then, was one man out of all the millions who believed in himself, who did not consult with others about what to say, who never for a moment respected the opinion of men who preached a lie. My old friend, Donn Piatt, in his personal impressions of Lincoln, whom he knew well and

greatly esteemed, declares him to be the homeliest man he ever saw; but serene confidence and self-poise can never be ugly. What thrilled the people who stood before Abraham Lincoln on that day was the sight of a being who, in all his actions and habits, resembled themselves, gentle as he was strong, fearless as he was honest, who towered above them all in that psychic radiance that penetrates in some mysterious way every fiber of the hearer's consciousness.

The enthusiasm created by Douglas was wrought out of smart epigram thrusts and a facile superficial eloquence. He was a match for the politicians born within the confines of his own intellectual circle: witty, brilliant, cunning, and shallow, his weight in the political balance was purely materialistic; his scales of justice tipped to the side of cotton, slavery, and popular passions; while the man who faced him now brought to the assembly cold logic in place of wit, frankness in place of cunning, reasoned will and judgment in place of chicanery and sophistry. Lincoln's presence infused into the mixed and uncertain throng something spiritual and supernormal. His looks, his words, his voice, his attitude were like a magical essence dropped into the seething cauldron of politics, reacting against the foam, calming the surface, and letting the people see to the bottom. It did not take him long.

"Is it not a false statesmanship," he asked, "that undertakes to build up a system of policy upon the basis of caring nothing about the very thing that everybody does care the most about? Judge Douglas may say he cares not whether slavery is voted up or down, but he must have a choice between a right thing and a

wrong thing. He contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have, if it is not a wrong; but if it is a wrong he cannot say people have a right to do wrong. He says that upon the score of equality slaves should be allowed to go into a new territory like other property. This is strictly logical if there is no difference between it and other property. If it and other property are equal his argument is entirely logical; but if you insist that one is wrong and the other right there is no use to institute a comparison between right and wrong."

This was the broadside. The great duel on the high seas of politics was over. The Douglas ship of State Sovereignty was sinking. The debate was a triumph that would send Lincoln to Washington as President in a little more than two years from that date.

People were fascinated by the gaunt figure, in long, loose garments, that seemed like a "huge skeleton in clothes," attracted by the homely face, and mystified, yet proud of the fact that a simple denizen of their own soil should wield so much power.

When Lincoln sat down, Douglas made one last feeble attempt at an answer; but Lincoln, in reply to a spectator who manifested some apprehension as to the outcome, rose, and spreading out his great arms at full length, like a condor about to take wing, exclaimed, with humorous indifference, "Oh! let him go it!" These were the last words he uttered in the greatest debate of the *ante-bellum* days.

The victor bundled up his papers and withdrew, the assembly shouting, "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln as next President!" "Bully for old Abe!" "Lincoln forever!"

Excited crowds followed him about, reporters caught his slightest word, and by night time the bar-rooms, hotels, street corners, and prominent stores were filled with his admirers, fairly intoxicated with the exciting triumph of the day.

# JUST BEFORE THE WAR

[1858]

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

SOMETIME during the winter of 1857–58, I received from the Honorable Samuel S. Cox, member of Congress from Ohio, representing the district composed of Licking, Franklin, and Pickaway, an appointment as cadet at West Point. I know it was winter-time, for across the vanished years I can see the family gathered before the big wood fire, and I can see my father, who had been to Newark and had stopped at the Kirkersville post-office, coming in, clad in his greatcoat, and bearing in his hand a large and significant-looking official letter.

Removing his coat and adjusting his glasses, he opened the communication from Washington and read my appointment. Oh, the quiet radiance of my mother's face! Never, I think, did fire burn so cheerily as ours burned that night, and somehow, I am fain to believe, the curling smoke communicated the news to the old farm; for the fields — how often had I wandered over them from childhood; oh, yes, how often had I seen the cattle grazing, — the corn tasseling, and their sweet pomp of daisies and clover and shocks of ripened wheat! — all seemed to greet me the next morning as I walked out to feed the sheep. We sat long round the fire, and read and re-read the entrance requirements, both physical and mental, as set forth in the circular accompanying the appointment.

This circular, prepared by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, himself a graduate of West Point, announced that only about a third of all who entered were graduated, and counseled the appointee that unless he had an aptitude for mathematics, etc., it might be better for him not to accept the appointment; thus he would escape the mortification of failure for himself and family. In view of my lack of opportunity to acquire more than the simplest rudiments of an education in any branch, I wonder now that I dared to face the ordeal. But how the future gleams through the gates of youth!

It was in the days before competitive examinations, when appointments to West Point and Annapolis were coveted, and usually secured, by the sons of leaders of business, political influence, and social standing; and ours was the capital district. At that time our country differed widely from that in which we are now living; and so great have been the changes that, could the leading merchants of our cities of fifty years ago, or the farmers who settled amid the primeval timber of the West, return, they could not distinguish one street from another, and would look in vain for the fields and woods that met their eyes from the doorstep. The population of the country, now rising eighty millions, was less than thirty-two millions, not counting the territories; and of these, nineteen millions were in the Northern, or free States, and twelve in the Southern, or slave States. The frontier was along the western boundary of Arkansas, and thence north to the Canadian line. The great tide of emigration that set in with the building of the National Road was still flowing west; while the railroads and telegraph were just beginning to push their way

thither. Steamboats, called "floating palaces," could be seen at almost every bend of the beautiful Ohio and on every long reach of the solemnly impressive Mississippi.

Practically all the vast area lying west of the Hudson was devoted to agriculture, while the South, as from the early days, was still raising cotton and tobacco, finding itself year after year dropping farther and farther behind the more progressive North in commercial weight and importance. But there were no great fortunes at that time, either North or South; it is safe to say there were not throughout all the land a score of men worth a million dollars. If an estate amounted to fifty thousand dollars, it was considered large; and yet under those conditions there were refinement, courage, good manners, and wide knowledge, — qualities that went to the making of gentlemen. Colleges, called universities, were springing up everywhere over the land. Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, and Bancroft, Longfellow, Cooper, Whittier, and Emerson, had laid the foundations for our literature. In public life the foremost statesmen of the time were Benton, Cass, Corwin, Cox, Douglas, Chase, Wade, and Giddings in the West; Seward, Hale, Banks, Sumner, and Adams in the East; while the South counted among its leaders such men as Jefferson Davis and Quitman of Mississippi, Alexander H. Stephens and Toombs of Georgia, and Hunter and Mason of Virginia. Besides these there were Breckinridge and Crittenden of Kentucky, Benjamin and Slidell of Louisiana, Wigfall of Texas, and Yancey of Alabama — not to mention a group of arrogant and almost frenzied agitators for secession, who seemed to rise right up from the ground that was thrown out when Calhoun's grave

was dug, and to whom may be attributed in great measure the dire adversity of our Southland.

The war with Mexico was still fresh in the memories of the people, and the majority of the officers who had gained distinction in it were still living, and also veterans here and there of the War of 1812; and to emphasize the march of time, I may say that a frequent visitor at my father's house was a French veteran by the name of Genêt, who had actually fought under Napoleon at Waterloo. Save with Mexico, our country had been at peace with all the world for nearly fifty years; its future, save as shadowed by slavery, glowed warmly, and pride and love for it burned in every heart.

The army consisted of 16,435 officers and men; its organization was made up of engineers, topographical engineers, ordnance, supply departments, artillery, cavalry, dragoons, and mounted rifles. The heaviest guns in the forts were ten-inch columbiads, and the small arms were all muzzle-loading smoothbores and rifles.

Grant, in utter obscurity and almost utter poverty, and fronting an outlook of utter hopelessness, was a clerk in a store at Galena. Farragut was sailing the seas and not dreaming of the days to come, when, lashed to the rigging, he should lead his squadron into the battle of Mobile Bay. Lee was commanding a post in Texas, and probably had never heard of the little town of Gettysburg; Sedgwick and Thomas and "Jeb" Stuart were all on the Texas frontier, and the future seemed to offer only a slow chance for promotion; and yet, in less than five years they had risen to enduring fame. Stonewall Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute — the West Point of the South; but

he was dwelling more on the sins of this earth than on its honors, either military or civil, and was regarded by his intimates as a queer and uninteresting type of belated Roundhead. Within five years he was to rise to the pinnacle of fame, his star to the country's zenith. Sherman was teaching in Louisiana, little dreaming that he should one day lead a victorious army from Atlanta to the sea. Longstreet, the Johnstons, the Hills, Hooker, Bragg, and Forrest, — the latter a slave-dealer, but the ablest cavalry leader of the Confederacy, — and many another in the blue and the gray, unknown outside of local and professional associations, rose on the stormy tides of the mighty rebellion. Of these, Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg, Webb, Warren, McCook, Howard, Griffin, Schofield, Hartsuff, Saxton, Weitzel, and Hazen, of the Union; Hardee, Beauregard, Fitz Lee, Alexander, and Field, of the Confederate Army, were on duty as officers at West Point; in the corps as cadets were Wilson, Upton, Hardin, Horace Porter, Merritt, Custer, and Mackenzie of the North, while bound in ties of friendship with them were Ramseur, Wheeler, Rosser, Pelham, Young, Semmes, and Deering of the South. Whenever and wherever I have thought of them as officers or cadets, — and it has been many and many a time, — imagination has painted them marching unconsciously to the field of the high test of the soldier and the gentleman.

The war between the States was gathering much faster than we realized. Every little while, as from a cloud, sounded low and heavy rumblings; but, like distant thunder in summer, they died away, and notwithstanding they came again heavier and at shorter inter-

vals, hopes of peace, like birds in the fields, sang on. Everywhere there was a growing fever in the blood.

The progress of events in the seventy-five years during which they had been bound together in the Constitution had forced freedom and slavery, so mutually and innately antagonistic, nearer and nearer to each other. The closer the approach, slavery on the one hand saw herself growing more and more repulsive, while on the other, the South, with increasing anger and alarm, saw in the cold look of the self-controlled North that her happiness, prosperity, social fabric, and political supremacy were threatened if not doomed. In the Ordinance of 1787 she had seen herself excluded from all the territory north of the Ohio; in 1820, forever prohibited in all the territory ceded by France, and known as Louisiana, north of 36° 30′; in 1846, excluded from all the territory purchased from Mexico; in 1850, California admitted as a free State, and the slave trade abolished in the District of Columbia. In 1854, slavery was expelled from the Territory of Kansas, the blood of Northern men dripping from its hands, after a savage and brutal contest with freedom. During this process of being hemmed in, the South became more and more irritable, and, unfortunately, more domineering.

Naturally enough the social, idealistic, and temperamental differences elementary in the natures and traditions of the people grew apace. We in the West, especially those of us with Southern affiliations, hated slavery and hated New England, but generally sympathized with the South; yet in her arrogance she fast assumed an attitude of condescension and superiority over us all. Meanwhile, the abolitionist, despised on all hands, had

begun the most systematic, deliberate, and stubborn crusade that ever was waged against an institution, and this crusade was carried on until at last the harassed South demanded, and the Congress passed, the Fugitive Slave Law. It was a law hateful in every feature, arousing the indignation of every natural impulse, and humiliating to the self-respect of every official called on for its execution. Then "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared; from door to door it went, and slavery heard its knell from every hearthstone before which it was read.

From that time an open hostility to the institution was in the plank of every Northern platform, and constantly engaged benevolent and religious associations in earnest discussion. There was no respite day or night thenceforward for the great body of the people, who, standing between the fire-eaters on the one hand and the abolitionists on the other, were ready and longing to do anything for the peace, glory, and welfare of South as well as North.

As early as 1850, South Carolina and Mississippi in their provincial egotism had threatened secession; declaring in a bullying way that they would not submit to degradation in the Union, — referring to the barricades that the people of the free States had thrown up against the extension of the institution of slavery. Meanwhile, Sumner, with manners more imperious and egotism more colossal than the Southern States had ever exhibited, assailed slavery and, indirectly, the Representatives of the South in Congress, with a kind of dogmatic statesmanship and scholastic venom — the latter intended to irritate, and succeeding in its purpose — roared out in pompous and reverberating declama-

tion. The effect of these deplorable extremes was to weaken the natural ties that bound the sections, to drive out friendship and good will from many a home, and to substitute in their places deep and dangerous ill feelings. Now, as I look back over it all, never, it seems to me, did provincial egotism born of slavery, and bigotry born of political and moral dogma, pursue their ways more blindly to frightful wastes of blood and treasure. But let this question rest: the fire-eater is gone, and the abolitionist is gone; were they to come back, the surprise of both at the results would be astounding. However that may be, in due time an idea took possession of the North, as if it had seen a vision; the Democratic party began to break before it, and the Republican party sprang up from Maine to California with almost the speed of a phantom.

When I finally left home for West Point, James Buchanan was President, and drifting into a deeper eclipse than has befallen any other who has filled that high office. Abraham Lincoln was still unknown beyond the prairies of Central Illinois.



# THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN

BY THOMAS HOVENDEN

(*Born in Ireland*, 1810; *died in America in* 1895)

ACCORDING to the Compromise of 1850, it was agreed that when Kansas and Nebraska should be ready to enter the Union as States, they might be either free or slave-holding, as their inhabitants should prefer. Both pro-slavery and anti-slavery men pressed into Kansas, and what was really war on a small scale raged between them. One of the fiercest of the anti-slavery fighters was John Brown, whose one aim was, as he said, to wage "eternal war with slavery."

This was in 1856. Three years later, he formed a plan to free the slaves. He thought that if some place in the mountains could be fortified, large numbers of slaves would escape to it, and a general revolt would result. He rented a farmhouse six miles from Harper's Ferry. To get arms, he, with twenty followers, seized the United States Arsenal at that place, and took some forty prisoners. On the following day he was captured by troops under Robert E. Lee, after a fight in which two of his sons and nearly all of his men were killed and he himself was several times wounded. Governor Wise of Virginia, under whom he was tried for treason, said of Brown, "He inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth." He was hanged, but manifested, even on the scaffold, the utmost calmness and fortitude. It is said that on the way to the place of execution he paused a moment to kiss the little child of a slave mother.

# IV
# FROM FORT SUMTER TO CHANCELLORSVILLE

## HISTORICAL NOTE

On April 12, 1861, the Confederate batteries opened fire on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. The Civil War had begun. Armies were promptly raised by the United States and by the Confederacy, and Richmond was chosen as the Confederate capital. Little heavy fighting was done during the first year of the war except at Bull Run, where the Confederates won a decisive victory.

In 1862, affairs in the West were generally favorable to the Unionists. By the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the greater part of Tennessee was wrested from the Confederates, and by Grant's victory at Shiloh their second line of defense in the West was broken. To gain control of the Mississippi was an important matter to the Union; for this would separate the Confederacy into two parts, and would also make it easy to transport men and supplies from the North. The first step was to capture New Orleans if possible; and this was accomplished by Farragut. Soon after the Confederate river fleet was destroyed at Memphis, and as far south as Vicksburg the Mississippi was controlled by the Unionists. New Orleans was also, as has been said, in their hands, and a strict blockade was established along the whole Southern coast. Even more important than these successes was the victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac, a victory that preserved the naval supremacy of the North and revolutionized naval warfare.

In the East the advantage was with the Confederates. In the Peninsula campaign, General McClellan's advance toward Richmond was thrust back with heavy loss, and General Lee, who was now in command of the Confederate army, pushed forward into Maryland, but was defeated at Antietam, and withdrew into Virginia. A few days later Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, declaring that on the 1st of January, 1863, all slaves in the rebellious States should be free. On December 13, Burnside, who replaced McClellan, endeavored to force the Confederate lines at Fredericksburg, but was driven back with great loss, and was superseded by General Hooker.

# THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER

[1861]

BY ORVILLE J. VICTOR

PUNCTUALLY at the hour indicated — twenty minutes past 4 A.M. — the roar of a mortar from Sullivan's Island announced the war begun. A second bomb from the same battery followed; then Fort Moultrie answered with the thunder of a columbiad; Cumming's Point next, and the Floating Battery, dropped in their resonant notes; then a pause, but only for a moment. A roar of fifty guns burst in concert, a chorus to the solemn prelude which must have startled the spirits of the patriotic dead in their slumbers.

Sumter lay off in the waters, the center of that appalling circle of fire. The early morning shadows had lifted from its ramparts to discover the Stars and Stripes floating from the garrison staff; but it was as silent amid that storm as if no living soul panted and fretted within its walls. It was the silence of duty, — of men resolved on death, if their country called for the sacrifice. For months the little garrison had been pent up in the fortress, overworked and underfed, but not a murmur escaped the men, and the hour of assault found all prepared for their leader's orders, — to defend the fort to the last.

The sentinels were removed from the parapet, the posterns closed, and the order given for the men to keep close within the casements until the call of the drum.

Breakfast was quietly served at six o'clock, the shot and shell of the enemy thundering against the walls and pouring within the inclosure with remarkable precision. After breakfast, disposition was calmly made for the day's work. The casements were supplied from the magazines; the guns, without tangents or scales, and even destitute of bearing-screws, were to be ranged by the eyes and fired "by guess"; the little force was told off in relays, composed of three reliefs, equally dividing the officers and men. Captain Doubleday took the first detachment, and fired the first gun at seven o'clock. The captain directed his guns at Moultrie, at the Cumming's Point iron battery, the floating ironclad battery anchored off the end of Sullivan's Island, and the enfilading battery on Sullivan's Island, — all of which were then pouring in a scathing storm of solid shot.

An officer who was present thus spoke of the bombarding: —

"The explosion of shells, and the quantity of deadly missiles that were hurled in every direction and at every instant of time, made it almost certain death to go out of the lower tier of casements, and also made the working of the barbette or upper uncovered guns, which contained all our heaviest metals, and by which alone we could throw shells, quite impossible. During the first day there was hardly an instant of time that there was a cessation of the whizzing of balls, which were sometimes coming half a dozen at once. There was not a portion of the work which was not seen in reverse (that is, exposed by the rear) from mortars.

"At noon, Friday, the supply of cartridges in the fort was exhausted, when the blankets of the barracks and

the shirts of the men were sewed into the required bags and served out. No instrument was in thefort for weighing the powder, thus forbidding all precision in the charge, and, as a consequence, causing much variation in planting the shot. When we add that the guns wanted both tangents, breech or telescopic sights, that wedges served instead of bearing-screws, we can only express astonishment at the accuracy attained. Not a structure of the enemy escaped the solid balls of the columbiads and paixhans. The village of Moultrieville — a gathering of summer-houses belonging to citizens of Charleston — was completely riddled. . . ."

Saturday morning, at the earliest light, the cannonading was resumed with redoubled fury. By eight o'clock the red-hot balls from the furnace in Moultrie came to prove that the revolutionists would use every means to dislodge the obstinate Anderson. Soon the barracks and quarters were in flames, past all control. The men were then withdrawn from the guns, to avert the now impending danger to the magazine — the powder must be emptied into the sea. Ninety barrels were rolled over the area exposed to the flames, and pitched into the water. By this time the heat from the burning buildings became intense, fairly stifling the men with its dense fumes. The doors of the vault were, therefore, sealed, while the men crept into the casemates to avoid suffocation by cowering close to the floor, covering their faces with wet cloths. An occasional gun only could be fired, as a signal to the enemy and the fleet outside that the fort had not surrendered. The colors still floated from the staff. When the winds bore the smoke and flames aside, its folds revealed to the enemy the glorious Stars and

Stripes, waving there amid the ruin and treble terror, unscathed. Its halliards had been shot away, but, becoming entangled, the flag was fixed. Only the destruction of the staff could drag it down.

This appalling conflagration seemed to inflame the zeal of the assailants. The entire circle of attack blazoned with fire, and the air was cut into hissing arches of smoke and balls. The rebel general in command had stated that two hours, probably, would suffice to reduce the fortress, but twenty-eight hours had not accomplished the work; and now, as the besiegers beheld another and more invincible power coming to their aid, they acknowledged the service rendered, by frenzied shouts and redoubled service at their guns.

About noon of Saturday the upper service magazine exploded, tearing away the tower and upper portions of the fort, and doing more havoc than a week's bombardment could have effected. One who was present wrote: —

"The crash of the beams, the roar of the flames, the rapid explosion of the shells, and the shower of fragments of the fort, with the blackness of the smoke, made the scene indescribably terrific and grand. This continued for several hours. Meanwhile, the main gates were burned down, the chassis of the barbette guns were burned away on the gorge, and the upper portions of the towers had been demolished by shells.

"There was not a portion of the fort where a breath of air could be got for hours, except through a wet cloth. The fire spread to the men's quarters, on the right hand and on the left, and endangered the powder

which had been taken out of the magazines. The men went through the fire and covered the barrels with wet cloths, but the danger of the fort's blowing up became so imminent that they were obliged to heave the barrels out of the embrasures. While the powder was being thrown overboard, all the guns of Moultrie, of the iron floating battery, of the enfilade battery, and the Dahlgren battery, worked with increased vigor.

"All but four barrels were thus disposed of, and those remaining were wrapped in many thicknesses of wet woolen blankets. But three cartridges were left, and these were in the guns. About this time the flag-staff of Fort Sumter was shot down, some fifty feet from the truck, this being the ninth time that it had been struck by a shot. The men cried out, 'The flag is down; it has been shot away!' In an instant, Lieutenant Hall rushed forward and brought the flag away. But the halliards were so inextricably tangled that it could not be righted: it was, therefore, nailed to the staff, and planted upon the ramparts, while batteries in every direction were playing upon them. . . ."

During the bombardment a vast concourse of people gathered in Charleston, and lined the wharves and promenade, to witness the sublime contest. The surrounding country poured in its eager, excited masses to add to the throng. Men, women, and children stood there, hour after hour, with blanched faces and praying hearts; for few of that crowd but had some loved one in the works under fire. Messengers came hourly from the several positions to assure the people of the safety of the men. The second day's conflict found the city densely filled with people, crowding in by railway and

private conveyance from the more distant counties, until Charleston literally swarmed with humanity.

[The rest of the story is told in Major Anderson's dispatch to the United States Government.]

STEAMER BALTIC, OFF SANDY HOOK,
April 18th, 1861.

THE HONORABLE S. CAMERON,
*Secretary of War, Washington, D.C.:—*

SIR, — Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted the terms of evacuation, offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th instant, prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON,
*Major, First Artillery.*

## BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

[1861]

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:

## THE UNITED STATES

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

# THE GATHERING OF THE GREAT ARMY

[1861]

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN

At the call of the President every village sends its soldiers, every town its company. When you listened to the soul-thrilling music of the band, and watched the long, winding train as it vanished with the troops in the distance, you had one little glimpse of the machinery of war, as when riding past a great manufactory you see a single pulley, or a row of spindles through a window. You do not see the thousands of wheels, belts, shafts, — the hundred thousand spindles, the arms of iron, fingers of brass, and springs of steel, and the mighty wheel which gives motion to all, — and so you have not seen the great, complicated, far-reaching, and powerful machinery of war.

But there is activity everywhere. Drums are beating, men assembling, soldiers marching, and hastening on in regiments. They go into camp and sleep on the ground, wrapped in their blankets. It is a new life. They have no napkins, no tablecloths at breakfast, dinner, or supper, no china plates or silver forks. Each soldier has his tin plate and cup, and makes a hearty meal of beef and bread. It is hard baked bread. They call it "hard-tack," because it might be tacked upon the roof of a house instead of shingles. They also have Cincinnati "chicken." At home they called it pork; fowls are scarce

and pork is plenty in camp, so they make-believe it is chicken!

There is drilling by squads, companies, battalions, and by regiments. Some stand guard around the camp by day, and others go out on picket at night, to watch for the enemy. It is military life. Everything is done by orders. When you become a soldier, you cannot go and come as you please. Privates, lieutenants, captains, colonels, generals, all are subject to the orders of their superior officers. All must obey the general in command. You march, drill, eat, sleep, go to bed, and get up by order. At sunrise you hear the reveille, and at nine o'clock in the evening the tattoo. Then the candle, which has been burning in your tent with a bayonet for a candlestick, must be put out. In the dead of night, while sleeping soundly and dreaming of home, you hear the drum-beat. It is the long roll. There is a rattle of musketry. The pickets are at it. Every man springs to his feet.

"Turn out! turn out!" shouts the colonel.

"Fall in! fall in!" cries the captain.

There is confusion throughout the camp, — a trampling of feet and loud, hurried talking. In your haste you get your boots on wrong, and buckle your cartridge-box on bottom up. You rush out in the darkness, not minding your steps, and are caught by the tent-ropes. You tumble headlong, upsetting to-morrow's breakfast of beans. You take your place in the ranks, nervous, excited, and trembling at you know not what. The regiment rushes toward the firing, which suddenly ceases. An officer rides up in the darkness and says it is a false alarm! You march back to camp, cool and col-

lected now, grumbling at the stupidity of the picket, who saw a bush, thought it was a Rebel, fired his gun, and alarmed the whole camp.

In the autumn of 1861 the army of the Potomac, encamped around Washington, numbered about two hundred thousand men. Before it marches to the battle-field, let us see how it is organized, how it looks, how it is fed; let us get an insight into its machinery.

Go up in the balloon which you see hanging in the air across the Potomac from Georgetown, and look down upon this great army. All the country round is dotted with white tents, — some in the open fields, and some half hid by the forest-trees. Looking away to the north-west you see the right wing. Arlington is the center, and at Alexandria is the left wing. You see men in ranks, in files, in long lines, in masses, moving to and fro, marching and countermarching, learning how to fight a battle. There are thousands of wagons and horses; there are from two to three hundred pieces of artillery. How long the line, if all were on the march! Men marching in files are about three feet apart. A wagon with four horses occupies fifty feet. If this army was moving on a narrow country road, four cavalrymen riding abreast, and men in files of four, with all the artillery, ammunition-wagons, supply-trains, ambulances, and equipment, it would reach from Boston to Hartford, or from New York city to Albany, a hundred and fifty miles!

To move such a multitude, to bring order out of confusion, there must be a system, a plan, and an organization. Regiments are therefore formed into brigades, with usually about four regiments to a brigade. Three or four brigades compose a division, and three or four

divisions make an army corps. A corps when full numbers from twenty-five to thirty thousand men.

When an army moves, the general commanding it issues his orders to the generals commanding the corps; they issue their orders to the division commanders, the division commanders to the brigadiers, they to the colonels, and the colonels to captains, and the captains to the companies. As the great wheel in the factory turns all the machinery, so one mind moves the whole army. The general-in-chief must designate the road which each corps shall take, the time when they are to march, where they are to march to, and sometimes the hour when they must arrive at an appointed place. The corps commanders must direct which of their divisions shall march first, what roads they shall take, and where they shall encamp at night. The division commanders direct what brigades shall march first. No corps, division, or brigade commander can take any other road than that assigned him, without producing confusion and delay.

The army must have its food regularly. Think how much food it takes to supply the city of Boston, or Cincinnati every day. Yet here are as many men as there are people in those cities. There are a great many more horses in the army than in the stables of both of those cities. All must be fed. There must be a constant supply of beef, pork, bread, beans, vinegar, sugar, and coffee, oats, corn, and hay.

The army must also have its supplies of clothing, its boots, shoes, and coats. It must have its ammunition, its millions of cartridges of different kinds; for there are a great many kinds of guns in the regiments, — Spring-

field and Enfield muskets, French, Belgian, Prussian, and Austrian guns, requiring a great many different kinds of ammunition. There are a great many different kinds of cannon. There must be no lack of ammunition, no mistake in its distribution. So there is the Quartermaster's Department, the Commissary, and the Ordnance Department. The Quartermaster moves and clothes the army, the Commissary feeds it, and the Ordnance Officer supplies it with ammunition. The General-in-Chief has a Quartermaster-General, a Chief Commissary and a Chief Ordnance Officer, who issue their orders to the chief officers in their departments attached to each corps. They issue their orders to their subordinates in the divisions, and the division officers to those in the brigades.

