

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08237817 9

WINFIELD SCOTT.

THE LIVES

OF

WINFIELD SCOTT

AND

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY
J. T. Headley
J. T. HEADLEY,

"AUTHOR OF NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS,"
&c., &c., &c.

NEW YORK:

CHARLES SCRIBNER, 145 NASSAU STREET.

1852.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by
CHARLES SCRIBNER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



Stereotyped and Printed by
C. W. BENEDICT,
201 William Street, N. Y.

PREFACE.

THE following is designed to be the commencement of a series of biographical sketches of distinguished men of the present generation. The extent to which it is carried will depend entirely on the success that attends it. There are many deserving a place in history, whose lives, nevertheless, do not furnish sufficient material for a complete book. These will be grouped together as circumstances may determine. No attempt has been made to give the various officers which served under Generals Scott and Jackson, their proper praise. This belongs to their individual sketches, or general history of the war. Scott and Jackson are here placed together, as the two military men who have made the deepest impressions on their country since the time of Washington. No other two have given it such character at home, or reputation abroad. Differing widely in some characteristics, they were very similar in others.

To those who may suspect the writer of endeavoring to wield a political influence, he would say, that one of these biographies was completed, and the other begun, and the contract for both made before either party had nominated its candidate. Political matters had nothing to do with their production. The materials for them have been accumulating for nearly ten years, and there seems to be no reason why a publication should be deferred, because the unexpected conjunction of political events might give it, for the time being, a partizan character. If political pamphleteering had been the object, the sketch of Gen. Scott would have been used alone long ago, and scattered on the wings of the wind. But if men will insist that the time of its appearance is injudicially chosen, the work will be compelled to wrap itself up in its own rights, and falling back on the great *laws of precedence*, adduce the English Constitution, the usage of all nations, as proof that the parties should retire till its brief existence is run. In other words, the *book* has the floor, and the speaker's hammer must protect its rights.

Thus much may be said without blame; but a writer may go farther, and insist that any time is proper in which to narrate the deeds of a man who has deserved well of his country. If his actions are worthy of record, the most appropriate moment for bringing them forward is when he is about to receive the reward of his deeds. There is a wide difference between writing a man into eminence, because unforeseen occurrences may place him in political power, and in defending and praising one whose claims to immortality neither present success nor failure can affect.

Many officers under Scott have been consulted in preparing

this biography, while Mansfield's History of the Mexican War is referred to as the best, or, indeed, the only reliable authority in the great movements and features of the campaign.

Kendell's and Jenkins' Life of Jackson, newspapers of the time, Niles' Register, etc., are the chief sources of information in sketching the life of Jackson.

CONTENTS.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Scott's Birth and Parentage—Became a Lawyer—Enters the Army—His Trial by Court-martial, and Suspension—His Studies—Re-enters the Army—Battle of Queenstown—Scott a Prisoner—Conflict with two Indians—Protection of his Irish Soldiers—Attack and Capture of Fort George, . . . 13

CHAPTER II.

Scott superintends the Camp of Instruction at Buffalo—Drills the Army—Crosses the Niagara—Pursues the Marquis of Tweeddale behind the Chippewa—Battle of Chippewa—Company of Backwoodsmen—Battle of Niagara—Charge of Miller—Scott's Wound and Last Orders—Journey to Washington—Reception at Princeton—Black Hawk War—Scott amid the Cholera—Is challenged by Jackson—Becomes interested in the cause of Temperance—Takes command in South Carolina to crush the Disunionists—Settles the Difficulties on the Northern Frontier—Pursues the Cherokees, 86

CHAPTER III.

Scott preserves peace on the Maine boundary—Friendship between him and the Governor of New Brunswick—Appointed Commander-in-Chief—

	PAGE
Treatment at Washington—Takes charge of the Army in Mexico—Mar- tial Law orders—Fire in the Rear—Landing at Vera Cruz—The Siege and Capture of the City—March to Cerro Gordo—The Battle—Entrance of Jalapa—Of Puebla—Reduction of the Army,	70

CHAPTER IV.

The Army at Puebla—Description of the Scenery—Arrival of Reinforce- ments—Departure for Mexico—Ascent to the Cordilleras—Magnificent Scenery—First View of the Plain and City of Mexico—The Road found Impassible—Difficult March round Lake Chalco to the Acapulco Road— Attack on Contreras—Suffering and Anxiety of the Army at Night— Storming of the Fort—Enthusiastic Reception of Scott by his Victorious Troops—San Antonio Taken—The Three Battles of Churubusco—The Flight and Pursuit—Scott after Battle—The Mexicans propose an Armis- tice,	98
--	----

CHAPTER V.

The Armistice—Scott resolves to carry Chapultepec by Storm—Description of the Fortress—Battle of Molino del Rey—The Field after the Victory— The Condition and Prospects of the Army at this time—Misbehavior of the Government—Defence of Scott—His Plan of assaulting Chapultepec— Day preceding the Battle—The Final Attack,	130
---	-----

ANDREW JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

Jackson's Boyhood—Left an Orphan—His Mother—Massacre at Waxhaw— At thirteen becomes a Soldier—First Battle—His Courage—Taken Prisoner —His Republican Spirit—Is Wounded—Presence of Mind—Digs through his prison walls to see Greene's Encampment—Hobkirk-hill—His Release and Return Home—Heroism of his Mother—Visits Charleston—Studies
--

PAGE

Law—Removes to Tennessee—Fights a Bully—Pursued by Indians—His Chivalry—Jealousy of Robards—Marries Mrs. Robards—Daring Arrest—Attacked by a mob—Becomes a Farmer—Duel with Dickinson—His failure—Defends the wronged—Care of the Sick—Tecumseh—His Eloquence—Massacre of Fort Mimms—Jackson enters the Creek Country—Attacks the Indians—The Battle—Distress of his Troops—Mutiny in his Army—Quells a Mutiny—A second Mutiny—Defeats the Indians—Attacked by Indians—Reinforcements—Battle of the Horse Shoe—Saves a Warrior—Ends the War—His Resolution,	203
---	-----

CHAPTER II.

Appointed Major-General—Attack on Fort Bowyer—March on Pensacola—Advances to New Orleans—Excitement in the City—Landing of the British—Jackson's Night Attack—Resolves to Entrench himself—Turns the Legislature out of doors—British advance to the Assault and are Repulsed—Second Attack—Arrival of Reinforcements, and Final Battle—Jackson Fined by Judge Hall—Returns Home—Sent to Quell the Indians in Florida—Conduct there—Appointed Governor—Elected to the United States Senate—Democratic Candidate for President—Elected President—Veto of United States Bank—Elected for a Second Term—Arrests the Spirit of Disunion—Review of his Administration—He retires to Private Life—His Last Illness and Death,	291
---	-----

WINFIELD SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

Scott's Birth and Parentage—Became a Lawyer—Enters the Army—His Trial by Court-martial and Suspension—His Studies—Re-enters the Army—Battle of Queenstown—Scott a Prisoner—Conflict with Two Indians—Protection of his Irish Soldiers—Attack and Capture of Fort George.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born on the 13th of June, 1786, near Petersburg, Virginia. His ancestors were Scotch. The elder brother of his grandfather fell on the field of Culloden; and the latter, involved in the same rebellion, emigrated to this country, and commenced the practice of law in Virginia. He lived, however, but a few years, leaving two sons and several daughters. Winfield was the youngest of the sons, and was only five years of age at the time of his father's death. Twelve years after, the wife followed the husband to the grave, and young Scott, seventeen years old, was left an orphan in the world. It was determined by those who had the charge of him, to give him an education, and he was placed at a High School in Richmond, under the charge of Mr. Ogilvie,

a man of distinction. Thence he went to William and Mary's College, and attended law lectures for a year or more. He finished his legal studies under Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, and in 1806 was admitted to the bar. He had galloped through his course at a pace that precluded thoroughness, and proper fitness for his profession. Preparatory studies, college, law course, and all, occupied only three years, and at the age of twenty he was a practising lawyer. The rapidity with which he disposed of the piles of learning, ordinarily deemed essential to a finished lawyer, remind one of Goldsmith, who went through the whole circle of sciences in Edinburgh in six months.

Not succeeding very well around his native place, young Scott removed to Charleston, in the hopes of establishing himself there; but the laws of the State forbade any one to practise law within its limits who had not been a resident for at least one year, and failing to obtain an exemption in his favor, he abandoned his project, and returned to Virginia. At this time the troubles with England began to assume a more serious character, and the expectation became general that they would end in war. Scott shared in this expectation, and like many other gallant young men of the south, turned from the profession of law to the army. In the spring of 1808, a bill for the enlargement of the army passed Congress, and Scott,

who had applied for a commission in the new regiments, was appointed a captain of light artillery. During this year the purchase of Louisiana from France was effected, and General Wilkinson was stationed there to protect New Orleans from any hostile acts on the part of Great Britain. Scott belonged to his division. The next year Hampton assumed the command, though Wilkinson remained on the field of operations. Scott, coinciding with those who believed that Wilkinson was in Burr's confidence, and hence involved in the conspiracy of the latter, indulged rather freely in remarks on his superior officer. As a natural consequence, he was arrested and tried by court-martial. The first charge, intended as a mere rider to the second, that he had intentionally withheld money from his troops, was declared groundless. The second, of unofficer-like conduct in using disrespectful language towards his superior officer, was sustained, for Scott acknowledged it, and attempted to justify it. Failing in this, he was suspended from the army for one year. To a sensitive, ambitious young officer, panting for distinction, this arrest of his footsteps on the threshold of his career, was painful in the extreme; yet he lived to be thankful for it. Returning to Virginia, he cast about to see how he should spend the interval of idleness. His fortunate star guided him to B. Watkins Leigh, who advised him to devote himself to the study of his pro-

fession,—especially military tactics. He offered him his library and his house, and Scott spent the year in mastering his profession. The knowledge of military art he gained during this period of his disgrace, the caution and skill it taught him to mingle with his chivalric feelings and boiling courage, laid the foundation of his after brilliant career.

The cloud at this time along the political horizon gathered thicker and darker every hour, and the young captain of artillery feared it would burst before he should assume his place and rank. The hollow, disgraceful peace, however, continued, and at the close of the year he again took his position in the army.

The next year, war was declared, and a month after, in July, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the 2d artillery, then under the command of Izard, and was ordered to the Niagara frontier to assist the army of invasion. The two companies of Towson and Barker were under his command, with which he was to protect the navy yard at Black Rock.

At this time the northern army, numbering between eight and ten thousand soldiers, was principally concentrated in two points. One portion lay near Plattsburgh and Greenbush, and was under the direct command of General Dearborn, who was also commander-in-chief of all the forces on the northern

frontier. The other portion was congregated at Lewistown, under the command of General Stephen Van Rensalaer, of New York, while 1,500 regulars, under General Smythe lay at Buffalo, a few miles distant. There were a few troops stationed also at Ogdensburg, Sackett's Harbor, and Black Rock.

The discontent produced by Hull's surrender, and the loud complaints against the inaction of the northern army, together with the consciousness that something must be done to prevent the first year of war from closing in unmixed gloom, induced General Van Rensalaer to make a bold push into Canada, and by a sudden blow attempt to wrest Jamestown from the enemy, and there establish his winter quarters.

The cutting out of two English brigs* from under the guns of Fort Erie, by Lieutenant Elliot with some fifty volunteers, created an enthusiasm in the American camp of which Gen. Van Rensalaer determined to avail himself.

Giving the command of the expedition to his cousin, Col. Solomon Van Rensalaer, a brave and chivalric officer, the latter on the 13th of October, at the head of three hundred militia, accompanied by Col. Chrystie with three hundred regular troops,

* One of those, the Caledonia, afterwards did good service as a part of the fleet of Perry on Lake Erie. The other having gone aground, was burnt, to prevent recapture.

began to cross the river. It wanted still an hour to daylight, when the two columns stood in battle array on the shore. Through carelessness or inability to obtain them there were not sufficient boats to take all over at once, and they were compelled to cross in detachments. The boat which carried Col. Chrystie being badly managed, was swept away by the current, and finally compelled to re-land on the American shore. This gallant officer was wounded while thus drifting in the stream, yet soon after he made another attempt to cross, and succeeding, led his troops nobly until the close of the action.

Col. Van Rensalaer having effected a landing, formed on the shore and marched gallantly forward. The whole force at this time did not exceed one hundred men. These, however, were led up the bank and halted to wait the arrival of the other troops that kept arriving, a few boat loads at a time. But daylight now having dawned, the exposed position of this detachment rendered it a fair mark for the enemy, who immediately opened their fire upon it. In a few minutes every commissioned officer was either killed or wounded. Col. Van Rensalaer finding that the bank of the river afforded very little shelter, determined with the handful under his command, to storm the heights. But he had now received four wounds, and scarcely able to stand,

gave the command to Captains Ogilvie and Wool,* who gallantly led on and swept everything before them. The fort was carried and the heights occupied, amid the loud huzza of the troops. The enemy were driven into a strong stone house, from which they made two unsuccessful attempts to regain the ground they had lost. Brock flushed with the easy victory he had gained over Hull, rallied them by his presence, and while attempting to lead on the grenadiers of the 49th, fell mortally wounded. This for a time gave the Americans undisturbed possession of the heights, and great efforts were now made to bring over the other troops. Gen. Van Rensalaer, after the fall of his cousin, crossed over and took the command, but hastening back to urge on the embarkation of the militia, the command fell on Gen. Wadsworth, who, however, cheerfully gave the control of the movements to more experienced officers.

Daylight had seen this brave little band form on the shores of the river under a galling fire, the morning sun glittered on their bayonets from the heights of Queenstown. The victory seemed won; and the day so gloriously begun would have closed in brighter effulgence, had not the militia on the farther side refused to cross over to the assistance of their hard-pressed comrades. A stone house near

* Now General Wool.

the bank defended by two light pieces of artillery, still played on the boats that attempted to cross, and the Americans on the Canada side, having no artillery, were unable to take it. The firing from this, and soon after the appearance of a large body of Indians on the field of battle, so frightened the militia, that neither entreaties nor threats could induce them to embark. Through utter want of orderly management, half of the twenty boats had been destroyed or lost, still it was not the want of the means of transportation that held them back, but *conscientious scruples about invading an enemy's territory*. Attempting to mask their cowardice under this ridiculous plea they stood and saw the dangers thicken around their comrades who had relied on their support, without making a single effort to save them from destruction.

Lieutenant-colonel Scott by a forced march through mud and rain, had arrived at Lewistown with his regiment at four o'clock in the morning, and just as the troops were embarking. He begged permission to take part in the expedition, but the arrangements having all been made, his request was denied. He therefore planted his guns on the shore and opened his fire on the enemy. But seeing how small a proportion of troops were got across, and perceiving also the peril of Van Rensselaer's detachment, his young and gallant heart could no longer allow him to be an

idle spectator, and taking one piece of artillery he jumped into a boat with his adjutant Roach, and pushed for the opposite shore. Wadsworth immediately gave the command of the troops to him, and his chivalric bearing and enthusiastic language soon animated every heart with new courage. Six feet five inches in height and in full uniform, he presented a conspicuous mark for the enemy. Had his regiment been with him, Queenstown would have been a second Chippewa.