Then there is a Surgeon-General, who directs all the hospital operations, who must see that the sick and wounded are all taken care of. There are camp surgeons, division, brigade, and regimental surgeons. There are hospital nurses, ambulance drivers, all subject to the orders of the surgeon. No other officer can direct them. Each department is complete in itself.

It has cost a great deal of thought, labor, and money to construct this great machinery. In creating it there has been much thinking, energy, determination, and labor; and there must be constant forethought in anticipating future wants, necessities, and contingencies, when to move, where, and how. The army does not exist of its own accord, but by constant, unremitting effort.

The people of the country determined that the Constitution, the Union, and the government bequeathed by

their fathers should be preserved. They authorized the President to raise a great army. Congress voted money and men. The President, acting as the agent of the people, and as Commander-in-Chief, appointed men to bring all the materials together and organize the army. Look at what was wanted to build this mighty machine and to keep it going.

First, the hundreds of thousands of men; the thousands of horses; the thousands of barrels of beef, pork, and flour; thousands of hogsheads of sugar, vinegar, rice, salt, bags of coffee, and immense stores of other things. Thousands of tons of hay, bags of oats and corn. What numbers of men and women have been at work to get each soldier ready for the field. He has boots, clothes, and equipments. The tanner, currier, shoemaker, the manufacturer, with his swift-flying shuttles, the operator tending his looms and spinning-jennies, the tailor with his sewing-machines, the gunsmith, the harness-maker, the blacksmith, — all trades and occupations have been employed. There are saddles, bridles, knapsacks, canteens, dippers, plates, knives, stoves, kettles, tents, blankets, medicines, drums, swords, pistols, guns, cannon, powder, percussion-caps, bullets, shot, shells, wagons, — everything.

Walk leisurely through the camps, and observe the little things and the great things, see the men on the march. Then go into the Army and Navy Departments in Washington, in those brick buildings west of the President's house. In those rooms are surveys, maps, plans, papers, charts of the ocean, of the sea-coast, currents, sandbars, shoals, the rising and falling of tides. In the Topographical Bureau you see maps of all sections of the

country. There is the Ordnance Bureau, with all sorts of guns, rifles, muskets, carbines, pistols, swords, shells, rifled shot, fuses which the inventors have brought in. There are a great many bureaus, with immense piles of papers and volumes, containing experiments upon the strength of iron, the trials of cannon, guns, mortars, and powder. There have been experiments to determine how much powder shall be used, whether it shall be as fine as mustard-seed or as coarse as lumps of sugar, and the results are all noted here. All the appliances of science, industry, and art are brought into use to make it the best army the world ever saw.

## JONATHAN TO JOHN

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[In the latter part of 1861, the Confederates sent Messrs. Mason and Slidell to ask for aid from England and France. When on board the British vessel, the Trent, they were seized by an American captain. The British Government was ready to declare war on the United States; but President Lincoln said, "Why, this is exercising the 'right of search' that we went to war with England about in 1812"; and the men were surrendered.

*The Editor.*]

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John, —
Your cousin tu, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We know it now," sez he,
"The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we're hot, John?
Your mark was on the guns,
The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons:
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
There's human blood," sez he.
"By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
Though 't may surprise J. B.
More'n it would you an' me."

## JONATHAN TO JOHN

Ef *I* turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
*Heads I win, — ditto tails?*
"*J. B.*" was on his shirts, John,
Onless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't jest the juice
Fer ganders with J. B.,
No more'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
You did n't stop fer fuss, —
Britanny's trident prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law fer us.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Though physic's good," sez he,
"It does n't foller thet he can swaller
Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean tu, John:
You mus'n' take it hard,

Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's jest your own back-yard.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef *thet 's* his claim," sez he.
"The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.,
Ez wal as you an' me!"

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
Of honor when it meant
You did n't care a bit, John,
But jest for *ten per cent?*
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
He's like the rest," sez he:
"When all is done, it's number one
Thet's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez t' you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 't was right;
It war n't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A schoolhouse an' a steeple.

## JONATHAN TO JOHN

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest way to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in law, John,
An' it's fer her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John.
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef 't warn't fer law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 't ain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 't would win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There's natur in J. B.,
Ez wal 'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we, —
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he;

"But sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love, or hate, John?
It's you thet's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men fergive," sez he.
"But not fergit; an' some time yit
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me!"

# THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR

[1862]

BY JOHN S. WISE

THE building of the ironclad afterwards famous all over the world as the Virginia, or the Merrimac, was a subject of daily conversation in our household from the time the Gosport Navy Yard was burned and abandoned by the Union troops in April, 1861.

My father, during his service in Congress, was for some years upon the Committee on Naval Affairs; his acquaintance with naval officers resulting from that fact, and from his long residence at Rio de Janeiro, was unusually widespread. Commodore James Barron was one of his constituents and warm friends. Commodore Barron was the gallant but unfortunate officer who killed Decatur in a duel, and was himself severely wounded. Besides other contributions of value to the navy, he conceived the idea of an impregnable steam propeller, armed with a pyramidal beak, and a terrapin-shaped back at an acute angle to the line of projectiles fired from its own level. He called it a marine catapulta, and had complete models, plans, and descriptions, which he exhibited to the naval committee, in the effort to have a ship constructed on these lines. He made little impression, however; for in those days steam navigation had attained no very great success, — much less the utilization of iron upon ships. He subsequently presented the

model to my father, who had also a large number of models of other vessels.

In our rummaging about the place, we boys found these models in some old boxes, and took them down to our millpond, where we anchored them as part of our miniature fleet. The Barron model, and one constructed by Lieutenant Williamson, of the navy, were the most conspicuous, making quite a proud addition to our naval display. This was in 1860.

We also possessed a brass cannon about eighteen inches long, which had been cast for us by a convict in the Virginia Penitentiary. That cannon was stamped with the words "Union and Constitution," but its use by its possessors was most lawless. Modeling slugs for it by pouring melted lead into holes made by sticking our rammer in the sand, we were constantly firing these slugs, to the great peril of everybody in the vicinity.

One of our neighbors, a Captain Johnson, an old seaman, living about a mile down the creek, had a flock of geese; and from one of his voyages in Indian seas he had brought back six coolie boys, who were probably apprenticed to him. These coolies were passionately fond of the water, and were almost constantly in sight, bathing, or rowing, or sailing a felucca-rigged boat. After trying the range of our gun upon Captain Johnson's geese, we began to practice upon the coolies. On a certain evening, Captain Johnson appeared in full marine rig at our landing, rowed by his six coolies, and, announcing to our father the sport in which we had been engaged, gave notice that he had a gun of his own, with which, if we did not promptly cease our diversion, he would open a return fire.

My father, who was a friend of Captain Johnson, and indignant at our reckless misconduct, gave us all a but half hour in consequence of this visit. We were summoned before him, and, after considerable discussion concerning the punishment we should receive, were marched in a body to the landing and made to apologize to the coolies, who grinned and showed their teeth. After that we were good friends of the coolies, and our future operations with the gun were confined to the millpond on the opposite side of the farm. In our new field, it promptly occurred to us, as it would to most boys, that the best targets for our cannon were the models of the iron-clads anchored out in the pond. Unfortunately, they had no iron upon them; and, such was the precision we had acquired in our practice upon Johnson's geese and coolies, that in a few days the models of Commodore Barron and Lieutenant Williamson were riddled, and ignominiously disappeared. They were resting in the mud at the bottom of our millpond when the war broke out.

The following spring, after visiting the navy yard and seeing the partially burned Merrimac, my father became enthusiastic upon the subject of raising her and building upon her frame an ironclad ship on the lines of Commodore Barron's model. Imbued with this idea, he instituted rigorous inquiries for the model; but, for reasons which may well be understood, none of us boys aided him much in the search. Failing to find his model, he wrote to General Lee, who was then commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, an elaborate description of Commodore Barron's invention, and made rough drawings, urging the use of the Merrimac for carrying out the

design. He always believed and declared that this was the first suggestion which led to the building of the Virginia.

We all knew that an ironclad ship was being built, and from time to time informed ourselves of the progress made; and great things were expected from her. So deep was my father's interest in her, that he several times visited the navy yard to inspect her. He repeatedly expressed the opinion that she was being built to draw too much water, and that her beak or ramming prow was improperly constructed in this, that it was horizontal at the top and sloped upward from the bottom, whereas it should have been horizontal on the bottom and made to slope downward to a point. When the ship was launched, he was indignant because the lower edge or eaves of her armor-clad covering stood several feet out of the water, and it was necessary to ballast her heavily to bring her sheathing below the water line. This increased her draught to eighteen feet, which was, as he declared, entirely unnecessary. He insisted that this condition was due to the failure of the naval architects (in calculating the water which she would draw when sheathed with iron) to deduct from the weight of her sheathing the weight of masts, spars, rigging, and sails, which were dispensed with.

Admiral Buchanan, Commodore Forrest, Captain Brooke, and all the prominent naval men connected with the Norfolk Navy Yard were personal and warm friends of my father. He did not hesitate to express his views concerning these things, but they, as professional men generally do, made light of the criticisms of a layman. Nevertheless, I think that many naval authorities are

now disposed to admit that the chief reason why the Virginia did not triumph completely over the Monitor was her great draught of water, the loss of her prow, and the twisting of her stem in ramming the Cumberland.

After the disaster of Roanoke Island, my father returned to his home on sick leave, where for some time his life was in danger from pneumonia, aggravated by exposure on the retreat from Roanoke Island. Our house was visited almost daily during this period by distinguished military and naval officers from the city, who came to express their interest and sympathy.

It was before the day of steam launches, and the appearance of the distinguished officers and of the naval boats which came up, manned by a dozen oarsmen, whose stroke fell as that of one man, was very striking. During these visits, they diverted my father with full descriptions of the progress made in arming and equipping the Virginia, and we were advised that the time of her completion, and the attack upon the vessels in Hampton Roads, was rapidly approaching.

There was dear old Commodore Forrest, tall, dignified, and with a face as sweet as that of a woman, surmounted by a great shock of white hair like the mane of a royal beast; and Captain Buchanan, far less striking in appearance, quiet, kindly, and as unpretentious as a country farmer, but with an eye which age had not dimmed, and which even then was filled with the light of battle. They were both old men. Commodore Forrest was sixty-five, and Captain Buchanan sixty-two. There was also Captain Brooke, taciturn and dreamy; and Lieutenant Catesby Jones, a quiet man of

forty; and Lieutenant Minor, young, quick, and fidgety as a wren; and all the rest of them, mingling with us simply and unostentatiously, as if unconscious that the issues of one of the greatest struggles the world ever witnessed were committed to their keeping, and that they were to emerge from it with names which will be remembered as long as the records of naval warfare are preserved.

Almost daily we boys went to Norfolk for the mail, or on some domestic mission. We preferred our boat, and seldom failed, before we left Norfolk harbor, to stand over toward the Gosport Navy Yard and sail around and take a look at the Merrimac. Such we called her, for we had never become accustomed to the new name, Virginia. My father was now convalescent, and secured the promise that he would be advised when the ship was ready to sail for the attack. On March 7 he received a note from Commodore Forrest, or one of those who knew, advising him that the attack would be made upon the following day. He consented that my brother Richard and myself should accompany him, and the next morning the horses, which now had been well fed and rested for a month at home, were saddled and ready for us at the door.

When we reached the city, the Merrimac, accompanied by two little gunboats, the Beaufort and the Raleigh, had already passed out, and all three were below Fort Norfolk. The waterway is more circuitous than that by land, and we were sure we should reach Sewell's Point, the most favorable position for observing the conflict, before the slow-moving vessels; in this we were correct. After a sharp gallop of eight miles, we

rode out upon the sandy hills facing Hampton Roads at Sewell's Point.

The scene was truly inspiring. Hampton Roads is as beautiful a sheet of water as any on the face of the globe. It is formed by the confluence of the James, the Nansemond, and the Elizabeth rivers. The James enters it from the west, the Nansemond from the south, and the Elizabeth from the east. The tides in the Roads run north and south, and pass to and from the Chesapeake Bay through a narrow entrance at the north, between Old Point Comfort and Willoughby's Spit. Midway between these is the fort then known as Rip-Raps, the proper name of which was Fort Calhoun, now changed to Fort Wool. On the eastern side of the Roads the Confederates had fortified two points, — Sewell's Point, where we were, and Lambert's Point, at the mouth of the Elizabeth. On the southern side, between the mouths of the Elizabeth and Nansemond rivers, were the Confederate fortifications on Craney Island. On the western side, at the entrance to the Roads, is Fortress Monroe. From there the land runs westwardly to Hampton, thence southwardly to Newport News, which marks the entrance of the James River. The Roads are about four miles in width and seven in length. From where we stood, looking north, Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps were, perhaps, four miles away; looking westward across the Roads, Newport News was five miles away; and, looking south, Lambert's Point and Craney Island were plainly visible three miles off.

Upon the battlements of Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps great numbers of Union troops could be seen through field-glasses, and we could also make out the

camps and fortifications of the enemy at Newport News, and between that point and Hampton, while our own people lined the shores and crowded the ramparts at Craney Island and Lambert's Point.

Anchored in the Roads were a great number of vessels of every description, steam and sail, from the smallest tugs and sloops to the largest transports and warships. Rumors of the attack had brought down to Sewell's Point a number of civilians, and the whole appearance of the scene was suggestive of the greatest performance ever given in the largest theater ever seen. The Merrimac and her attendants had passed Craney Island, and were coming down the channel east of Craney Island light, when we arrived. As she passed our fortifications, she was saluted and cheered, and returned the salutes. From the way in which she was shaping her course when first seen, it looked to the uninitiated as if she proposed to sail directly upon the Rip-Raps. Such hurrying and scurrying was seen among the non-combatant craft in the Roads as was never witnessed before. From great three-masters and double-deck steamers to little tugs and sailboats, all weighed or slipped anchor and made sail or steam for Fortress Monroe, except three dauntless war vessels, — two steamers, the Minnesota and the Roanoke, and one sailing vessel, the St. Lawrence, — whose duty called them in the opposite direction. A long tongue of shoal, running out from Craney Island, compelled the Merrimac to go below Sewell's Point before she struck the main channel; then she swung into it and pointed westward, showing her destination, for she headed straight for Newport News, where the masts and spars

of the Congress and the Cumberland were plainly visible.

It was now past midday. The Merrimac on her new course was nearly stern to us, and grew smaller and smaller as she followed the south channel to Newport News. The three United States vessels — Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence — started after her by what is known as the North Channel. It was a bitter disappointment to us that the battle was to be waged so far away, but the ships and their movements were still in view. The sun was shining, and a fresh March breeze would, we thought, blow away the smoke. It seemed an eternity before the first gun was fired. The Merrimac, Cumberland, and Congress were nearly ranged in our line of vision. The Merrimac appeared to us as if she was almost in contact with the nearest of the two vessels. Captain Buchanan states in his report that he was within less than a mile of the Cumberland when he commenced the engagement by a shot at her from his bow gun. We saw a great puff of smoke roll up and float off from the Merrimac; a moment later, the flashes of broadsides and tremendous rolls of smoke from the Congress, the Cumberland, the batteries on shore, and the Union gunboats; and then came the thunderous sounds, following each other in the same order in which we had seen the smoke. The engagement had begun.

It was a time of supreme excitement and supreme suspense; for the details, we who had no glasses were dependent upon those who had. "She has passed the Congress!" exclaimed an officer, who was straining forward, trying to descry the positions of the ships through

the smoke, which now enveloped the point of Newport News and the water beyond. Bang — crash — roar — went the guns, single shots and broadsides, making all the noise that any boy could wish. "She is heading direct for the Cumberland!" shouted another between the thunders of the broadsides. "She has rammed the Cumberland!" was announced fifteen minutes after the first gun was heard, and our people gave three cheers. Our teeth chattering with excitement, we awaited the next announcement; it soon came: "The Cumberland is sinking!" and again we cheered. Then came an ominous lull, the meaning of which we did not know. Those watching through the glasses notified us that three steamers were in sight, standing down James River, and we knew it was Commander Tucker with the Patrick Henry, Jamestown, and Teazer. Think of it! The Jamestown, which, but four years ago, had brought the remains of President Monroe to Richmond, with the New York Seventh Regiment, on that visit of fraternity and good will. Here she was, armed as a war-vessel, fighting those very men!

Once more the cannon belched and thundered. This time what we saw and heard was alarming: "The Merrimac is running up the river, away from the Congress and other vessels; she is fighting the shore batteries as she goes." It looked indeed as if she were disabled in some way; again a lull and anxious waiting. "The Merrimac is turning around and coming back!" Again the roar of a hot engagement with the forts; another lull and another heavy roll. "She is back pounding the Congress, and raking her fore and aft. The Congress is aground." Again our people went wild with enthusiasm.

Poor fellows on the Congress! When the Merrimac withdrew and passed upstream, it was only to gain deep water in order to wind her, for where she had rammed the Cumberland, her keel was in the mud and she could not be put about. The fearless sailors on the Congress, deluded by the appearance of retreat, believed that she had hauled off, and, leaving their guns, gave three cheers. Having brought his ship around into position to attack the Congress, Captain Buchanan now came back at her, and, as he approached, blew up a transport alongside the wharf, sunk one schooner, captured another, and proceeded to rake the Congress where she had run ashore in shoal water.

Describing this stage of the fight, Captain Buchanan says in his report: "The carnage, havoc, and dismay caused by our fire compelled them to haul down their colors and to hoist a white flag at their gaff and half mast, and another at the main. The crew instantly took to their boats and landed. Our fire immediately ceased, and a signal was made for the Beaufort to come within hail. He then ordered Lieutenant-Commander Parker to take possession of the Congress, secure the officers as prisoners, allow the crew to land, and burn the ship. This Captain Parker did, receiving her flag and surrender from Commander Smith and Lieutenant Pendergrast, with the sidearms of those officers. They delivered themselves as prisoners of war on board the Beaufort, and afterwards being permitted, at their own request, to return to the ship to assist in removing the wounded, never returned. The Beaufort and Raleigh, while alongside the Congress after her surrender, and while she had two white flags flying, were subjected to

a heavy fire from the shore and from the Congress, and withdrew without setting her afire, after losing several valuable officers and men.

Then Lieutenant Minor was sent to burn the ship, when he was fired upon and severely wounded. His boat was recalled, and Captain Buchanan ordered the Congress to be destroyed by hot shot and incendiary shell.

By this time the ships from Old Point opened fire upon the Merrimac. The Minnesota grounded in the north channel; the shoalness of the water prevented the near approach of the Merrimac. The Roanoke and St. Lawrence, warned by the fate of the Cumberland and Congress, retired under the guns of Fortress Monroe. The Merrimac pounded away at the grounded Minnesota until the pilots warned her commander that it was no longer safe to remain in that position; then, returning by the south channel, she had an opportunity to open again upon the Minnesota, although the shallow water was between the two; and afterwards upon the St. Lawrence, which responded with several broadsides. It was too tantalizing to see these vessels, which in deep water would have been completely at her mercy, protected from her assaults by the shoals. By this time it was dark, and the Merrimac anchored off Sewell's Point. The western sky was illuminated with the burning Congress, her loaded guns were successively discharged as the flames reached them, until, a few minutes past midnight, her magazine exploded with a tremendous report.

Thus ended the first day's doings of the Merrimac. Soon after she anchored, some of her officers came

ashore, and we, who had been waiting all day, and who had now decided to remain all night in order to see the next day's operations, were gratified with a full and graphic description of the fighting. Captain Buchanan, Lieutenant Minor, and the other wounded were sent to Norfolk. Having been tendered the hospitality of Sewell's Point by some of the officers, our party remained, and were lulled to sleep by the firing of the guns of the burning Congress, and rudely aroused about midnight by the tremendous explosion of her magazine.

Up betimes in the morning, we saw the Minnesota still ashore. She was nearly in line with us, and about a mile nearer to us than Newport News. A tug was beside her, and a very odd-looking iron battery. We expected great things from this day's operations. About eight o'clock, the Merrimac ran down to engage them, firing at the Minnesota, and occasionally at the iron battery. She was now under command of Lieutenant Jones. We confidently expected her to be able to get very near to the Minnesota, but in this the pilots were mistaken. When about a mile from the frigate, she ran ashore, and was some time backing before she got afloat. Her great length and draught rendered it difficult to work her. Notwithstanding these delays, she succeeded in damaging the Minnesota seriously, and in blowing up the tugboat Dragon lying alongside her.

While this was going on, the iron battery, which looked like a cheese-box floating on a shingle, moved out from behind the frigate and advanced to meet the Merrimac. The disparity in size between the two was remarkable; we could not doubt that the Merrimac would, either by shot or by ramming, make short work

of the cheese-box; but as time wore on, we began to realize that the newcomer was a tough customer. Her turret resisted the shells of the Merrimac, and not only was she speedier, but her draught was so much less than that of her antagonist that she could run off into shallow water and prevent the Merrimac from ramming her. There was no lack of pluck shown by either vessel. The little Monitor came right up and laid herself alongside as if she had been a giant. She was quicker in every way than her antagonist, and presented the appearance of a saucy kingbird pecking at a very large and very black crow.

The first shot fired by the Merrimac missed the Monitor, which was a novel experience for the gunners who had been riddling the hulls of frigates. Then, again, when the eleven-inch solid shot struck the casemates, knocking the men of the Merrimac down and leaving them dazed and bleeding at the nose from the tremendous impact, they realized that the cheese-box was loaded as none of the other vessels had been. Neither vessel could penetrate the armor of the other; both tried ramming unsuccessfully: the Monitor had not mass sufficient to injure the Merrimac; the Merrimac only gave the Monitor a glancing ram, weakened by the Monitor's superior speed; and then the Monitor ran off into shallow water, safe from pursuit.

Twice we thought the Merrimac had won the fight. On the first occasion, the Monitor went out of action, it seems, to replenish the ammunition in the turret, it being impossible to use the scuttle by which ammunition was passed unless the turret was stationary and in a certain position. The second occasion was about

eleven o'clock, when a shell from the Merrimac struck the Monitor's pilot-house, and seemed to have penetrated the ship. She drifted off aimlessly towards shoal water; her guns were silent, and the people on board the Minnesota gave up hope and prepared to burn her. This was when Lieutenant Worden, commander of the Monitor, was blinded and the steersman stunned. Their position was so isolated that no one knew their condition for some minutes; then Lieutenant Greene discovered it, took command, and brought the vessel back into action.

Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant Jones withdrew the Merrimac. In his report of the action, he said: "The pilots declaring that we could get no nearer the Minnesota, and believing her to be entirely disabled, and the Monitor having run into shoal water, which prevented our doing her any further injury, we ceased firing at twelve o'clock and proceeded to Norfolk. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks; we have lost the prow, starboard anchor, and all the boats. The armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipe and smokestack both riddled; the muzzles of two of the guns shot away."

When from the shore we saw the Merrimac haul off and head for Norfolk, we could not credit the evidence of our own senses. "Ah!" we thought, "dear old Buchanan would never have done it." Lieutenant Jones was afterwards fully justified by his superiors, but it did seem to us that he ought to have stayed there until he drove the Monitor away. Beside the reasons assigned above, Lieutenant Jones declared that it was necessary to leave when he did, in order to cross the Elizabeth River bar. The inconclusive result of that fight has left

to endless discussion among naval men the question, "Which was the better ship of the two?" It is not within the scope of this work to investigate that problem. It is certain that, up to the time the Monitor appeared, the Merrimac seemed irresistible, and that but for the presence of the Monitor, she would have made short work of the Minnesota. It is equally certain that the Monitor performed her task of defense. It is said she was anxious to renew the fight; but two weeks later, the Merrimac went down into deep water, where the Monitor was lying under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and tried to coax her out, but she would not come, and even permitted the Jamestown and Beaufort to sail up to Hampton and capture two schooners laden with hay. The truth is that, if the Merrimac could have induced the Monitor to meet her in deep water, she would easily have rammed and sunk her.

On our ride back to the city, my father, while greatly elated at what had been done, continued to deplore the errors of construction in the Merrimac, which the two days' fighting had made all the more manifest; but we boys thought she had earned glory enough, and joined the others in the general jubilation.

Everybody in Norfolk knew the officers and men on board our ships; many of them were natives of the town. When they were granted shore leave, they were given a triumphal reception. Some time since, I read an account of the Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, who, the day after his four days' battle with the English fleet, was seen in his yard in his shirt-sleeves, with a basket on his arm, feeding his hens and sweeping out his cabin. It reminded me of the simple lives and unpretentious behavior of those

splendid fellows who handled the Merrimac. Yesterday, they revolutionized the naval warfare of the world; to-day, they were walking about the streets of Norfolk, or sitting at their firesides, as if unaware that fame was trumpeting their names to the ends of the earth.

# TAKEN PRISONER AT SHILOH

[1862]

BY HENRY M. STANLEY

[HENRY M. STANLEY, the famous African explorer, was born in Wales in 1841. At the age of sixteen he came to America, and on the outbreak of the Civil War enlisted in the Confederate army. He was captured at the battle of Shiloh, but escaped, and returned to Wales. His natural love of adventure soon lured him back to America, and he again enlisted, this time on the Union side. At the close of the war he served as a newspaper correspondent on the Western Plains and in Abyssinia. An account of his African explorations will be found in volume III.

*The Editor.*]

DAY broke with every promise of a fine day. Next to me, on my right, was a boy of seventeen, Henry Parker. I remember it because, while we stood-at-ease, he drew my attention to some violets at his feet, and said, "It would be a good idea to put a few into my cap. Perhaps the Yanks won't shoot me if they see me wearing such flowers, for they are a sign of peace." "Capital," said I, "I will do the same." We plucked a bunch, and arranged the violets in our caps. The men in the ranks laùghed at our proceedings, and had not the enemy been so near, their merry mood might have been communicated to the army.

We loaded our muskets and arranged our cartridge-pouches ready for use. Our weapons were the obsolete flintlocks, and the ammunition was rolled in cartridge-

paper, which contained powder, a round ball, and three buckshot. When we loaded, we had to tear the paper with our teeth, empty a little powder into the pan, lock it, empty the rest of the powder into the barrel, press paper and ball into the muzzle, and ram home. Then the orderly sergeant called the roll, and we knew that the Dixie Grays were present to a man. Soon after, there was a commotion, and we dressed up smartly. A young aide galloped along our front, gave some instructions to the Brigadier Hindman, who confided the same to his colonels, and presently we swayed forward in line, with shouldered arms. Newton Story, big, broad, and straight, bore our company banner of gay silk, at which the ladies of our neighborhood had labored.

As we tramped solemnly and silently through the thin forest, and over its grass, still in its withered and wintry hue, I noticed that the sun was not far from appearing, that our regiment was keeping its formation admirably, that the woods would have been a grand place for a picnic; and I thought it strange that a Sunday should have been chosen to disturb the holy calm of those woods.

Before we had gone five hundred paces, our serenity was disturbed by some desultory firing in front. It was then a quarter-past five. "They are at it already," we whispered to each other. "Stand by, gentlemen," — for we were all gentlemen volunteers at this time, — said our captain, L. G. Smith. Our steps became unconsciously brisker, and alertness was noticeable in everybody. The firing continued at intervals, deliberate and scattered, as at target-practice. We drew nearer to the firing, and soon a sharper rattling of musketry

was heard. "That is the enemy waking up," we said. Within a few minutes, there was another explosive burst of musketry, the air was pierced by many missiles, which hummed and pinged sharply by our ears, pattered through the tree-tops, and brought twigs and leaves down on us. "Those are bullets," Henry whispered with awe.

At two hundred yards farther, a dreadful roar of musketry broke out from a regiment adjoining ours. It was followed by another farther off, and the sound had scarcely died away when regiment after regiment blazed away and made a continuous roll of sound. "We are in for it now," said Henry; but as yet we had seen nothing, though our ears were tingling under the animated volleys.

"Forward, gentlemen, make ready!" urged Captain Smith. In response, we surged forward, for the first time marring the alignment. We trampled recklessly over the grass and young sprouts. Beams of sunlight stole athwart our course. The sun was up above the horizon. Just then we came to a bit of packland, and overtook our skirmishers, who had been engaged in exploring our front. We passed beyond them. Nothing now stood between us and the enemy.

"There they are!" was no sooner uttered than we cracked into them with leveled muskets. "Aim low, men!" commanded Captain Smith. I tried hard to see some living thing to shoot at, for it appeared absurd to be blazing away at shadows. But, still advancing, firing as we moved, I, at last, saw a row of little globes of pearly smoke streaked with crimson, breaking out, with spurtive quickness, from a long line of bluey figures in

front; and, simultaneously, there broke upon our ears an appalling crash of sound, the series of fusillades following one another with startling suddenness, which suggested to my somewhat moidered sense a mountain upheaved, with huge rocks tumbling and thundering down a slope, and the echoes rambling and receding through space. Again and again, these loud and quick explosions were repeated, seemingly with increased violence, until they rose to the highest pitch of fury, and in unbroken continuity. All the world seemed involved in one tremendous ruin!

This was how the conflict was ushered in — as it affected me. I looked around to see the effect on others, or whether I was singular in my emotions, and was glad to notice that each was possessed with his own thoughts. All were pale, solemn, and absorbed; but, beyond that, it was impossible for me to discover what they thought of it; but by transmission of sympathy, I felt that they would gladly prefer to be elsewhere, though the law of the inevitable kept them in line to meet their destiny. It might be mentioned, however, that at no time were we more instinctively inclined to obey the voice of command. We had no individuality at this moment, but all motions and thoughts were surrendered to the unseen influence which directed our movements. Probably few bothered their minds with self-questionings as to the issue to themselves. That properly belongs to other moments, to the night, to the interval between waking and sleeping, to the first moments of the dawn — not when every nerve is tense, and the spirit is at the highest pitch of action.

Though one's senses were preternaturally acute, and

engaged with their impressions, we plied our arms, loaded, and fired, with such nervous haste as though it depended on each of us how soon this fiendish uproar would be hushed. My nerves tingled, my pulses beat double-quick, my heart throbbed loudly, and almost painfully; but, amid all the excitement, my thoughts, swift as the flash of lightning, took all sound, and sight, and self, into their purview. I listened to the battle raging far away on the flanks, to the thunder in front, to the various sounds made by the leaden storm. I was angry with my rear rank, because he made my eyes smart with the powder of his musket; and I felt like cuffing him for deafening my ears! I knew how Captain Smith and Lieutenant Mason looked, how bravely the Dixie Grays' banner ruffled over Newton Story's head, and that all hands were behaving as though they knew how long all this would last. Back to myself my thoughts came, and, with the whirring bullet, they fled to the blue-bloused ranks afront. They dwelt on their movements, and read their temper, as I should read time by a clock. Through the lurid haze the contours of their pink faces could not be seen, but their gappy, hesitating, incoherent, and sensitive line revealed their mood clearly.

We continued advancing, step by step, loading and firing as we went. To every forward step, they took a backward move, loading and firing as they slowly withdrew. Twenty thousand muskets were being fired at this stage, but, though accuracy of aim was impossible, owing to our laboring hearts, and the jarring and excitement, many bullets found their destined billets on both sides.

After a steady exchange of musketry, which lasted some time, we heard the order: "Fix bayonets! On the double-quick!" in tones that thrilled us. There was a simultaneous bound forward, each soul doing his best for the emergency. The Federals appeared inclined to await us; but, at this juncture, our men raised a yell, thousands responded to it, and burst out into the wildest yelling it has ever been my lot to hear. It drove all sanity and order from among us. It served the double purpose of relieving pent-up feelings, and transmitting encouragement along the attacking line. I rejoiced in the shouting like the rest. It reminded me that there were about four hundred companies like the Dixie Grays, who shared our feelings. Most of us, engrossed with the musket-work, had forgotten the fact; but the wave after wave of human voices, louder than all other battle-sounds together, penetrated to every sense, and stimulated our energies to the utmost.

"They fly!" was echoed from lip to lip. It accelerated our pace, and filled us with a noble rage. Then I knew what the berserker passion was! It deluged us with rapture, and transfigured each Southerner into an exulting victor. At such a moment, nothing could have halted us.

Those savage yells, and the sight of thousands of racing figures coming towards them, discomfited the blue-coats; and when we arrived upon the place where they had stood, they had vanished. Then we caught sight of their beautiful array of tents, before which they had made their stand, after being roused from their Sunday-morning sleep, and huddled into line, at hearing their pickets challenge our skirmishers. The half-

dressed dead and wounded showed what a surprise our attack had been. We drew up in the enemy's camp, panting and breathing hard. Some precious minutes were thus lost in recovering our breaths, indulging our curiosity, and re-forming our line. Signs of a hasty rouse to the battle were abundant. Military equipments, uniform-coats, half-packed knapsacks, bedding, of a new and superior quality, littered the company streets.

Meantime, a series of other camps lay behind the first array of tents. The resistance we had met, though comparatively brief, enabled the brigades in rear of the advance camp to recover from the shock of the surprise; but our delay had not been long enough to give them time to form in proper order of battle. There were wide gaps between their divisions, into which the quick-flowing tide of elated Southerners entered, and compelled them to fall back lest they should be surrounded. Prentiss's brigade, despite their most desperate efforts, were thus hemmed in on all sides, and were made prisoners.

I had a momentary impression that, with the capture of the first camp, the battle was well-nigh over; but, in fact, it was only a brief prologue of the long and exhaustive series of struggles which took place that day.

Continuing our advance, we came in view of the tops of another mass of white tents, and, almost at the same time, were met by a furious storm of bullets, poured on us from a long line of blue-coats, whose attitude of assurance proved to us that we should have tough work here. But we were so much heartened by our first success that it would have required a good deal to have

halted our advance for long. Their opportunity for making a full impression on us came with terrific suddenness. The world seemed bursting into fragments. Cannon and musket, shell and bullet, lent their several intensities to the distracting uproar. If I had not a fraction of an ear, and an eye inclined toward my captain and company, I had been spell-bound by the energies now opposed to us. I likened the cannon, with their deep bass, to the roaring of a great herd of lions; the ripping, cracking musketry, to the incessant yapping of terriers; the windy whisk of shells, and zipping of minie bullets, to the swoop of eagles, and the buzz of angry wasps. All the opposing armies of gray and blue fiercely blazed at each other.

After being exposed for a few seconds to this fearful downpour, we heard the order to "Lie down, men, and continue your firing!" Before me was a prostrate tree, about fifteen inches in diameter, with a narrow strip of light between it and the ground. Behind this shelter a dozen of us flung ourselves. The security it appeared to offer restored me to my individuality. We could fight, and think, and observe, better than out in the open. But it was a terrible period! How the cannon bellowed, and their shells plunged and bounded, and flew with screeching hisses over us! Their sharp rending explosions and hurtling fragments made us shrink and cower, despite our utmost efforts to be cool and collected. I marveled, as I heard the unintermitting patter, snip, thud, and hum of the bullets, how any one could live under this raining death. I could hear the balls beating a merciless tattoo on the outer surface of the log, pinging vivaciously as they flew off at a tangent from it, and

thudding into something or other, at the rate of a hundred a second. One, here and there, found its way under the log, and buried itself in a comrade's body. One man raised his chest, as if to yawn, and jostled me. I turned to him, and saw that a bullet had gored his whole face, and penetrated into his chest. Another ball struck a man a deadly rap on the head, and he turned on his back and showed his ghastly white face to the sky.

"It is getting too warm, boys!" cried a soldier, and he uttered a vehement curse upon keeping soldiers hugging the ground until every ounce of courage was chilled. He lifted his head a little too high, and a bullet skimmed over the top of the log and hit him fairly in the center of his forehead, and he fell heavily on his face. But his thought had been instantaneously general; and the officers, with one voice, ordered the charge, and cries of "Forward! Forward!" raised us, as with a spring, to our feet, and changed the complexion of our feelings. The pulse of action beat feverishly once more; and, though overhead was crowded with peril, we were unable to give it so much attention as when we lay stretched on the ground.

Just as we bent our bodies for the onset, a boy's voice cried out, "Oh, stop, *please* stop a bit; I have been hurt, and can't move!" I turned to look, and saw Henry Parker, standing on one leg, and dolefully regarding his smashed foot. In another second, we were striding impetuously toward the enemy, vigorously plying our muskets, stopping only to prime the pan and ram the load down, when, with a spring or two, we would fetch up with the front, aim, and fire.

Our progress was not so continuously rapid as we

desired, for the blues were obdurate ; but at this moment we were gladdened at the sight of a battery galloping to our assistance. It was time for the nerve-shaking cannon to speak. After two rounds of shell and canister, we felt the pressure on us slightly relaxed; but we were still somewhat sluggish in disposition, though the officers' voices rang out imperiously. Newton Story at this juncture strode forward rapidly with the Dixies' banner, until he was quite sixty yards ahead of the foremost. Finding himself alone, he halted; and turning to us smilingly, said, "Why don't you come on, boys? You see there is no danger!" His smile and words acted on us like magic. We raised the yell, and sprang lightly and hopefully toward him. "Let's give them hell, boys!" said one. "Plug them plum-center, every time!"

It was all very encouraging, for the yelling and shouting were taken up by thousands. "Forward, forward; don't give them breathing time!" was cried. We instinctively obeyed, and soon came in clear view of the blue-coats, who were scornfully unconcerned at first; but, seeing the leaping tide of men coming on at a tremendous pace, their front dissolved, and they fled in double-quick retreat. Again we felt the "glorious joy of heroes." It carried us on exultingly, rejoicing in the spirit which recognizes nothing but the prey. We were no longer an army of soldiers, but so many schoolboys racing, in which length of legs, wind, and condition tell.

We gained the second line of camps, continued the rush through them, and clean beyond it. It was now about ten o'clock. My physical powers were quite

exhausted, and, to add to my discomfiture, something struck me on my belt-clasp, and tumbled me headlong to the ground.

I could not have been many minutes prostrated before I recovered from the shock of the blow and fall, to find my clasp deeply dented and cracked. My company was not in sight. I was grateful for the rest, and crawled feebly to a tree, and plunging my hand into my haversack, ate ravenously. Within half an hour, feeling renovated, I struck north in the direction which my regiment had taken, over a ground strewn with bodies and the débris of war. . . .

I overtook my regiment about one o'clock, and found that it was engaged in one of these occasional spurts of fury. The enemy resolutely maintained their ground, and our side was preparing for another assault. The firing was alternately brisk and slack. We lay down, and availed ourselves of trees, logs, and hollows, and annoyed their upstanding ranks; battery pounded battery, and, meanwhile, we hugged our resting-places closely. Of a sudden, we rose and raced towards the position, and took it by sheer weight and impetuosity, as we had done before. About three o'clock, the battle grew very hot. The enemy appeared to be more concentrated, and immovably sullen. Both sides fired better as they grew more accustomed to the din; but, with assistance from the reserves, we were continually pressing them towards the river Tennessee, without ever retreating an inch.

About this time, the enemy were assisted by the gunboats, which hurled their enormous projectiles far beyond us; but, though they made great havoc among

the trees, and created terror, they did comparatively little damage to those in close touch with the enemy.

The screaming of the big shells, when they first began to sail over our heads, had the effect of reducing our fire; for they were as fascinating as they were distracting. But we became used to them, and our attention was being claimed more in front. Our officers were more urgent; and, when we saw the growing dike of white cloud that signaled the bullet-storm, we could not be indifferent to the more immediate danger. Dead bodies, wounded men writhing in agony, and assuming every distressful attitude, were frequent sights; but what made us heart-sick was to see, now and then, the well-groomed charger of an officer, with fine saddle, and scarlet and yellow-edged cloth, and brass-tipped holsters, or a stray cavalry or artillery horse, galloping between the lines, snorting with terror, while his entrails, soiled with dust, trailed behind him.

Our officers had continued to show the same alertness and vigor throughout the day; but, as it drew near four o'clock, though they strove to encourage and urge us on, they began to abate somewhat in their energy; and it was evident that the pluckiest of the men lacked the spontaneity and springing ardor which had distinguished them earlier in the day. Several of our company lagged wearily behind, and the remainder showed, by their drawn faces, the effects of their efforts. Yet, after a short rest, they were able to make splendid spurts. As for myself, I had only one wish, and that was for repose. The long-continued excitement, the successive tautening and relaxing of the nerves, the quenchless thirst, made more intense by the fumes of sulphurous powder,

and the caking grime on the lips, caused by tearing the paper cartridges, and a ravening hunger, all combined, had reduced me to a walking automaton, and I earnestly wished that night would come, and stop all further effort.

Finally, about five o'clock, we assaulted and captured a large camp; after driving the enemy well away from it, the front line was as thin as that of a skirmishing body, and we were ordered to retire to the tents. There we hungrily sought after provisions, and I was lucky in finding a supply of biscuits and a canteen of excellent molasses, which gave great comfort to myself and friends. The plunder in the camp was abundant. There were bedding, clothing, and accouterments without stint; but people were so exhausted they could do no more than idly turn the things over. Night soon fell, and only a few stray shots could now be heard, to remind us of the thrilling and horrid din of the day, excepting the huge bombs from the gunboats, which, as we were not far from the blue-coats, discomfited only those in the rear. By eight o'clock, I was repeating my experiences in the region of dreams, indifferent to columbiads and mortars, and the torrential rain which, at midnight, increased the miseries of the wounded and tentless.

An hour before dawn, I awoke from a refreshing sleep; and, after a hearty replenishment of my vitals with biscuit and molasses, I conceived myself to be fresher than on Sunday morning. While awaiting daybreak, I gathered from other early risers their ideas in regard to the events of yesterday. They were under the impression that we had gained a great victory, though we had not, as we had anticipated, reached the Tennessee River.

Van Dorn, with his expected reinforcements for us, was not likely to make his appearance for many days yet; and, if General Buell, with his twenty thousand troops, had joined the enemy during the night, we had a bad day's work before us. We were short of provisions and ammunition, General Sidney Johnston, our chief commander, had been killed; but Beauregard was safe and unhurt, and, if Buell was absent, we would win the day.

At daylight, I fell in with my company, but there were only about fifty of the Dixies present. Almost immediately after, symptoms of the coming battle were manifest. Regiments were hurried into line, but, even to my inexperienced eyes, the troops were in ill-condition for repeating the efforts of Sunday. However, in brief time, in consequence of our pickets being driven in on us, we were moved forward in skirmishing order. With my musket on the trail I found myself in active motion, more active than otherwise I would have been, perhaps, because Captain Smith had said, "Now, Mr. Stanley, if you please, step briskly forward!" This singling-out of me wounded my *amour-propre*, and sent me forward like a rocket. In a short time we met our opponents in the same formation as ourselves, and advancing most resolutely. We threw ourselves behind such trees as were near us, fired, loaded, and darted forward to another shelter. Presently I found myself in an open, grassy space, with no convenient tree or stump near; but, seeing a shallow hollow sŏme twenty paces ahead, I made a dash for it, and plied my musket with haste. I became so absorbed with some blue figures in front of me, that I did not pay sufficient heed to my companion grays; the open space was too dangerous, perhaps, for their ad-

vance; for, had they emerged, I should have known they were pressing forward. Seeing my blues in about the same proportion, I assumed that the grays were keeping their position, and never once thought of retreat. However, as, despite our firing, the blues were coming uncomfortably near, I rose from my hollow; but, to my speechless amazement, I found myself a solitary gray, in a line of blue skirmishers! My companions had retreated! The next I heard was, "Down with that gun, Secesh, or I'll drill a hole through you! Drop it, quick!"

Half a dozen of the enemy were covering me at the same instant, and I dropped my weapon, incontinently. Two men sprang at my collar, and marched me, unresisting, into the ranks of the terrible Yankees. *I was a prisoner!*



# THE FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

BY FRANCIS BICKNELL CARPENTER

(*United States*, 1830–1900)

At the time of the memorable "first reading," Lincoln called his Cabinet together and spoke as follows: —

"Gentlemen, I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and (hesitating a little) to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. . . . I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

From left to right the persons seated are Stanton, the President, Welles, Seward, and Bates; those standing are Chase, Smith, and Blair.

## BOSTON HYMN [1]

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

[1] Read in Music Hall, January 1, 1863, at a celebration of the passing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

## THE UNITED STATES

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest-field,
Hireling and him that hires;

And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea

And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'T is nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hand on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

## THE UNITED STATES

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long, —
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snowflakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

# V
# THE TURNING-POINT

## HISTORICAL NOTE

On May 1, 1863, General Hooker with 105,000 men attacked the Confederate army of 57,000 men at Chancellorsville, and suffered the worst defeat experienced by the North during the war. During the battle Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded by the mistake of his own men. Lee again attempted to invade the North, but was met at Gettysburg on July 1, by the Union army under General Meade. After three days of the most desperate fighting of modern times the Confederates were forced to retreat. On the day after this great battle, Vicksburg, the strongest and most important Confederate position in the West, was captured by General Grant after a long siege, and the entire Mississippi was henceforth in the hands of the Unionists.

These two victories mark the turning-point of the war. While the wealthy and populous Northern States could continue the struggle indefinitely, the resources of the South were rapidly nearing exhaustion, and it would soon be a question merely of how long the South could continue its resistance.

Grant's almost uniform success in the West had been in such contrast with the Union operations in the East that in March, 1864, he was made commander-in-chief of all the Northern armies. Having given command of the Western army to Sherman, he advanced with the Army of the Potomac directly toward Richmond. Undeterred by the terrible slaughter of his men at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, he pushed forward and invested Petersburg, where he was held at bay by Lee until the following spring. A force detached from the Confederate army to threaten Washington was defeated by Sheridan, and the fertile Shenandoah Valley was devastated.

In the mean time General Sherman, after a brilliant campaign against Johnston, captured Atlanta and started on his march to the sea.

# "STONEWALL" JACKSON BY THE RIVER

[1863]

BY MARY JOHNSTON

[THE battle of Chancellorsville was one of the most important engagements of the whole war. An exceedingly brilliant part of the battle was the flank movement of Jackson, which is described as follows: "Lee ordered Jackson, who had been stationed on his extreme right, with thirty thousand men, to make a wide détour, and, swinging round to the extreme right of the Federal position, make an unexpected assault upon the enemy's flank. The direction of this movement was not apparent to the Federals, who began to regard it in the nature of a retreat. About 6 P.M., after a march of some fifteen miles, Jackson fell suddenly upon the flank and rear of Howard's corps, which constituted the right flank of the Federal army, and, taking it by surprise, stampeded it. Jackson, while in advance of his troops, was fired upon and mortally wounded by his own men, who mistook his escort for a detachment of Federals."

*The Editor.*]

A VERY few yards from Chancellorsville he checked Little Sorrel. The horse stood, fore feet planted. Horse and rider, they stood and listened. Hooker's reserves were up. About the Chancellor House, on the Chancellorsville ridge, they were throwing up intrenchments. They were digging the earth with bayonets; they were heaping it up with their hands. There was a ringing of axes. They were cutting down the young spring growth; they were making an abattis. Tones of command could be heard. "Hurry! hurry — hurry! They mean to rush us. Hurry — hurry!" A dead creeper mantling a dead

tree, caught by some flying spark, suddenly flared throughout its length, stood a pillar of fire, and showed redly the enemy's guns. Stonewall Jackson sat his horse and looked. "Cut them off from the ford," he said. "Never let them get out of Virginia." He jerked his hand into the air.

Turning Little Sorrel, he rode back along the Plank Road toward his own lines. The light of the burning brush had sunken. The cannon smoke floating in the air, the very thick woods, made all things obscure.

"There are troops across the road in front," said an aide.

"Yes. Lane's North Carolinians awaiting their signal."

A little to the east and south broke out in the Wilderness a sudden rattling fire, sinking, sinking again, the blue and gray skirmishers now in touch. All through the vast, dark, tangled beating heart of the place, sprang into being a tension. The gray lines listened for the word *Advance!* The musket rested on the shoulder, the foot quivered, eyes front tried to pierce the darkness. Sound was unceasing; and yet the mind found a stillness, a lake of calm. It was the moment before the moment.

Stonewall Jackson came toward the Carolinians. He rode quickly, past the dark shell of a house sunken among pines. There were with him seven or eight persons. The woods were deep, the obscurity great. Suddenly out of the brush rang a shot, an accidentally discharged rifle. Some gray soldier among Lane's tensely waiting ranks, dressed in the woods to the right of the road, spoke from the core of a fearful dream: "Yankee cavalry!"

"*Fire!*" called an officer of the Eighteenth North Carolina.

The volley, striking diagonally across the road, emptied several saddles. Stonewall Jackson, the aides and Wilbourne, wheeled to the left, dug spur, and would have plunged into the wood. "*Fire!*" said the Carolinians, dressed to the left of the road, and fired.

Little Sorrel, maddened, dashed into the wood. An oak bough struck his rider, almost bearing him from the saddle. With his right hand from which the blood was streaming, in which a bullet was embedded, he caught the bridle, managed to turn the agonized brute into the road again. There seemed a wild sound, a wild confusion of voices. Some one had stopped the firing. "My God, men! You are firing into *us!*" In the road were the aides. They caught the rein, stopped the horse. Wilbourne put up his arms. "General, General! you are not hurt? — Hold there! — Morison — Leigh! —"

They laid him on the ground beneath the pines and they fired the brushwood for a light. One rode off for Dr. McGuire, and another with a penknife cut away the sleeve from the left arm through which had gone two bullets. A mounted man came at a gallop and threw himself from his horse. It was A. P. Hill. "General, General! you are not much hurt?"

"Yes, I think I am," said Stonewall Jackson. "And my wounds are from my own men."

Hill drew off the gauntlets that were all blood-soaked, and with his handkerchief tried to bind up the arm, shattered and with the main artery cut. A courier came up. "Sir, sir! a body of the enemy is close at hand —"

The aides lifted the wounded general. "No one," said

Hill, "must tell the troops who was wounded." The other opened his eyes. "Tell them simply that you have a wounded officer. General Hill, you are in command now. Press right on."

With a gesture of sorrow Hill went, returning to the front. The others rested at the edge of the road. At that moment the Federal batteries opened, a hissing storm of shot and shell, a tornado meant measurably to retard that anticipated, gray onrush. The range was high. Aides and couriers laid the wounded leader on the earth and made of their bodies a screen. The trees were cut, the earth was torn up; there was a howling as of unchained fiends. There passed what seemed an eternity and was but ten minutes. The great blue guns slightly changed the direction of their fire. The storm howled away from the group by the road, and the men again lifted Jackson. He stood now on his feet; and because troops were heard approaching, and because it must not be known that he was hurt, all moved into the darkness of the scrub. The troops upon the road came on — Pender's brigade. Pender, riding in advance, saw the group and asked who was wounded. "A field officer," answered one, but there came from some direction a glare of light and by it Pender knew. He sprang from his horse. "Don't say anything about it, General Pender," said Jackson. "Press on, sir, press on!"

"General, they are using all their artillery. It is a very deadly fire. In the darkness it may disorganize —"

The forage cap was gone. The blue eyes showed full and deep. "You must hold your ground, General Pender. You must hold out to the last, sir." "I will, General, I will," said Pender.

A litter was found and brought, and Stonewall Jackson was laid upon it. The little procession moved toward Dowdall's Tavern. A shot pierced the arm of one of the bearers, loosening his hold of the litter. It tilted. The general fell heavily to the ground, injuring afresh the wounded limb, striking and bruising his side. They raised him, pale, now, and silent, and at last they struggled through the wood to a little clearing, where they found an ambulance. Now, too, came the doctor, a man whom he loved, and knelt beside him. "I hope that you are not badly hurt, General?"

"Yes, I am, Doctor. I am badly hurt. I fear that I am dying."

In the ambulance lay also his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, painfully injured. Crutchfield pulled the doctor down to him. "He is n't badly hurt?"

"Yes, badly hurt."

Crutchfield groaned. "Oh, my God!"

Stonewall Jackson heard and made the ambulance stop. "You must do something for Colonel Crutchfield, Doctor. Don't let him suffer."

A. P. Hill, riding back to the front, was wounded by a piece of shell. Boswell, the chief engineer, to whom had been entrusted the guidance through the night of the advance upon the roads to the fords, was killed. That was a fatal cannonade from the ridge of Chancellorsville, fatal and fateful! It continued. The Wilderness chanted a battle chant, indeed, to the moon, the moon that was pale and wan as if wearied with silvering battlefields. Hill, lying in a litter, just back of his advanced line, dispatched couriers for Stuart. Stuart was far toward Ely's Ford, riding through the night in plume

and fighting jacket. The straining horses, the recalling order, reached him.

"General Jackson badly wounded! A. P. Hill badly wounded! I in command! My God, man! all changed like that? *Right about face! Forward! March!*"

There was, that night, no gray assault. But the dawn broke clear and found the gray lines waiting. The sky was a glory, the Wilderness rolled in emerald waves, the redbirds sang. Lee and the Second Corps were yet two miles apart. Between was Chancellorsville, and all the strong intrenchments and the great blue guns, and Hooker's courageous men.

Now followed Jeb Stuart's fight. In the dawn the Second Corps swung from the right by a masterhand, struck full against the Federal center, struck full against Chancellorsville. In the clear May morning broke a thunderstorm of artillery. It raged loudly, peal on peal, crash on crash! The gray shells struck the Chancellor House. They set it on fire. It went up in flames. A fragment of shell struck and stunned fighting Joe Hooker. He lay senseless for hours and Couch took command. The gray musketry, the blue musketry, rolled, rolled! The Wilderness was on fire. In places it was like a prairie. The flames licked their way through the scrub; the wounded perished. Ammunition began to fail; Stuart ordered the ground to be held with the bayonet. There was a great attack against his left. His three lines came into one and repulsed it. His right and Anderson's left now touched. The Army of Northern Virginia was again a unit.

Stuart swung above his head the hat with the black feather. His beautiful horse danced along the gray

lines, the lines that were very grimly determined, the lines that knew now that Stonewall Jackson was badly wounded. They meant, the gray lines, to make this day and the Wilderness remembered. "*Forward! Charge!*" cried Jeb Stuart. "Remember Jackson!" He swung his plumed hat. *Yaaaii! Yaaaaaaiihhh! Yaaaaaii! Yaaaiiiihhh!* yelled the gray lines, and charged. Stuart went at their head, and as he went he raised in song his golden, ringing voice. "*Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness?*"

By ten o'clock the Chancellor ridge was taken, the blue guns silenced, Hooker beaten back toward the Rappahannock. The Wilderness, after all, was Virginian. She broke into a war-song of triumph. Her flowers bloomed, her birds sang, and then came Lee to the front. Oh, the Army of Northern Virginia cheered him! "Men, men!" he said, "you have done well, you have done well! Where is General Jackson?"

He was told. Presently he wrote a note and sent it to the field hospital near Dowdall's Tavern.

*General: — I cannot express my regret. Could I have directed events I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.*

An aide read it to Stonewall Jackson where he lay, very quiet, in the deeps of the Wilderness. For a minute he did not speak, then he said, "General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

For four days yet they fought, in the Wilderness, at Salem Church, at the Fords of the Rappahannock, again at Fredericksburg. Then they rested, the Army

of the Potomac back on the northern side of the Rappahannock, the Army of Northern Virginia holding the southern shore and the road to Richmond — Richmond no nearer for McDowell, no nearer for McClellan, no nearer for Pope, no nearer for Burnside, no nearer for Hooker, no nearer after two years of war! In the Wilderness and thereabouts Hooker lost seventeen thousand men, thirteen guns, and fifteen hundred rounds of cannon ammunition, twenty thousand rifles, three hundred thousand rounds of infantry ammunition. The Army of Northern Virginia lost twelve thousand men.