Considerable reinforcements, however, had arrived, swelling the number to six hundred, of whom three hundred and fifty were regular troops. Those, Scott, assisted by the cool and skilful Capt. Zitten, soon placed in the most commanding positions, and waited for further reinforcements. Just before, a body of five hundred Indians, whom the firing had suddenly collected, joined the beaten light troops of the English. Encouraged by this accession of strength, the latter moved again to the assault, but were again driven back in confusion. Still the enemy kept up a desultory engagement. On one occasion, the Indians, issuing suddenly from the forest, surprised a picket of militia, and following hard on their flying tracks, carried consternation into that part of the line. Scott, who was in the rear, showing the men how to unspike a gun, hearing the tumult, hastened to the front, and rallying a

few platoons, scattered those wild warriors with a single blow. But while the day was wearing away in this doubtful manner, a more formidable foe appeared on the field. General Sheaffe, commanding at Fort George, had heard the firing in the morning, and a little later the news of the death of Brock was brought him. His troops were immediately put in motion, and soon after midday the little band that had from day dawn bravely breasted the storm, saw from the heights they had so gallantly won, a column eight hundred and fifty strong, approaching the scene of combat. Not in haste or confusion, but with slow and measured tread, they continued to advance. The three hundred Americans watched the approach of this new force with undaunted hearts, and turned to catch the outlines of their own advancing columns, but not a bayonet was moving to their help. At this critical moment news arrived of the shameful mutiny that had broke out on the opposite shore. The entreaties of Van Rensalaer, and the noble example of Wadsworth, and the increasing peril of their comrades, were wholly unavailing—not a soul would stir. This sealed the fate of the American detachment. Three hundred, sustained by only one piece of artillery against the thirteen hundred of the enemy—their number when the junction of the advancing column with the remaining troops and the Indian allies should be effected—

constituted hopeless odds. General Van Rensselaer, from the opposite shore, saw this, and sent word to Wadsworth to retreat at once, and he would send every boat he could lay hands on to receive the fugitives. He however, left everything to his own judgment. Colonels Chrystie and Scott, of the regulars, and Mead, Strahan, and Allen of the militia, and officers Ogilvie, Wool, Totten, and Gibson McChesney, and others, presented a noble yet sorrowful group, as they took council over this message of the commander-in-chief. Their case was desperate, yet they could not make up their minds to retreat. Col. Scott mounting a log in front of his troops, harangued them in a strain worthy of the days of chivalry. He told them their condition was desperate, but that Hull's surrender must be redeemed. "Let us then die," he exclaimed, "arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall, and our country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?" a loud "ALL" rang sternly along the line.* In the meantime Gen. Sheaffe had arrived, but instead of advancing immediately to the attack, slowly marched his column the whole length of the American line, then countermarched it, as if to make sure that the little band in front

* Vide Mansfield's Life of Scott.

was all the force he had to overcome. All saw at a glance that resistance was useless, and retreat almost as hopeless. The latter, however, was resolved upon, but the moment the order was given to retire, the whole broke in disorderly flight towards the river. But there were no boats to receive them, and a flag of truce was sent to the enemy. The messenger, however, never returned; another and another shared the same fate. At last Scott tied a white handkerchief to his sword, and accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, crept under one of the precipices, down the river, till he arrived where a gentle slope gave an easy ascent, when the three made a push for the road, which led from the valley to the heights. On the way they were met by Indians, who having fired on the officers, rushed forward, with their tomahawks, to kill them. They would soon have shared the fate of the other messengers, but for the timely arrival of a British officer, with some soldiers, who took the officers to Gen. Sheaffe, to whom Scott surrendered his whole force. Two hundred and ninety-three were all that survived of the brave band who had struggled so long and so nobly for victory. Several hundred militia, however, were found concealed along the shore, who had crossed over, but skulked away in the confusion.

The entire loss of the Americans in this unfortunate

expedition, killed and captured, was about one thousand men.

General Van Rensalaer, disgusted with the conduct of the militia, soon after sent in his resignation.

Brock was next day buried "under one of the bastions of Fort George," and at the request of Scott, then a prisoner, minute guns were fired from Fort Niagara during the funeral ceremonies. Above the dull distant roar of the cataract, the minute guns of friends and foes pealed over the dead, as with shrouded banners the slowly marching column bore him to his last resting place. Cannon that but a few hours before had been exploding in angry strife on each other, now joined their peaceful echoes over his grave. Such an act was characteristic of Scott, who fierce and fearless in battle, was chivalrous and kind in all his feelings.

While a prisoner in an inn at Niagara, Scott was told that some one wished to see the "tall American." He immediately passed through into the entry, when to his astonishment he saw standing before him two savage Indian chiefs, the same who would have killed him when he surrendered himself a prisoner of war, but for the interposition of a British officer. They had come to look on the man at whom they had so often fired with a deliberate aim. In broken English, and by gestures, they inquired where he was hit, for it was impossible that out of fifteen or twenty shots

not one had taken effect. The elder chief, named Jacobs, a tall, powerful savage, grew furious at Scott's asserting that not a ball had touched him, and seizing his shoulders rudely, turned him round to examine his back. The young and fiery Colonel did not like to have such freedom taken with his person by a savage, and hurling him fiercely aside, exclaimed, "Off, villain, you fired like a squaw." "We kill you now," was the quick and startling reply, as knives and tomahawks gleamed in their hands. Scott was not a man to beg or run, though either would have been preferable to taking his chances against these armed savages. Luckily for him, the swords of the American officers who had been taken prisoners, were stacked under the staircase beside which he was standing. Quick as thought he snatched up the largest, a long sabre, and the next moment it glittered unsheathed above his head. One leap backward, to get scope for play, and he stood towering even above the gigantic chieftain, who glared in savage hate upon him. The Indians were in the wider part of the hall, between the foot of the stairs and the door, while Scott stood farther in where it was narrower. The former, therefore, could not get in the rear, and were compelled to face their enemy. They manœuvred to close, but at every turn that sabre flashed in their eyes. The moment they came to blows, one, they knew, was sure to die, and although it was equally certain that

Scott would fall under the knife of the survivor before he could regain his position, yet neither Indian seemed anxious to be the sacrifice. While they thus stood watching each other, a British officer chanced to enter, and on beholding the terrific tableaux, cried out at the top of his voice, "The guard," and at the same instant seized the tallest chief by the arm and presented a cocked pistol to his head. The next moment the blade of Scott quivered over the head of the other savage, to protect his deliverer. In a few seconds the guards entered with levelled bayonets, and the two chieftains were secured. One of them was the son of Brant, of revolutionary notoriety.

The prisoners were all taken to Quebec, whence they were sent in a cartel to Boston. As they were about to sail, Scott, who was in the cabin of the transport, hearing a noise on deck, went up to ascertain the cause, and found that British officers were separating the Irishmen, to exclude them from mercy due to the other prisoners, and to have them taken to England and tried for treason. Twenty-three had thus been set apart when Scott arrived. Indignant at this outrage, he peremptorily ordered the rest of the men to keep silent and not answer a question of any kind, so that neither by their replies or voice they could give any evidence of the place of their birth. He then turned to the doomed twenty-three, and denounced the act of the officers, and swore most solemnly that

if a hair of their heads was touched, he would avenge it, even if he was compelled to refuse quarter in battle. The officers interrupted him again and again, and fiercely ordered him below. Boiling with rage, Scott indignantly refused to obey, high words and threats followed, but, though unarmed, he boldly maintained his ground.

Soon after he reached Boston, he was sent to Washington, and in a short time was exchanged. He then drew up a report of the whole affair to the Secretary of War, and it was presented the same day to Congress. The result was the passage of an act of retaliation (March 3d, 1813). Scott never lost sight of these unfortunate Irishmen, and at the capture of Fort George, in the latter part of May, having taken many prisoners, he selected out twenty-three as hostages, to receive the same punishment which should be meted out to his brave soldiers. This led to similar acts on the part of the English in return, which caused much unnecessary suffering. Scott's decision, however, saved his Irish troops. Two years after, as he was passing along the East River in New York, he heard loud cheers on one of the piers, and turning his footsteps thither, found they proceeded from those very soldiers, just landed after a long imprisonment. They quickly recognized their old commander and friend, and crowded around him with enthusiasm and clamorous gratitude, nearly crushing

the still weak and wounded General in their arms. He immediately wrote to Washington, claiming in their behalf full pay, and soliciting patents for land bounties. Both were granted, and twenty-one out of the twenty-three lived to praise their benefactor in their adopted country.

This love for his soldiers, care for their welfare, and rage at any neglect of their wants and rights, and stern determination to redress them, has always characterized General Scott through his long military career. Noble and magnanimous himself, he will not allow those under his protection to be treated with indignity.

The campaign of 1813 opened with the capture of York. Soon after Scott joined the army at Fort Niagara as adjutant-general to Gen. Dearborn. But though chief of the staff, he claimed the right to command his own regiment in battle.

The capture of York encouraged Gen. Dearborn to attack Forts George and Erie. Commodore Chauncey having at this time complete command of the lake, men and artillery could be easily transported across, and the vessels used to cover the landing of the troops and co-operate in any attack that might be made. Gen. Dearborn at the head of four or five thousand men, embarked on board the vessels and boats on the morning of the 26th of May. At three o'clock the following morning the signal was

given to weigh, and the little fleet moved silently toward the opposite shore. Col. Scott volunteered to lead the advance guard of five hundred men. These were the flower of the army, and when Gen. Dearborn placed them under his command he knew that no common obstacle would arrest their charge. Col. Moses Porter, with the field train, was close behind, followed by the brigades of Gens. Boyd, Sheridan, Chandler, and a reserve under Col. C. Macomb. Captain Perry volunteered to accompany Scott, and superintend the embarkation of the troops. In the mean time, Commodore Chauncey had anchored his vessels close in shore, and before nine o'clock the guns of the Governor Tompkins had silenced the fort, and Scott, with his fleet of boats, swept swiftly towards the shore. As they drew near they were met by volleys of musketry that sent the spray in a shower about them, but with loud cheers they pressed forward. They knew the army was watching them with the deepest anxiety, and each emulating his comrade, and all filled with the spirit that animated their gallant young leader, could scarcely wait for the boats to reach the land, and many leaped over and waded to the shore. Having reached the beach, Scott drew up his little band under cover of the bank that rose eight or ten feet over their heads; from the top of which bristled some fifteen hundred bayonets. Undaunted

by this formidable array and the bank that opposed his progress, Scott ordered the charge. The men, with loud cheers, sprang up the steep ascent, but when near the summit were met with such overpowering force that they were hurled back. Gen. Dearborn standing on the deck of Chauncey's ship, and watching through his glass the result of the charge, saw the tall form of Scott fall backward down the bank upon the beach. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "He is lost, he is killed!" The next moment, however, Scott sprang to his feet, and cheering on his men, led them again to the charge. Knocking up the bayonets as they clambered to the feet of their foes, they steadily pushed them back, and stood at last on the summit. Their shout of triumph was echoed from the boats below and from the ships in the distance. Scott having dressed his line, ordered the charge, and closing fiercely and at once with the enemy, drove them, after a sharp action of twenty minutes, in every direction before him. Some fled to the woods pursued by Forsythe, who had effected a landing, while others took refuge in the fort. This was immediately abandoned, but not till the trains and magazines had been fired. Scott was at this time opposite the fort, and immediately wheeled two companies from the head of his column to arrest the flames. When within about eighty yards, one of the smaller magazines

blew up, sending its fragments in every direction. A piece of flying timber struck Scott and hurled him from his horse. Though much hurt, he pressed on with his men—ordered the gates to be forced, and was the first to enter. Capts. Hindman and Stockton snatched away the matches which had been applied to two other magazines, and the works were saved. Col. Porter who commanded the field artillery, had effected a landing directly in rear of Scott, and coming to his assistance at the close of the battle, followed close on his heels in pursuit of the enemy. When the former turned to enter the fort, the gallant colonel rushed after, to be the first to pull down the British flag. But finding Scott ahead of him, he exclaimed, “Confound your long legs, Scott, you have got in before me.” No sooner had the latter lowered the English colors, than he again put himself at the head of his column, in swift pursuit of the fugitives. Disregarding the order to halt, he pressed forward five miles, when he was arrested by General Boyd in person. This ended the battle. The loss on both sides is differently stated. Gen. Dearborn in his report makes it on our side but seventeen killed and forty-five wounded, while that of the British was ninety killed, sixty wounded, and one hundred prisoners. Among the latter was an English colonel, who, the year before, at a supper party of British officers where Scott was pre-

sent just after his capture at Queenstown, asked the latter if he had ever seen Niagara Falls. Scott said that he had, from the American side. "But you must have the glory of a successful fight before you can view the cataract in all its grandeur," replied the officer in a sarcastic tone. "Sir," retorted Scott, if it be your intention to insult me, honor should have prompted you first to return me my sword."

Scott, now the captor, repaid this insult by every attention in his power, returned the prisoner his horse, supplied all his wants, and finally obtained his return to England on parole. The British officer humbled at the contrast such conduct presented to his own, said to him one day, "I have long owed you an apology, sir. You have overwhelmed me with kindness. You can now, at your leisure, view the Falls in all *their glory*."

In July, Scott resigned his post as chief of the staff, and received the command of a double regiment.

In the beginning of autumn of this year, the grand campaign for the conquest of Canada, under the control of Wilkinson, was set in motion. Kingston and Montreal were both to be taken, and thus both the Canadas fall into the hands of the Americans. In the meantime Scott was left in command of Fort George, which he instantly set about repairing, and soon put in a complete state of defence. The com-

mander of the British force, stationed near, imitating the course pursued by other British officers to intimidate the American troops, sent a summons to him to surrender, otherwise he should be compelled to storm the Fort, in which case he would not be responsible for the Indians. Scott replied to the messenger—“tell your general to come on and storm the Fort, *I will be responsible for the Indians.*” The enemy, however, whom he was left to watch, breaking up his camp and following Wilkinson in his passage down the lake, he was ordered to join the commanding general with the regular troops under him. He expected to have his regiment transported in Commodore Chauncy’s vessels down the lake, but Wilkinson refusing to let the fleet be absent several days for that purpose, he was compelled to start on foot for Sackett’s Harbour, and march by way of the Genessee river, Canandagua, and Utica. Heavy rains had made the roads intolerable, and the slow and wearisome march did not keep pace with his anxiety to join the army of invasion. Meeting the Secretary of War, not far from Utica, he obtained permission to reach it on the St. Lawrence, wherever he could. Resigning his command to Major Hindman, he pushed on through storm and mud, and finally overtook General Wilkinson at Ogdensburg. He immediately received the command of a

choice battalion, under Colonel Macomb, and led the advance guard down the St. Lawrence.

It is unnecessary to chronicle the feeble and inefficient conduct of Wilkinson, or the memorable fight at Chrysler's farms. Scott as leader of the advance guard, had several skirmishes with the enemy, but nothing of importance occurred, and on the 12th of November, this grand army of invasion was ordered to retreat before a shadow and abandon its project.

The ostensible reason, the refusal of Hampton to join him with his division as agreed upon, was not sufficient to justify Wilkinson's conduct. Had Scott been placed over that army, the American flag in a few days would have waved above Montreal.

CHAPTER II.

Scott Superintends the Camp of Instruction at Buffalo—Drills the Army—Crosses the Niagara—Pursues the Marquis of Tweeddale behind the Chippewa—Battle of Chippewa—Company of Backwoodsmen—Battle of Niagara—Charge of Miller—Scott's Wound, and Last Orders—Journey to Washington—Reception at Princeton—Black Hawk War—Scott amid the Cholera—Is Challenged by Jackson—Becomes interested in the cause of Temperance—Takes Command in South Carolina, to Crush the Disunionists—Settles the difficulties on the Northern Frontier—Pursues the Cherokees.

THE army went into winter quarters, and Scott was sent to Albany to beat up recruits. In the spring, though only twenty-eight years old, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and ordered to Buffalo, under General Brown, who soon after left him there to superintend the camp of instruction. Like the revolutionary war, the tide of reverses was not fairly to turn until discipline was introduced into the army. The troops under him, at this time were his own, Ripley's brigade of the regular army, and Porter's of the militia, together with Hindman's battalion of artillery. For more than three months, Scott subjected these immortal

brigades to the severest discipline. The system of tactics in use had been handed down from the Revolution, and was not fit for the improved mode of warfare. Scott here for the first time introduced the French system. He first drilled the officers, and they in turn the men. So severe and constant was this drill that in the short space of three months these regular brigades became intelligent, steady and invincible as old veterans.

General Brown having returned from Sackett's Harbor in the latter part of June, he immediately began to prepare for an invasion of the Canadas. The 3d of July the army crossed the Niagara river and took Fort Erie without a struggle. The main British army, under General Riall, lay at Chippewa, towards which Scott pressed with his brigade, chasing the Marquis of Tweesdale for sixteen miles, who said he could not account for the ardor of the pursuit until he remembered it was the 4th of July, our great anniversary. At dark the Marquis crossed the Chippewa, behind which lay the British army. This river enters the Niagara nearly at right angles. Two miles farther up, Street's Creek joins the Niagara also, and behind it Gen. Brown drew up the American forces. This two miles of interval between the streams was an open plain, skirted on one side by the Niagara river and on the other by a forest.

Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the 5th, when Gen. Brown determined to advance and attack the British in their position. The latter had determined on a similar movement against the Americans, and unbeknown to each other, the one prepared to cross the bridge of Chippewa, and the other that of Street's Creek.

The battle commenced in the woods on the left, and an irregular fight was kept up for a long time between Porter's brigade and the Canadian militia stationed there. The latter were at length driven back to the Chippewa, when General Riall advanced to their support. Before this formidable array, the American militia, notwithstanding the noble efforts of General Porter to steady their courage, broke and fled. General Brown immediately hastened to the scene, merely saying to Scott as he passed on, "The enemy is advancing, you will have a fight." The latter ignorant of the forward movement of Riall, had just put his brigade in marching order to cross the creek for a drill on the open plain beyond. But as the head of the column reached the bank, he saw the British army drawn up in beautiful array in the open field, while a battery of nine pieces stood in point blank range of the bridge over which he was to cross. Swiftly yet beautifully the corps of Scott swept over the bridge and deployed under the steady fire of the battery.

The first and second battalions under Majors Leavenworth and McNeil, took position in front of the left and centre of the enemy, while the third, under Jessup, obliqued to the left to attack their right, stationed in the woods, and which threatened to outflank the American line. It was a bright, hot July afternoon, the dusty plain presented no obstacle behind which either party could find shelter, and the march of the steady battalions over its surface led on by bands of music, presented one of those stirring scenes which makes man forget the carnage that is to follow. The heavy monotonous thunder of Niagara rolled on over the discharges of artillery, while its clouds of spray rising from the strife of waters, and glittering in the sunbeams, contrasted strangely with the sulphurous clouds that heaved heavenward from the conflict of men beneath.

Both armies halting, firing, and advancing in turn, continued to approach until they stood within eighty yards of each other. Scott who had been manœuvring to get the two battalions of Leavenworth and M'Neil in an oblique position to the British line—the great object in an open attack—at length succeeded, the two farther extremities being nearest the enemy. Thus the American army stood like an obtuse triangle of which the British line formed the base. While in this position Scott wishing to pass from one extremity to the other and being in too

great a hurry to go back of his lines *around* the triangle, cut directly across it, taking the cross fire of both armies, as he spurred in a fierce gallop through the smoke. A loud cheer rolled along the American lines as they saw this daring act of their commander. Riding up to Towson's battery, he cried out, "a little more to the left, captain, the enemy is there." This gallant officer was standing amid his guns, and enveloped in smoke had not observed that the British had advanced so far that his fire fell behind them. Instantly discovering his mistake, he changed the direction of his two remaining pieces and poured a raking, destructive fire through the enemy's ranks, blowing up an ammunition wagon, which spread destruction on every side. At this critical moment, Scott rode up to M'Neil's battalion, his face blazing with excitement, and shouted, "The enemy say that we are good at long shot but cannot stand the cold iron. I call upon the Eleventh *instantly to give the lie to that slander, Charge.*"

Just as the order "charge," escaped his lips, came that destructive fire from Towson's battery. The thunder of those guns at that critical moment, was, to Scott's young and excited heart like the shout of victory, and rising in his stirrups and swinging his sword aloft, he cried, "CHARGE, CHARGE THE RASCALS." With a high and ringing cheer, that gallant batta-

lion moved with leveled bayonets on the foe. Taking the close and deadly volleys without shrinking, its torn and shattered front never for a moment losing its firm formation, it struck the British line obliquely, crumbling it to pieces, as it swept on with resistless power.

Leavenworth did the same on the right with the same success, while Jessup in the woods, ignorant how the battle was going in the plain, but finding himself outflanked, ordered his troops "to support arms and advance." They cheerfully obeyed and in the face of a most deadly fire charged home on the enemy, and obtaining a better position poured in his volleys with tremendous effect. From the moment these charges commenced, till the enemy fled, the field presented a frightful spectacle. The two armies were in such close proximity, and the volleys were so incessant and destructive, and the uproar so terrific that orders could no longer be heard. But through his two aids Lieutenants Worth and Watts, who galloped to and fro and by their presence and gestures transmitted his orders in the midst of the hottest fire, Scott caused every movement to be executed with precision, and not an error was committed from first to last.

The enemy driven over the Chippewa, tore up the bridge and retired to his encampment.

The sun went down in blood and the loud requiem of Niagara which had been drowned in the roar of battle, sounded on as before over the gallant dead, while the moans of the wounded ; loaded the air of the calm summer evening.

Nearly eight hundred killed and wounded, had been stretched on the earth in that short battle, out of some four thousand, or one-fifth of all engaged.* A bloodier battle was scarce ever fought. The British having been taught to believe that the American troops would give way in an open fight, and that the resort to the bayonet was always the signal of victory to them, could not be made to yield, until they were literally crushed under the headlong charge of the Americans.

Gen. Brown, when he found that Scott had the whole British army on his hands, hurried back to bring up Ripley's brigade ; but Scott's evolutions and advance had been so rapid, and his blow so sudden and deadly, that the field was swept before he could arrive.

M'Neil's battalion had not a recruit in it, and Scott knew when he called on them to give the lie to the slander, that American troops could not stand the

* The British were 2100 strong. American troops actually engaged, 1900.

British killed 138. Wounded and missing 365. Americans killed 68. Wounded and missing 267.

cold steel, that they would do it though every man perished in his footsteps.

Maj. Leavenworth's battalion, however, embraced a few volunteers, and among them a company of backwoodsmen, who joined the army at Buffalo a few days before it was to cross the Niagara.

An incident illustrating their character, was told the writer's father by Maj. Gen. Leavenworth himself. Although a battle was expected in a few days, the Major resolved in the meantime to drill these men. Having ordered them out for that purpose, he endeavored to apply the manual; but to his surprise, found that they were ignorant of the most common terms familiar even to untrained militia. While thus puzzled with their awkwardness, Scott rode on the field, and in a sharp voice asked Maj. Leavenworth if he could not manage those soldiers better. The Major lifting his chapeau to the General, replied, that he wished the General would try them himself. The latter rode forward and issued his commands—but the backwoodsmen instead of obeying him, were ignorant even of the military terms he used. After a few moment's trial, he saw it was a hopeless task and touching his chapeau in return to Leavenworth, said, "Major, I leave you your men," and rode off the field. The latter finding that all attempts at drill during the short interval that must elapse before a battle occurred, would be useless; ordered them to their

quarters. On the day of the battle he placed them at one extremity of the line where he thought they would interfere the least with the manœuvres of the rest of the battalion. He said that during the engagement, this company occurred to him, and he rode the whole length of his line to see what they were about. They were where he had placed them, captain and all, obeying no orders, except the orders to advance. Their ranks were open and out of all line; but the soldiers were cool and collected as veterans. They had thrown away their hats and coats, and besmeared with powder and smoke were loading and firing, each on his own hook. They paid no attention to the order to fire, having no idea of "shooting" till they had good aim. The thought of running had evidently never crossed their minds. Fearless of danger and accustomed to pick off squirrels from the tops of the loftiest trees with their rifle-balls, they were quietly doing what they were put there to perform, viz., kill men, and Maj. Leavenworth said there was the most deadly work in the whole line. Men fell like grass before the scythe. Not a shot was thrown away—ten men were equal to a hundred firing in the ordinary way.

The American army rested but two days after the battle, and then advanced over the Chippewa, Scott's brigade leading. The British retreated to Burlington Heights, near the head of Lake Ontario.

Thither Brown resolved to follow them. But on the 25th, while the army was resting, preparatory to the next day's battle, word was brought that a thousand troops had crossed the river to Lewiston, for the purpose, evidently, of seizing our magazines at Fort Schlosser, and the supplies, on the way to the American camp, from Buffalo. In order to force them to return, Brown resolved immediately to threaten the forts at the mouth of the Niagara river, and in twenty minutes, Scott, with a detachment of twelve hundred men, was on the march. He had proceeded but two miles, when he came in sight of some British officers, evidently reconnoitering. The force to which they belonged lay behind a strip of wood, which prevented him from seeing them. Supposing them, however, to be the fragments of the army he had so terribly shattered at Chippewa, he ordered the march to be resumed. But as he cleared the road he saw before him an army of two thousand men drawn up in order of battle. He paused a moment at this unexpected sight, and his eye had an anxious look as it ran along his little band. To retreat would endanger the reserve marching to his relief, and destroy the confidence of the troops. Besides, Scott never had, and never has since, learned *practically*, what the word "retreat" meant. He determined, therefore, hazardous as it was, to maintain the unequal contest till the other

portion of the army arrived. Despatching officers to General Brown with directions to ride as for life, he gave the orders to advance. The sun, at this time, was but half an hour high, and unobscured by a cloud, was going to his lordly repose behind the forest that stood bathed in his departing splendor. Near by, in full view, rolled the cataract, sending up its incense towards heaven, and filling that summer evening with its voice of thunder. The spray as it floated inland, hovered over the American army, and as the departing sunbeams struck it, a rainbow was formed, which encircled the head of Scott's column like a halo—a symbol of the wreath of glory that should encircle it forever.

The British, two thousand strong, were posted just below the Falls, on a ridge at the head of Lundy's Lane. Their left was in the highway, and separated from the main body by an interval of two hundred yards, covered with brushwood, etc. General Drummond had landed a short time before with reinforcements, which were rapidly marching up to the aid of Riall. Scott, however, would not turn his back on the enemy, and gallantly led in person his little army into the fire. His bearing and words inspired confidence, and officers and men forgot the odds that were against them. Major Jessup was ordered to fling himself in the interval, between the British centre and left, and turn the latter. In the

meantime, the enemy discovering that he outflanked the Americans on the left, advanced a battalion to take them in rear. The brave McNeil stopped, with one terrible blow, its progress, though his own battalion was dreadfully shattered by it. Jessup had succeeded in his movement, and having taken the enemy in rear, charged back through his line, captured the commanding-general Riall, with his whole staff. When this was told to Scott, he announced it to his army, and three loud cheers rang over the field. A destructive discharge from the English battery of seven pieces, followed. It was dark, and though there was a moon, its feeble light struggled in vain to pierce the smoke that curtained in the combatants. The flashes from the battery that crowned the heights, and from the infantry below, alone revealed where they were struggling. Scott's regiments were soon all reduced to skeletons—a fourth of the whole brigade had fallen in the unequal conflict. The English battery of twenty-four-pounders and howitzers, sent destruction through his ranks. He, however, refused to yield a foot of ground, and heading almost every charge in person, moved with such gay spirits and reckless courage through the deadliest fire, that the troops caught the infection. But the British batteries, now augmented to nine guns, made frightful havoc in his uncovered brigade. Towson's few

pieces being necessarily placed so much lower, could produce but little effect, while the enemy's twenty-four-pounders, loaded with grape, swept the entire field. The eleventh and twenty-second regiments, deprived of their commanders, and destitute of ammunition, were withdrawn, and Leavenworth, with the gallant ninth, was compelled to withstand the whole shock of battle. This single regiment appeared amid the darkness to be enveloped in fire—with such energy and superior numbers, did the British press upon it. Its destruction seemed inevitable, and in a short time one half of its number lay stretched on the field. Leavenworth sent to Scott, informing him of his desperate condition. The latter soon came up on a full gallop, when Leavenworth pointing to the bleeding fragment of his regiment, said, "Your rule for retreating is fulfilled," referring to Scott's maxim that a regiment might retreat when every third man was killed. Scott, however, answered buoyantly, cheered up the men and officers by promising victory—pointed to the flag that still waved in the dim moonlight, and though bleeding from a wound, spurred where the balls fell thickest, and animated them by his daring courage and chivalric bearing to still greater efforts. Still he could not but see that his case was desperate, and unless aid arrived soon, he must retreat. Only

five or six hundred of the twelve hundred he at sundown had led into battle, remained to him.

General Brown, however, was hurrying to the rescue. The incessant cannonading convinced him that Scott had a heavy force on his hands; and without waiting the arrival of a messenger, he ordered Ripley to move forward with the second brigade. Meeting Scott's despatch on the way, he learned how desperate the battle was, and immediately ordered Porter with the volunteers to hurry on after Ripley, while he, in advance of all, hastened to the field of action. The constant and heavy explosions of artillery, rising over the roar of the cataract, announced to the excited soldiers the danger of their comrades; and no sooner were they wheeled into marching order than they started on a trot along the road. Lieutenant Riddle, who was off on a scouring expedition in the country, paused as he heard the thunder of cannon, and waiting for no despatch, gave orders to march, and his men moving at the *charge de pas*, soon came with shouts on the field. At length the head of Ripley's column emerged through the gloom, sending joy through those gallant regiments, and a loud huzza rolled along their line. Brown, seeing that Scott's brigade was exhausted, ordered Ripley to form in advance of it. In the mean time, Drummond had arrived on the field with reinforcements, swelling the English army to four thousand men. At this moment

there was a lull in the battle, and both armies prepared for a decisive blow. It was evident the deadly battery on the heights must be carried, or the field be lost, and Brown, turning to Colonel Miller, asked him if he could take it. "I WILL TRY, sir," was the brief reply of the fearless soldier, as he coolly scanned the frowning heights. Placing himself at the head of the 21st regiment, he prepared to ascend the hill. Major M'Farland with the 23d was to support him. Not having arrived on the field till after dark, he was ignorant of the formation of the ground or the best point from which to commence the ascent. Scott, who had fought over almost every foot of it since sunset, offered to pilot him. Passing by an old church and grave-yard, that showed dimly in the moonlight, he took the column to the proper place, and then returned to his post. In close order and dead silence the two regiments then moved straight for the battery. It was only by their heavy muffled tread that General Drummond detected their approach. In an instant that battery of nine guns opened with terrific effect. The Twenty-third staggered under the discharge, but soon rallied and pressed forward; smitten again, it reeled backward in the gloom; but the Twenty-first never faltered. "Close up, steady, men," rung from the lips of their leader, and taking the loads of grape-shot unshrinkingly into their bosoms, they marched sternly on, their bayonets gleaming red in the fire

that rolled in streams down the slope. Every explosion revealed the whole hill and that dark column winding through flame and smoke up its sides. At length it came within range of musketry, when the carnage became awful ; but still on through the sheets of flame, over their dead comrades, this invincible regiment held its stubborn course towards the very vortex of the battle. The English gazed with amazement on its steady advance. No hesitation marked its movement ; closing up its ranks after every discharge, it kept on its terrible way, till at last it stood face to face with the murderous battery, and within a few steps of the gunners. A sudden flash, a deafening explosion, and then “ *Close up, steady, charge,*” rung out from the sulphurous cloud that rolled over the shattered regiment, and the next instant it swept with a thrilling shout over guns, gunners, and all. The struggle became at once close and fierce,—bayonet crossed bayonet,—weapon clashed against weapon,—but nothing could resist that determined onset. The British were driven down the hill, and the remnants of that gallant regiment, together with M'Farland's, which had again rallied, formed between the guns and the foe. Ripley then moved his brigade to the top of the hill, in order to keep what had been so heroically won. Stung with rage and mortification at this unexpected defeat, Drummond resolved to retake that height and his guns, cost what it might ;

and soon the tread of his advancing columns was heard ascending the slope. Shrouded in darkness, they came on at the charge step, and in dead silence, until within twenty yards of the American line, when they halted and delivered their fire. "Charge" then ran along the line, but the order had scarcely pealed on the night air before they were shattered and torn into fragments by the sudden and destructive volley of the Americans. Rallying, however, they returned to the attack, and for twenty minutes the conflict around those guns was indescribably awful and murderous. No sounds of music drowned the death-cry; the struggle was too close and fatal. There were only the fierce tramp and the clash of steel,—the stifled cry and wavering to and fro of men in a death-grapple. At length the British broke, and disappeared in the darkness. General Ripley again formed his line, while Scott, who had succeeded in getting a single battalion out of the fragments of his whole brigade, was ordered to the top of the hill.