On the 5th of May, Stonewall Jackson was carefully moved from the Wilderness to Guiney's Station. Here was a large old residence — the Chandler House — within a sweep of grass and trees; about it one or two small buildings. The great house was filled, crowded to its doors with wounded soldiers, so they laid Stonewall Jackson in a rude cabin among the trees. The left arm had been amputated in the field hospital. He was thought to be doing well, though at times he complained of the side which, in the fall from the litter, had been struck and bruised.

At daylight on Thursday he had his physician called. "I am suffering great pain," he said. "See what is the matter with me." And presently, "Is it pneumonia?"

That afternoon his wife came. He was roused to speak to her, greeted her with love, then sank into something like stupor. From time to time he awakened from this, but there were also times when he was slightly delirious. He gave orders in a shadow of the old voice. "You must hold out a little longer, men; you must hold out a little longer! . . . Press forward — press forward

—press forward! . . . Give them canister, Major Pelham!"

Friday went by, and Saturday. The afternoon of this day he asked for his chaplain, Mr. Lacy. Later, in the twilight, his wife sang to him, old hymns that he loved. "Sing the fifty-first psalm in verse," he said. She sang, —

"Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive — "

The night passed and Sunday the 10th dawned. He lay quiet, his right hand on his breast. One of the staff came for a moment to his bedside. "Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?" He was told, and said, "Good! I wish I might be there."

The officer's voice broke. "General, General! the whole army is praying for you. There's a message from General Lee."

"Yes, yes. Give it."

"He sends you his love. He says that you must recover; that you have lost your left arm, but that he would lose his right arm. He says tell you that he prayed for you last night as he had never prayed for himself. He repeats what he said in his note that for the good of Virginia and the South he could wish that he were lying here in your place — "

The soldier on the bed smiled a little and shook his head. "Better ten Jacksons should lie here than one Lee."

It was sunny weather, fair and sweet with all the bloom of May, the bright trees waving, the long grass rippling, the waters flowing, the sky azure, bees about the flowers, the birds singing piercingly sweet, mother

earth so beautiful, the sky down-bending, the light of the sun so gracious, warm, and vital!

A little before noon, kneeling beside him, his wife told Stonewall Jackson that he would die. He smiled and laid his hand upon her bowed head. "You are frightened, my child! Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

The doctor came to him. "Doctor, Anna tells me that I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

"Oh, General, General! — it is so."

He lay silent a moment, then he said, "Very good, very good! It is all right."

Throughout the day his mind was now clouded, now clear. In one of the latter times he said there was something he was trying to remember. There followed a half-hour of broken sleep and wandering, in the course of which he twice spoke a name, "Deaderick." Once he said "Horse Artillery," and once "White Oak Swamp."

The alternate clear moments and the lapses into stupor or delirium were like the sinking or rising of a strong swimmer, exhausted at last, the prey at last of a shoreless sea. At times he came head and shoulders out of the sea. In such a moment he opened his gray-blue eyes full on one of his staff. All the staff was gathered in grief about the bed. "When Richard Cleave," he said, "asks for a court of enquiry, let him have it. Tell General Lee —" The sea drew him under again.

It hardly let him go any more; moment by moment now, it wore out the strong swimmer. The day drew on to afternoon. He lay straight upon the bed, silent for the most part, but now and then wandering a little. His wife bowed herself beside him; in a corner wept the

old man Jim. Outside the windows there seemed a hush as of death.

"Pass the infantry to the front!" ordered Stonewall Jackson. "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" The voice sank; there came a long silence; there was only heard the old man crying in the corner. Then, for the last time in this phase of being, the great soldier opened his eyes. In a moment he spoke, in a very sweet and calm voice, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." He died.

# A THREE-HOURS TRUCE AT VICKSBURG

[1863]

BY W. H. TUNNARD, OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

THE report of a single gun within the breastworks was the signal for a concentrated fire of the enemy's batteries, which poured a perfect storm of shot and shell upon the fated point, resulting, usually, in the destruction of the battery, and killing and wounding numbers of the artillerymen. No less than five cannoniers were shot in an attempt to apply a lighted fuse to the vent of a loaded gun. Nearly all the artillery along the lines was dismounted by the furious bombardment of the 22d. General Grant sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury his dead, which were lying unburied in thick profusion outside of the intrenchments, where the enemy had assaulted the lines. General Pemberton refused to grant the request, replying that the battle was not yet decided. The enemy commenced undermining our parapet, with the intention of blowing it up. As the sound of their voices could be distinctly heard, our brave boys began to annoy them by hurling upon them every species of deadly missile which human ingenuity could invent. Twelve-pounder shells were dropped over the breastworks among them, and kegs filled with powder, shells, nails, and scraps of iron. A more deadly, vindictive, and determined species of warfare was never waged. The chief aim of both combatants seemed to be concentrated in the invention of apparatus for taking

human life. In the afternoon of May 25, a flag of truce was sent into the lines, requesting a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of burying the dead, and the request was granted for three hours.

Now commenced a strange spectacle in this thrilling drama of war. Flags were displayed along both lines, and the troops thronged the breastworks, gayly chatting with each other; discussing the issues of the war; disputing over the differences of opinion, losses in the fights, etc. Numbers of the Confederates accepted invitations to visit the enemy's lines, where they were hospitably entertained and warmly welcomed. They were abundantly supplied with provisions and supplies of various kinds.

Of course, there were numerous laughable and interesting incidents resulting from these visits. The foe were exultant, confident of success, and in high spirits; the Confederates defiant, undaunted in soul, and equally well assured of a successful defense. The members of the Third Regiment found numerous acquaintances and relatives among the Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri regiments, and there were mutual regrets that the issues of the war had made them antagonistic in a deadly struggle. Captain F. Gallagher, the worthy commissary of the regiment, had been enjoying the hospitalities of a Yankee officer, imbibing his fine liquors and partaking of his choice viands, and as they separated, the Federal remarked: "Good-day, Captain; I trust we shall meet soon again in the Union of old." Captain G., with a peculiar expression on his pleasant face, and an extra side poise of his head, quickly replied: "I cannot return your sentiment. The only union which you and

I will enjoy, I hope, will be in kingdom come; good-bye, sir."

At the expiration of the appointed time, the men were all back in their places. The stillness which had superseded the uproar of battle seemed strange and unnatural. The hours of peace had scarcely expired ere those who so lately intermingled in friendly intercourse were once again engaged in the deadly struggle. Heavy mortars, artillery of every caliber, and small arms, once more with thunder-tones awakened the slumbering echoes of the hills surrounding the heroic city of Vicksburg.



## UNION GUNBOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

FROM AN ENGRAVING

EARLY in 1863 New Orleans and the Mississippi River above Vicksburg were in the hands of the Union. If Vicksburg and Port Hudson could be taken, the whole river would be under the control of the Federal Government; but it was not easy to take Vicksburg. The city stood on a bluff so high that shot could not be thrown to it from vessels on the river, while the city guns could easily sink any ship that attempted to pass. For three months General Grant and General Sherman tried to get into a position to attack the town. At last they succeeded, and the siege of seven weeks began. Day and night the shells were falling. People dug caves into the side of the hill to be safe from flying fragments. A lady who lived in one of the caves wrote that even the mules in the town seemed wild, and the dogs howled madly whenever a shell exploded. By and by the cornbread and bacon failed, and mules, rats, and mice were eaten; but finally the brave, suffering, starving people surrendered. The Confederate flag was hauled down, and the banner of the Union run up. The whole Union army witnessed the scene, but not a cheer was given, says General Grant, so deeply were the courage and endurance of the people respected. A few days later Port Hudson yielded; and the Mississippi was now controlled by the Union.

# A DRUMMER-BOY AT GETTYSBURG

[1863]

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER

"HARRY, I'm getting tired of this thing. It's becoming monotonous, this thing of being roused every morning at four, with orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice, and then lying around here all day in the sun. I don't believe we are going anywhere, anyhow."

We had been encamped for six weeks, of which I need give no special account, only saying that in those "summer quarters," as they might be called, we went on with our endless drilling, and were baked and browned, and thoroughly hardened to the life of a soldier in the field.

The monotony of which Andy complained did not end that day, nor the next. For six successive days we were regularly roused at four o'clock in the morning, with orders to "pack up and be ready to move immediately!" only to unpack as regularly about the middle of the afternoon. We could hear our batteries pounding away in the direction of Fredericksburg, but we did not then know that we were being held well in hand till the enemy's plan had developed itself into the great march into Pennsylvania, and we were let off in hot pursuit.

So, at last, on the 12th of June, 1863, we started, at five o'clock in the morning, in a northwesterly direction. My journal says: "Very warm, dust plenty, water

scarce, marching very hard. Halted at dusk at an excellent spring, and lay down for the night with aching limbs and blistered feet."

I pass over the six days' continuous marching that followed, steadily on toward the north, pausing only to relate several incidents that happened by the way.

On the 14th we were racing with the enemy — we being pushed on to the utmost of human endurance — for the possession of the defenses of Washington. From five o'clock of that morning till three the following morning, — that is to say from daylight to daylight, — we were hurried along under a burning June sun, with no halt longer than sufficient to recruit our strength with a hasty cup of coffee at noon and nightfall. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock at night, and still on! It was almost more than flesh could endure. Men fell out of line in the darkness by the score, and tumbled over by the roadside, asleep almost before they touched the ground.

I remember how a great tall fellow in our company made us laugh along somewhere about one o'clock that morning, — "Pointer," we called him, — an excellent soldier, who afterward fell at his post at Spottsylvania. He had been trudging on in sullen silence for hours, when all of a sudden, coming to a halt, he brought his piece to "order arms" on the hard road with a ring, took off his cap, and, in language far more forcible than elegant, began forthwith to denounce both parties to the war, "from A to Izzard," in all branches of the service, civil and military, army and navy, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, and demanded that the enemy should come on in full force here and now, "and I'll fight them all,

single-handed and alone, the whole pack of 'em! I'm tired of this everlasting marching, and I want to fight!"

"Three cheers for Pointer!" cried some one, and we laughed heartily as we toiled doggedly on to Manassas, which we reached at 3 A.M., June 15. I can assure you, we lost no time in stretching ourselves at full length in the tall summer grass.

"James McFadden, report to the adjutant for camp guard! James McFadden! Anybody know where Jim McFadden is?"

Now that was rather hard, was n't it? To march from daylight to daylight, and lie down for a rest of probably two hours before starting again, and then to be called up to stand throughout those precious two hours on guard duty!

I knew very well where McFadden was, for was n't he lying right beside me in the grass? But just then I was in no humor to tell. The camp might well go without a guard that night, or the orderly might find McFadden in the dark if he could.

But the rules were strict, and the punishment was severe, and poor McFadden, bursting into tears of vexation, answered like a man: "Here I am, orderly; I'll go." It was hard.

Two weeks later, both McFadden and the orderly went where there is neither marching nor standing guard any more.

Now comes a long rest of a week, in the woods near the Potomac; for we have been marching parallel with the enemy, and dare not go too fast, lest, by some sudden and dexterous move in the game, he should sweep past our rear in upon the defenses of Washington. And after

this sweet refreshment, we cross the Potomac on pontoons, and march, perhaps with a lighter step, since we are nearing home, through the smiling fields and pleasant villages of "Maryland, my Maryland." At Poolesville, a little town on the north bank of the Potomac, we smile as we see a lot of children come trooping out of the village school, — a merry sight to men who have seen neither woman nor child these six months and more, and a touching sight to many a man in the ranks as he thinks of his little flaxen heads in the far-away home. Aye, think of them now, and think of them full tenderly, too, for many a man of you shall never have child climb on his knee any more!

As we enter one of those pleasant little Maryland villages, — Jefferson by name, — we find on the outskirts of the place two young ladies and two young gentlemen, waving the good old flag as we pass, and singing, "Rally round the Flag, Boys!" The excitement along the line is intense. Cheer on cheer is given, by regiment after regiment, as we pass along, we drummer-boys beating, at the colonel's express orders, the old tune, "The Girl I left behind me," as a sort of response. Soon we are in among the hills again, and still the cheering goes on in the far distance to the rear.

Only ten days later, we passed through the same village again, and were met by the same young ladies and gentlemen, waving the same flag and singing the same song. But though we tried twice, and tried hard, we could not cheer at all; for there's a difference between five hundred men and one hundred, — is there not? So, that second time, we drooped our tattered flags, and raised our caps in silent and sorrowful salute. Through Middle-

town next, where a rumor reaches us that the enemy's forces have occupied Harrisburg, and where certain ladies, standing on a balcony and waving their handkerchiefs as we pass by, in reply to our colonel's greeting, that "we are glad to see so many Union people here," answer, "Yes; and we are glad to see the Yankee soldiers, too."

From Middletown, at six o'clock in the evening, across the mountain to Frederick, on the outskirts of which city we camp for the night. At half-past five next morning (June 29) we are up and away, in a drizzling rain, through Lewistown and Mechanicstown, near which latter place we pass a company of Confederate prisoners, twenty-four in number, dressed in well-worn gray and butternut, which makes us think that the enemy cannot be far ahead. After a hard march of twenty-five miles, the greater part of the way over a turnpike, we reach Emmittsburg at nightfall, some of us quite barefoot, and all of us footsore and weary. Next morning (June 30) at nine o'clock we were up and away again, "on the road leading towards Gettysburg," they say. After crossing the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, where the colonel halts the column for a moment, in order that we may give three rousing cheers for the "Old Keystone State," we march perceptibly slower, as if there were some impediment in the way. There is a feeling among the men that the enemy is somewhere near. Toward noon we leave the public road, and taking across the fields, form in line of battle along the rear of a wood, and pickets are thrown out. There is an air of uncertainty and suspicion in the ranks as we look to the woods, and consider what our pickets may possibly

unmask there. But no developments have yet been made when darkness comes, and we bivouac for the night behind a strong stone wall.

Passing down along the line of glowing fires, in the gathering gloom, I come on one of my company messes squatting about a fire, cooking supper. Joe Gutelius, corporal and color-guard from our company, is superintending the boiling of a piece of meat in a tin can, while Sam Ruhl and his brother Joe are smoking their pipes near by.

"Boys, it begins to look a little dubious, don't it? Where is Jimmy Lucas?"

"He's out on picket, in the woods yonder. Yes, Harry, it begins to look a little as if we were about to stir the Johnnies out of the brush," says Joe Gutelius, throwing another rail on the fire.

"If we do," says Joe Ruhl, "remember that you have the post of honor, Joe, and 'if any man pulls down that flag, shoot him on the spot!'"

"Never you fear for that," answers Joe Gutelius. "We of the color-guard will look out for the flag. For my part, I'll stay a dead man on the field before the colors of the 150th are disgraced."

"You'll have some tough tussling for your colors, then," says Sam. "If the 'Louisiana Tigers' get after you once, look out!"

"Who's afraid of the 'Louisiana Tigers'? I'll back the 'Bucktails' against the 'Tigers' any day. Stay and take supper with us, Harry! We are going to have a feast to-night. I have the heart of a beef boiling in the can yonder; and it is done now. Sit up, boys, get out your knives, and fall to."

"We 're going to have boiled lion heart for supper, Harry," says Joek Ruhl, with mock apology for the fare, "but we could n't catch any lions. They seem to be scarce in these parts. Maybe, we can catch a tiger, to-morrow, though."

Little do we think, as we sit thus cheerily talking about the blazing fire behind the stone wall, that it is our last supper together, and that ere another nightfall two of us will be sleeping in the silent bivouac of the dead.

"Colonel, close up your men, and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the staff officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet with the scent of the newmown hay, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left — look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in midair! Very small, and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates; but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! another — and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "boom!" echoing over the hills, as the staff officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quicking is no

light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable 1st day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we *must* breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last — as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the Seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unsling knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our division general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs into the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap, and is away.

"Unfurl the flags, color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double —"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command, "Load at will — load!" the ramrods make their merry music,

and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air, — a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

I suppose my readers wonder what a drummer-boy does in time of battle. Perhaps they have the same idea I used to have, namely, that it is the duty of a drummer-boy to beat his drum all the time the battle rages, to encourage the men or drown the groans of the wounded! But if they will reflect a moment, they will see that amid the confusion and noise of battle, there is little chance of martial music being either heard or heeded. Our colonel had long ago given us our orders, —

"You drummer-boys, in time of an engagement, are to lay aside your drums and take stretchers and help off the wounded. I expect you to do this, and you are to remember that, in doing it, you are just as much helping the battle on as if you were fighting with guns in your hands."

And so we sit down there on our drums and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and ploughs up the meadow sod about *us* in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely cannot know, or they would n't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log house about

three hundred yards ahead, and we start out for it — I on the lead, and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we cannot see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass — killed, they say, by a single shell. Close beside them lies a tall, magnificently built man, whom I recognize by his uniform as belonging to the "Iron Brigade," and therefore probably an Iowa boy. He lies on his back at full length, with his musket beside him — calm-looking as if asleep, but having a fatal blue mark on his forehead and the ashen pallor of death on his countenance. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters, and ploughing up a great furrow under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks, "That was rather close shaving, was n't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalryman, Dennis Buckley, Sixth Michi-

gan Cavalry, it was, as I afterwards learned — let history preserve the brave boy's name, who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt!

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long blue swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the colonel, he asks, —

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the colonel.

"Oh, yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his trousers pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every schoolboy has heard, takes his place in the line, and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front, and the shells are tearing up the sod

around us, I observe how evidently hard-pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away, in great clouds, for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes, to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of smoke, and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved brigadier-general, Roy Stone, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharpshooter off in a tree, and is carried, severely wounded, into the barn. Our colonel, Langhorne Wister, assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment, facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and "change front forward," in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears, rapidly advancing out of the woods a half mile away, and there must be some

quick and sharp work done now, boys, or, between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the new line can sweep down on our flank, our brave colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and bristling bayonets of our "Bucktail" Brigade as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way, and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position, facing westward; for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so under severe fire, but it is executed now, steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon! For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However, partially protected by a post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific, that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line, as it swayed backward and forward over the field, — scenes which we have had no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colors of the regiment on our right — our sister regiment, the 149th — have been advanced a little, to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *mêlée* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colors and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out swiftly, led to the rescue of the stolen colors by Sergeant John C. Kensill, of Company F, who falls to the ground before reaching them, and amid yells and cheers and smoke you see the battle flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our lieutenant-colonel, Henry S. Huidekoper, is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; Major Thomas Chamberlain and Adjutant Richard L. Ashurst both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men, wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine for himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won — and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls, which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our

left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way, and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed — and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard and the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man yonder in the grass, and I *must* see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt," I ask, kneeling down beside him; and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell — mother — mother —"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in the center, the colors flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right, with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit, — it is a grand sight, and a fine rally; but a vain one, for in an hour we are swept off the field, and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tem-

pest of shrieking shells and whistling balls about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all the horses being disabled. The artillery men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the center of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too, although as yet we know it not, for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved; but where is our corps? Well may our division general, Doubleday, who early in the day succeeded to the command, when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colors in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our field and staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge, under the open canopy of heaven. There is no

roll call, for Sergeant Weidensaul will call the roll no more; nor will Joe Gutelius, nor Joe Ruhl, nor McFadden, nor Henning, nor many others of our comrades whom we miss, ever answer to their names again until the world's last great reveillé.

## JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

[1863]

BY BRET HARTE

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns.
He was the fellow who won renown, —
The only man who did n't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how but the day before
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees

Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass, —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, — but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and shin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore,
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire:*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," — begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off, —
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

## JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

'T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final discharge and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went home to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

# THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[DELIVERED at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.]

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devo-

tion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



# GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 11

BY G. C. BRIGHAM

DURING the Civil War it was in the border States that the struggle was waged with the greatest ferocity. Missouri had been with difficulty retained by the North, but it was the scene of the operations of several guerrilla bands of Southern sympathizers. In August, 1863, Quantrell, the most notorious of the guerrilla leaders, with a company of three hundred men swept across the Kansas border into the "abolition town" of Lawrence, pillaged and burned the settlement, and killed one hundred and forty of its inhabitants.

When news of this raid reached Schofield, the Union commander, he wrote General Ewing that since these deeds were connived at by Confederate sympathizers in certain parts of Missouri: "It is therefore ordered that the disloyal people of Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties will be given until the —— day of —— to remove from those counties, with such of their personal property as they may choose to carry away. At the end of the time named, all houses, barns, provisions, and other property belonging to such disloyal persons, and which can be used to shelter, protect, or support the bands of robbers and murderers which infest those counties, will be destroyed, or seized and appropriated to the use of the Government. Property situated at or near military posts, and in or near towns which can be protected by troops so as not to be used by the bands of robbers, will not be destroyed, but will be appropriated to the use of such loyal or innocent persons as may be made homeless by the acts of guerrillas or by the execution of this order. The commanding general is aware that some innocent persons must suffer from these extreme measures, but such suffering is unavoidable, and will be made as light as possible. A district of country inhabited almost solely by rebels cannot be permitted to be made a hiding-place for robbers and murderers, from which to sally forth on their errands of rapine and death."

"General Order Number 11," to this effect was immediately issued by Brigadier-General Ewing, to be carried out within fifteen days.

# ALABAMA DRESSMAKING IN THE DAYS OF THE BLOCKADE

[1861–1865]

BY PARTHENIA ANTOINETTE HAGUE

BEFORE the war there were in the South but few cotton mills. These were kept running night and day, as soon as the Confederate army was organized, and we were ourselves prevented by the blockade from purchasing clothing from the factories at the North, or clothing imported from France or England. The cotton which grew in the immediate vicinity of the mills kept them well supplied with raw material. Yet notwithstanding the great push of the cotton mills, they proved totally inadequate, after the war began, to our vast need for clothing of every kind. Every household now became a miniature factory in itself, with its cotton, cards, spinning-wheels, warping-frames, looms, and so on. Wherever one went, the hum of the spinning wheel and the clang of the batten of the loom was borne on the ear.

Great trouble was experienced, in the beginning, to find dyes with which to color our stuffs; but in the course of time, both at the old mills and at smaller experimental factories which were run entirely by hand, barks, leaves, roots, and berries were found containing coloring properties. I was well acquainted with a gentleman in southwestern Georgia who owned a small cotton mill, and who, when he wanted coloring substances, used to send his wagons to the woods and freight them with a shrub

known as myrtle, that grew teeming in low moist places near his mill. This myrtle yielded a nice gray for woolen goods.

That the slaves might be well clad, the owners kept, according to the number of slaves owned, a number of negro women carding and spinning, and had looms running all the time. Now and then a planter would be so fortunate as to secure a bale or more of white sheeting and osnaburgs from the cotton mills, in exchange for farm products, which would be quite a lift, and give a little breathing-spell from the almost incessant whirr, hum, and clang of the spinning wheel and loom.

Wide unbleached sheeting was also used for making dresses, and when dyed a deep solid color and tastefully made up the effect was quite handsome. On one occasion, when Mr. G—— had been fortunate in getting a bale of unbleached factory sheeting, Mrs. G—— gave to me, to her two oldest daughters, and a niece of hers, who was as one of the family, enough of the sheeting to make each one of us a dress. We had to hie us to the woods for coloring matter, to dye as each one pleased.

I have often joined with neighbors, when school hours for the day were over, in gathering roots, barks, leaves, twigs, sumach berries, and walnuts, for the hulls, which dyed wool a beautiful dark brown. Such was the variety we had to choose from, to dye our cloth and thread. We used to pull our way through the deep tangled woods, by thickly shaded streams, through broad fields, and return laden with the riches of the Southern forest! Not infrequently clusters of grapes mingled with our freight of dyes. The pine-tree's roots furnished a beautiful dye, approximating very closely to garnet, which color I

chose for the sheeting for my dress. A strong decoction of the roots of the pine tree was used. Copperas of our own production was used as the mordant. A cask or some small vessel was set convenient to the dwelling-house and partly filled with water, in which a small quantity of salt and vinegar had been mingled; then pieces of rusty, useless iron, such as plows too much worn to be used again, rusty broken rails, old horse-shoes, and bits of old chains were picked up and cast into the cask. The liquid copperas was always ready, and a very good substance we found it to fix colors in cloth or thread. The sheeting for the dress was folded smoothly and basted slightly so as to keep the folds in place. It was first thoroughly soaked in warm soapsuds, then dipped into the dye, and afterwards into a vessel containing liquid lye from wood ashes; then it went again into the dye, then the lye, and so on till the garnet color was the required shade. By varying the strength of the solution any shade desirable could be obtained. My garnet-colored dress of unbleached sheeting was often mistaken for worsted delaine.

Many of the planters in southern Alabama began to grow wool on quite a large scale, as the war went on and no woolen goods could be had. All the woolen material that could be manufactured at the cotton mills was used to clothe our soldiers, so that all the varied kinds of woolen goods that hitherto had been used with us had now to be of home hand-make. In this we achieved entire success. All kinds of woolen goods — flannels both colored and white, plaids of bright colors, which we thought equal to the famed Scotch plaids; balmorals, which were then in fashion -- were woven, with grave

or gay borders as suited our fancy. Woolen coverlets and blankets were also manufactured. The woolen blankets were at first woven with the warp of cotton thread, but a woman of our settlement improved on that by weaving some blankets on the common house loom, both warp and woof of wool, spun by her own hands. The borders were bright red and blue, of texture soft and yielding; they were almost equal to those woven at a regular woolen mill. The process of weaving all-wool blankets with warp and woof hand-spun was quite tedious, yet it was accomplished. Various kinds of twilled woolen cloth were also woven. In weaving coverlets, the weaver had the "draught" before her, to guide her in tramping the pedals and throwing the design of flower, vine, leaf, square, or diamond on the right side. Beautiful carpets also were made on the same plan as coverlets.

Many of the planters, after the shearing of their sheep, used to carry the wool to the nearest cotton mill and have it carded into rolls, to facilitate the making of woolen cloth; and often large quantities of lint cotton were hauled to the factories, to be carded into rolls to be spun at home. But carding rolls by common hand-cards was a rather slow and tiresome process.

There was some pleasant rivalry as to who should be the most successful in producing the brightest and clearest tinge of color on thread or cloth. Most of the women of southern Alabama had small plats of ground for cultivating the indigo bush, for making "indigo blue," or "indigo mud," as it was sometines called. The indigo weed also grew abundantly in the wild state in our vicinage. Those who did not care to bother with

indigo cultivation used to gather, from the woods, the weed in the wild state when in season. Enough of the blue was always made either from the wild or cultivated indigo plant. We used to have our regular "indigo churnings," as they were called. When the weed had matured sufficiently for making the blue mud, which was about the time the plant began to flower, the plants were cut close to the ground, our steeping vats were closely packed with the weed, and water enough to cover the plant was poured in. The vat was then left eight or nine days undisturbed for fermentation, to extract the dye. Then the plant was rinsed out, so to speak, and the water in the vat was churned up and down with a basket for quite a while; weak lye was added as a precipitate, which caused the indigo particles held in solution to fall to the bottom of the vat; the water was poured off, and the "mud" was placed in a sack and hung up to drip and dry. It was just as clear and bright a blue as if it had passed through a more elaborate process.