In about half an hour the sound of the returning enemy was again heard. Smote by the same fierce fire, Drummond with a desperate effort threw his entire strength on the centre of the American line. But there stood the gallant Twenty-First, whose resistless charge had first swept the hill; and where they had conquered they could not yield. Scott in the mean time led his column so as to take the

enemy in flank and rear, and but for a sudden volley from a concealed body of the enemy, cutting his command in two, would have finished the battle with a blow. As it was he charged again and again, with resistless energy, and the disordered ranks of the foe for the third time rolled back and were lost in the gloom. Here his last horse fell under him, and he moved on foot amid his battalion. Jessup was also severely wounded, yet there he stood amid the darkness and carnage, cheering on his men. The soldiers vied with the officers in heroic daring and patient suffering. Many would call out for muskets as they had none, or for cartridges as theirs were all gone. On every side from pallid lips and prostrate bleeding forms came the reply, "take mine, and mine, my gun is in good order, and my cartridge box is full." There was scarcely an officer at this time unwounded; yet, one and all refused to yield the command while they could keep their feet.

Jessup's flag was riddled with balls, and as a sergeant waved it amid a storm of bullets, the staff was severed in three places in his hand. Turning to his commander he exclaimed as he took up the fragments, "Look, colonel, how they have cut us." The next moment a ball passed through his body.—But he still kept his feet, and still waved his mutilated standard, until faint with loss of blood he sunk on the field.

After being driven the third time down the hill, the enemy for a while ceased their efforts, and sudden silence fell on the two armies, broken only by the groans of the wounded and dying. The scene, and the hour, combined to render that hill-top a strange and fearful object in the darkness. On one side lay a wilderness, on the other rolled the cataract, whose solemn anthem could again be heard pealing on through the gloom. Leaning on their heated guns, that gallant band stood bleeding amid the wreck it had made. It was midnight—the stars looked quietly down from their homes in the sky—the summer wind swept softly by, and nature was breathing long and peacefully. But all over that hill lay the brave dead, and adown its sides in every direction the blood of men was rippling. Still not a heart beat faint. Nothing but skeletons of regiments remained, yet calm and stern were the words spoken there in the darkness. “*Close up the ranks,*” were the heroic orders that still fell on the shattered battalions, and they closed with the same firm presence and dauntless hearts as before.

It was thought that the British would make no further attempts to recover their guns, but reinforcements having arrived from Fort George, they, after an hour’s repose and refreshment, prepared for a final assault. Our troops had all this time stood to their arms, and faint with hunger, thirst, and fatigue,

seemed unequal to a third conflict against a fresh force. But as they heard the enemy advancing, they forget their weariness and met the onset firmly as before. But this time the ranks of the enemy did not yield under the fire that smote them, they pressed steadily forward, and delivering their volleys as they advanced, at length stood on the summit of the hill, and breast to breast with the American line. The conflict now became fearful and more like the murderous hand-to-hand fights of old than a modern battle. Battalions on both sides were forced back till the ranks became mingled. Bayonet crossed bayonet and men lay transfixed side by side. Hindman whose artillery had done great service from the first, found the enemy amid his guns, across which he was compelled to fight them.

The firing gave way to the clash of steel, the blazing hill-top subsided into gloom, out of which the sound of this nocturnal combat arose in strange and wild confusion.

Scott charging like fire at the head of his exhausted battalion, received another severe wound which prostrated him—but his last words to Leavenworth, as he was borne to the rear, were “*charge again.*” “Charge again, Leavenworth,” were his last orders as he was carried apparently dying from that fierce foughten field. General Brown supported on his horse, was slowly led away. Jessup was bleeding from several

wounds, every regimental officer in Scott's brigade was killed or wounded. *Only one out of every four stood up unhurt.* The annals of war rarely reveal such a slaughter in a single brigade, but it is rarer still a brigade has such a leader. The ghosts of regiments alone remained, yet before these the veterans of England were at last compelled to flee, and betake themselves to the darkness for safety. Sullen, mortified, and badly wounded, Drummond was carried from the field, and all farther attempts to take the hill were abandoned. The Americans, however, kept watch and ward, around the cannon that had cost them so great a sacrifice, till near day-break, when orders were received to retire to camp. No water could be obtained on the heights, and the troops wanted repose. Through the want of dragropes and horses, the cannon were left behind. This was a sad drawback to the victory, and Major Ripley should have detailed some men to have taken them at least down the hill. Trophies won with the blood of so many brave men were worth more effort than he put forth to secure them.

A bloodier battle, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was never fought than this. Nearly eight hundred Americans, and as many English, had fallen on and around that single hill. It was loaded with the slain. Seventy-six officers were either killed or wounded out of our army of some three

thousand men, and not a general on either side remained unwounded.

Among the slain was young Captain Hull, son of the general who had so shamefully capitulated at Detroit. This young officer, who had fought one duel in defence of his father's honor, and struggled in vain to shake off the sense of disgrace that clung to him, told a friend at the opening of the battle, that he had resolved to fling away a life which had become insupportable. Where the battle was hottest, there his sword was seen waving his company on. For a long time he seemed to bear a charmed life, and the more he wooed death, the more she avoided him. But when the conflict was done, he was found stark and stiff where the dead lay thickest.

It would be impossible to relate all the deeds of daring and gallantry which distinguished this bloody engagement. Almost every man was a hero, and from that hour England felt a respect for our arms she never before entertained. The navy had established its reputation forever, and now the army challenged the respect of the world. The timorous and the ignorant had been swept away with the old martinets, and the true genius of the country was shining forth in her young men, who, while they did not despise the past, took lessons of the present. Scott at this time, but twenty-eight years of age,

had shown to the country what a single youth, fired with patriotism, confident in his resources, and daring in spirit, could accomplish. His brigade, it is true, had been almost annihilated, and nothing apparently been gained, but those err much who graduate the results of a battle by the number taken prisoners or the territory acquired. Moral power is always more valuable than physical, and though we are forever demanding something tangible to show as the reward of such a great effort and sacrifice, yet to gain a national position is more important than to take an army. Thus while many think that the battle of Niagara though gallantly fought, was a barren one, and furnished no compensation for the terrible slaughter that characterised it, yet there has been none since that of Bunker Hill, more important to this country, and which, directly and indirectly, has more affected its interests. It probably saved more battles than if, by stratagem or superior force, General Brown had succeeded in capturing Drummond's entire army.

Brown and Scott both being disabled, the command devolved on Major Ripley, who retreated to Fort Erie, where General Gaines soon after arrived, and relieved him. Scott's last wound was a severe one. A musket ball had shattered his shoulder dreadfully, and a long time it was extremely doubtful whether he ever recovered. He suffered excru-

ciating pain from it, and it was September before he ventured to travel, and then slowly and with great care. His progress was a constant ovation. The young and wounded chieftain was hailed on his passage with salvos of artillery, and shouts of freemen. He arrived at Princeton on commencement day of Nassau Hall. The professors immediately sent a delegation requesting his attendance at the church. Leaning on the arm of his gallant aid-de-camp, Worth—his arm in a sling, and his countenance haggard and worn from his long suffering and confinement, the tall young warrior slowly moved up the aisle, and with great difficulty ascended the steps to the stage. At first sight of the invalid, looking so unlike the dashing, fearless commander, a murmur of sympathy ran through the house, the next moment there went up a shout that shook the building to its foundations. A flush passed over the pallid features—the eye kindled, and the enthusiastic young soldier received in that moment the reward which springs from the consciousness of having obtained a place in the heart of his country.

He was complimented with the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Passing on to Baltimore, then threatened with an attack by the British, he finally so far recovered as to take command in the middle of October of the tenth military district, and established his headquarters at Washington City. Here,

and at Baltimore, he passed the winter. The treaty of peace having been received in February, he was offered the place of Secretary of War, but declined on the ground of his youth. He then was asked to serve as Secretary, till Mr. Crawford, our Minister at Paris, could return, who was designated to fill the place. This he also declined out of respect to Generals Brown and Jackson, his seniors, as the Secretary, under the President, has the control of the army.

Having assisted in reducing the army to the peace establishment, he was sent to Europe by the Government, for the double purpose of restoring his health, and the perfecting himself in military science. He was also entrusted with certain diplomatic power, and was instructed to ascertain the views entertained by the European Courts of the revolutionary movements in the Spanish possessions in this country, and also the designs of England on Cuba. He received letters of introduction from Kosciusko to Marshals McDonald Oudinot and Dupont, who had been the props of Napoleon through his long and wondrous career. The battle of Waterloo had just been fought, and the greatest military captain of modern times was a homeless fugitive. Fresh from the battle-fields of his own country, young Scott trod those equally fresh and greater ones of Europe with strange feelings. Just at the

point where he would devour all military information with the greatest avidity, he was in the midst of scenes, and men, and distinguished officers, who were best qualified to impart it. Europe was filled with nothing but Bonaparte and his campaigns, and it was not strange that under these circumstances, and this tuition, he should learn fast. He trod the great battle-fields of the Continent with a keen and inquiring spirit, and laid up treasures of knowledge, which afterwards served him well, and raised him and the nation from defeat and disgrace. He also attended public lectures on the subject of military art. He returned in 1816, and was given the command of the sea-board. In March of the next year, he married Maria Mayo, daughter of John Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia, a lady of rare endowments and accomplishments. He took up his residence at Elizabethtown, which continued to be his home for the next twenty years. Honors were showered on him, swords presented him by the States of Virginia and New York, and medals struck to show the estimation placed on his services by the republic.

At this time, a misunderstanding occurred between him and General Jackson, growing out of an order of the latter to his division, forbidding the execution of commands of the department unless transmitted through him. This General Scott in

conversation in New York pronounced wrong and mutinous. The conversation was reported to Jackson, and a challenge was the consequence. Scott defended his opinions, but refused to accept the challenge. The hero of Chippewa and Niagara did not think it necessary to fight about so small a matter, and thus nobly, by his personal example, expressed his disapprobation of this barbarous and brutal mode of settling differences of opinion.

Several years after, in 1823, Scott being in Washington, wrote Jackson a frank and manly letter preparatory to reconciliation. This was responded to in a similar spirit, and this foolish quarrel between two heroes amicably settled.

At this time Scott enlisted warmly in the cause of temperance, and wrote several essays on the subject.

In 1832, he was ordered West, to put an end to the Black Hawk war. He embarked with nine hundred and fifty men, at Buffalo for Chicago, but before he had proceeded far, the Asiatic cholera broke out among the troops. The footsteps of this terrible destroyer had just been heard on our shores, and consternation and dread seized the entire population. Men and women fled from his presence, and pale horror sat on every countenance. Scott with his staff, and two hundred and twenty men were on one boat, and though he landed at Chicago only two days after the pestilence

appeared on board,—yet in that short interval, so swift and fearful were its ravages, that fifty-two had died, and eighty were sick. The well were immediately sent forward, but this invisible foe marched in their midst. Men sunk and died in groups under the trees, and their bodies were left unburied. The inhabitants fled from the presence of the sick, who were strewn along the road. In a short time, out of the nine hundred and fifty, only four hundred remained alive. Scott, though ill himself, remained at Chicago for some time to attend to the wretched sufferers that each of the four steamboats had disgorged in that port. Apparently forgetful of his own danger, he moved amid this terrible scourge, calm and fearless as he had done over the field of battle. He visited every sick room, bent over every dying soldier, and inhaling at every step the poisonous atmosphere, nobly strove to allay the panic of officers and the terror of the men. This fatherly care of his soldiers has always endeared him to the army, for he shares with them every privation.

As soon as he could get away he followed the track of his decimated army and hastened to join Gen. Atkinson at Prairie du Chien. He arrived the day after the battle of Bad Axe, which prostrated the power of Black Hawk, and ended the war. The regulars of the army were then established at Rock Island, where in the middle of August, the cholera

broke out, sending terror through the hearts of officers and men.

Scott immediately devoted himself to the sick, and set an example of calm serenity, which evinced the true hero, far more than his desperate charges at Lundy's Lane. Says an officer an eye-witness of his conduct; "it is well known that the troops in that service, suffered severely from the cholera, a disease frightful enough from its rapid and fatal effects; but which came among us the more so from the known inexperience of our medical men, and from the general belief at that time in its contagiousness. Under such circumstances, it was clearly the general's duty to give the best general directions he could for proper attendance to the sick, and for preventing the spread of the disease. When he had done this, his duty was performed and he might have left the rest to his medical officers. But such was not his course. He thought he had other duties to perform, that his personal safety must be disregarded to visit the sick, to cheer the well, to encourage the attendants, to set an example to all—in a word to save the lives of others at the risk of his own. All this he did faithfully, and when he could have no other motive than that of doing good. Here was no glory to be acquired; here were none of the excitements of the battle-field; here was no shame to be avoided or disgrace to be feared; because his general arrangements

and directions to those whose part it was to battle with sickness had satisfied duty. To those who can remember the terror which at that time paralyzed every heart, this conduct of Scott, while he himself was suffering under the symptoms of disease, will stamp him not only the hero of the battle-field, but the hero of humanity, and the true heart will encircle his brow with a wreath more enduring and sweeter to look on than that which victory has woven for his temples.

The cholera having at length subsided, Scott turned his attention to the Indian difficulties, and at length, with the aid of Governor Reynolds, concluded satisfactory treaties with the Sacs, Foxes, and Winnebagoes. His conduct throughout the whole was marked by great ability, and while he secured the rights of his government, he won the respect and love of the savage chiefs with whom he had negotiated.

Soon after his return he was despatched by Gen. Jackson with a confidential order to take command in South Carolina, to arrest the arm of disunion. The quiet and unostentatious manner in which he assumed the direction of affairs—the deep solicitude he felt for the welfare of the people—his earnest anxiety to preserve peace, helped to allay the excitement, while at the same time his secret dispositions were made with so much skill and despatch, that before the disunionists were aware of his purpose,

the harbor and defences of Charleston were completely in his grasp and their power prostrated.