The woods, as well as being the great storehouse for all our dye-stuffs, were also our drug-stores. The berries of the dogwood-tree were taken for quinine, as they contained the alkaloid properties of cinchona and Peruvian bark. A soothing and efficacious cordial for dysentery and similar ailments was made from blackberry roots; but ripe persimmons, when made into a cordial, were thought to be far superior to blackberry roots. An extract of the barks of the wild cherry, dogwood, poplar, and wahoo trees was used for chills and agues. For coughs and all lung diseases a syrup made with the leaves and roots of the mullein plant, globe flower, and wild-

cherry tree bark was thought to be infallible. Of course the castor-bean plant was gathered in the wild state in the forest, for making castor oil.

Many also cultivated a few rows of poppies in their garden to make opium, from which our laudanum was created; and this at times was very needful. The manner of extracting opium from poppies was of necessity crude, in our hedged-round situation. It was, indeed, simple in the extreme. The heads or bulbs of the poppies were plucked when ripe, the capsules pierced with a large-sized sewing-needle, and the bulbs placed in some small vessel (a cup or saucer would answer) for the opium gum to exude and to become inspissated by evaporation. The soporific influence of this drug was not excelled by that of the imported article.

Bicarbonate of soda, which had been in use for raising bread before the war, became "a thing of the past" soon after the blockade began; but it was not long ere some one found out that the ashes of corncobs possessed the alkaline property essential for raising dough. Whenever "soda" was needed, corn was shelled, care being taken to select all the red cobs, as they were thought to contain more carbonate of soda than white cobs. When the cobs were burned in a clean swept place, the ashes were gathered up and placed in a jar or jug, and so many measures of water were poured in, according to the quantity of ashes. When needed for bread-making, a teaspoonful or tablespoonful of the alkali was used to the measure of flour or meal required.

Another industry to which the need of the times gave rise was the making of pottery, which, although not food or clothing, was indispensable. Of course, our earthen-

ware was rough, coarse, and brown; and its enameling would have caused a smile of disdain from the ancient Etruscans. Nevertheless, we found our brown-glazed plates, cups, and saucers, washbowls and pitchers, and milk crocks exceedingly convenient and useful as temporary expedients, as no tin pans could be had; and we were thankful that we could make this homely ware.

All in our settlement learned to card, spin, and weave, and that was the case with all the women of the South when the blockade closed us in. Now and then, it is true, a steamer would run the blockade, but the few articles in the line of merchandise that reached us served only as a reminder of the outside world and of our once great plenty, now almost forgotten, and also more forcibly to remind us that we must depend upon our own ingenuity to supply the necessities of existence. Our days of novitiate were short. We soon became very apt at knitting and crocheting useful as well as ornamental woolen notions, such as capes, sacques, vandykes, shawls, gloves, socks, stockings, and men's suspenders. The clippings of lambs' wool were especially used by us for crocheting or knitting shawls, gloves, capes, sacques, and hoods. Our needles for such knitting were made of seasoned hickory or oakwood a foot long, or even longer. Lambs' wool clippings, when carded and spun fine by hand and dyed bright colors, were almost the peer of the zephyr wool now sold. To have the hanks spotted or variegated, they were tightly braided or plaited, and so dyed; when the braids were unfolded a beautiful dappled color would result. Sometimes corn husks were wrapped around the hanks at regular or irregular spaces and made fast with strong thread, so that when

placed in the dye the incased parts, as was intended, would imbibe little or no dye, and when knit, crocheted, or woven would present a clouded or dappled appearance. Handsome mittens were knit or crocheted of the same lambs' wool dyed jet black, gray, garnet, or whatever color was preferred; a bordering of vines, with green leaves and rosebuds of bright colors, was deftly knitted in on the edge and top of the gloves. Various designs of flowers or other patterns were used for gloves, and were so skillfully knitted in that they formed the exact representation of the copy from which they were taken. For the bordering of capes, shawls, gloves, hoods, and sacques the wool yarn was dyed red, blue, black, and green. Of course, intermediate colors were employed in some cases. The juice of poke berries dyed a red as bright as aniline, but this was not very good for wash stuffs. A strong decoction of the bark of the hickory tree made a clear, bright green on wool, when alum could be had as a mordant; sometimes there were those who, by some odd chance, happened to have a bit of alum.

There grew in some spots in the woods, though very sparsely, a weed about a foot and a half high, called "the queen's delight," which dyed a jet black on wool. We have frequently gone all of two miles from our home, and, after a wide range of the woods, would perhaps secure only a small armful of this precious weed. We did not wonder at the name, it was so scarce and rare, as well as the only one of all the weeds, roots, bark, leaves, or berries that would dye jet black. The indigo blue of our make would dye blue of any shade required, and the hulls of walnuts a most beautiful brown; so that we were not lacking for bright and deep colors for borderings.

Here again a pleasant rivalry arose, as to who could form the most unique bordering for capes, shawls, and all such woolen knit or crocheted clothing. There were squares, diamonds, crosses, bars, and designs of flowers formed in knitting and in crocheting.

We were our own wool-sorters, too, and after the shearing, had first choice of the fleeces. All the fine, soft, silky locks of wool were selected for use in knitting and crocheting.

Our shoes, particularly those of women and children, were made of cloth, or knit. Some one had learned to knit slippers, and it was not long before most of the women in our settlement had a pair of slippers on the knitting needles. They were knit of our homespun thread, either cotton or wool, which was, for slippers, generally dyed a dark brown, gray, or black. When taken off the needles, the slippers or shoes were lined with cloth of suitable texture. The upper edges were bound with strips of cloth, of color to blend with the hue of the knit work. A rosette was formed of some stray bits of ribbon, or scraps of fine bits of merino or silk, and placed on the uppers of the slippers; then they were ready for the soles.

We explored the seldom-visited attic and lumber-room, and overhauled the contents of old trunks, boxes, and scrap-bags for pieces of cassimere, merino, broad-cloth, or other heavy fine twilled goods, to make our Sunday shoes, as we could not afford to wear shoes of such fine stuff every day; home-woven jeans and heavy, plain cloth had to answer for every-day wear. When one was so fortunate as to get a bolt of osnaburgs, scraps of that made excellent shoes when colored. What is now

called the "baseball shoe" always reminds me of our war-time colored osnaburgs, but ours did not have straps of leather like those which cross the baseball shoe. Our slippers and shoes, which were made of fine bits of cloth, cost us a good deal of labor in binding and stitching with colors and thread to blend with the material used, before they were sent to the shoemaker to have them soled.

Sometimes we put on the soles ourselves by taking wornout shoes, whose soles were thought sufficiently strong to carry another pair of uppers, ripping the soles off, placing them in warm water to make them more pliable and to make it easier to pick out all the old stitches, and then in the same perforations stitching our knit slippers or cloth-made shoes. We also had to cut out soles for shoes from our home-tanned leather, with the sole of an old shoe as our pattern, and with an awl perforate the sole for sewing on the upper. I was often surprised at the dexterity with which we could join soles and uppers together, the shoes being reversed during the stitching, and when finished turned right side out again; and I smile even now when I remember how we used to hold our self-made shoe at arm's length and say, as they were inspected: "What is the blockade to us, so far as shoes are concerned, when we can not only knit the uppers, but cut the soles and stitch them on? Each woman and girl her own shoemaker; away with bought shoes; we want none of them!" But alas, we really knew not how fickle a few months would prove that we were.

Our sewing-thread was of our own make. Spools of "Coats's" thread, which was universally used in the South before the war, had long been forgotten. For very

fine sewing-thread great care had to be used in drawing the strand of cotton evenly, as well as finely. It was a wearisome task, and great patience had to be exercised, as there was continual snapping of the fine hand-spun thread. From broaches of such spun sewing-thread balls of the cotton were wound from two to three strands double, according as coarse or fine thread was needed. The ball was then placed in a bowl of warm soapsuds and the thread twisted on to a bobbin of corn husks placed on the spindle of the wheel. During the process of twisting the thread a miniature fountain would be set playing from the thread as it twirled upon the spindle. Bunch thread from the cotton mill, number twelve, made very strong sewing-thread, but little could we afford of that; it was exceedingly scarce. When the web of cloth, especially that of factory bunch thread, had been woven as closely up as the sley and harness would permit the warp opening for the shuttle to pass through, the ends of the weaver's threads, or thrums, generally a yard long when taken from around the large cloth beam, would be cut from the cloth and made into sewing-thread. We spent many evenings around the fire, if winter time, or lamp if summer weather, drawing the threads singly from the bunch of thrums and then tying together two or three strands, as the thread was to be coarse or fine. It was also wound into balls and twisted in the same manner as other sewing-thread. The ball would be full of knots, but a good needleful of thread, perhaps more, could always be had between the knots.

There were rude frames in most people's yards for making rope out of cotton thread spun very coarse, and quite a quantity of such rope was made on these

roperys. A comical incident occurred at one of the rope-makings which I attended. One afternoon, I had gone out in the yard with several members of the household, to observe the method of twisting the long coil of rope by a windlass attached to one end of the frame, after it had been run off the broaches on to the frame. Two of the smaller girls were amusing themselves running back and forth under the rope while it was being slowly twisted, now and again giving it a tap with their hands as they ducked under it, when, just as it was drawn to its tightest tension, it parted from the end of the frame opposite the windlass, and in its curved rebound caught one of the little girls by the hair of her head. There was "music in the air" for some little time, for it was quite a task to free her hair from the hard twisted coils of rope.

Our hats and bonnets were of our own manufacture, for those we had at the beginning of the war had been covered anew, made over, turned, and changed till none of the original remained. As we had no "flowers of sulphur" to bleach our white straw bonnets and hats, we colored those we had with walnut hulls, and made them light or dark brown, as we wished. Then we ripped up our tarlatan party-dresses of red, white, blue, or buff, some all gold and silver bespangled, to trim hats with. Neighbor would divide with neighbor the tarlatan for trimming purposes, and some would go quite a distance for only enough to trim a hat. For the plumes of our hats or bonnets the feathers of the old drake answered admirably, and were often plucked, as many will remember, for that very purpose. Quaker or Shaker bonnets were also woven by the women of Alabama out of the bulrushes that grew very tall in marshy places. These

rushes were placed in the opening of the threads of warp by hand, and were woven the same as if the shuttle had passed them through. Those the width of the warp were always used. The bonnets were cut in shape and lined with tarlatan.

The skirt of the Shaker was made of single-sleyed cloth, as we called it. In common woven heavy cloth two threads of warp were passed through the reeds of the sley. For the skirts of our bonnets we wanted the cloth soft and light, hence only one thread was passed through the reeds, and that was lightly tapped by the batten; it was then soft and yielding. When the cloth was dyed with willow bark, which colored a beautiful drab, we thought our bonnets equal to those we had bought in days gone by. There was variety enough of material to make hats for both men and women, palmetto taking the lead for hats for Sunday wear. The straw of oats or wheat and corn-husks were braided and made into hats. Hats which were almost everlasting, we used to think, were made of pine straw. Hats were made of cloth also. I remember one in particular of gray jeans, stitched in small diamonds with black silk thread. It was as perfect a hat as was ever moulded by the hatter, but the oddness of that hat consisted in its being stitched on the sewing-machine with silk thread. All sewing-machines in our settlement were at a standstill during the period of the war, as our home-made thread was not suited to machines, and all sewing had to be done by hand.

We became quite skilled in making designs of palmetto and straw braiding and plaiting for hats. Fans, baskets, and mats we made of the braided palmetto and

straw also. Then there was the "bonnet squash," known also as the "Spanish dish-rag," that was cultivated by some for making bonnets and hats for women and children. Such hats presented a fine appearance, but they were rather heavy. Many would make the frame for their bonnets or hats, then cover it with the small white feathers and down of the goose, color bright red with the juice of poke berries, or blue with indigo mud, some of the larger feathers, and on a small wire form a wreath or plume with bright-colored and white feathers blended together; or, if no wire was convenient, a fold or two of heavy cloth, or paper doubled, was used to sew the combination of feathers on for wreath, plume, or rosette. Tastefully arranged, this made a hat or bonnet by no means rustic looking.

# VI
# THE END OF THE STRUGGLE



From "Battles and Leaders," by permission of the Century Co.

# THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER, PETERSBURG

BY J. D. WOODWARD

AFTER his bloody repulse at Cold Harbor, Grant ordered an advance upon Petersburg, as the capture of that city would force the evacuation of Richmond. The Unionists moved slowly, the Confederates quickly, and when the former reached Petersburg they found it strongly fortified. After losing 10,000 men in several assaults Grant settled down for a siege. A mine, 520 feet long, was dug under the Confederate works and exploded on July 30 with terrific force. An officer who witnessed the explosion thus describes its effect: —

"It was a magnificent spectacle. As the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages, and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. . . . Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there (at the crater) an enormous hole in the ground about 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide, and 170 feet long, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers, and men buried in various ways — some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth."

A regiment of Confederates was destroyed by the explosion, but the Union troops, who poured into the crater, expecting that the works could now be easily taken, were signally disappointed, as the Confederates quickly rallied and drove them back after a desperate struggle, with a loss of more than 4000 men.

## HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1864, Lincoln was reëlected to the presidency by 212 votes as against 21 for McClellan, his opponent, whose platform declared that the war was a failure and should be ended. In his inaugural address, delivered in March, 1865, Lincoln said: —

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The end of the war was close at hand. Sherman, with sixty thousand men, had marched from Atlanta to Savannah, cutting a swath sixty miles wide and three hundred in length, and destroying the last resources of the Confederacy. Lee's ranks were thinning, for in the utter hopelessness of his cause men were deserting by scores. He could no longer protect Richmond, and he withdrew, pursued by Grant. At Appomattox Court House, a little village west of Richmond, Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865. Two weeks later, Johnston surrendered to Sherman in North Carolina. Thus ended the war. But the heartfelt joy throughout the North was turned into mourning by the assassination of President Lincoln on the 14th of April.

# THE DAY OF THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND

[1865]

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

SUNDAY, — and the bells were calling the people to worship. Old and noted Richmond families uncovered at the door and reverently sought their pews at St. Paul's, seven out of ten of the women in mourning. In the solemn quiet sat the aged fathers, their hair falling white, and many a mother with high-bred face, sorrowing for the boys who would never come home. There in the subdued light of the sanctuary they sat, while the bells, which had clanged so joyfully at the birth of the Confederacy, reluctantly and sadly boomed their final notes, as if they already knew, what the congregation little expected, that when they should ring again on the next Sunday, at that very hour, the Confederacy would be on its deathbed, breathing its last.

Jefferson Davis, President of the ill-fated cause, above middle height, lithe, distinguished, neatly arrayed in gray, came up the center aisle with modest, dignified quietude of manner, entered his pew on the right and bowed his head in prayer. His spare austere face showed the effect of four years of care, as well it might, for who ever faced a longer and fiercer tempest? but he carried with him to St. Paul's, as everywhere, his habitual atmosphere of invincible courage and the never-failing

bloom of urbanity. The organ droned the last of the colorless *Venite*, and the service began.

Along the sunshiny side of the empty streets, here and there, convalescents from the hospitals sauntered, pale, some armless and some on crutches. On its staff above the roof of the nearby capitol, the flag of the Confederacy drooped in the mild sunshine, the stars of its blue saltier shining from its folds above steeple and chimney and over the spring-time gladness of the fields. Out in Holywood, where Stuart lay with so many of the best and the bravest, and where Mr. Davis's dust is now resting, the robins, sparrows, catbirds, redbirds, turtle-doves and mocking-birds were building their nests among the evergreens and native trees.

Over the rapids, at the foot of the knolls of Holywood, the stately James flowed murmuring, by the shores of Belle Isle, and the baleful walls of Libby Prison, from whose drearily grated windows looked hollow-eyed, half-starved Northern prisoners of war, who, as they heard the bells of Richmond ringing, no doubt recalled the bells of home and longed for release and peace.

It was Communion Sunday, and the sacred elements covered with a white cloth were on the table. Doctor Charles Minnegerode, the rector of St. Paul's, a diminutive, fervid transplanted German, was delivering his usual tense, extempore address, when the sexton, a portly man, with ruffles at his wrists and bosom, and polished brass buttons on a faded suit of blue, advanced up the aisle with soft but stately tread, and after touching the President on the shoulder with solemnity becoming his station and his one-day-in-the-week lofty importance, condescendingly handed him a message. Mr.

Davis threw his blue-gray eyes rapidly over the fatal dispatch; he grasped his soft, creamy-white hat, rose, and withdrew calmly.

Hardly had he left the door before the sexton again marched up the aisle and, bending, spoke to General Joseph Anderson, who at once took his leave. Then followed two more grand entries — and I think the Confederacy, though wan her cheek, smiled faintly; for like everything born in America, she must have had a sense of humor. Heaven be blessed for the gift, and I hope they buried the dignified sexton in his ruffled shirt and suit of blue with brass buttons in due pomp; peace to his clay wherever it lies! At his fourth presageful march up the aisle, again with a message to a prominent official, anxiety seized the congregation, and like alarmed birds they rose at once and left the church; and not until the bewildered people cleared the door and mingled with the throng that had already gathered in the modest vestibule and on the pavement, was the purport of the message to Mr. Davis revealed. There in consternation they saw government employees of a department that occupied an opposite building frantically carrying bundles of public documents out into the middle of the street and setting them on fire. Then the appalling significance of it all broke on them, and they melted away to their homes in dread and anguish. The smoke of the burning records soon became the breath of panic, and by the time the sun went down and twilight came on, the city was in tragic confusion. Lee's lines were broken, and Richmond was to be evacuated that night.

## CARRYING A MESSAGE TO GENERAL LEE

BY JOHN S. WISE

On the morning of April 6 [1865], mounted upon as fine a mare as there was in the Confederacy, I sallied forth in search of General Lee. I started northward for the Southside Railroad. It was not long before I heard cannon to the northeast. Thinking that the sounds came from the enemy in the rear of Lee, I endeavored to bear sufficiently westward to avoid the Union forces. Seeing no sign of either army, I was going along leisurely, when a noise behind me attracted my attention. Turning in my saddle, I saw at a distance of several hundred yards the head of a cavalry command coming from the east, and turning out of a crossroad that I had passed into the road that I was traveling. They saw me, and pretended to give chase; but their horses were jaded, and my mare was fresh and swift. The few shots they fired went wide of us, and I galloped out of range quickly and safely. My filly, after her spin, was mettlesome, and as I held her in hand, I chuckled to think how easy it was to keep out of harm's way on such a beast.

But this was not to be my easy day. I was rapidly approaching another road, which came into my road from the east. I saw another column of Union cavalry filing into my road, and going in the same direction that I was going. Here was a pretty pickle! We were in the woods. Did they see me? To be sure they did. Of course they knew of the parallel column of their own

troops which I had passed, and I think they first mistook me for a friend. But I could not ride forward: I should have come upon the rear of their column. I could not turn back: the cavalry force behind was not a quarter of a mile away. I stopped, thus disclosing who I was. Several of them made a dart for me; several more took shots with their carbines; and once more the little mare and I were dashing off, this time through the woods to the west.

What a bird she was, that little mare! At a low fence in the woods she did not make a pause or blunder, but cleared it without turning a hair. I resolved now to get out of the way, for it was very evident that I was trying to reach General Lee by riding across the advance columns of Sheridan, who was on Lee's flank. Going at a merry pace, just when my heart was ceasing to jump and I was congratulating myself upon a lucky escape, I was "struck flat aback," as sailors say. From behind a large oak a keen, racy-looking fellow stepped forth, and, leveling his cavalry carbine, called "Halt!" He was not ten feet away.

Halt I did. It is all over now, thought I, for I did not doubt that he was a Jesse scout. (That was the name applied by us to Union scouts who disguised themselves in our uniform.) He looked too neat and clean for one of our men. The words, "I surrender," were on my lips, when he asked, "Who are you?" I had half a mind to lie about it, but I gave my true name and rank. "What the devil are you doing here, then?" he exclaimed, his whole manner changing. I told him. "If that is so," said he, lowering his gun, to my great relief, "I must help to get you out. The Yankees are all around us.

Come on." He led the way rapidly to where his own horse was tied behind some cedar bushes, and, mounting, bade me follow him. He knew the woods well. As we rode along, I ventured to inquire who he was. "Curtis," said he, — "one of General Rooney Lee's scouts. I have been hanging on the flank of this cavalry for several days. They are evidently pushing for the High Bridge, to cut the army off from crossing there."

After telling him of my adventure, I added: "You gave me a great fright. I thought you were a Yankee, sure, and came near telling you that I was one."

"It is well you did not. I am taking no prisoners on this trip," he rejoined, tapping the butt of his carbine significantly.

"There they go," said he, as we came to an opening and saw the Union cavalry winding down a red-clay road to the north of us, traveling parallel with our own route. "We must hurry, or they'll reach the Flat Creek ford ahead of us. Fitz Lee is somewhere near here, and there'll be fun when he sees them. There are not many of them, and they are pressing too far ahead of their main column."

After a sharp ride through the forest, we came to a wooded hill overlooking the ford of Flat Creek, a stream which runs northward, entering the Appomattox near High Bridge.

"Wait here a moment," said Curtis. "Let me ride out and see if we are safe." Going on to a point where he could reconnoiter, he turned back, rose in his stirrups, waved his hand, and crying, "Come on, quick!" galloped down the hill to the ford.

I followed; but he had not accurately calculated the

distance. The head of the column of Union cavalry was in sight when he beckoned to me and made his dash. They saw him and started toward him. As I was considerably behind him, they were much nearer to me than to him. He crossed safely; but the stream was deep, and by the time I was in the middle, my little mare doing her best with the water up to her chest, the Yankees were in easy range, making it uncomfortable for me. The bullets were splashing in the water all around me. I threw myself off the saddle, and, nestling close under the mare's shoulder, I reached the other side unharmed. Curtis and a number of pickets stationed at the ford stood by me manfully. The road beyond the ford ran into a deep gully and made a turn. Behind the protection of this turn, Curtis and the pickets opened fire upon the advancing cavalry, and held them in check until I was safely over. When my horse trotted up with me, wet as a drowned rat, it was time for us all to move on rapidly. In the afternoon, I heard Fitz Lee pouring hot shot into that venturesome body of cavalry, and I was delighted to learn afterward that he had given them severe punishment.

Curtis advised me to go to Farmville, where I would be beyond the chance of encountering more Union cavalry, and then to work eastward toward General Lee. I had been upset by the morning's adventures, and I was somewhat demoralized. About a mile from Farmville, I found myself to the west of a line of battle of infantry, formed on a line running north and south, moving toward the town. Not doubting they were Union troops, I galloped off again, and when I entered Farmville I did not hesitate to inform the commandant that the

Yankees were approaching. The news created quite a panic. Artillery was put in position and preparations were made to resist, when it was discovered that the troops I had seen were a reserve regiment of our own, falling back in line of battle to a position near the town. I kept very quiet when I heard men all about me swearing that any cowardly, panic-stricken fool who would set such a report afloat ought to be lynched.

I had now very nearly joined our army, which was coming directly toward me. Early in the afternoon, the advance of our troops appeared. How they straggled, and how demoralized they seemed! Eastward, not far from the Flat Creek ford, a heavy fire opened and continued for an hour or more. As I afterward learned, Fitz Lee had collided with my cavalry friends of the morning, and, seeing his advantage, had availed himself of it by attacking them fiercely. To the north, about four o'clock, a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry began, and continued until dark. I was riding toward this firing, with my back to Farmville. Very heavy detonations of artillery were followed time and again by crashes of musketry. It was the battle of Sailors' Creek, the most important of those last struggles of which Grant said, "There was as much gallantry displayed by some of the Confederates in these little engagements as was displayed at any time during the war, notwithstanding the sad defeats of the past weeks." My father's command was doing the best fighting of that day. When Ewell and Custis Lee had been captured, when Pickett's division broke and fled, when Bushrod Johnson, his division commander, left the field ingloriously, my fearless father, bareheaded and desperate, led his brigade into

action at Sailors' Creek, and, though completely surrounded, cut his way out, and reached Farmville at daylight with the fragments of his command.

It was long after nightfall when the firing ceased. We had not then learned the particulars, but it was easy to see that the contest had gone against us. The enemy had, in fact, at Sailors' Creek, stampeded the remnant of Pickett's division, broken our lines, captured six general officers, including Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, and burned a large part of our wagon trains. As evening came on, the road was filled with wagons, artillery, and bodies of men, hurrying without organization and in a state of panic toward Farmville. I met two general officers, of high rank and great distinction, who seemed utterly demoralized, and they declared that all was lost. That portion of the army which was still unconquered was falling back with its face to the foe, and bivouacked with its right and left flanks resting upon the Appomattox to cover the crossings to the north side, near Farmville. Upon reaching our lines, I found the divisions of Field and Mahone presenting an unbroken and defiant front. Passing from camp to camp in search of General Lee, I encountered General Mahone, who told me where to find General Lee. He said that the enemy had "knocked hell out of Pickett." "But," he added savagely, "my fellows are all right. We are just waiting for 'em." And so they were. When the army surrendered, three days later, Mahone's division was in better fighting trim and surrendered more muskets than any other division of Lee's army.

It was past midnight when I found General Lee. He was in an open field north of Rice's Station, and east of

the High Bridge. A camp-fire of fence-rails was burning low. Colonel Charles Marshall sat in an ambulance, with a lantern and a lap-desk. He was preparing orders at the dictation of General Lee, who stood near, with one hand resting on a wheel and one foot upon the end of a log, watching intently the dying embers as he spoke in a low tone to his amanuensis.

Touching my cap as I rode up, I inquired, "General Lee?"

"Yes," he replied quietly, and I dismounted and explained my mission. He examined my autograph order from Mr. Davis, and questioned me closely concerning the route by which I had come. He seemed especially interested in my report of the position of the enemy at Burkeville and westward, to the south of his army. Then, with a long sigh, he said: "I hardly think it is necessary to prepare written dispatches in reply. They may be captured. The enemy's cavalry is already flanking us to the south and west. You seem capable of bearing a verbal response. You may say to Mr. Davis that, as he knows, my original purpose was to adhere to the line of the Danville Road. I have been unable to do so, and am now endeavoring to hold the Southside Road as I retire in the direction of Lynchburg."

"Have you any objective point, General, — any place where you contemplate making a stand?" I ventured timidly.

"No," said he slowly and sadly, "no; I shall have to be governed by each day's developments." Then, with a touch of resentment, and raising his voice, he added, "A few more Sailors' Creeks and it will all be over — ended — just as I have expected it would end from the first."

I was astonished at the frankness of this avowal to one so insignificant as I. It made a deep and lasting impression on me. It gave me an insight into the character of General Lee which all the books ever written about him could never give. It elevated him in my opinion more than anything else he ever said or did. It revealed him as a man who had sacrificed everything to perform a conscientious duty against his judgment. He had loved the Union. He had believed secession was unnecessary; he had looked upon it as hopeless folly. Yet at the call of his State he had laid his life and fame and fortune at her feet, and served her faithfully to the last.

After another pause, during which, although he spoke not a word and gave not a sign, I could discern a great struggle within him, he turned to me and said: "You must be very tired, my son. You have had an exciting day. Go rest yourself, and report to me at Farmville at sunrise. I may determine to send a written dispatch." The way in which he called me "my son" made me feel as if I would die for him.

Hesitating a moment, I inquired, "General, can you give me any tidings of my father?"

"Your father?" he asked. "Who is your father?"

"General Wise."

"Ah!" said he, with another pause. "No, no. At nightfall, his command was fighting obstinately at Sailors' Creek, surrounded by the enemy. I have heard nothing from them since. I fear they were captured, or — or — worse." To these words, spoken with genuine sympathy, he added: "Your father's command has borne itself nobly throughout this retreat. You may well feel proud of him and of it."

My father was not dead. At the very moment when we were talking, he and the remnant of his brigade were tramping across the High Bridge, feeling like victors, and he, bareheaded and with an old blanket pinned around him, was chewing tobacco and cursing Bushrod Johnson for running off and leaving him to fight his own way out.

I found a little pile of leaves in a pine thicket, and lay down in the rear of Field's division for a nap. Fearing that somebody would steal my horse, I looped the reins around my wrist, and the mare stood by my side. We were already good friends. Just before daylight, she gave a snort and a jerk which nearly dislocated my arm, and I awoke to find her alarmed at Field's division, which was withdrawing silently and had come suddenly upon her. Warned by this incident, I mounted, and proceeded toward Farmville, to report, as directed, to General Lee for further orders. North of the stream at Farmville, in the forks of the road, was the house then occupied by General Lee. On the hill behind the house, to the left of the road, was a grove. Seeing troops in this grove, I rode in, inquiring for General Lee's headquarters. The troops were lying there more like dead men than live ones. They did not move, and they had no sentries out. The sun was shining upon them as they slept. I did not recognize them. Dismounting, and shaking an officer, I awoke him with difficulty. He rolled over, sat up, and began rubbing his eyes, which were bloodshot and showed great fatigue.

"Hello, John!" said he. "In the name of all that is wonderful, where did you come from?" It was Lieutenant Edmund R. Bagwell, of the 46th. The men, a few hundred in all, were the pitiful remnant of my father's brigade.

"Have you seen the old general?" asked Ned. "He's over there. Oh, we have had a week of it! Yes, this is all that is left of us. John, the old man will give you thunder when he sees you. When we were coming on last night in the dark, he said, 'Thank God, John is out of this!' Dick? Why, Dick was captured yesterday at Sailors' Creek. He was riding the general's old mare, Maggie, and she squatted like a rabbit with him when the shells began to fly. She always had that trick. He could not make her go forward or backward. You ought to have seen Dick belaboring her with his sword. But the Yanks got him!" and Ned burst into a laugh as he led me where my father was. Nearly sixty years old, he lay, like a common soldier, sleeping on the ground among his men.

We aroused him, and when he saw me, he exclaimed: "Well, by great Jehoshaphat, what are you doing here? I thought you, at least, were safe." I hugged him, and almost laughed and cried at the sight of him safe and sound, for General Lee had made me very uneasy. I told him why I was there.

"Where is General Lee?" he asked earnestly, springing to his feet. "I want to see him again. I saw him this morning about daybreak. I had washed my face in a mud-puddle, and the red mud was all over it and in the roots of my hair. I looked like a Comanche Indian; and when I was telling him how we cut our way out last night, he broke into a smile and said, 'General, go wash your face!'" The incident pleased him immensely, for at the same time General Lee made him a division commander, — a promotion he had long deserved for gallantry, if not for military knowledge.

"No, Dick is not captured. He got out, I'm sure," said he, as we walked down the hill together. "He was separated from me when the enemy broke our line. He was not riding Maggie. I lent her to Frank Johnson. He was wounded, and, remembering his kindness to your brother Jennings the day he was killed, I tried to save the poor fellow, and told him to ride Maggie to the rear. Dick was riding his black horse. I know it. When the Yankees advanced, a flock of wild turkeys flushed before them and came sailing into our lines. I saw Dick gallop after a gobbler and shoot him and tie him to his saddle-bow. He was coming back toward us when the line broke, and, mounted as he was, he has no doubt escaped, but is cut off from us by the enemy.

"Yes, the Yanks got the bay horse, and my servants Joshua and Smith, and all my baggage, overcoats, and plunder. A private soldier pinned this blanket around me last night, and I found this hat when I was coming off the field."

He laughed heartily at his own plight. I have never since seen a catch-pin half so large as that with which his blanket was gathered at the throat. As we passed down the road to General Lee's headquarters, the roads and the fields were filled with stragglers. They moved looking behind them, as if they expected to be attacked and harried by a pursuing foe. Demoralization, panic, abandonment of all hope, appeared on every hand. Wagons were rolling along without any order or system. Caissons and limber-chests, without commanding officers, seemed to be floating aimlessly upon a tide of disorganization. Rising to his full height, casting a glance around him like that of an eagle, and sweeping the horizon with his

long arm and bony forefinger, my father exclaimed, "This is the end!" It is impossible to convey an idea of the agony and the bitterness of his words and gestures.

We found General Lee on the rear portico of the house that I have mentioned. He had washed his face in a tin basin, and stood drying his beard with a coarse towel as we approached. "General Lee," exclaimed my father, "my poor, brave men are lying on yonder hill more dead than alive. For more than a week they have been fighting day and night, without food, and, by God, sir, they shall not move another step until *somebody* gives them something to eat!"

"Come in, General," said General Lee soothingly. "They deserve something to eat, and shall have it; and meanwhile you shall share my breakfast." He disarmed everything like defiance by his kindness.

It was but a few moments, however, before my father launched forth in a fresh denunciation of the conduct of General Bushrod Johnson in the engagement of the 6th. I am satisfied that General Lee felt as he did; but, assuming an air of mock severity, he said, "General, are you aware that you are liable to court-martial and execution for insubordination and disrespect toward your commanding officer?"

My father looked at him with lifted eyebrows and flashing eyes, and exclaimed: "Shot! You can't afford to shoot the men who fight for cursing those who run away. Shot! I wish you would shoot me. If you don't, some Yankee probably will within the next twenty-four hours."

Growing more serious, General Lee inquired what he thought of the situation.

"Situation?" said the bold old man. "There is no

situation! Nothing remains, General Lee, but to put your poor men on your poor mules and send them home in time for spring ploughing. This army is hopelessly whipped, and is fast becoming demoralized. These men have already endured more than I believed flesh and blood could stand, and I say to you, sir, emphatically, that to prolong the struggle is murder, and the blood of every man who is killed from this time forth is on your head, General Lee."

This last expression seemed to cause General Lee great pain. With a gesture of remonstrance, and even of impatience, he protested: "Oh, General, do not talk so wildly. My burdens are heavy enough. What would the country think of me, if I did what you suggest?"

"Country be d——d!" was the quick reply. "There is no country. There has been no country, General, for a year or more. You are the country to these men. They have fought for you. They have shivered through a long winter for you. Without pay or clothes, or care of any sort, their devotion to you and faith in you have been the only things which have held this army together. If you demand the sacrifice, there are still left thousands of us who will die for you. You know the game is desperate beyond redemption, and that, if you so announce, no man or government or people will gainsay your decision. That is why I repeat that the blood of any man killed hereafter is upon your head."

General Lee stood for some time at an open window, looking out at the throng now surging by upon the roads and in the fields, and made no response. Then, turning his attention to me, he said cheerfully that he was glad my father's plight was not so bad as he had thought it

might be, at the time of our conversation the night before. After a pause, he wrote upon a piece of paper a few words to the effect that he had talked with me, and that I would make a verbal report. If occasion arose, he would give further advices. "This," said he, "you will deliver to the President. I fear to write, lest you be captured, for those people are already several miles above Farmville. You must keep on the north side to a ford eight miles above here, and be careful about crossing even there." He always referred to the enemy as "those people." Then he bade me adieu, and asked my father to come in and share his breakfast.

I hugged my father in the presence of General Lee, and I saw a kindly look in his eyes as he watched us. Remembering that my father had no horse, I said, "Take my mare. I can easily get another."

"What!" said he, laughing, "a dispatch-bearer giving away his horse! No, sir. That is too pretty a little animal to make a present to a Yankee. I know they will bag us all, horse, foot, and dragoons, before long. No. I can walk as well as anybody. Have you any chewing tobacco?"

I was immensely flattered at this request, and gave him a plug of excellent tobacco. It was the first time that he had recognized me as entitled to the possession of all the "modern improvements" of a soldier.

And so I left them. As I rode along in search of the ford to which General Lee had directed me, I felt that I was in the midst of the wreck of that immortal army which, until now, I had believed to be invincible.

# LEE'S SURRENDER

[1865]

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

CONVERSATION between Longstreet and Lee as to Grant's prospective terms continued in broken sentences till Babcock was seen approaching, and then, as Lee still seemed apprehensive of humiliating demands, Longstreet suggested to him that in that event he should break off the interview and tell Grant to do his worst. The thought of another round seemed to brace him, and he rode with Colonel Marshall to meet the Union commander. So closes Longstreet's account of that incident.

Lee directed Marshall to find a suitable house for the conference, and he chose McLean's, the best in the town, a brick building with elms and locusts about it, and rose-bushes blooming on the lawn. With a cool, inviting veranda, it stood facing west, the last in the village.

Marshall sent his orderly back to notify Lee, and he and Babcock soon were seated in the parlor, the left-hand room as you enter the hall. Meanwhile, Traveler's humane groom removed his bit, and he began to nip the fresh springing grass in the dooryard, while Babcock's orderly sat mounted out in the road, to notify Grant on his arrival. Ord, Sheridan, Custer, Griffin, and with him my friend Merrill, and their staffs,

were up the road, only a few hundred yards away, and in full view.

Grant, after dispatching Babcock, mounted at once and followed the Walker's Church Road till he came to the La Grange Road. This he took to the left, and then struck down across Plain Run to the Lynchburg Road. As he passed the left of the First New York Dragoons, some one shouted, "There comes General Grant."

He rode directly to Sheridan's group, saying as he drew rein, "How are you, Sheridan?"

"First-rate, thank you, how are you?" replied Sheridan, with an expressive smile; and then he told Grant what had happened, and that he believed it was all a ruse on the part of the Confederates to get away.

But Grant answered that he had no doubt of the good faith of Lee, and asked where he was.

"In that brick house," responded Sheridan.

"Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant; and asked them all to go along with him.

This must have been about one o'clock, for Lyman says that "at 2.20 Colonel Kellogg, Sheridan's chief commissary, accompanied by a member of Lee's staff, brought a note from Grant to Meade to suspend hostilities."

Cincinnati, sired by the King of the Turf, Lexington, with his delicate ears, high and thoroughbred port, led the way, and at his side was Rienzi, carrying Sheridan. For some reason or other, perhaps because as a boy I played with the colts on the old home farm, those horses, from the day I saw Grant on Cincinnati and Sheridan on Rienzi in the Wilderness, have seemed like acquaintances to me; and now it pleases my fancy to

put them with Traveler in a pasture, far, far beyond the reach of thundering guns or lamenting bugles, — a pasture that remains eternally green.

As Grant mounted the steps and entered the hall, Babcock, who had seen his approach, opened the door. Sheridan, Ord, and the other officers remained outside and took seats on two benches, one on either side of the door, and the steps of the veranda.

Grant, about five feet eight inches tall, his square shoulders inclined to stoop, was without a sword, wore a soldier's dark-blue flannel, displaying a waistcoat of like material, and ordinary top-boots with trousers inside. Boots and clothing were spattered with mud, and, in his memoirs, with his usual unstudied frankness, he says, "In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private, with the straps of a lieutenant-general [bullion-bordered rectangles, holding on their ground of black velvet one large and two smaller stars], I must have contrasted strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards."

Never was a great man less self-conscious than he, though, as I have observed elsewhere, while at the head of the Army of the Potomac, he maintained his dignity day in and day out, without charging the air of his headquarters with the usual pompous military fuss. This I know from experience, and although I was a mere boy, had he shown any affectations I believe I should have noticed them.

The kind and cut of his beard, deep-brown in shade, the way his hair lay, and the outline of his face, are familiar; but his eyes, so charitably direct, and his

voice, so softly vibrant, veracious and sweet, must have been seen and heard to be duly appreciated. Under the depths of his quiet and modest reserve, lay a persistent and intense doggedness of purpose, as prompt and unconquerable as Lee's pride and burning enthusiasm. And thus strangely balanced, stood those types and creations of American society of their generation, facing each other.

"Grant greeted Lee very civilly," says Marshall; and I have no doubt that he and his superb kinsman and chief at once felt the charm of that gentle, inflexible composure which every crowned head of the world, who afterward met him, felt and remarked upon.

Lee said to Grant, with his customary urbanity, that he remembered him well in the old army; to which Grant, with his usual modesty, replied that he remembered *him* perfectly, but thought it unlikely that he had attracted Lee's attention sufficiently to be remembered after such a long interval.

Lee soon found himself in a stream of pleasant reminiscences with Grant about the Mexican War; and it could not have been otherwise, for there was something so quietly companionable in Grant's manner that every one whom he met informally and socially always joined him in his unpremeditated talk. And I think I can see Lee's brown, vigilant eyes kindle with inquisitive wonder as, in the course of their conversation, they fell on him. The same wonder had been in Meade's and every old officer's eyes, save Sherman's, since Grant's star broke through its dark eclipse. Here stood the man whose marvelous career had started wave after wave of camp-gossip in both armies, — the hero of Fort Donel-

son, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, — now about to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and leave a name shining unchallenged, and unclouded at the climax of the war; and yet, in the full glow of this impending fame, mild, unconscious of self, and unpretentious.

It was Lee who finally had to remind Grant of the object of their meeting and suggest that he put his terms in writing — another proof of Grant's inherent delicacy, which made him reluctant to broach a painful subject.

Grant asked for his manifold orderly book, and on receiving it, took a seat at the little center-table and rapidly, with only a single momentary pause, wrote his terms. He says that when he put his pen to its task, he did not know the first word he should make use of in writing. The terms were as follows: —

APPOMATTOX CT. H., VA., *April* 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C.S.A.

GENERAL, — In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their

commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

When he came to the end of the sentence closing with "appointed by me to receive them," he raised his eyes, and they fell on Lee's lion-headed, stately sword, and then he wrote, "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses." Grant probably thought of Traveler, and the pang it would give him to part with Cincinnati were he in Lee's place.

It is needless for me to point out the significance of the last sentence, binding as it did the passions, and pledging the honor, of his country. In short it meant that there should be no judicial bloodshed, no gibbets, and no mourning exiles. These terms, in the light of all that might have happened after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, which took place within five days of the surrender, lent elevation, repose, and dignity to humanity, and, I have no doubt, the eyes of the country's guardian angel welled with tears of joy.

Grant finishes the terms, rises, goes to Lee and hands him the open order-book. Remaining seated, Lee lays it on the table beside him and with deliberation takes

out his spectacles and adjusts them. Slowly and carefully he reads line after line. All eyes are on Lee. A hush, silent as death, prevails. . . .

When Lee came to the end he raised his eyes, looked at Grant, and remarked, "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

Grant then said he would have the terms copied in ink, unless he had some suggestions to make. Lee replied, one only, — that the cavalry and artillerymen owned their own horses, and he would like to understand whether or not they would be allowed to retain them. Grant told him the terms as written would not allow of this, but, as he thought this was about the last of the war, he would instruct the officers in carrying them out to allow every one claiming to own a horse or a mule to take the animal to his home, so that they could put in a crop to tide them through the next winter, which he feared might be one of want and suffering, owing to the wide devastation.

Lee is reported to have said then, "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people. . . ."

While the terms were being copied, Lee told Grant that he had a number of prisoners whom he should be glad to release, as he had no provisions for them or his own men, who had been living for the last few days on parched corn and what they could gather along the route. Grant asked him to send the prisoners within his lines, and said that he would take steps at once to have Lee's army supplied, but was sorry to say that he was entirely out of forage for the animals. An inquiry as to the num-

ber of men to be fed Lee was unable to answer, and Grant asked, "Suppose I send over twenty-five thousand rations, will that be enough?"

"More than enough," replied Lee.

Grant directed Morgan, his chief commissary, to see that Lee's army was fed.

By this time the terms were copied, and when they were signed it was about half-past two or three o'clock. Lee shook hands with Grant, bowed to the other officers, and left the room. Colonel Paine of Ord's staff says: "As Lee came out of the room, and stopped for a moment in the doorway, those of us on the porch arose and complimented him with the usual salute to a superior officer. He seemed pleased at this mark of respect, and, looking to the right and the left, he raised his own hat in recognition of the attention. As he drew on a pair of apparently new gloves, he stood so close to me that his initials, worked in white silk on the guard of the gauntlet, were plainly observed."

Having signaled for his horse, Lee stood on the lowest step of the veranda while the groom was rebridling him, and from time to time, his eyes resting on the leaning fields spotted by the colors of the army he had just surrendered, he smote his gauntleted hands together unconsciously. When Traveler was led up, he mounted him at once. Grant then stepped down from the veranda and, as he passed Lee, touched his hat. Lee returned the salute and rode away. Marshall says that if General Grant and the officers who were present at the McLean house had studied how not to offend, they could not have borne themselves with more good breeding.

# AMERICA AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

If there be those in England who think that American democracy means public levity and intemperance, or a lack of skill and sagacity in politics, or the absence of self-command and self-denial, let them bear in mind a few of the most salient and recent facts of history which may profitably be recommended to their reflections. We emancipated a million of negroes by peaceful legislation; America liberated four or five millions by a bloody civil war; yet the industry and exports of the Southern States are maintained, while those of our negro colonies have dwindled; the South enjoys all its franchises, but we have, *proh pudor!* found no better method of providing for peace and order in Jamaica, the chief of our islands, than by the hard and vulgar, even where needful, expedient of abolishing entirely its representative institutions.

The Civil War compelled the States, both North and South, to train and embody a million and a half of men, and to present to view the greatest, instead of the smallest, armed forces in the world. Here, there was supposed to arise a double danger. First, that on a sudden cessation of the war, military life and habits could not be shaken off, and, having become rudely and widely predominant, would bias the country toward an aggressive policy, or, still worse, would find vent on predatory or revolutionary operations. Secondly, that a military

caste would grow up with its habits of exclusiveness and command, and would influence the tone of politics in a direction adverse to republican freedom. But both apprehensions proved to be wholly imaginary. The innumerable soldiery was at once dissolved. Cincinnatus, no longer an unique example, became the commonplace of every day, the type and mould of a nation. The whole enormous mass quietly resumed the habits of social life. The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries, and the solicitors of to-day. The just jealousy of the State gave life to the now forgotten maxim of Judge Blackstone, who denounced as perilous the erection of a separate profession of arms in a free country. The standing army, expanded by the heat of civil contest to gigantic dimensions, settled down into the framework of a miniature with the returning temperature of civil life, and became a power well-nigh invisible, from its minuteness, amidst the powers which sway the movements of a society exceeding forty millions.

More remarkable still was the financial sequel to the great conflict. The internal taxation for federal purposes, which before its commencement had been unknown, was raised, in obedience to an exigency of life and death, so as to exceed every present and every past example. It pursued and worried all the transactions of life. The interest of the American debt grew to be the highest in the world, and the capital touched five hundred and sixty millions sterling. Here was provided for the faith and patience of a people a touchstone of extreme severity.

In England, at the close of the great French war, the propertied classes, who were supreme in Parliament, at once rebelled against the Tory Government, and re-

fused to prolong the income tax even for a single year. We talked big, both then and now, about the payment of our national debt; but sixty-three years have since elapsed, all of them except two, called years of peace, and we have reduced the huge total by about one ninth; that is to say, by a little over one hundred millions, or scarcely more than one million and a half a year. This is the conduct of a State elaborately digested into orders and degrees, famed for wisdom and forethought, and consolidated by a long experience. But America continued not long to bear, on her unaccustomed and still smarting shoulders, the burden of the war taxation. In twelve years, she has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight millions sterling, or at the rate of thirteen millions for every year. In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redound greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in England a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced of its own cost prospective liabilities of the State, which the aristocratic, and plutocratic, and monarchical government of the United Kingdom has been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity. And such facts should be told out. It is our fashion so to tell them, against as well as for ourselves; and the record of them may some day be among the means of stirring us up to a policy more worthy of the name and fame of England.

# MEXICO

## I

## STORIES OF THE AZTECS

## HISTORICAL NOTE

It is thought that before the coming of the Spaniards Mexico had been occupied by at least three races. First were the Toltecs. They built cities, some fifty miles from the present City of Mexico, so vast that their ruins have won for these people the name of "the Builders." Early in the twelfth century the Chichimecas came upon them and drove them to the southward. The Chichimecas settled near Texcoco, and there they remained until, in the twelfth century, some Nahuatlaca tribes came to that region. According to tradition, the Aztecs, one of these tribes, found it difficult to secure an abiding-place for themselves, and were told by their gods to build where they should see an eagle perched upon a prickly-pear cactus and strangling a serpent. In obedience to this command, they settled upon some marshy islands in Lake Texcoco where the City of Mexico now stands. The power of the Aztecs increased until the other tribes had become subordinate to them. In 1502, Montezuma II was elected ruler of the Aztecs, and he was on the throne at the coming of the Spaniards.

The religion of the ancient Mexicans was the most bloodthirsty the world has known. Their favorite deity was the god of war, to whom were dedicated the prisoners taken in battle. His temple was in the shape of a pyramid, rising in successive terraces to an immense height, so that from all parts of the city the wretched captives could be seen as they were driven up the steps to the shrine at the top. Here they were stretched on a concave slab of jasper before the statue of the war-god, their hearts were cut out by the priest as a sacrifice, and their bodies were rolled down the steps for the captors to take home and eat at the feast of victory. In order to obtain enough victims for their ferocious deity the Aztecs were obliged to make almost continuous war on neighboring tribes, and in battle to devote their energies rather to capturing their enemies than to slaying them.

## A HYMN OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS

[This is addressed to Teteoinan, Mother of the Gods.
*The Editor.*]

Hail to our mother, who caused the yellow flowers to blossom, who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who poured forth flowers in abundance, who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who caused the yellow flowers to blossom, she who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who poured forth white flowers in abundance, who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to the goddess who shines in the thorn bush like a bright butterfly.

Ho! she is our mother goddess of the earth, she supplies food in the desert to the wild beasts, and causes them to live.

Thus, thus, you see her to be an ever-fresh model of liberality toward all flesh.

And as you see the goddess of the earth do to the wild beasts, so also does she toward the green herbs and the fishes.

# NEZAHUALCOYOTL, KING OF THE TUSCUCANS

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

THE king was strict in the execution of his laws, though his natural disposition led him to temper justice with mercy. Many anecdotes are told of the benevolent interest he took in the concerns of his subjects, and of his anxiety to detect and reward merit, even in the most humble. It was common for him to ramble among them in disguise, like the celebrated caliph in the "Arabian Nights," mingling freely in conversation, and ascertaining their actual condition with his own eyes.

On one such occasion, when attended only by a single lord, he met with a boy who was gathering sticks in a field for fuel. He inquired of him "why he did not go into the neighboring forest, where he would find a plenty of them." To which the lad answered, "It was the king's wood, and he would punish him with death, if he trespassed there." The royal forests were very extensive in Tezcuco, and were guarded by laws full as severe as those of the Norman tyrants in England. "What kind of man is your king?" asked the monarch, willing to learn the effect of these prohibitions on his own popularity. "A very hard man," answered the boy, "who denies his people what God has given them." Nezahualcoyotl urged him not to mind such arbitrary laws, but to glean his sticks in the forest, as there was no one present who would betray him. But the boy sturdily

refused, bluntly accusing the disguised king, at the same time, of being a traitor, and of wishing to bring him into trouble.

Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to the palace, ordered the child and his parents to be summoned before him. They received the orders with astonishment, but, on entering the presence, the boy at once recognized the person with whom he had discoursed so unceremoniously, and he was filled with consternation. The good-natured monarch, however, relieved his apprehensions by thanking him for the lesson he had given him, and, at the same time, commended his respect for the laws, and praised his parents for the manner in which they had trained their son. He then dismissed the parties with a liberal largess; and afterwards mitigated the severity of the forest laws, so as to allow persons to gather any wood they might find on the ground, if they did not meddle with the standing timber.

Another adventure is told of him, with a poor woodman and his wife, who had brought their little load of billets for sale to the market-place of Texcuco. The man was bitterly lamenting his hard lot, and the difficulty with which he earned a wretched subsistence, while the master of the palace before which they were standing lived an idle life, without toil, and with all the luxuries of the world at his command.

He was going on in his complaints, when the good woman stopped him, by reminding him that he might be overheard. He was so, by Nezahualcoyotl himself, who, standing, screened from observation, at a latticed window, which overlooked the market, was amusing himself, as he was wont, with observing the common people

chaffering in the square. He immediately ordered the querulous couple into his presence. They appeared trembling and conscience-struck before him. The king gravely inquired what they had said. As they answered him truly, he told them they should reflect, that, if he had great treasures at his command, he had still greater calls for them; that, far from leading an easy life, he was oppressed with the whole burden of government; and concluded by admonishing them "to be more cautious in future, as walls had ears." He then ordered his officers to bring a quantity of cloth, and a generous supply of cacao (the coin of the country), and dismissed them. "Go," said he; "with the little you now have, you will be rich; while, with all my riches, I shall still be poor."

## MEXICAN HIEROGLYPHICS

"THE Mexican priesthood, being the educated class, were much concerned with the art of picture-writing, which they had developed to a stage quite above the rude figures of the American hunting-tribes, and used systematically as a means of recording religious festivals and legends, as well as keeping calendars of years and recording the historical events which occurred in them. . . . Their main principle is pictorial. Gods are represented with their appropriate attributes, — the fire-god hurling his spear, the moon-goddess with a shell, etc.; the scenes of human life are pictures of warriors fighting with club and spear, men paddling in canoes, women spinning and weaving, etc. An important step toward phonetic writing appears, however, in the picture-names of places and persons. The simplest forms of these depict the objects signified by the name, as where *Chapultepec*, or 'Grasshopper Hill,' is represented by a grasshopper on a hill, or a stone with a cactus on it stands for *Tenoch*, or 'Stone Cactus,' the founder of *Tenochtitlan*. The system had, however, risen a stage beyond this when objects were drawn to represent, not themselves, but the syllables forming their names, as where a trap, an eagle, a pricker, and a hand are put together not to represent these objects, but in order that the syllables of their names *mo-quauh-zo-ma* should spell the word Moquauhzoma."

# HOW AN AZTEC BOY BECAME A KNIGHT

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

THERE were several military orders and titles which were bestowed as a reward for gallantry, one of them — the knightly order of the Tecuhtli — being restricted to the nobility. To obtain this rank, it was necessary, besides being of noble birth, to have given proof of the highest courage, and to have sufficient wealth to defray the enormous expenses attached to it.

For three years before he was admitted, the candidate and his parents busied themselves in making ready for the ceremony, and in collecting rich garments, jewels, and golden ornaments, as presents for the guests. When the time approached, the omens were consulted, and an auspicious day being selected, his relatives and friends, and a number of great nobles and tecuhtlis were invited to a sumptuous banquet. On the morning of this all-important day, the company set forth in a body for the temple of Camaxtli, the Tlascaltec god of war, followed by a multitude of curious spectators, mainly of the lower orders. Arriving at the summit of the pyramid consecrated to the war-god, the aspirant to knightly honors bowed down reverently before his altar. The high priest then approached him, and, with a tiger's bone or an eagle's claw, perforated the cartilage of his nose in two places, inserting pieces of jet or obsidian, which remained until the year of his probation was passed, and were then replaced with golden beads and

precious stones. This operation signified that he who aspired to the dignity of a tecuhtli must be swift to overtake an enemy as the eagle, and fierce in battle as the tiger.

Speaking in a loud voice, the high priest now begins to heap insults upon the candidate, who makes no answer, but stands meekly before him. His voice grows louder and louder; he brandishes his arms aloft, and works himself into a fury. The assistant priests gather close around the object of the pontiff's wrath; they jostle him; they point their fingers sneeringly at him, and call him coward. For a moment the dark eyes of the victim gleam savagely; his hands close involuntarily; he is about to spring upon his tormentors; but with an effort he calms himself and remains passive as ever. That look makes the priests draw back, but only for an instant; they are upon him again, for they know that he is strong to endure, and they will prove him to the uttermost. Screaming vile epithets in his ears, they tear the garments piece by piece from his body, until nothing but the *maxtli* is left, and the man stands bruised and almost naked in their midst. All is useless, however; their victim is immovable, and at length he is left in peace.