In January, 1836, Scott was ordered into Florida, to bring to a close the Seminole war which Osceola was waging so fiercely against the inhabitants. This short campaign was a failure, and Scott was ordered home in an extraordinary manner. On his return to Washington, he demanded a court-martial, which declared that his Seminole campaign was well devised and well carried out, and that his plans for prosecuting the Creek war were also wise, and in a fair way of leading to successful results when he was recalled. The next year he was ordered to the Niagara frontier to allay the excitement occasioned by Van Ranselaer's invasion of Canada, and the assistance rendered by American citizens to the patriots who had revolted from the British government. Enraged to find an American camp on their territory, the British resolved in revenge to seize the *Caroline*, a little steamer used as a ferry boat between the American shore and Navy Island, on which Van Ranselaer's army lay. A secret expedition was fitted out; the *Caroline* was attacked while moored to the American shore, one man on board of her killed, and several wounded, and she then cut adrift, set on fire, and sent over the Falls. The news soon spread, and with it a rumor that several American citizens had been sent over the

falls in her. Great excitement followed; men flew to arms; threats of retaliation were heard on every side, and a collision between the two governments seemed inevitable. This was the state of things when Scott arrived on the scene of his early exploits, not to lead his columns to battle, but to act as a peacemaker. The winter of 1838-9 was one of constant toil to him. From Detroit to Vermont all along the line he travelled almost constantly—baffling the efforts of conspirators—intercepting correspondence and allaying excitement. He frequently addressed the citizens on their duties, proclaiming everywhere that he would preserve the neutrality of the United States at all hazards. He would walk alone into the midst of a band of patriots and harangue them on the course they were pursuing, and exhort them to return to their obedience. His name was written in light on every rood of that frontier—the fields of his fame lay in sight, and the people loved and honored him despite his determined hostility to their wishes. In January, the *Barcelona*, a steamer, was cut out of the ice in Buffalo harbor, and taken down the river to be offered to the patriots in place of the *Caroline*. Scott hearing of it, had those in possession of her arrested, while at the same time he hired her for the United States service before the patriots could find means to guarantee the owners against loss. The Brit-

ish on Grand Island, knowing for what purpose the Barcelona had been taken down the river, and being informed that she was on her way back, determined to sink her as she passed. Three armed schooners were also lying in wait for her. Scott had sent a pacific note to the commander of these last, remonstrating against any attack on a boat moving in the American waters. On the morning of the 16th of January, the smoke of the Barcelona was seen in the distance, as the boat slowly stemmed the rapid current. Scott saw it, and saw too that the vessels kept their position, and that on the opposite shore cannon were placed in battery, so as to sink the steamer the moment she came within range. He immediately ordered the American batteries in position, the guns loaded, and the matches lighted. The shore was lined with thousands anxiously awaiting the moment that would probably decide the question of peace or war. In full uniform, in sight of all, his tall form erect and motionless, Scott stood on the pier of Black Rock, with his eye fixed on the slowly approaching boat. The echo of the first hostile cannon would not have died away, before American balls would have been crashing into those schooners. The boat kept on her way unmolested, and the threatened rupture with England prevented.

The whole management of this affair was mas-

terly, and exhibited the statesman, diplomatist, and patriot, in noble and striking harmony. A single mistake or foolish bravado might have precipitated the country in all the horrors of war. This triumphing as a peace-maker on the very spot where he had won his renown as a warrior, entitles him to a double chaplet.

In the spring he was ordered to superintend the removal of the Cherokees west. Opposition and violence were expected, but General Scott by his kindness, generosity, and humanity, won the entire nation to his views, and removed those fifteen thousand exiles from their hunting-grounds—the graves of their fathers, and all that makes home dear, without being compelled to resort to a single act of violence. He exhibited a fatherly care for the red and depressed fugitives, and showed how beautiful is bravery when tempered with humanity.

While following the line of emigration, he was overtaken at Nashville, by an express from Washington, ordering his immediate presence on the northern frontier, which was again in a blaze. Hurrying across the country, he arrived at Cleveland and Detroit in time to arrest the flames of discord that threatened to overleap all barriers, and passing down the line to Vermont, restored order and tranquility.

CHAPTER III.

Scott preserves peace on the Maine boundary—Friendship between him and the Governor of New Brunswick—Appointed Commander-in-chief—Treatment at Washington—Takes charge of the Army in Mexico—Martial-law orders—Fire in the rear—Landing at Vera Cruz—The siege and capture of the city—March to Cerra Gordo—The battle—Entrance of Jalapa—Of Puebla—Reduction of the army.

GENERAL SCOTT, called from the arduous duty of removing the Cherokees, to allay the excitement on our northern frontier, no sooner succeeded in his mission than he was appointed to settle the difficulties on the Maine boundary, which threatened momentarily to plunge the nation into a war with England. At this time the whole northern frontier of Maine was in a state of the most intense excitement. Trespassers from both sides had been caught in the act of encroaching. The establishment of British and American military posts followed. The land agent sent by the State of Maine with an armed force to drive off trespassers, was seized and thrown into prison. Enraged at this act of violence, the

legislature passed an act placing eight thousand volunteers and eight hundred thousand dollars at the disposal of the State. Part of the troops were raised, and already on the march for the scene of action. A British force was also advancing to repel this military demonstration. All correspondence between the two governors of Maine and New Brunswick had ceased, and nothing now seemed able to avert open hostilities. John Quincy Adams declared in Congress that the dispute had reached a point where arms must settle the question, and for one he was "not disposed to have much further negotiation." The state authorities were resolved to push matters to extremes. It was not an inactive state of great excitement, needing a spark to kindle a conflagration, but everything was moving directly and rapidly to war. Scott hastening to Augusta, passed on the way bodies of volunteers eager for battle, who hailed him with shouts as their future leader. He found everything in commotion. "War," "war," was the cry on every side, and in three days more blood would have flowed, and a struggle commenced, whose termination no one could foretell. Surrounded by men filled with indignation, and breathing threats of vengeance—his ears constantly assailed with the most exaggerated stories of wrong and outrage committed on the frontiers-men, and his passions plied by the threats and bravadoes

of the English troops, it is a wonder he did not fall in with the current of popular indignation, and instead of endeavoring to re-open a correspondence with the governor of New Brunswick, put himself at the head of the gallant troops assembling from every point, and drive back the enemy he had long before trampled under foot at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. But the *general* was more peaceable than the *governor*. A fortunate circumstance aided the former in his pacific intentions. Major General Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick, was lieutenant-colonel in the British army during the war of 1812. In 1813, he and Scott were both adjutant-generals in their respective armies, and each being the head of his staff, all communications, flags of truce, etc., passed through them, thus establishing an acquaintance. Their correspondence also, respecting prisoners—in providing for their wants, exchange, &c., led to a high-minded and chivalric regard for each other. They were both tall, commanding figures, and were always seen in the front of battle. It recalled the deeds and bearing of the knights of old to see these two fearless young giants saluting each other in friendly recognition, as they closed in mortal combat.

On one occasion Scott thought he had his gallant adversary in his power. He was out reconnoitering, and in a skirmish that followed, managed to cut him

off, so that escape seemed impossible. Harvey, sitting quietly on his horse, saw at a glance his perilous position. At the same instant an American rifle was levelled at him. Scott springing forward, knocked up the muzzle of the piece with his sword, exclaiming, "hold, he is our prisoner." But Harvey not relishing the humiliation of a capture, wheeled his horse suddenly, and forcing him to a desperate leap, escaped. On another occasion, his portmanteau was captured by the Americans, in which was found a splendid coat, and a miniature of his young and beautiful wife, in England. This coming to Scott's ears, he purchased them with his own money, and sent them back to his equally noble adversary. To pave the way still more to the opening of a friendly correspondence, Scott, at this time, had in his pocket a private note from Harvey, which he had not answered. The reply to this was soon followed by other letters, which the latter at length allowed to be considered semi-official. A friendly feeling between the two negotiators led to the expression of friendly sentiments. Anger was allayed, excitement quelled, and soon after Governor Harvey took the first conciliatory step, by issuing a proclamation, which, in turn, led to a recall of the troops of Maine from the border. Tranquillity was restored, the way opened for negotiation, and all difficulties were at length settled by the famous Ashburton treaty.

Thus, a fourth time, had Scott been the great pacifier. To see his calm, noble determination through all these difficulties to keep the nation from war, one would think he had lost all relish for his profession, all desire to win distinction on the battle-field.*

Major-General Macomb dying in 1841, the command of the entire army of the Republic devolved on General Scott. He continued to fulfil the duties attached to this position in time of peace down to 1846, when the administration, without forethought or preparation, plunged the nation into a war with Mexico. It does not come into the scope of this work to discuss the measures that led to hostilities.

On the 28th of March of this year, General Taylor drew up his army of 4000 men on the banks of the Rio Grande, and planted his guns within range of Metamoras. The brilliant victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, crowned with the triumph of Buena Vista, followed in rapid succession. Scott, in the mean time, was ordered by the President to remain in Washington, his counsels unheeded and his services despised. But the dangers that thickened daily around the American army, at length forced the administration to seek the services of the man whom they had neglected, and who alone could help them out of the embarrassments into which they had plunged themselves. Perhaps the growing repu-

* Vide Correspondence, page 198.

tation of Taylor had also something to do with the sudden wish to have Scott at the head of the army.

On the 18th of November he was ordered to hold himself in readiness. Vera Cruz was to be the first point of attack, and form the basis of all future operations in the heart of Mexico.

On the 30th Scott took his departure, in the full belief that the President designed to sustain him. But he who relied on the word or promise of President Polk, trusted to a broken reed. Before Scott left, the President sent for him, told him of the sleepless nights which the Mexican war had given him, expressed his great anxiety to have it brought to a close, and said that on his genius, energy, and daring the future progress of the war must depend. Scott, incapable of duplicity himself, could not believe it in others. He was moved by the feeling and apparent sincerity of the President, and giving all his former distrust to the wind, said everywhere to his friends, "The President has acted nobly." And yet, at the same time, this conscientious President was organizing a scheme to supersede the Commander-in-Chief, (whom he had just sent to the head of the army), and place him under the control of a Lieutenant-General, without experience, and without military knowledge. Nothing but the patriotism of Congress prevented the success of this scandalous plot.

When Scott arrived at New Orleans, on his way to

the Rio Grande, a friend waited on him, and told him that he had a letter from Senator Barrow, in which this scheme was divulged. Scott did not believe it, and replied,—“ *Tell friend Barrow it is not possible: An American President cannot be guilty of treachery.*” One hardly knows at which to be most amazed—the folly or dishonorable character of this transaction.

Its success would have covered the authors of it with infamy, and our arms with disgrace. It had not the merit of sagacity to conceal its moral turpitude.

Scott's arrival at Tampico was the signal of an entire revolution in the character of the American army. The cold-blooded murders, acts of violence to females, and open robberies, committed by General Taylor's army, frightful as they appeared, were not half known to our people. The General had detailed these things to the government, and asked what should be done. “ *Send the criminals away,*” was the imbecile reply of the Secretary. But the moment Scott took command, he issued his famous martial law orders, in which he declared he would bring every offender, whether American or Mexican, before court-martial, and deal with him as he would be dealt with in the United States. There was no act, from first to last, that conduced so much to the success of the campaign as this. The good behavior of the army which was thus secured, dis-

armed the Mexicans, and the invaders were treated as friends.

In the meantime, the bill in Congress to raise ten additional regiments, was compelled to make room for the grand scheme of appointing a lieutenant-general, and was not acted on till the close of the session. Scott was thus left without the resources upon which he had relied. Delay, however, was impossible ; for he knew the *vomito* made its appearance in Vera Cruz early in the spring, and if the victorious army was not on the table-lands of Mexico before that time, it would sink before a deadlier foe than lay behind the walls of the city. Leaving, therefore, ten thousand men within the limits of Taylor's command, he assembled twelve thousand at the island of Lobos, a hundred and twenty-five miles from Vera Cruz. Having reconnoitered the city, and selected a spot west of the island of Sacrificios, for the landing, he, on the 9th of March, ordered the troops on board the ships-of-war, and set sail. As the fleet stood out to sea, Scott, on board the steamer Massachusetts, passed slowly through it. The decks of every vessel were crowded with soldiers, and as they caught sight of the tall form of their commander, there went up a shout from the whole squadron—bugles rang, and the thrilling salute of bands of music floated cheerily over the water. He had started from Washington, as he had said, with “a fire in his

rear," and this new scheme to supplant him, showed what a deadly and venomous direction it was taking. His noble heart was filled with anxiety, for he knew even if that should fail, every movement would be narrowly watched, and the first mishap used to effect his disgrace. The grand spectacle before him, and the consciousness that he was in the midst of a gallant army, could not drive these thoughts from his breast, and turning to the West Point officers that stood grouped about him, he said: "Gentlemen, I am entering upon this campaign with a halter around my neck; the end of it is at Washington, and they are ruthless executioners. Success is absolutely necessary, and I expect you, my young friends, to get this halter off for me." Gallant, yet sad words for a commander to use who is about to peril his life on the battle-field at the call of his country. Right nobly did these brave men tear that halter from his neck, and hung there instead trophies innumerable, that no hate of faction or perversion of history can ever remove.

LANDING AT VERA CRUZ.

Scott expected that the Mexicans would resist the landing of the troops, and he, therefore, as soon as the fleet reached its position, ordered two steamers and five gun-boats to be ranged in a line, with their

guns commanding the beach where the debarkation was to take place. Everything being ready, five thousand five hundred men were placed in sixty-seven surf-boats.

The scene at this moment was indescribably beautiful and thrilling. Those sixty-seven boats, laden with men and fluttering with standards, fell back in a semicircle towards the vessels that were to cover them, while far away glittered in the rays of the setting sun the domes and towers of Vera Cruz, surmounted by the stern battlements of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. Nearer by, stretched away the low sand hills of the coast, against which the surf was beating with a monotonous roar. The spars and rigging of the foreign ships in the harbor were covered with spectators, gazing on the new, unwonted scene. A slight breeze ruffled the surface of the water, while the blue sky and an unclouded sun, sinking to his evening repose, shed their light and beauty on sea and land. Scott stood on the deck of his vessel, with his glass in his hand, now scanning the surf-boats as they swelled away in a graceful curve from the ships, and now turning an anxious eye to the distant shore. For a moment perfect silence reigned throughout the fleet, and then the loud report of a single cannon rung over the water. The thunder of that signal gun had scarce died away, before the bands struck up a lively air; the sweeps sunk in the

water, and like a single wave, those sixty-seven boats swept steadily and swiftly towards the shore. Scott watched their progress with the deepest solicitude; but at length, when he saw the soldiers leap into the water, and rush ashore, and plant the Stars and Stripes on a high sand hill without firing a gun, he felt that the city was his. At the exciting spectacle the shouts of six thousand men rolled from ship to ship till their blended echoes reached the shore, and were answered by still louder hurrahs. The sun went down on that gallant army, scarcely visible amid the sand hills, which every moment grew dimmer and dimmer in the departing light. A second and third division followed, and by ten at night the entire army of twelve thousand men stood up in battle array on the barren waste that surrounds Vera Cruz. Amid the thunder of cannon and explosion of shells that were hurled from the city and castle, each division moved to its assigned post with the same regularity and accuracy they had been accustomed to move on parade.

THE SIEGE.

Although the investment of the place was completed by the 12th, the operations were suspended on account of a fierce "norther" which prevented the landing of heavy ordnance, and it was not until

the 22d that Scott sent a summons to the governor of the town to surrender. He at the same time sent safeguards to foreign consuls and officers, and with his usual humanity gave free permission to remove the women and children. But both and all being rejected, he on the 24th opened his fire. The line of the siege extended five miles, and on the 25th, from limit to limit the batteries were in a blaze. The cannonade was terrific and awful. The balls of the twenty-four pounders and heavy Paixhan guns dropped with the weight of falling rocks amid the dwellings of Vera Cruz, while the domes of the churches rung with the concussion of shot and shells. At night the scene was fearfully grand. The walls of the city and castle were in a blaze of fire, the ships in the harbor stood revealed in the light of their own broadsides, while for five miles all through those sand hills it thundered and lightened along the American line in incessant explosions. Shells crossing in every direction wove their fiery net-work over the heavens, and dropped blazing among the terrified inhabitants within, followed by shrieks and cries that were borne even to the ears of the besiegers. Death in its most frightful form traversed the streets, for the victims, whether men, women, or children, were torn and mangled by the heavy shot and exploding shells. Huge gaps appeared in the walls, through which storming parties might pass, and the morning of the

26th dawned on a battered, mournful, and doomed city.

From the commencement of the siege, nearly one hundred and thirty tons of metal had been hurled against the town, spreading devastation, ruin, and death on every side. The consuls of foreign powers, who had not dreamed of such a terrific siege, sent a request to Scott for a safeguard for themselves, the women, and children. The latter replied that he had fully considered the sufferings of the women and children before he had fired a shot, and that the responsibility must now rest on those who had refused his offer. The town and fortress surrendered, and with them five thousand prisoners, and five hundred pieces of artillery. The flag of the republic floated from the top of San Juan D'Ulloa, and the first great blow to the Mexican power had fallen.

The siege of Vera Cruz was the first opportunity Scott had had of showing the results of his studies in Europe and at home. Two battles in his youth had elevated him to the first rank in the army. A long interval of peace followed, and the youth of twenty-eight had become the man of three score. There was every prospect of his passing off the stage without giving to his country the ripened fruit of the tree whose blossoms were so full of promise. It does not always follow that because a young com-

mander has fought a bloody and victorious battle, that he can plan and carry to a successful termination a long and difficult campaign. A good fighter is not always a good thinker; still Scott's conduct while on the northern frontier and in the Cherokee country, had obtained for him the confidence of the nation, and great things were expected of him. But when it was announced that Vera Cruz—that Gibraltar of Mexico—had fallen, with the loss to the American army of only two officers and a few soldiers, men were filled with amazement. The soldiers themselves, could scarcely believe the evidence of their own senses. Thirty years of thought, travel, and study had not been thrown away on the American commander. Such a triumph of skill and modern science had never been witnessed on this continent. Gen. Taylor had shown what hard fighting could do, but here was an exhibition of *mind* triumphing over castle walls and well-manned batteries. During the siege many of the younger officers were anxious to carry the place by storm. Said Scott to them—"How many men do you suppose it would cost to do it?" "Possibly two thousand or twenty-five hundred; it would depend on circumstances." "But," replied Scott, "I can take it with a much less sacrifice." "Yes," was the answer, "but the army will win no glory, and officers will have no opportunity to distinguish them-

selves." "Remember, gentlemen," replied the veteran,—in words that should be written in gold—"that *a commander who deliberately sacrifices one life more than is necessary to secure a victory is guilty of murder.*" Like Jackson, he was careful as a father of his soldiers; but of his own life he was reckless enough. One day, while walking the trenches, in the midst of the firing, he saw some soldiers peeping over the parapet to witness the effect of their shot. "Down, down, men," he exclaimed, "don't expose yourselves." "But, general," replied a bold fellow, "*you* are exposed." "Oh," said he, "*generals* now-a-days, can be made out of anybody, but men cannot be had." Throughout the siege he shared with his troops their discomforts, the bivouac, hard fare, cold and damp, and sandstorms, from the first day to the last. He examined all the stations, gave orders for all the batteries and their fire, and indeed knew everything that was going on. He, by the aid of his well-appointed staff, was ubiquitous.

Worth having been appointed temporary governor of Vera Cruz, Scott began his march for the city of Mexico. With eight thousand men he prepared to pierce the inland, dotted with fortifications and swarming with people. Twiggs' division first set off, followed in a few days by others, and soon the great national road was alive with the march-

ing columns. On the third day, he reached the base of Cerro Gordo, and in front of powerful batteries erected on the intrenched and barricaded heights.

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

The mountain shouldered up so boldly against the river that skirted its base, that the road left the banks, and wound through the gorges and along the ridges till it finally opened on the rich plain beyond. Twiggs having reconnoitered the enemy's position, resolved at once to attack it. But Patterson having joined him with his volunteers, he was induced to defer it till the arrival of Scott.

The latter no sooner came up than he saw a front attack would cost him too many men, if, indeed, it proved successful at all. The batteries were placed on almost inaccessible ridges one behind the other, and all enflading the road along which the columns must move. Besides, above them all, on the highest point of Cerro Gordo, stood a tower and battery commanding the entire defences below. To advance in front would be making separate entrenched heights so many stepping stones to a last and almost hopeless assault on the topmost battery. He saw that to climb the steep and slippery heights, surmounted by the lower batteries, only to receive the plunging fire of those above, would be terrible work, and he determined, if possible, to avoid it. He, therefore,

made a new reconnaissance and found that a road could be cut around the mountain, on the opposite side from the river, and ascending the heights beyond, intersect the national road behind the Mexican intrenchments. He could thus turn the entire position. Working parties were immediately detailed, and for three days and nights they toiled with unflinching zeal before they were discovered. Balls and grape shot were then thrown among them but without effect; and on the 17th, the road was completed. Twiggs then stormed a height overlooking all but Cerro Gordo, and took it, and soon as night came, detailed a thousand men to bring up cannon with which, in the morning he could fling a plunging fire on the exposed encampments below. A heavy twenty-four pounder, and two twenty-four pound howitzers were to be lifted up the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain, hundreds of feet high. Five hundred men were attached to a single gun, relieved as they became exhausted by the other five hundred. The night was dark as Erebus. A bright fire was built in the gorge below, which threw a broad red light on the face of the rock, and cast into deeper shadow the chasms that opened around. Those five hundred men hanging along the sides of the mountain at midnight dimly revealed in the fire-light, and slowly pulling the sluggish gun after them, while the other five hundred

lay stretched around, presented a strange and picturesque spectacle to the beholder below. Inch by inch, and foot by foot, each heavy burden slowly ascended the heights, till after *eight hours* of unceasing toil, the three guns were planted on the topmost rock. The arduous work was accomplished by three o'clock in the morning, and when the deep shadows that slept in the gorges below, paled before the early dawn, there stood the gallant band around the guns they had lifted to that perilous height. They were now above all the Mexican batteries except the fort and tower of Cerro Gordo. This still overlooked them, and they knew would rain shot and shells into their midst the moment there was sufficient light to reveal their position. But they forgot for a moment the murderous work before them in the thrilling scene that spread beneath their feet. As the morning broke the "sweet music of the Mexican revillée" echoed amid the mountains, and floated in soft cadences over the summits. At length the rays of the sun tipped those lofty peaks, and stealing swiftly down their craggy sides, bathed the hostile encampment in the rosy light of a spring morning. Large bodies of lancers in brilliant uniforms were moving about—dark masses of infantry followed, and the loud and stirring notes of the bugle echoed amid the rocks. Farther down, and beyond, stretched the luxuriant plain, through which rolled

the tranquil river, shining like silver in the early sunbeams. A spirit of romance was shed over the scene, to be dispelled the next moment by the thunder of cannon and strife of men.

The Mexicans saw with astonishment the apparition of an American battery in their midst, and the Fort of Cerro Gordo commenced a plunging fire upon it. Twiggs, in turn, hailed death on the entrenchments below. But the lofty fort that beetled over all the rest was the key-stone of the whole, and Scott had, therefore, cut this side-road so that he could storm it in flank. Pillow was left to press in front against the lower batteries along the National Road; while Harney, with the rifles, 1st artillery, and 7th infantry, supported by the 2d and 3d infantry and 4th artillery, was to make the crowning effort on Cerro Gordo itself. The columns were formed under the eye of Scott, and he rode slowly along, under a "perfect canopy of balls," encouraging the troops, who answered him with loud shouts. At length, when all was ready to charge, "Forward" rung from the lips of their gallant leader, and the storming parties moved forward. In an instant the steep was in a blaze. A solid sheet of fire rolled down its rocky sides, while the explosion of cannon was so constant and deafening that orders could be no longer heard. It was as if one of those terrific tropical thunder-storms had burst on the top. The echoes rolled down the gorges,

and were sent back in deafening reverberations to the summits. But the plunging fire that swept to destruction the front rank of that firm column, could not arrest its onward movement. Scrambling up the naked, uncovered rocks that smoked under the balls that smote them, they climbed higher and higher, the tall athletic form of Harney still in advance. Higher and higher, for seven hundred feet, they toiled through smoke and flame, until they were lost to view amid the sulphurous clouds that enveloped them. But the next moment, a thrilling shout burst from the summit,—they had mounted the barricades, and charging over the guns, swept that hill-top like a hurricane. Harney, suddenly finding himself almost alone in the presence of a large force, began to order up his fancied battalions, as though a brigade were at his heels. His stentorian voice rung through the battle, like a trumpet; and no sooner was the enemy turned in flight, than his swift dragoons wheeled after them, chasing them to the very gates of Jalapa, and beyond them. Scott, while riding amid the raining balls, saw a man holding his shattered arm with the sound one. Reining up his horse, a member of his staff told him it was Captain Patten. Halting, he inquired if he was badly hurt, but in the terrific thunder crash around them, neither question or reply was heard. Shields, gallantly leading his brigade to victory, was shot through the lungs. Pillow alone was unsuccess-

ful. After the battle, Scott rode up to Harney, flushed with victory, and said, "Colonel Harney, I cannot now adequately express my admiration of your gallant achievement, but at the proper time I shall take great pleasure in thanking you in proper terms." That bright April morning had ended in storm and blood. The dead lay everywhere. The gorges were choked with the Mexicans, while along the fiery track of Harney's dragoons, men were stretched in ghastly groups, each with his skull cleft, showing the sabre stroke. But on every height waved the Stars and Stripes. Scott, who by his position, had, in fact, been more exposed than the storming-party itself, no sooner saw the Americans in the works than he hastened up. The spectacle at this moment was thrilling. As he stood on that summit, amid the smoke of the guns that were still playing on the retiring ranks of the enemy, he saw below him the gorges and heights wrapped in war-clouds, amid which wandered broken columns and shattered battalions, and out of which arose the thrilling huzzas of his victorious army. Beside him, his lips moving in silent prayer, knelt his chaplain, amid the wounded and dying that lay in groups around the guns. The storming of that height had been a gallant exploit, and Scott witnessed it from first to last. And now, as he looked around on the panting soldiers, who had moved so fearlessly through the fire, his noble heart was filled with affec-

tion, and he exclaimed, "*Soldiers, I could take every one of you to my bosom;*" then turning to the young West Point officers, who had been heroes every one, and who now gazed with kindling eyes and flushed cheeks on their beloved commander, he shook his hand at them, while his eye moistened and his lips trembled, and said, "*Oh! you young rascals, you!*"

Of the fifteen thousand who had defended that mountain, three thousand prisoners, and a multitude of wounded and dying remained on the field. As one wound up the National Road after the battle, and underneath the frowning batteries, it seemed a dream, that with the loss of only a few hundred men, they had been taken. Positions, where apparently ten men could keep at bay a hundred, had fallen before inferior numbers. It was with feelings of exultation that Scott gazed from that conquered summit on his trophies below, and then turned to the rich plain that lay beyond, upon the domes and towers of Jalapa, and far away to the snow-capped summit of Orizaba.

In a few days the fortifications were deserted, and the victorious army was streaming over the Mexican plains. The wolf-dog and the buzzard alone held sway, and the stench of putrid corpses filled the deep abysses of the mountain.

The orders of General Scott, previous to this battle,

is one of the most remarkable in military annals. They are more like a prophecy than directions.

“ HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
Plan del Rio, April 17, 1847. }

“The enemy’s whole line of intrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned, early in the day to-morrow—probably before ten o’clock, A.M.

“The second (Twiggs’) division of regulars is already advanced within easy turning distance towards the enemy’s left. That division has instructions to move forward before daylight to-morrow, and take up a position across the National Road in the enemy’s rear, so as to cut off a retreat towards Xalapa. It may be reinforced to-day, if unexpectedly attacked in force, by regiments—one or two taken from Shields’ brigade of volunteers. If not, the two volunteer regiments will march for that purpose at daylight to-morrow morning, under Brigadier-general Shields, who will report to Brigadier-general Twiggs, on getting up with him, or the General-in-chief, if he be in advance.

“The remaining regiment of that volunteer brigade will receive instructions in the course of this day.

“The first division of regulars (Worth’s) will follow the movement against the enemy’s left at sunrise to-morrow morning.

“As already arranged, Brigadier-general Pillow’s

brigade will march at six o'clock to-morrow morning along the route he has carefully reconnoitered, and stand ready as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right, or sooner if circumstances should favor him, to pierce the enemy's line of batteries at such point—the nearer the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the right or left, or both, and attack the batteries in reverse; or, if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor until further orders.

“Wall's field battery and the cavalry will be held in reserve on the National Road, a little out of view and range of the enemy's batteries. They will take up that position at nine o'clock in the morning.

“The enemy's batteries being carried or abandoned, all our divisions and corps will pursue with vigor.

“This pursuit may be continued many miles, until stopped by darkness or fortified positions towards Xalapa. Consequently, the body of the army will not return to this encampment, but be followed to-morrow afternoon, or early the next morning, by the baggage trains of the several corps. For this purpose, the feebler officers and men of each corps will be left to guard its camp and effects, and to load up the latter in the wagons of the corps. A commander of the present encampment will be designated in the course of this day.

“As soon as it shall be known that the enemy's

works have been carried, or that the general pursuit has been commenced, one wagon for each regiment, and one for the cavalry, will follow the movement, to receive, under the directions of medical officers, the wounded and disabled, who will be brought back to this place for treatment in general hospital.

“ The Surgeon-general will organize this important service and designate that hospital, as well as the medical officers to be left at it.

“ Every man who marches out to attack or pursue the enemy, will take the usual allowance of ammunition, and subsistence for at least two days.

By command of Maj. Gen. Scott,

H. L. SCOTT, A. A. A. General.”

The next day after the battle, Jalapa was entered, and on the 22d, Worth took possession of the castle and town of Perote without striking a blow. The 15th of May he entered the ancient city of Puebla. Thus, in two months, with twelve thousand men, Scott had taken ten thousand prisoners—nearly the amount of his entire army—four large cities, seven hundred cannon, ten thousand stand of small arms, and thirty thousand shells and shot. When this news was brought back from that little army locked up in the Mexican mountains, the country, with all its extravagant expectations and boastful spirit, was taken by surprise. Men found that facts surpassed their

own boasting, and the results exceeded their most vivid imaginations.

Scott at Jalapa issued a proclamation to the Mexican people, in which he appealed to the bishops and clergy of the towns through which his army had passed, to confirm his declaration, that the rights of property, and the persons of individuals had been everywhere respected. The people eagerly sought for this proclamation—it spread on the wings of the wind—their conqueror promised what their own army refused. The victor swore to guarantee and protect rights, which for a long time had existed only in name. The good conduct of the troops, thanks to Scott's martial-law orders, furnished testimony to the truth of his declarations. Worth writing from Puebla, said, "it takes admirably, and has accomplished more than all the blows from Palo Alto to Cerro Gordo."

The people of Puebla were amazed when they saw the little army of the Americans enter their city. Measuring it by the deeds it had wrought, they expected to behold an army of giants, with terrific engines of war, and lo, four or five thousand men quietly took up their quarters in the town *on their way to the capital of Mexico*.