The candidate has now passed safely through his most trying ordeal, but that fierce look was a narrow escape. Had he lifted only a finger in resistance, he must have gone down from the temple, to be scorned and jeered at by the crowd below as one who had aspired to the dignity of a tecuhtli, and yet could restrain his temper no better than a woman. All the long months of preparation would have been in vain;

his parents would have wept for vexation and shame, and perchance he would even have been punished for sacrilege.

But he is by no means yet a member of the coveted order. He is now conducted to a hall in the temple, where he commences his novitiate, or period of probation, with four days of penance, prayer, and fasting. During this time his powers of endurance are sorely taxed. The only furniture allowed him are a mat and a low stool, and his garments are of the coarsest description. At nightfall a priest brings to him a black ointment wherewith to besmear his face, a few spines of the maguey plant with which to draw blood from his body, a censer, and some incense. His sole companions are three veteran warriors, who instruct him in his duties and keep him awake, for during the four days he must only sleep a few minutes at a time. If, overcome with drowsiness, he should exceed the limit, his guardians thrust the maguey thorns into his flesh, crying: "Awake, awake! Learn to be vigilant and watchful; keep your eyes open, that you may look to the interests of your vassals."

At midnight the candidate burns incense before the war-god, and draws blood from various parts of his body. He then walks round the temple, and on his way burns paper and copal at the four sides of the building facing the cardinal points, letting fall upon each offering a few drops of his own blood. Once only in twenty-four hours he breaks his fast, and then the food, which is taken at midnight, consists only of four small dumplings of maize meal, each about the size of a walnut, and a little water. Even this he leaves untasted, if he wishes to display

extraordinary powers of endurance. The four days elapsed, he obtains permission from the high priest to complete his time of probation at some temple in his own city or district.

For two or three months before his formal admission to the order, the relatives of the candidate make ready for the coming ceremony. A grand display is made of the rich attire and costly jewels prepared for him; presents without stint are provided for the guests; a second banquet is made ready and the whole house is decorated for the occasion. On the day appointed, the company assemble as before, and with music and dancing, the knight is borne toward the shrine of Camaxtli. Accompanied by his brother tecuhtlis, he ascends the steps of the temple, and respectfully salutes the god. The coarse garments are then removed, and his hair is bound in a knot with a red cord, to the ends of which are appended some feathers of brilliant plumage. He is now arrayed in a garb of rich material, including a tunic, adorned with a delicately embroidered device, the badge of his newly acquired rank. In his right hand are placed some arrows, and in his left a bow.

The ceremony is completed by the high priest, who instructs him in his duties; tells him the names which he is to add to his own as a member of the order; describes to him the signs and devices which he must emblazon on his escutcheon; and exhorts him to be liberal and just, to love his country and his gods. The knight then descends into the court of the temple, and music and dancing are resumed until it is time for the banquet to commence. To the guests, at least, this was the most interesting feature of the day; for in front of each one were placed

the presents intended for him, consisting of costly wares and ornaments, in such profusion that two slaves could with difficulty carry a single portion. On the following day the servants and followers of the guests were feasted and presented with gifts, according to the means and liberality of the donor.

The privileges of the tecuhtlis were important and numerous. In council their votes outweighed all others, and at feasts and ceremonies, in peace or in war, they always received the preference. The vast outlay needed to obtain this title debarred many who were really worthy of the distinction. In some instances, however, when a noble had won renown in war, but had not the means to pay for his initiation, the expenses were borne by the order, or by the governor of his province.

# HOW THE AZTEC KING PASSED HIS TIME

[Early part of the sixteenth century]

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

THE number of attendants attached to the royal houses was very great. Every day, from sunrise until sunset, the antechambers of Montezuma's residence in the capital were thronged with nobles, who discussed in low tones the topics of the day, for it was considered disrespectful to speak loudly within the walls of the palace. They took their meals from the dishes provided for the royal table, as did, after them, their own servants, of whom each one was entitled to a certain number according to his rank. These retainers filled several of the outer courts during the day, numbering in all some two or three thousand.

The king took his meals alone, in one of the largest halls of the palace. In cold weather a fire was kindled of charcoal, made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but gave forth a delicious perfume; and to protect him from the heat, a screen, ornamented with gold and carved with figures of idols, was placed between his person and the fire. He was seated on a low leathern cushion, covered with soft skins, and his table, which was of a similar description, though larger and higher, was covered with white cloths of the finest texture. The dinner service was of the finest wares of Cholulu, and many of the goblets were of gold and silver, or of beautiful shells. The viands included all descriptions of

fish, flesh, and fowl that could be procured in the empire or imported from beyond it. Relays of courtiers were employed in bringing delicacies from afar; and it is said that the royal table was every day supplied with fish brought from the seacoast, more than fifty leagues distant.

There were skillful cooks among the Aztecs, and in preparing the royal banquets there was almost as much variety in the cooking as in the materials used. Meats, fish, and poultry, roasted, stewed, and boiled, were served up in every style, and among them were many curious messes, such as frog spawn and stewed ants seasoned with chile. But strangest of all the compounds that made up the royal *carte* was one highly seasoned dish, so carefully prepared that its principal ingredient was completely disguised, that ingredient being human flesh.

Bread of many varieties, all more or less resembling the modern *tortilla*, or unleavened cake of maize, and *tamales* of various descriptions, — the *tamale* being a compound of meat, vegetables, herbs, and lard coated with maize dough and wrapped in a corn husk, — formed a portion of each repast. As to the quantities of food prepared for these meals, authorities differ; but it must have been enormous; for the lowest estimate places the number of dishes at three hundred and the highest at three thousand. They were brought into the hall by pages of noble birth, who placed their burdens upon the matted floor and retired noiselessly. The monarch then pointed out the viands of which he desired to partake, or left the selection to his steward, who alone was privileged to place them upon his table.

Everything being in readiness, a number of beautiful women entered, bearing water in round vessels, in which the king might wash his hands, and towels wherewith to dry them. At the same time two other women brought him small loaves of bread made of the finest maize flour beaten up with eggs. This done, a wooden screen, carved and gilt, was placed before him, that none might see him eat except the five or six aged lords, who on these occasions stood in the presence of royalty, barefooted and with bowed heads. To these, as a special mark of favor, the monarch occasionally sent a choice morsel from his own plate.

During his meal the king sometimes amused himself with watching the performances of his jugglers and tumblers, and at other times there was dancing, accompanied with singing and music. There were always present dwarfs and professional jesters, who were allowed to speak, — a liberty denied to all others under penalty of death, — and, as one of the privileges of their calling, to tell sharp truths in guise of jests.

The more solid food was followed by pastry, sweetmeats, and a variety of fruits. The only beverage served at the meal was chocolate, which was taken with a spoon finely wrought of gold or shell from a goblet of the same material. His repast concluded, the king again washed his hands in water brought to him as before, and then, after inhaling from a gilt and painted pipe the smoke of a mixture of liquid amber and tobacco, he took his siesta.

The after-dinner hours Montezuma devoted to affairs of state, giving audience to foreign ambassadors, to deputations from various portions of his empire, and to

such of his lords and nobles as had business to transact with him. Before entering the presence-chamber, all except those of royal blood were required to leave their sandals at the door, to cover their rich dresses with a large coarse mantle, and to approach the monarch barefooted and with downcast eyes, for the subject who should dare to look the sovereign in the face was surely put to death. The king usually made answer through his secretaries, or, when he deigned to reply directly, spoke in a tone of voice almost inaudible. Nevertheless he listened attentively to all that was said to him, and encouraged those who, from diffidence or embarrassment, found difficulty in speaking, each one, when dismissed, retiring with his face toward the royal throne.

The business of the day thus concluded, the monarch again gave himself up to pleasure, passing his time in familiar badinage with his jesters, in listening to ballad-singers, who sang of war and the glorious deeds of his ancestors, or in watching the feats of strength and sleight of hand of his acrobats and jugglers. Thrice each day he changed his dress, and a garment once worn was never used again.

The Aztec monarchs seldom appeared in state among their people, though we are told that they would sometimes go forth in disguise to see that none of the religious ceremonies were omitted, to ascertain whether the laws were observed, and probably to learn the true state of public opinion with regard to themselves. When they did appear, however, the parade was in keeping with their other observances. On these occasions the king was seated in a magnificent litter, covered with a canopy of feather-work, adorned with gold and precious

stones, and borne on the shoulders of four noblemen. He was attended by a vast multitude of courtiers, who walked in silence and with downcast eyes, the procession being headed by an official carrying three wands, whose duty it was to give warning of his approach.

In addition to the host of retainers already mentioned, there were innumerable servants and officials attached to the royal household, such as butlers, stewards, and cooks, treasurers, secretaries, scribes, military officers, superintendents of the royal granaries and arsenals, and those employed under them. Numbers of artisans were constantly engaged in repairing old buildings and erecting new ones, and a small army of jewelers and workers in precious metals was maintained permanently at the palace, for the purpose of supplying the king and court with their costly ornaments. The enormous expense of supporting the monarch's household was defrayed by the people, who were sorely oppressed by overtaxation. The entire management was entrusted to a head steward who, with the help of his secretaries, kept minute hieroglyphic records of the royal revenue, and it is said that, at the time of the conquest, one of the palace apartments was filled with these records.

# II
# THE COMING OF THE SPANIARDS

## HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN Cortés first landed in Mexico, on the spot where Vera Cruz now stands, the Aztecs met him in most friendly fashion. They told him that the governor of their province was Teuhtlile, but that, far inland, dwelt the great Montezuma, the mighty ruler of the whole land. Cortés assured them of his friendly intentions, and said that he desired to meet their governor. This meeting was accomplished, and he then pushed on to the City of Mexico. Montezuma tried his best to induce the Spaniards to remain away from his capital; but he still refused to fight them, for, according to national tradition, the god Quetzalcoatl would some day return to Mexico with beard and a white skin, and the king was half convinced that these invaders might be of the race of the Sun.

At length the Spaniards entered the city, and fortified themselves in one of the palaces. As the attitude of the Mexicans grew menacing, Cortés seized Montezuma, and compelled him to acknowledge the authority of Spain and to pay an immense ransom. Soon after he was stoned to death by his own subjects for having submitted to Cortés. His successor led a furious attack on the handful of Spaniards, who were forced to retreat after losing many of their men. Having recruited fresh forces Cortés marched again to the city, which he captured after a long and desperate siege. The Aztec king was seized and executed, and all Mexico submitted to Spanish rule.

# HAS THE GOD QUETZALCOATL COME TO MEXICO?

[1519]

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

TEUHTLILE arrived, as he had announced, before noon. He was attended by a numerous train, and was met by Cortés, who conducted him with much ceremony to his tent, where his principal officers were assembled. The Aztec chief returned their salutations with polite though formal courtesy. Mass was first said by Father Olmedo, and the service was listened to by Teuhtlile and his attendants with decent reverence. A collation was afterwards served, at which the general entertained his guests with Spanish wines and confections. The interpreters were then introduced, and a conversation commenced between the parties.

The first inquiries of Teuhtlile were respecting the country of the strangers, and the purport of their visit. Cortés told him that "he was the subject of a potent monarch beyond the seas, who ruled over an immense empire, and had kings and princes for his vassals; that, acquainted with the greatness of the Mexican emperor, his master had desired to enter into a communication with him, and had sent him as his envoy to wait on Montezuma with a present in token of his good will, and a message which he must deliver in person." He concluded by inquiring of Teuhtlile when he could be admitted to his sovereign's presence.

To this the Aztec noble somewhat haughtily replied, "How is it, that you have been here only two days, and demand to see the emperor?" He then added, with more courtesy, that "he was surprised to learn there was another monarch as powerful as Montezuma; but that, if it were so, he had no doubt his master would be happy to communicate with him. He would send his couriers with the royal gift brought by the Spanish commander, and, so soon as he had learned Montezuma's will, would communicate it."

Teuhtlile then commanded his slaves to bring forward the present intended for the Spanish general. It consisted of ten loads of fine cottons, several mantles of that curious feather-work whose rich and delicate dyes might vie with the most beautiful painting, and a wicker basket filled with ornaments of wrought gold, all calculated to inspire the Spaniards with high ideas of the wealth and mechanical ingenuity of the Mexicans.

Cortés received these presents with suitable acknowledgments, and ordered his own attendants to lay before the chief the articles designed for Montezuma. These were an armchair richly carved and painted, a crimson cap of cloth, having a gold medal emblazoned with St. George and the dragon, and a quantity of collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of cut glass, which, in a country where glass was not to be had, might claim to have the value of real gems, and no doubt passed for such with the inexperienced Mexican. Teuhtlile observed a soldier in the camp with a shining gilt helmet on his head, which he said reminded him of one worn by the god Quetzalcoatl in Mexico; and he showed a desire that Montezuma should see it. The coming of the

Spaniards was associated with some traditions of this same deity. Cortés expressed his willingness that the casque should be sent to the emperor, intimating a hope that it would be returned filled with the gold dust of the country, that he might be able to compare its quality with that in his own! He further told the governor, as we are informed by his chaplain, that the Spaniards were troubled with a disease of the heart, for which gold was a specific remedy! "In short," says Las Casas, "he contrived to make his want of gold very clear to the governor."

While these things were passing, Cortés observed one of Teuhtlile's attendants busy with a pencil, apparently delineating some object. On looking at his work, he found that it was a sketch on canvas of the Spaniards, their costumes, arms, and, in short, different objects of interest, giving to each its appropriate form and color. This was the celebrated picture-writing of the Aztecs, and, as Teuhtlile informed him, this man was employed in portraying the various objects for the eye of Montezuma, who would thus gather a more vivid notion of their appearance than from any description by words. Cortés was pleased with the idea; and, as he knew how much the effect would be heightened by converting still life into action, he ordered out the cavalry on the beach, the wet sands of which afforded a firm footing for the horses. The bold and rapid movements of the troops, as they went through their military exercises; the apparent ease with which they managed the fiery animals on which they were mounted; the glancing of their weapons, and the shrill cry of the trumpet, all filled the spectators with astonishment; but when they heard the thunders of

the cannon, which Cortés ordered to be fired at the same time, and witnessed the volumes of smoke and flame issuing from these terrible engines, and the rushing sound of the balls, as they dashed through the trees of the neighboring forest, shivering their branches into fragments, they were filled with consternation, from which the Aztec chief himself was not wholly free.

Nothing of all this was lost on the painters, who faithfully recorded, after their fashion, every particular; not omitting the ships, "the water-houses," — as they called them, — of the strangers, which, with their dark hulls and snow-white sails reflected from the water, were swinging lazily at anchor on the calm bosom of the bay. All was depicted with a fidelity that excited in their turn the admiration of the Spaniards, who, doubtless unprepared for this exhibition of skill, greatly overestimated the merits of the execution.

These various matters ended, Teuhtlile with his attendants withdrew from the Spanish quarters, with the same ceremony with which he had entered them; leaving orders that his people should supply the troops with provisions and other articles requisite for their accommodation, till further orders from the capital.

[Teuhtlile promptly sent messengers to Montezuma to tell him of the coming of the strangers. Now from the appearance of comets and other signs, the subjects of the king believed that Quetzalcoatl himself was about to visit his people. It was possible that among these fair-skinned visitors was the God of the Sun; it was also possible that they might be enemies. Montezuma decided to send an embassy to them, bearing magnificent presents to impress them with his power and wealth, but forbidding them to come any nearer to his capital city.]

At the expiration of seven, or eight days at most, the Mexican embassy presented itself before the camp. It may seem an incredibly short space of time, considering the distance of the capital was near seventy leagues. But it may be remembered that tidings were carried there by means of posts, as already noticed, in the brief space of four-and-twenty hours; and four or five days would suffice for the descent of the envoys to the coast, accustomed as the Mexicans were to long and rapid traveling. At all events, no writer states the period, occupied by the Indian emissaries on this occasion, as longer than that mentioned.

The embassy, consisting of two Aztec nobles, was accompanied by the governor, Teuhtlile, and by a hundred slaves, bearing the princely gifts of Montezuma. One of the envoys had been selected on account of the great resemblance which, as appeared from the painting representing the camp, he bore to the Spanish commander. And it is a proof of the fidelity of the painting that the soldiers recognized the resemblance, and always distinguished the chief by the name of the "Mexican Cortés."

On entering the general's pavilion, the ambassadors saluted him and his officers with the usual signs of reverence to persons of great consideration, touching the ground with their hands and then carrying them to their heads, while the air was filled with clouds of incense, which rose up from the censers borne by their attendants. Some delicately wrought mats of the country were then unrolled, and on them the slaves displayed the various articles they had brought. They were of the most miscellaneous kind: shields, helmets,

cuirasses, embossed with plates and ornaments of pure gold; collars and bracelets of the same metal, sandals, fans, *panaches* and crests of variegated feathers, intermingled with gold and silver thread, and sprinkled with pearls and precious stones; imitations of birds and animals in wrought and cast gold and silver, of exquisite workmanship; coverlets, and robes of cotton, fine as silk, of rich and various dyes, interwoven with featherwork that rivaled the delicacy of painting. There were more than thirty loads of cotton cloth in addition. Among the articles was the Spanish helmet sent to the capital, and now returned filled to the brim with grains of gold. But the things which excited the most admiration were two circular plates of gold and silver, "as large as carriage-wheels." One, representing the sun, was richly carved with plants and animals, — no doubt, denoting the Aztec century. It was thirty palms in circumference, and was valued at twenty thousand *pesos de oro*. The silver wheel, of the same size, weighed fifty marks.[1]

The Spaniards could not conceal their rapture at the exhibition of treasures which so far surpassed all the dreams in which they had indulged. For, rich as were the materials, they were exceeded — according to the testimony of those who saw these articles afterwards in Seville, where they could coolly examine them — by the beauty and richness of the workmanship.

When Cortés and his officers had completed their survey, the ambassadors courteously delivered the message of Montezuma. "It gave their master great pleasure," they said, "to hold this communication with so powerful

[1] About twenty-five pounds.

a monarch as the King of Spain, for whom he felt the most profound respect. He regretted much that he could not enjoy a personal interview with the Spaniards, but the distance of his capital was too great; since the journey was beset with difficulties, and with too many dangers from formidable enemies, to make it possible. All that could be done, therefore, was for the strangers to return to their own land, with the proofs thus afforded them of his friendly disposition."

Cortés, though much chagrined at this decided refusal of Montezuma to admit his visit, concealed his mortification as he best might, and politely expressed his sense of the emperor's munificence. It made him only the more desirous, he said, to have a personal interview with him. He should feel it, indeed, impossible to present himself again before his own sovereign, without having accomplished this great object of his voyage; and one, who had sailed over two thousand leagues of ocean, held lightly the perils and fatigues of so short a journey by land. He once more requested them to become the bearers of his message to their master, together with a slight additional token of his respect.

This consisted of a few fine Holland shirts, a Florentine goblet, gilt and somewhat curiously enameled, with some toys of little value, — a sorry return for the solid magnificence of the royal present. The ambassadors may have thought as much. At least they showed no alacrity in charging themselves either with the present or the message; and, on quitting the Castilian quarters, repeated their assurance that the general's application would be unavailing.

The splendid treasure, which now lay dazzling the

eyes of the Spaniards, raised in their bosoms very different emotions, according to the difference of their characters. Some it stimulated with the ardent desire to strike at once into the interior, and possess themselves of a country which teemed with such boundless stores of wealth. Others looked on it as the evidence of a power altogether too formidable to be encountered with their present insignificant force. They thought, therefore, it would be most prudent to return and report their proceedings to the governor of Cuba, where preparations could be made commensurate with so vast an undertaking. There can be little doubt as to the impression made on the bold spirit of Cortés, on which difficulties ever acted as incentives, rather than discouragements, to enterprise. But he prudently said nothing, — at least in public, — preferring that so important a movement should flow from the determination of his whole army, rather than from his own individual opinion.

Meanwhile the soldiers suffered greatly from the inconveniences of their position amidst burning sands and the pestilent effluvia of the neighboring marshes, while the venomous insects of these hot regions left them no repose, day or night. Thirty of their number had already sickened and died; a loss that could ill be afforded by the little band. To add to their troubles, the coldness of the Mexican chiefs had extended to their followers; and the supplies for the camp were not only much diminished, but the prices set on them were exorbitant. The position was equally unfavorable for the shipping, which lay in an open roadstead, exposed to the fury of the first *norte* which should sweep the Mexican Gulf.

The general was induced by these circumstances to

dispatch two vessels, under Francisco de Montejo, with the experienced Alaminos for his pilot, to explore the coast in a northerly direction, and see if a safer port and more commodious quarters for the army could not be found there.

After the lapse of ten days the Mexican envoys returned. They entered the Spanish quarters with the same formality as on the former visit, bearing with them an additional present of rich stuffs and metallic ornaments, which, though inferior in value to those before brought, were estimated at three thousand ounces of gold. Besides these, there were four precious stones, of a considerable size, resembling emeralds, called by the natives *chalchuites*, each of which, as they assured the Spaniards, was worth more than a load of gold, and was designed as a mark of particular respect for the Spanish monarch. Unfortunately they were not worth as many loads of earth in Europe.

Montezuma's answer was in substance the same as before. It contained a positive prohibition for the strangers to advance nearer to the capital; and expressed the confidence, that, now they had obtained what they had most desired, they would return to their own country without unnecessary delay. Cortés received this unpalatable response courteously, though somewhat coldly, and, turning to his officers, exclaimed, "This is a rich and powerful prince, indeed; yet it shall go hard but we will one day pay him a visit in his capital."

# THE KING WITHOUT A THRONE

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

THE Spaniards approached the capital, and were met by a procession of more than one thousand nobles and merchants, arrayed in embroidered robes, and with jewelry of pendent stones and gold. Passing in file before their visitors, they touched the earth with their hands, carrying the fingers to the lip, in token of respect. At the junction of the causeway with the main avenue of the city was a wooden bridge, ten paces in width. On this spot the captain-general dismounted to await the arrival of the emperor, who, borne in solitary grandeur through the ranks of his nobles, lords, and court dignitaries, all of them marching with bare feet, and bowed heads, descended from his richly adorned litter, and with the dignified mien of an Aztec sovereign, advanced toward Cortés. Above his head four chieftains held a canopy covered with green feathers, adorned with gold and silver and jewels, and before him attendants swept the path and spread tapestry, lest the imperial feet should be soiled by contact with the earth. The monarch was arrayed in a blue *timatli*, or mantle, which, bordered with gold, and richly embroidered and jeweled, hung in loose folds from the neck. On his head was a mitred crown of gold and plumes and on his feet were golden sandals, their fastenings embossed with precious stones.

Saluting Cortés with the grace of an Old-World mon-

arch, Montezuma presented him a bouquet of flowers in token of welcome. In return, the Spaniard took from his person and placed around the neck of the emperor a necklace of glass, in the form of pearls and diamonds, strung on cords of gold, and scented with musk. With these baubles, false as were the assurances of friendship that accompanied them, the sovereign pretended to be pleased, and after many expressions of good will returned to his palace.

The Spaniards then marched into the capital. In front were scouts on horseback, followed by the cavalry, at the head of which rode the captain-general, then came the infantry, with the artillery and baggage in the center, and last the allies. The streets which had been deserted in deference to the emperor, were now alive with spectators, who thronged the lanes, the windows, and the roofs.

At the plaza, from which rose the huge pyramid-temple, surrounded on all sides by palatial structures, the procession turned to the right, and Cortés was escorted up the steps of a palace facing the eastern side of the temple inclosure. Hence, through a courtyard shaded with colored awnings, and cooled with fountains, Montezuma conducted him in person into a spacious hall, and seated him on a gilded dais bedecked with jewels. "Malinche," he said, — the word meaning "companion of Marina," the attendant of Cortés, — " everything in the palace is at your disposal, and every want shall be attended to." Then, with the courtesy of a monarch he retired, while the Spaniards arranged their quarters, and enjoyed the banquet spread before them by the emperor's servants.

In the afternoon, Montezuma returned, attended by his suite, and expressing his delight at meeting such valiant men, declared that he had sought to prevent them from visiting the capital solely because his subjects feared them. He then related the myth of Quetzalcoatl, expressing his belief that the Spaniards were the predicted race. "Hence," he said to Cortés, if we can believe the statement of the latter, "be assured that we shall obey you, and hold you as lord-lieutenant of the great king. You may command in all my empire as you please, and shall be obeyed. All that we possess is at your disposal." The captain-general replied that his sovereign, the mightiest in the world, and the ruler of many great princes, was indeed Quetzalcoatl. He desired not, however, to interfere with the emperor's authority, and had sent his envoys only to serve him and instruct him in the true faith.

A few days later, the visitors asked permission to erect a church in their own quarters, and with the help of native artisans the work was completed in three days. While selecting a site for the altar, relates Bernal Diaz, the carpenter observed that an opening in the wall had been recently closed up and coated with plaster. Cortés, ever on his guard against treachery, immediately ordered the wall to be opened. Aladdin on entering his cave could not have been more astonished than were the Spaniards on stepping into the chamber thus exposed. Here were riches for them to their hearts' content. Bars of gold were there, nuggets, large and small, and figures, implements, and jewelry of the same metal; there was silver; there were embroidered and jeweled fabrics; and there were emeralds and precious stones. The com-

mander allowed his followers to revel in ecstasy at the sight, but on their greed he set restraint. He had reasons of his own for not at that moment disturbing the treasures, and gave orders that the wall should be closed up, all being enjoined to keep secret the discovery.

Already rumors in circulation among the Spaniards had roused anew the fears which had been soothed by the emperor's friendly and hospitable reception. It was even said that the nobles had prevailed on him to break down the bridges, arm the entire populace, and fall on the Spaniards with all his available strength. Whether these reports were originated by Cortés, in order to carry out his plans, cannot be determined. At least, they served as an excuse for holding a council, at which a most daring expedient was proposed and accepted. This was no less than to seize the person of the emperor, and hold him as a hostage.

If, instead of committing this outrage, the captain-general had now been content to depart with his treasure from the capital, it is probable that the conquest of Mexico would have been completed without further bloodshed. There was, in truth, no foundation for the rumors. Montezuma desired the friendship of the strangers, and had even offered Cortés his daughter in marriage. His real reasons for such an unhallowed deed were best known to himself; he was zealous for his religion, burning with ambition, and deemed this the shortest and surest road to the full realization of his purposes.

On the morrow, Cortés sent word that he was about to visit the emperor, and ordering out small parties, as if for a stroll around the palace and the paths leading to it,

gave them instructions to be ready for any emergency. Twenty-five soldiers followed him in twos and threes to the audience-chamber, all armed to the teeth, but as this was nothing unusual, no suspicion was aroused.

Assuming a serious tone, the captain-general produced a letter from Vera Cruz, containing information of an outrage committed, as was believed, at the emperor's instigation, whereby several Spaniards had been slain. The latter indignantly denied the charge, and Cortés assured him that he believed it to be false; but as commander of the party, he must account for their lives to the king, and ascertain the truth. In this, Montezuma said he would aid him, and calling a trusted officer, gave him a bracelet from his wrist, bearing the imperial signet, and bade him conduct to Mexico the guilty parties. Cortés expressed his satisfaction, but added that, in order to convince his men of the emperor's innocence, it would be advisable for him to remove to their quarters until the offenders were brought to justice.

Montezuma was thunder-struck at this matchless impudence. He, the august sovereign, before whom princes fell prostrate, at whose word armies sprang into existence, and at whose name great potentates trembled, to be thus treated in his own palace by a score of men, whom he had received as guests, and loaded with presents! For a moment he stood mute; and the changing aspect of his countenance revealed the agitation of his mind. Then he declared that he would not go. They could always find him at his palace. At length, however, he yielded, and closely surrounded by the Spaniards, though, merely, he was told, as a guard of honor, was

borne on his litter, through wondering and excited multitudes, to the apartments of Cortés. . . .