Scott at Puebla reminds one of Napoleon in Italy. What with detachments left behind, killed and wounded, sick, deserters, and the dismissed volun-

teers, whose term of service had expired, his whole effective force did not reach five thousand men, the remnant of the twelve thousand who had landed at Vera Cruz. Yet here he was, two hundred miles from the city of Vera Cruz, in a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, surrounded by two millions of people, and watched by an army of twenty thousand men. One can hardly conceive a position in which a commander would feel greater anxiety. The only thought would naturally be how to get safely back to his ships. But Scott was simply planning the best manner of marching on the capital, surrounded with fortifications, and teeming with a population of two hundred thousand. Nothing excites so much surprise as the rashness and daring of such a scheme, except the genius and energy that carried it through. There, on that elevated plain, seven thousand feet high, encircled by the Cordilleras—on the very spot where stood the ancient city of Cholula, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, and where the first Cortez gazed on the towers of four hundred idol temples, now stood the second Cortez, with his little band of brave men around him. Three hundred and twenty-four years divide those conquerors—the only two whose invading feet had ever pressed this soil, and both making an epoch in the history of the country. The first Cortez gazed on innumerable domes and towers, glittering

in the sun—on gorgeous cities, and a land teeming with people. Of all their temples and palaces, nothing now remained save the lofty pyramid of Cholula, on the top of which sacrifices were offered to the gods. Solitary and alone it rises in gloomy grandeur from the midst of a vast and desolate plain—an enduring monument above the grave of a buried city, and a memento of the life that was once there. Masses of lava scattered around, attesting that volcanoes had raged and died on that spot, gave a still more sombre aspect to the scene. On this high plain, as it were, away from the world, alone in its beauty, stands this “city of the angels.” What a strange contrast does the American army present to all this. Rushing from the home of civilization, and out of all the stir and activity of modern life, it suddenly finds itself amid the past, surrounded with men, and dwellings, and implements of all kinds that belonged to a former age.

CHAPTER IV.

The army at Puebla—Description of the scenery—Arrival of reinforcements—Departure for Mexico—Ascent of the Cordilleras—Magnificent scenery—First view of the plain and city of Mexico—The road found impassable—Difficult march round Lake Chalco to the Acapulco road—Attack on Contreras—Suffering and anxiety of the army at night—Storming of the fort—Enthusiastic reception of Scott by his victorious troops—San Antonio taken—The three battles of Cherusco—The flight and pursuit—Scott after battle—The Mexicans propose an armistice.

THE troops took possession of the city on the 15th of May, and remained there nearly two months. In that short space, seven hundred perished from sickness. The government at home was heartily sick of the war into which it had plunged the country, and began to show an anxiety to bring it to a termination, half of which at the outset would have prevented it altogether. Mr. Trist was sent a commissioner to make certain proposals, which it was hoped might prevent farther hostilities. This futile negotiation, together with the expectation of reinforce-

ments on their way, delayed the army till mid summer. On the 5th of May, Col. M'Intosh left Vera Cruz with eight hundred men, and a train of one hundred and thirty-two wagons. He was followed five days after by Gen. Cadwallader, with six hundred. The next week, Gen. Pillow, with a thousand men, took the same route, and still later, General Pierce, with twenty-five hundred. Other detachments also arrived, swelling the army to nearly eleven thousand men. Scott in the meantime had not been idle. He had drilled the five thousand men under him almost daily till they had acquired a perfection of discipline that doubled their efficiency. The reinforcements brought everything the army needed, but money. The military chest was in a sad condition, and great dissatisfaction prevailed among the troops. Everything, however, being put in the best preparation his straitened circumstances allowed, Gen. Scott having completed his plans, called his officers together and marked out before them the future course and operations of the army. On the morning of the 7th, Harney's brigade of cavalry moved out of the city followed by Twiggs' division. It was a bright summer day, and the long array of horsemen, of artillery, and infantry, heralded by bands of music, presented a beautiful appearance as it wound over the rolling country, dotted with gardens, and began to ascend the Cor-

dilleras. Scott surrounded with his staff and a hundred dragoons soon followed, while shouts greeted him as he disappeared through the gates and moved with his glittering cortege along the road. As the troops kept ascending, the view became enlarged, and the wind of those tropical highlands blew cold and chill around them. Far away Popocatepatl lifted its snowy crest eighteen thousand feet into the clear heavens, while farther still another icy summit sent its cold breath over the army. Scott had so few troops that he could leave no depots and garrisons on the way, to keep open his communications. He had cut himself loose from help. One lost battle and all the avenues would close forever behind him. Victory alone could keep the road open. With eleven thousand he was advancing on an army of thirty thousand, defended by fortresses and well supplied with heavy artillery. Over all these he must march into a city in which thirty thousand more combatants awaited his approach. Yet he issued his orders with the same confidence he would have done had fifty thousand men followed his standard. He had started for Mexico, and it must be a fiercer fire than ever rolled from a Mexican battery that could stop him. He had said to General Worth at Puebla, who wished to advance his division eighteen miles from the city, in order to watch the enemy, and who also remarked that it was in good retreating distance, "I never put

one foot forward without designing to bring the other up to it." Either he would dictate terms to the enemy in their own capital, or they should exult over his grave.

The army held its way through the wildest mountain scenery, upon the great stage-road, gradually reaching a still higher elevation—now winding along a densely wooded ravine, and again skirting the shore of some sweet lake, that reflected in its placid bosom the frowning heights around. All was new, and strange, and wild. Cool streams, gushing from the sides of the mountain, refreshed the weary troops, but at night the wind from the icy heights around benumbed their limbs, and made them pine for the plains below. On the third day they reached the pass of Rio Frio, more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. This icy little stream had cut away amid the rocks that here closed with a gloomy and threatening aspect over the road. No human foot could scale the precipitous sides of the beetling cliffs, which left but a narrow gorge through which the traveller could pass. A stubborn defence might have been made here, and the enemy at one time had evidently resolved to erect a barricade, and establish batteries; for timber had been felled, and other preparations made. The design, however, had been abandoned, and the army passed on, and at length reached the highest crest of the

mountains. For a long time officers and men had been looking out in eager expectation, to obtain the first view of Mexico. At length the last height was gained, and lo the city and plain were before them. A loud shout from the head of the column rolled down the mountain, and all was excitement and enthusiasm. Jerusalem lying like a sweet vision in the plain, could scarcely have presented a lovelier spectacle to the Crusaders of old than burst at once on the astonished army. The cold mountain air was rushing around them, but far, far down, and away, spread the vast plain of Mexico, shining in summer freshness and beauty. In its midst the domes and towers of the city glittered in the sunlight. All around it gleamed forth the countless lakes that almost lave its walls, while a soft haze overhung all, imparting still greater tranquillity to the scene. Farther away shone the white tops of Popocatapetl and Iztac-eithuatl—their flashing helmets shining clear in the pure atmosphere of the upper regions, while around their feet clung the warm vapor of the lakes that strove in vain to ascend their sides. Scott reined up with his escort, and gazed long and thoughtfully on the magnificent spectacle. Before him like a map, lay spread out the field of his labor—there, shining in summer tranquillity, was the city where his victorious march was to stop. But between him and it lay bloody fields, and perchance, into its crowded popu-

lation, and amid all that magnificence and wealth, he would be compelled to spread devastation and ruin. The memories of the past mingled with anxious thoughts of the future. How many of that gallant army which moved so gaily down the slope would ever recross those mountains. On that plain thousands of ambitious hearts would cease to beat, and when the lessening files should again disappear over this summit, their standards pointing homeward, sad remembrances would be mingled with joyous recollections, and sad farewells be wafted to comrades sleeping in their glorious graves below. As the advance column descended into the valley, the solitude and silence of those highlands were exchanged for the bustle and activity of an army in presence of the enemy. Horsemen galloping along the roads, and scouts scouring the country in every direction, warned the American commander that his movements were watched, and his approach expected. Three routes to Mexico now offered themselves to him—the great road from Vera Cruz, along which he was moving, or the Acapulco road, or the Toluca road. The Acapulco road entered the city at right angles to the former, while the Toluca was beyond it still farther west.

Scott first made a reconnaissance of the road along which his army was marching, and found to his regret that it must be abandoned. El Penon, a forti-

fied hill, completely commanded the approach, and was made so impregnable, both by nature and art, that a greater sacrifice than he could afford would be required to carry it. On one side the hill was perfectly inaccessible, on the other a ditch twenty-four feet wide and ten feet deep had been cut, running from marsh to marsh. Above this bristled fifty-one cannon, commanding the road and enfilading the ditch. From the fort to the city ran a causeway four miles long and surrounded by water. The place, therefore, could not be turned, and to carry it by assault was a task too great for even that gallant army. Besides, if the attempt should succeed, there remained four miles of causeway to be traversed, swept the whole length by the enemy's cannon. Scott, therefore, determined, if possible, to get across to the Acapulco road, whose defences, though strong, were not so impregnable. But Lake Chalco covered the whole intermediate space, and though a causeway stretched across a portion that had been partially drained, it was two miles long and an army of fifty thousand men could not have forced it against the troops and cannon that defended it. The only alternative left was to wheel back and go around the lake, but here he was met by the mountains that came down boldly to the shore. A passage, however, was deemed practicable, and Worth, who commanded the rear division, now took the lead and the army

slowly picked its way amid rocks and along a broken path which a few hours labor of the enemy would have rendered wholly impassable. It was rough work for the artillery and wagons. In less than two days the twenty-seven miles were accomplished, and on the 17th, the head of Worth's column entered San Augustine on the Acapulco road, nine miles from Mexico. Here the depot of the army was established.

Every precaution, however, had been taken to render this road impassable, but there was more ground to work on, and the army was not shut in between marshes and a mountain. San Antonia, a village a little in advance of San Augustine, was strongly fortified, and could be approached only by a long narrow causeway, on which the batteries of the enemy could play with deadly effect. Near this village were the fortified heights of Contreras and the bridge of Churubusco, and farther on and closer to the city, the hill of Chapultepec. Scott had apparently gained nothing by changing roads. Over all those fortifications, defended by a hundred cannon and thirty thousand men, his army of less than eleven thousand must march before they reached the narrow causeways leading to the city and to the interior lines of defence, which alone were by no means to be despised. But his practised eye saw at once that if Contreras could be carried San

Antonia would be turned, and hence rendered harmless. Santa Anna never dreamed this was practicable. True the country stretched five miles from the road to the mountains, but it was a vast field of volcanic rocks and lava, and broken eminences, intersected by ditches, and covered with prickly pear, over which he thought artillery could not be carried.

BATTLE OF CONTRERAS.

Scott, however, ordered Pillow's division to cut a road to it, under the direction of Lee, the chief engineer. At four o'clock in the afternoon P. F. Smith, and Riley, of Twigg's division, and Pierce, and Cadwallader, of Pillow's, were with their brigades carefully picking their way over the rocks, steadily pushing their columns on towards the road that led from the fortress to the city. This was a beautiful road, and as the enemy saw with astonishment an army approaching them over a country hitherto deemed impassible, reinforcements were ordered up, and along, large bodies of cavalry in quick succession were seen to gallop, showing that Valencia was rapidly concentrating his forces on the menaced point. Captain Magruder, with his battery of twelve and six pounders, and Lieut Callender, with his mountain howitzers and rockets, slowly forced their way towards the entrenchments. The

ground covered with rocks, prickly pear and cactus, and the ditches rendered doubly impassable to horses, by hedges of the maguey plant, made their progress so slow that long before they could get into position, grape, canister, and round shot were hurled into their ranks from twenty-two guns of the enemy.

With the utmost effort only *three* pieces could at last be got into battery. These three comparatively light guns made but a feeble response to the murderous cannonade from the heights. Still for two hours the infantry and artillerymen bravely stood their ground. At every discharge of the hostile batteries, they would fall flat on their faces, and let the iron storm rush over them, and then rise and serve their guns. This was disheartening work, and at length two of the pieces were dismounted, and most of the cannoneers killed or wounded. The force was then recalled. Riley, in another part of the field, kept up a skirmishing with the enemy, and several times repulsed the charges of Mexican cavalry. But without cavalry or artillery, no demonstration could be made against the force before him. If the troops charged in line, having no artillery, they would be cut asunder by cavalry, and if in column, they would be rent into fragments by Mexican batteries. All further attempts on the hill were therefore abandoned for that day, but Scott kept pushing his troops towards the road that led

from Contreras to the city. The reinforcements that were pouring over it, must be stopped at all hazards, and he sent forward by another route. Col. Morgan followed soon after by Shields' brigade of New York and South Carolina volunteers to occupy the church and few houses of the settlement itself, and thus block up the road. Waiting till dark, they made a detour through a dense forest, and at length reached their destination.

The night of the 19th closed cheerless and disheartening around the American army. The heavens were black, and the sombre hue which a pending storm shed on everything, rendered the prospect still more desolate. The rifle regiment that had been toiling and fighting all the afternoon, was ordered with the 1st. artillery and 3d infantry to the same hamlet. Through chapparel and cactus they had forced their way, and late at night, tired and hungry, joined Riley's brigade, which, with Worth, occupied the road. Shield's brigade encamped in an adjoining orchard, while Cadwallader's lay still nearer the enemy. The road being enfiladed by the batteries of the fortress, the troops occupying it built breast works, both to conceal themselves and protect them from the grape shot. Nothing could be more discouraging than their position. Part had made their way over rocks, ditches, and through chapparel of thorns to that hamlet, and part through a dense

forest, and now occupied ground they were utterly ignorant of, or of the route to the other portions of the army. Each asked the other where was Scott, but no one could tell. If they could only hear from him, all would be right; one word from their commander, letting them know he was aware of their position, would be sufficient. But cut off from all communication with the army, without artillery, ignorant of the ground they occupied, crushed, as it were, between the overwhelming forces of Santa Anna in Mexico, and those under Valencia in Contreras, the gloomy night promised a still gloomier morning. Scott was weighed down with nearly equal anxiety, for he could obtain no tidings from these gallant brigades. He had sent out seven different officers, but not one could get through. Capt. Lee at last reached him with a message from Shields, announcing that his orders had been fulfilled. Still he had reason to be anxious, for a vigilant and daring enemy would, ere morning, have dealt him a staggering blow. To add to the gloom and despondency of the men, a heavy rain set in. Most of the officers had lost their blankets and overcoats in crossing the rough and thorny fields to their position, and uncovered, lay down beside their worn-out soldiers in the road and orchard. "Too weary to eat, too wet to sleep," they lay packed together in the dirt which, at length, became a mass of mud, and a sorry

set of men they were. At length it was whispered from man to man, "*we storm at midnight.*" A sudden thrill made them for a moment forget their condition, but midnight came, and with it a deluge of rain. The road soon became flooded with water as it poured in streams amid the weary troops, and they were compelled to abandon even that miserable couch, and stand crowded and shivering, shoulder to shoulder under the pelting storm, till near daylight. The orders were to have everything ready for an attack by daylight, but the darkness and the storm rendered this impracticable. But about four o'clock Riley and Smith defiled their troops silently from the road and moved towards the position assigned them in rear of the fort. A ravine lined with orchards and corn-fields presented an admirable protection for them, and they reached their place of concealment unobserved. Cadwallader took position in their rear, while Shields, with Col. Morgan's regiment held the road to stop the approach of reinforcements from the city, and also to cut off the retreat of Valencia's army after the hill should be carried. The Mexicans remained entirely ignorant of all these movements, and were expecting to have the attack in front renewed in the morning.

The American troops were now themselves again. Though every soldier was soaking wet and shivering with cold and hunger, not a heart beat faint. Hun-

ger, cold, and fatigue, were all forgotten, for they were within tiger-spring of the foe. Besides to stimulate their ardor, the hill was shaking with the thunder of Valencia's cannon, and clouds of smoke were rolling heavily away over their heads. The daylight which dawned so murkily through the morning vapors, revealed to the enemy General Shields' brigade occupying the road, and the Mexican General had turned his guns upon it, little dreaming of the volcano that was about to open at his very feet.