Though not held a close prisoner, being permitted at times to visit under a strong escort his palaces, temples, and hunting-grounds, the mere fact of his captivity was itself a burden almost greater than the monarch could bear. At first he was not unkindly treated, respect for his person being enforced among the Spaniards under severe penalties. It is related that one of the sentinels exclaimed in his hearing, "Confusion on this dog! By guarding him constantly, I am sick at stomach unto death." When informed of this insult, Cortés ordered the man to be publicly lashed in the soldiers' hall. We may presume, however, that the lash was not applied with undue severity.

Within a fortnight after the seizure of Montezuma, a chieftain named Quauhpopoca, the ringleader in the disturbance already mentioned, made his appearance at the capital. As a Spanish historian relates, though his may not be the correct version of the matter, he confessed his guilt, and after some hesitation, admitted that he had acted under the emperor's orders. This excuse availed him not, however, and he was at once condemned to the stake, together with his own son and the members of his suite, who had accompanied him to Mexico.

Before the pyre was lit, Cortés presented himself before the emperor, and in a severe tone declared that his life was forfeit; but as he loved him, for himself and for his generosity, he would inflict only a nominal punishment. He then turned on his heel, while one of the soldiers clasped round the prisoner's ankles a pair of

shackles. For a moment Montezuma stood rooted to the ground. Then he groaned in anguish at this, the greatest indignity that could be offered to his sacred person.

But the cup of his bitterness was not yet full. The kings of Tezcuco and Tlacopan, and a number of the principal caciques, were now in the captain-general's power. This was surely a good opportunity to exact of them an acknowledgment of Spanish sovereignty. He reminded the emperor of a promise already made to pay tribute, and required that he and his vassals should tender their allegiance. Instead of objecting, as had been anticipated, Montezuma at once acquiesced, mainly for the reason, perhaps, that he imagined his consent would be followed by the departure of his persecutors.

The chieftains and dignitaries of his court were summoned, and in their presence he declared that the long-expected race had arrived from the land of the rising sun, and demanded their allegiance in the name of Quetzalcoatl, to whom of right the sovereignty belonged. The gods had willed that their own generation should repair the omission of their ancestors. "Hence," he continued, his words being probably dictated by the Spaniards, "I pray that as you have hitherto honored and obeyed me as your lord, so you will henceforth honor and obey this great king, for he is your legitimate ruler, and in his place accept this mighty captain. All the tribute and service hitherto tendered to your emperor, bestow upon him, for I must also serve him, and bestow upon him all that he may require. In doing so, you will please me, and fulfill your

duty." The concluding words of the self-deposed monarch were choked with sobs, which, in the humiliation of his soul, he could no longer stifle. The courtiers and chieftains wept, and even the eyes of the Spaniards were dimmed with tears.

# THE FALL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

BY JACOB ABBOTT

It was on Tuesday, the 13th of August, 1521, that the conflict ceased. The mighty empire of Mexico on that day perished, and there remained in its stead but a colony of Spain.

On the very day of the capture [of the City of Mexico] Cortés searched every spot where treasure could be found, and having collected everything of value, returned to his camp, "giving thanks," he says, "to our Lord for so signal a reward and so desirable a victory as he has granted us." He continued for three or four days searching eagerly for spoils, amid all the scenes of horror presented by the devastated city. All the gold and silver which were found were melted down, and one fifth was set apart for the King of Spain, while the rest was divided among the Spaniards according to their rank and services.

"Among the spoils obtained in the city," says Cortés, in his dispatch to Charles V, "were many shields of gold, plumes, *panaches*, and other articles of so wonderful a character, that language will not convey an idea of them, nor could a correct conception be formed of their rare excellence without seeing them."

Still the booty which was gained fell far short of the expectation of the victors. The heroic Guatemozin, when the hope of successful defense had expired, deter-

mined that the conquerors should not be enriched by the treasures of the empire. A vast amount was consequently sent out in boats, and sunk to the bottom of the lake. For a short time, however, exultation in view of their great victory caused both the commander and his soldiers to forget their disappointment; love of glory for a moment triumphed over avarice.

The native allies had been but tools in the hand of Cortés to subjugate the Mexicans. The deluded natives had thus also subjugated themselves. They were now powerless, and the bond-servants of the Spaniards. Cortés allowed them to sack the few remaining dwellings of the smouldering capital, and to load themselves with such articles as might seem valuable to semi-barbarian eyes, but which would have no cash value in Spain. With this share of the plunder they were satisfied, and their camp resounded with revelry as those fierce warriors, with songs and dances, exulted over the downfall of their ancient foes. Cortés thanked them for their assistance, praised them for their valor, and told them that they might now go home. They went home, soon to find that it was to them home no more. The stranger possessed their country, and they and their children were his slaves.

In the Spanish camp the victory was honored by a double celebration. The first was purely worldly, and religion was held entirely in abeyance. Bonfires blazed. Deep into the night the drunken revelry resounded over the lake, until Father Olmedo remonstrated against such godless wassail.

The next day was appropriated to the religious celebration. The whole army was formed into a procession.

The image of the peaceful Virgin was decorated with tattered, blackened, and blood-stained banners, beneath which the Christians had so successfully struggled against the heathen. With hymns and chants, and in the repetition of creeds and prayers, this piratic band of fanatics, crimson with the blood of the innocent, moved to an appointed sanctuary, where Father Olmedo preached an impressive sermon, and solemnized the ordinance of the mass. The sacrament was administered to Cortés and his captains, and, with the imposing accompaniments of martial music and pealing artillery, thanksgivings were offered to God.

But now came the hour for discontent and murmuring. The excitement was over, the din of arms was hushed, the beautiful city was entirely destroyed, and two hundred thousand of the wretched inhabitants, whose only crime against the Spaniards was that they defended their wives, their children, and their homes, were festering in the grave. In counting up their gains, these guilty men found that the whole sum amounted to but about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Their grievous disappointment vented itself in loud complainings, and was soon turned into rage. They accused Guatemozin of having secreted the treasure which had been hoarded up, and demanded that he should be put to the torture to compel him to disclose the place of concealment. Cortés, for a time, firmly refused to yield to this atrocious demand; but the clamor of the disaffected grew louder and louder, until at last Cortés was accused of being in agreement with Guatemozin, that he might appropriate to his own use the secreted treasure.

Thus goaded, Cortés infamously consented that the

unhappy captive monarch should be put to the torture. The cacique of Tacuba, the companion of Guatemozin, and his highest officer, was put to the torture with him. Guatemozin had nothing to reveal. He could merely assert that the treasures of the city were thrown into the lake. With extraordinary fortitude he endured the agony, adding additional luster to a name already ennobled by the heroism with which he conducted the defense. His companion died upon this bed of agony. In the extremity of his torment, he turned an imploring eye toward the king. Guatemozin, it is recorded, observing his look, replied, "Am I, then, reposing upon a bed of flowers?" Cortés, who had reluctantly yielded to this atrocity, at last interposed, and rescued the imperial sufferer. Cortés has much to answer for before the bar of this world's judgment. For many of his criminal acts some apology may be framed, but for the torture of Guatemozin he stands condemned without excuse. No voice will plead his cause. Cortés seemed to be fully aware that it was not a creditable story for him to tell, and in his dispatches to the King of Spain he made no allusion to the event.

It was a grievous disappointment to Cortés that so little treasure was obtained, for his ambition was roused to send immense sums to the Spanish court, that he might purchase high favor with his monarch by thus proving the wealth and grandeur of the kingdom he had subjugated. Cortés himself accompanied a party of practiced divers upon the lake, and long and anxiously conducted the search; but the divers invariably returned from the oozy bottom of the lake empty-handed: no treasure could be found.

For three hundred years, while Mexico remained under Spanish rule, the anniversary of this victory was regularly celebrated with all the accompaniments of national rejoicing.



## STATUE OF QUAUHTEMOC

THIS statue was raised in memory of Quauhtemoc, last Prince of the Aztecs, and the warriors who fought with him in 1521 in defense of their country. By order of Cortés, the prince was fiendishly tortured to make him reveal the hiding-place of Montezuma's treasure; but the hero "bore the infernal pain of the fire with admirable fortitude. When Tetlepanquetzal testified his own anguish by groans, and begged his prince to reveal the location of the gold, Quauhtemoc rebuked him coldly, saying, 'Am I taking my pleasure in my bath?' This dictum is proverbial in Mexico, and is employed when one has his own troubles, yet is asked to bear those of others."

Cortés either believed or pretended to believe that his prisoner was plotting against him, and ordered his execution. "When brought to the fatal tree, Quauhtemoc displayed the intrepid spirit worthy of his better days. 'I knew what it was,' said he, 'to trust to your false promises, Malinche; I knew that you had destined me to this fate, since I did not fall by my own hand when you entered my city of Tenochtitlan. Why do you slay me so unjustly? God will demand it of you!' Tetlepanquetzal, protesting his innocence, declared that he desired no better lot than to die by the side of his lord. The unfortunate princes, with one or more inferior nobles, were then executed by being hanged from the huge branches of a ceiba tree which overshadowed the road.

"August 21 of each year — the anniversary of the torture of the prince — a curious festival is held at the base of the monument. Aztec costumes are worn by the participants, Indian dances are performed, and the descendants of the great prince recall, in the Aztec language, the chief episodes of his life."

# III
# MODERN MEXICO

## HISTORICAL NOTE

FROM the time of Cortés until her final revolt against Spain, in 1810, Mexico was under Spanish misrule and suffered from unbearable taxation, corruption of the courts of justice, and the granting of offices and privileges to those only who had been born in Spain. The land which now forms the State of Texas formerly belonged to Mexico. Texas fought herself free and became a part of the United States. Disagreements about the boundary arose which led to war between Mexico and this country in 1846–48. In 1860, Mexico refused to make payments on money borrowed from foreign nations. This resulted in war with France, wherein the French were victors. Napoleon III hoped to found a French empire in America, and gave the crown of Mexico to Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria. On the withdrawal of the French troops, Maximilian fell into the hands of ex-President Juarez and was executed. Juarez was then made President, and held this position until his death, in 1872.

In 1877, Porfirio Diaz became president. Under his rule the country made an amazing advance in material prosperity. Nevertheless, heavy taxation, the extortions of officials, and the impossibility of expressing the free will of the people at the polls became at length unendurable, and in 1910 there was an outbreak. Diaz was forced to resign, and withdrew to Spain. Francisco Madero was elected in his place, but was unable to carry out the promised reforms, and uprisings soon broke out in various parts of the kingdom, which were suppressed with difficulty. In October, 1912, General Felix Diaz, a nephew of the old dictator, attempted to seize Vera Cruz. He was captured, but instead of being executed in the accepted Mexican fashion, was imprisoned at the capital. In February, 1913, a body of troops in the capital revolted, released Diaz and attacked the National Palace. After nine days of sanguinary but indecisive fighting in the heart of the city, two of Madero's generals, Huerta and Blanquet, deserted with their troops to the rebels. Madero was arrested and soon after assassinated, and Huerta was proclaimed provisional president.

## THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

[1847]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

[IN the war between the United States and Mexico, there took place at Buena Vista what has been called "the most brilliant battle of the war." The kindly Mexican women hastened to the field to aid the wounded and dying, whether Mexicans or Americans; and it is upon this fact that Whittier founded the following poem.

*The Editor.*]

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning? "Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has
rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks
of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's
charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on!
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who
has won?
"Alas, alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them
all!

## THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled;
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountain, leaving blood and death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

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

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

## MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO

[1872]

BY MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

THE scion of immemorial lines,
  August with histories hoary,
Whose grand, imperial heirship shines
  With the starriest names of story, —
Stands doomed to die: — and the grenadiers
  In serried and silent column,
Their pitiless eyes half hazed with tears,
  Are waiting the signal solemn.

The brave young emperor lifts his brow, —
  It never has shown so regal;
Yet it is not the pride of the Hapsburg now,
  Nor the glance of the clefted eagle.
No blazing coronet binds his head,
  No ermined purple is round him;
But his manhood's majesty instead
  With royaler rank has crowned him.

An instant's pause he is caught away
  To Schönbrunn's peaceful bowers;
There's a lightning-dazzle of boyhood's day;
  Vienna's glittering towers
Flash back with a mocking, blinding glare;
  To barter such princely splendor,
For wrecked ambition and stark despair,
  Betrayal and base surrender!

## MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO

Wild, infinite taunting memories thrill
  His soul to its molten center;
Remorses that madden him clamor still,
  But he will not let them enter.
The groveling traffic of time all done,
  He would have the temple lonely,
Its sanctuaries emptied one by one,
  That God may fill it only.

But under the Austrian skies afar,
  Aglow with a light elysian,
The mullioned windows of Miramar
  Loom out on his tortured vision:
He looks on its gray abeles again;
  He is threading its pleachèd alleys;
He is guiding his darling's slackened rein,
  As they scour the dimpled valleys.

He can gaze his last on the earth and sky, —
  Step forth to his doom, nor shiver, —
Eternity front his steadfast eye,
  And never a muscle quiver:
But love's heart-rackings, despairs, and tears
  Wrench the fixed lips asunder;
"My poor Carlotta!" — Now, grenadiers,
  Your volley may belch its thunder!



# THE LAST MOMENTS OF MAXIMILIAN

BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

(*France.* 1838)

EARLY in the morning of the day set for the execution, a priest came to the emperor to give him the last sacraments, and mass was celebrated. At six the officer came for him. The emperor said, "I am ready." His servants wept and kissed his hands. "Be calm," he said; "you see I am so. It is the will of God that I should die, and we cannot act against that." The emperor and the two generals who were to die with him were then carried through the crowded streets to the place of execution. On taking their positions, the emperor moved aside for General Miramon to stand in the middle, saying, "A brave soldier must be honored by his monarch even in his last hour, therefore permit me to give you the place of honor." The fatal shots were fired, and the Emperor Maximilian was no more.

# THE RULE OF PORFIRIO DIAZ

[1877–1910]

BY CHANNING ARNOLD AND FREDERICK J. TABOR FROST

UNTIL 1876, when upon his distracted country Porfirio Diaz, innkeeper's son and born ruler, descended as *Deus ex machina*, the State of Mexico may be summed up in the words, "rapine, murder, and sudden death." But though Mexico has had — and the bulk of her population has had reason during the past thirty years to thank her lucky stars for him — an "iron master," the quietude of the country is only skin-deep. Law and order is represented by a blend of a rough-and-ready justice, a sort of legalized lynch-law, with an official law administration venal to a high degree. With every second mestizo[1] a born robber, Mexico is no place for tedious processes with remands and committals to assizes. A man caught red-handed is usually dealt with on the spot. Such a case occurred while we were visiting the capital. Two days after we had traveled on the marvelous mountain railway, the guards of the day train (which, by the way, always takes the bullion to the coast and has a carriage-load of soldiers attached as military convoy) saw, as they approached the steepest descent, two fellows loitering on the line, presumably wreckers. The train was stopped, and the guards and the officer commanding the convoy gave chase, and, coming up with the men, shot them with their revolvers

[1] A man of Spanish and Indian blood.

and kicked the bodies down the precipice. The sun and the vultures do the rest, and on the re-arrival of the train in the capital the matter may or may not be formally notified to the Government.

Even to the casual observer the difficulty of governing Mexico must seem inexpressibly great. President Diaz has succeeded not so much because he does not know what mercy means or because a rifle bullet is his only answer for those who question his authority, but because he is endowed with superhuman tact. The iron heel, like that of Achilles, has its vulnerable spot if pressed too hard upon a people's throat, and so he has little dodges by which he appears to his subjects to exercise a judicious clemency. If some redoubtable criminal is captured, some monarch of murderers, Diaz knows well that among his thousands of crime-loving fellow countrymen the brute will have a large following. His execution will mean the declaration of a vendetta against the police. So he is put on his trial, condemned to death, and within twenty-four hours the president commutes his sentence to one of twenty years' incarceration in the penitentiary. After about a week there, he is taken out one evening, as usual, into the prison yard for exercise under a small guard of soldiers. One of these sidles up to him and suggests that as the night is dark he might make a bolt for it. The convict believes it a genuine offer, sprints off, and is dropped at thirty yards like a rabbit by the five or six soldiers who have been waiting under the shadow of the farther wall. The next morning the official newspaper states, "Last night the notorious criminal So-and-So, to whom His Excellency the President recently extended clemency, made an

attempt to escape while being exercised in the prison yard, and was shot dead by the sentries." Thus everybody is pleased, except possibly the convict, and the president, without the least odium to himself, has rid the country of another blackguard.

Another stroke of real genius was the way in which he has succeeded in setting thieves to catch thieves. When he became president, the country was infested with bandits who stopped at nothing; but Diaz erected huge gallows at the crossways all over Mexico, and the robbers found they had to stop at these, and stop quite a long while till the *zopilotes* and vultures had picked their bones to the blameless white to which good Porfirio Diaz desired the lives of all his subjects to attain. After some weeks of brisk hanging-business, Diaz played his trump card. He proclaimed that all other bandits, known or unknown, who cared to surrender would be enrolled as *rurales*, country police, and, garbed in state uniform and armed with Winchesters, would spend the remainder of their lives agreeably engaged in killing their recalcitrant comrades. This temptation to spend their declining days in bloodshed, to which no penalties were attached, was too much for many. Thus fifty per cent of Mexico's robbers turn police and murder the other fifty, and acute Diaz has a body of men who and whose sons have proved, and sons' sons will prove, the eternal wisdom of this hybrid sphinx of a ruler.

But there is a comic side to Mexican justice. There is a Gilbertian humor in the go-as-you-please style in which prisoners are treated. In one crowded court, when the jury had retired to consider their verdict, the prisoner was engaged in walking up and down, hands

in pockets, cigarette in mouth, while the police, entirely oblivious to their charge, smoked and chatted in another part of the court. We asked one officer whether they were not afraid of the prisoner attempting an escape. "Oh, no," he said, "he'll wait for the verdict." Road-making is practically always done by gangs of convicts, and, when they think they have had enough work, they throw down their spades and picks, and warders and everybody sit down on the roadside and enjoy a cigarette and a chat. The British Minister told us that he had recently been shown over the penitentiary, in which at the moment there was a bloodthirsty rascal whose record of crime would have shamed a Jack the Ripper. The governor of the jail entered into a long and friendly conversation with him as to his wife and family, and, as the British Minister humorously put it, "We were all but presented to him." . . .

Nominally Mexico is a republic: really she is nothing of the sort. There is a Senate, a Chamber of Deputies, periodic elections of state representatives, a governor and council in each State of the Federation; but for upwards of a quarter of a century these have all been but pawns on a chessboard — the player a man of such astounding nature that those who laughed at Mrs. Alec Tweedie's description of him as "the greatest man of the nineteenth century" laughed from the fullness of their ignorance. Porfirio Diaz is an autocrat. He is an autocrat fiercer, more relentless, more absolute than the Czar of Russia, than any recent czar has been, almost than Peter the Great himself. He is more: he is a born ruler. He has played for the regeneration of his country. He has played, but it is too much to say he has won.

Nobody could win; but he has chained the bloody dogs of anarchy and murder, chained them successfully for so many years that there are some who forget that he has not killed them outright. Diaz is literally living over a volcano: he is a personified extinguisher of the fierce furnace of his country's turbulence. But when death removes him, what then? The deluge, surely; and after that one more apotheosis of the Monroe Doctrine, and the very wholesome, if somewhat aggressive, Stars and Stripes. You must go to Mexico and live among its people to know all this. It is singular how little the English people know of the country. Only the other day a veteran Anglo-Indian officer gravely asked us, "What is the exact position of Mexico in the United States of America?" We simply gasped: words failed in such an emergency. Before Diaz came, Mexico's history was one of uninterrupted rapine, murder, and sudden death. Out of a morass of blood he has made a garden; out of robbers he has made citizens; out of bankruptcy he has made a revenue; out of the bitterest civil strivings he has *almost* made a nation.

He is nearly eighty: he is upright as a dart: he has the face of a sphinx with a jaw which makes you shudder. He rarely talks, he still more rarely smiles. And yet the whole man expresses no false pride — no "wind in the head." His icy superhumanly self-controlled nature is too great to be moved by such petty things as pride and a vulgar joy in power. In manner and in life he is simplicity itself. He rides unattended in the Paseo; he comes down to the Jockey Club in the afternoon, and the members just rise and bow, and the president picks up his paper and sits quietly at the window reading. He

dislikes all ostentation; his food is simple; his clothes are almost always a plain blue serge suit and dark tie; and in his winter home in the city he lives as a simple citizen. But his power is literally limitless. The Mexicans do not love him: nobody could love such a man. The lower classes fear him unreasoningly; the upper classes fear him too, but it is blended with a lively sense of what he means to Mexico. But mark you! there is nothing of the bully about him. The bully is always weak, a coward. If Diaz was arrogant, he would be assassinated in twenty-four hours. He knows that. He knows the blood of the cattle he drives. Nobody but a madman whips a blooded horse; but he must have an iron wrist and a good hold on the rein. And that is why one can safely describe Diaz as a born ruler. He instinctively understands his subjects: he has not learned it, for he began thirty years ago. He was never educated in statecraft, for, indeed, he had no education at all; he was merely the son of an innkeeper, first sent to a Jesuit seminary, whence he ran away and joined the army. No! the man's secret is an iron will and positively miraculous tact. Whatever he does, whatever he orders, is always done so nicely. Everybody knows it has got to be done. Nobody ever crosses Diaz and lives to boast of so doing. But he gilds the pills he thinks his people must swallow, and they gulp them down and look up with meek smiles into that awful face.

Here is a little characteristic story of him. Some while back there was an election of governor of Yucatan. The Yucatecan people have always been one of the most restive of the presidential team. They nominated a man disagreeable to Diaz; he nominated a second. The elec-

tion ballot took place. The Yucatecan nominee was successful by an enormous majority. The news is wired to Mexico City. Back comes the presidential answer: "Glad to know my man elected: am sending troops to formally inaugurate him." The troops came, and Diaz's man was formally installed. To the Chamber of Deputies no one can be elected against the president's wish. For the over-popular governor of a State, Diaz provides distinguished employment elsewhere. Such a case occurred while we were in Yucatan. Señor Olegario Molina, of whom we shall later speak more, has been for some years deservedly popular in Merida, for he has done much to improve it. President Diaz visited Merida recently, and on his return appointed Señor Molina a cabinet minister. When he arrived in Vera Cruz, Molina found the presidential train awaiting him, and on reaching Mexico City the president and the whole cabinet had come to the station to greet him, and drove him triumphantly to the Iturbide Hotel. Charming courtesies! how favorably the presidential eyes beam on him! Yes, but he is banished: as much banished as the shivering pauper Jew workman turned away from the London docks. He was too powerful: he is safer in Mexico City, far away from the madding crowds who would perchance have made him state dictator. A too popular cabinet minister, again, is sent as minister to Madrid: another is found essential to the pacification of a turbulent State of northern Mexico; and so the pretty game goes on, and there is literally no kicking amongst the presidential team.

But there are fiercer exhibitions of autocracy at which people only hint, or of which they speak in whispers.

There is no Siberia in Mexico, but there are the equivalents of banishment and disappearance for those who would challenge the authority of the Mexican czar. Even criticism is tyrannically repressed. There is a press, but the muzzling order has long been in force, and recalcitrant editors soon see the inside of the penitentiary. General Diaz's present (second) wife is a daughter of a prominent supporter of Lerdo de Tejada, who on the death of Juarez assumed the presidency, but was expelled in 1876 by Diaz. The alliance brought about an armed peace between the two men. But they tell this story: One day an argument arose, and hot words followed. It was at a meal; and when wine's in, wit's out. Diaz's father-in-law went far, and half in jest, half in earnest, said, "Why, Porfirio, you almost tempt me to turn rebel again." They all saw the president's face darken, but the storm blew over. That night it is said that Madame Diaz had to go on her knees to her husband to beg for her father's life.

Such is the arbiter and autocrat of Mexico. What, then, is the state of the country politically, and what will be her future? Mexico's great weakness (she has many, but this overtops all others, and lowers menacing on her political horizon) is that she is not a nation. There is no true national feeling, and a moment's thought will show that the circumstances of her population forbid the existence of such. On the one side you have the Spanish Mexicans, the white population, representing the purest European blood in the country. They are but some nineteen per cent of a population of twelve million odd. Among them, and among them alone, is patriotism in its highest sense to be expected or found.

On the other side you have the vast mestizo class, — the half-castes, — some forty-three per cent, and then the purer Indians, forming the remaining thirty-eight per cent. Of these three classes the characteristics are sufficiently marked to destroy hope of any welding or holding together. The Spanish Mexicans are sensual and apathetic, avaricious and yet indolent, inheriting a full share of that Castilian pride and bigotry which has worked the colonial ruin of Spain. Brave, with many of those time-honored traits of the proverbial Spanish don, they are yet a people inexorably "marked down" by Fate in the international remnant basket. They have had their day. Ye gods! they have used it, too; but it is gone. The mestizos — near half the population — have all the worst features of their Spanish and Indian parents. Turbulent, born criminals, treacherous, idle, dissolute, and cruel, they have the Spanish lust and the Indian natural cynicism, the Spanish luxury of temperament with the Indian improvidence. These are the true Mexicans; these are the unruled and unrulable hotchpotch whom Diaz's iron hand holds straining in the leash: the dogs of rapine, murder, and sudden death, whose cowardice is only matched by their vicious treachery. And last there are the Indians, heartless, hopeless, disinherited, enslaved, awaiting with sullen patience their deliverance from the hated yoke of their Spanish masters, not a whit less abhorrent to them because they have had four centuries in which to become accustomed to it. The heterogeneity of Mexico's population is only matched by the depth of the antagonism of each class to each in all their most vital interests. To a common enemy Mexico can never present an un-

divided front. Indeed, it is not too much to say she can never have a common enemy; and whencesoever the bolt comes it will find Mexico unprepared, a land of ethnic shreds and patches, slattern in her policy, slattern in her defense, her vitals preyed upon by the vultures of civil strife. Of all lands she might best afford a realistic presentment of the sad tale of the Kilkenny cats.



## THE NATIONAL PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO

"No one at all familiar with the history of Mexico can wander about the streets and suburbs of this, its principal city, without seeing at every turn some evidence of the vast changes which have marked its past, and which have made its story so thrilling. . . . If you push aside the broad-leaved plants in the grand plaza, you find, heaped up and all covered with tangled vines, broken fragments of rudely carved stones once the glory of an Aztec temple. If you climb down the steep hill under Chapultepec and break away the matted underbrush, you will discover the mutilated effigy of Montezuma's predecessors, stretched out on the natural rock, the same the ancient sculptor selected for his chisel in the days when the groves about him echoed with song, and when these same gnarled cypresses gave grateful shadow to priest, emperor, and slave. . . . The two civilizations, pagan and Christian, are still distinct to those who look below the surface. Time has not altered them materially. Even to-day, in the hollows of the mountains and amid the dense groves on the tropical slopes, the natives steal away and prostrate themselves before the stone images of their gods, and in churches of the more remote provinces the parish priest has found more than once a rude sculptured idol concealed behind the Christian altar." — *F. Hopkinson Smith.*

The palace shown in this picture occupies an entire block in the heart of the City of Mexico on a site once covered by a palace of Montezuma. In a decree signed by the Emperor Charles V, the property was granted to Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico, who built himself a dwelling on the site. Since that time additions and alterations have been made until but little of the original building is left. President Madero made his headquarters in this palace during the uprising of 1912, and from the windows his machine guns mowed down hundreds of rebels in the square below. Here he was confined after his capture by Huerta, and it was while being removed from this palace that he was assassinated.