At length, at six o'clock, Smith slowly walked up to his men and asked if all was ready. The kindling eye and eager look answered him, and "*men, forward*" ran along the line. The next moment they leaped over the slight ridge that concealed them, and pouring in a sudden deadly fire that seemed to the astonished Mexicans to issue from the very bowels of the earth, rushed forward with shouts and yells that drowned even the crack of their own rifles and the roar of the enemy's guns. The fire of the fort was instantly turned on them, but owing to the rapid advance of the maddened Americans, it went over their heads, and they kept on their headlong way, firing as they ran, till they reached the parapet. Scoffing at the volley that met them here, they cleared the breastwork with a bound, and the brave rifles having no bayonets, clubbed their pieces, and

the heavy blows of the stocks could be plainly heard amid the cries and groans of the dying. The work of death then commenced, for though General Salas succeeded in rallying his troops, and endeavored bravely to stem the torrent, he only increased the carnage. He ordered a splendid body of lancers that came winding up the road in their brilliant uniforms, to charge the Americans, but frightened at the yells of the struggling, swaying mass, they turned and galloped away. The actual conflict lasted scarcely twenty minutes, but the pursuit and carnage continued. Every passage was literally blocked with the fugitives, among whom the foremost of the Americans plunged so madly, that those in rear dared not fire, lest they should kill their comrades. The part that took the road to the city, was cut down or made prisoners by Shields' brigade. Every ravine was filled with Mexican corpses; all through the cornfields and orchards, the earth was sprinkled with the dead and wounded. Five hundred getting jammed in a pass, thirty Americans headed them off, and firing down on them, took the whole prisoners, of whom one hundred were officers.

It seemed as if the despondency, and suffering, and hunger of the night before had filled the troops with tenfold fury, so hotly and desperately did they press the fugitives. On every side small bodies of Americans were seen pouring their volleys into large

masses of the enemy, as they crowded over the fields. Through the forest, amid the volcanic rocks, and thickets of chapparel, the incessant crack of the rifle and shouts of men were heard. Many were too frightened to ask for quarter. The awful yells and frightful ferocity with which the American troops had scaled that hill, and leaped into their midst, made them believe their doom was sealed if taken, and thus the slaughter was increased. This fierce pursuit continued for hours, and when at length the last soldier had obeyed the recall, and the weary regiments were once more in their respective places, that hill presented a frightful spectacle. *Seventeen hundred* killed and wounded, had been stretched around it, and along the roads that led away from its base. The wet earth was red with blood. Over eight hundred prisoners, and among them four generals, twenty-two pieces of brass cannon, seven hundred pack-mules, and small arms, ammunition, stores, etc., in vast quantities, were the trophies of this great victory, and more than all, a strong position had been taken, and another rendered useless, with comparatively small loss to the American army. A great moral effect, moreover, had been secured. The prestige of success—the idea of invincibility, now surrounded the invaders, and no certain reliance could be placed by the enemy on their remaining strong defences. The shout of triumph that rolled

from the summit of Contreras carried consternation into the city, and Santa Anna, for the third time, trembled before the skill and daring that set at naught his strongest fortresses and choicest troops. But if the dismay and despondency were great on one side, the exultation and confidence were equally great on the other. That little army, stretched in the mud beneath the pitiless storm, and cut off from all communication with their leader, at midnight, and that same army sending up their shout of triumph at sunrise from the top of Contreras, present a wide contrast. The rifles had earned imperishable fame. Scott shared in the enthusiasm of the victory, as he had in the anxiety of the night before. Divided from his troops, and no longer able, with his presence, to remedy faults or check reverses, he knew that failure might easily occur, and felt how discouraging to his own troops, and inspiring to the enemy it would be. But little sleep visited his eyes that night; and as he gazed out into the darkness and pouring rain, and ever and anon asked if there were any tidings from the other half of his army, his staff saw that he felt more than he dare express. As one after another came back, drenching wet from his fruitless efforts to penetrate to those brigades, his anxiety increased, and not till the brave and indefatigable Lee brought a message from Shields, did he breathe free again. The first gun

fired at day-break on the brigade of Shields brought him to the saddle, and he and his escort swept along the road towards Contreras. But before he arrived the hill was carried, the battle won, and he beheld with the enthusiastic joy of youth the dismembered and fugitive army of Valentia streaming over the fields. As those brave brigades saw him approach, there went up a shout as loud as that which greeted the morning sun when the American flag floated from the top of Contreras. Riding up to the rifles, he exclaimed, "*Brave rifles, you have been baptized in fire and blood, and come out steel.*" He was mounted on a horse seventeen or eighteen hands high, and with his tall form towering above all his escort, he rode slowly amid the ranks, while the very heavens shook with the acclamations of the soldiers. There was a wildness and enthusiasm in the welcome that the composure of that iron-hearted chief could no longer resist. This almost fierce manifestation of love unmanned him, and reining up his horse, he dropped the bridle, and stretching out his hands, while his lips quivered and his eye moistened with feeling, he exclaimed, "*silence, silence.*" The tumult suddenly hushed, and every ear was bent to catch the words that should fall from his lips.

With his hand still outstretched, and his face turned towards heaven, he exclaimed, "*Soldiers, in the first place, great glory to God; in the second*

place great glory to this gallant little army.” “Oh,” said one of the officers, “you should have heard the frantic shouts and hurrahs that followed.” It seemed as if the soldiers would break their ranks and tear him from his horse. The doubts and distrust of the night before had given way to unbounded confidence in their leader’s skill, and at his command they now would have charged on ten or ten thousand alike. The gallant 4th artillery lost two guns at the battle of Buena Vista, though not until Captain O’Brien had seen his whole section shot down and stood alone with his pieces. Here they were retaken, and this noble company gathered round them with cheer after cheer. Scott riding up at the moment, waved his hand and shouted with the rest, and exultation and joy reigned throughout the army. Three thousand five hundred men had demolished, with a single blow, an army of seven thousand.

The day’s work, however, glorious as it had been, was not yet completed. Three more battles and three more victories were to be fought and won before sunset. The American army was now in the very midst of fortifications, and could not pause. Behind and near it lay San Antonia, and before it and only four miles distant Churubusco. The former was in reality turned, and when Garland, with his brigade approached, the Mexicans fled, and he took possession without resistance, and uniting with

Clarke, which had cut the retiring column in two, started in fierce pursuit.

BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO.

But the great movement of the day was on Churubusco, where Santa Anna had concentrated his troops, and where the fugitives from Contreras and San Antonia rallied. Churubusco was on the great causeway leading from San Antonia, to Mexico, but a canal stretched along in front of it, over which the causeway was continued by a bridge. This bridge was swept by batteries, and a column advancing over the causeway to its still narrower entrance would be exposed to a concentrated and tremendous fire. To make the approach still more perilous, a field work had been erected some three hundred yards in front of this *tête du pont* though a little on one side of the causeway. This was composed of a hacienda surrounded by a wall pierced with a double row of embrasures and commanding the road—a stone building inside still higher, and a fortified church higher than all. The batteries mounted here not only overlooked and swept the road along which the American columns must pass, but were within close cannon shot of the bridge which was to be carried by storm. There was, however, a side road to the hacienda from Coyhoacan, and along this the

divisions of Twiggs and Pillow, together with Shields brigade, accompanied by the rifles, were to advance and divert its fire from Worth, who, keeping along the main causeway from San Antonia, would leave it one side, and be arrested only at the bridge. Thus two separate battles were to be fought within half cannon shot of each other.

Scott, accompanying Pillow's division, had halted when within a mile of Churubusco, and arranged the whole attack. He then took his position on the top of a house, where he could survey both battle-fields, whose clouds were to mingle into one. The brigades of Shields and Pierce were ordered to occupy a cross road which led to the rear of Churubusco, and thus effect the double purpose of deterring Santa Anna from sending reinforcements to the hacienda, by keeping him in constant fear of an attack on his rear and flank, and also of cutting off the retreat of Rincon's army should Twiggs succeed in driving it out. Nothing could be more perfect than this plan of General Scott's. By it, he prevented Santa Anna from concentrating his overwhelming force on a single point. He confused and distracted him so, that he did not know where the heaviest blow was to fall; while, at the same time, so much was threatened, that defeat anywhere seemed to involve complete ruin. This spreading of so many meshes around the feet of the enemy, exhibits the wonderful generalship of Scott.

A commander is great in proportion to the extent of his resources; and though the world generally does not understand this, it gives him full credit in the results which it *can understand*. When the *soldier* becomes aware of it, he moves to his station in perfect assurance of victory. He loves the commander who, by his daring and stubborn resolution, tramples under foot the best-laid schemes; but he delights still more in one who can not only *outfight*, but *outwit* the enemy. Especially is this true of the American soldier, for, to an American, a man *overreached* is already a beaten man. Besides, he feels a certain elasticity and confidence the moment that he finds his foe disconcerted. It was thus Scott acquired such an ascendancy over his troops. They did not care what his orders were—they knew they could be fulfilled. The character of the separate duties of brigades or regiments, or the difficulties in the path of each, were not to be considered, the general, final result would inevitably be a victory. Defeat under Scott the army came at last to consider impossible. *He* could not commit a blunder; and should a repulse occur, the blame must rest on the troops, not on him. Their confidence was not misplaced, and that same confidence gave them tenfold power. Whether standing quietly under a murderous fire, or storming almost inaccessible heights, the thought of not succeeding, if

their chief was looking on, never entered their minds. His direction to do a thing, was conclusive evidence that it could be done.

Everything being ready, at one o'clock the order was given to advance, and Scott saw the columns moving along the different roads in beautiful order. At length they came within reach of the Mexican batteries, which opened a tremendous fire upon them. Twiggs, marching full on the hacienda, planted his guns in close range, and the next moment the plain shook with their heavy explosions. The cannonading was like the incessant roll of thunder. Through the smoke that rolled over the causeway and past this blazing volcano, Worth led his division swiftly towards the batteries on the bridge. Colonel Garland, a little to the right of the road, and Clarke and Cadwallader directly on the road, marched steadily forward through the fire. The heads of the columns melted away before the sweeping discharges from the batteries on the bridge, but the ranks closed steadily up, and under those gallant leaders, pressed firmly on. Garland's column suffered severely from a line of infantry as he approached, but nothing could check the ardor of his troops, that kept pushing on till the line before them broke and fled. Clarke's brigade, with equal coolness, kept moving up, making straight for the bridge. The uproar of the two battles, not over three hundred yards apart, was at this moment

terrific. Nothing like it had ever been heard on the plains of Mexico, and the domes and towers of the city were crowded with men and women gazing off where the white and sulphurous clouds rolling up in the distance revealed the place of conflict. After an hour and a half of incessant fighting, Clarke's brigade at length reached the *tête du pont*; the order to charge passed through the excited ranks, and with a loud shout, they crowded across the ditch, stormed the parapets, and rushing furiously over the bridge streamed after the fugitives as they fled towards the capital. Twiggs heard the thunder of battle rolling away from him, and he knew the bridge was carried, and that the victorious division of Worth was chasing the enemy before it, and he resolved it should not be the last victory of that day. He had stood for two hours and a half under the murderous fire of the batteries, and by directing them on himself, saved Worth from destruction.

Santa Anna, seeing how the battle was going, suddenly poured four thousand infantry, and three thousand cavalry on the brigades of Pierce and Shields. Here were no defences, and it seemed impossible that these two brigades could stand the weight of such overpowering masses. But these rifles "had been baptized in fire and blood," and their quick, deadly fire emptied saddles with frightful rapidity.

The New York and South Carolina volunteers vieing with each other in heroic daring and steady courage, bore up against these heavy onsets with the firmness of veterans, and pouring themselves in tumultuous shouts on the enemy, swept them again and again from their batteries. They melted away like the morning mist, but still shoulder to shoulder they moved unflinchingly through the storm. The road was packed and piled with the dead, and that curtain of brave men, which alone kept Santa Anna's masses from falling on the already exhausted Twiggs, was rent into fragments,—still, with such a leader as Shields, they could not be beaten. Brave, resolute, and with a tenacity of will nothing but death could shake, he moved amid his men a tower of strength. Once surrounded, he told his troops to charge through the hostile ranks. They obeyed, rending the line asunder as though it had been a band of straw.

Scott saw the peril of this brave commander, and the regiments of Ransom, Wood, and Morgan were successively hurried to his aid. One after another they came at the *pas de charge*, and shouting cheerfully to their hard beset comrades, went rolling like loosened cliffs on the foe. Shields heard their shouts with joy, for his brave Carolinian and New York volunteers were fast filling their glorious graves. The gallant Butler fell cheering on his men, and for

a long time Twiggs listened to this incessant and tremendous firing in his rear with the deepest anxiety.

Santa Anna was making a desperate effort to retrieve the losses of the morning, and again and again bore fiercely down with the flower of the Mexican cavalry on the diminutive force that so steadily beat back his legions. But no defeat was to mar that day so gloriously begun; and Santa Anna was at length compelled to give way.

The veteran Twiggs, drawing his girdle of fire still closer and closer around that hacienda, at length carried it sword in hand, and Rincon's army streamed after the other fugitives towards Mexico. The dead and the dying were left in their gore, and the tide of battle swept fiercely away towards the capital. That causeway was dark with men, and fluttering with standards, while white spots of smoke in the distance, and the far off roll of cannon, and faintly heard shouts told that the work of death was not yet done.

The gay and brilliant uniform of the Mexican lancers as they galloped frantically in long columns along the causeway over their own infantry, presented a striking contrast to the dark, compact body of American dragoons that pressed on their flying traces. It was a wild, exciting scene. The blood of those bold dragoons was up, and they never pulled rein till they reached the gates of Mexico.

The American bugle, sounding the recall under the walls of the capital, was ominous of evil. Kearney, with one arm shattered, then led his troop back over the field of slaughter. Nine thousand Americans had trampled under foot thirty thousand Mexicans. The field presented a ghastly spectacle. Friend and foe lay side by side, while cries of distress and moans arose in every direction. The earth had been soaked with the blood of brave men, on whose cold dull ears, the triumphant shouts of regiment after regiment as they returned from the pursuit, fell unheeded. What a day this had been, and what a scene the sun in his course had looked upon. His rising beams flashed on the crimson summit of Contreras; his noonday splendor failed to pierce the war cloud that shrouded the tens of thousands struggling in mortal combat around Churubusco, and now his departing rays, as he stooped behind the Cordilleras, fell on a mournful field of slaughter. But they kissed in their farewell the American standard fluttering from every summit and tower, where in the morning the Mexican cross greeted his coming.

What a contrast did the two nights present. At sunset the day before, the American soldiers had suffered defeat, and were desponding; to-night, they were frantic with joy and exultation. Scott, cut off from half his troops, who, discouraged, sad, and sorrowful, and drenched to the skin, stood at midnight under the

batteries at Contreras ; and Scott riding through his gallant army, that rent the heavens with acclamations, is hardly the same man. Four brilliant victories in one day, and every strong defence but one between him and the capital broken down, lifted a weight from his heart, the pressure of which no one had known. And as he now rode up to the thinned and blackened regiments, he addressed them by turn in enthusiastic praise. He called them his brave comrades, and as they crowded around to seize his hand, told them they had covered their country's flag with glory. He loves the brave, and as he passed along, his very face was eloquent with feeling. This open and unbounded commendation, raised to the last pitch of excitement the already enthusiastic troops, and their shouts and acclamations shook the very plain on which they stood. The brave old Rincon leaned from the balcony of the church he had so gallantly defended, and though a prisoner, gazed with undisguised delight on this manifestation of unbounded love for their leader. He could not escape the contagion of the enthusiasm, and loved his captors better for their devotion to their noble commander. Soldiers will ever love such a chief, and such a chief will ever be worshipped by his soldiers. Scott had good reason to be proud of his army. Since morning they had stormed and taken Contreras, the bridge and citadel of Churubusco, captured San Antonia, and beaten Santa Anna in the

open field. Such a day's work was never done by nine thousand men before. As one looked on those heavy batteries, and almost impregnable defences, it seemed impossible that they had all been carried within twelve hours. But a few more such days would annihilate the American army. A thousand men had fallen, and among them nearly eighty officers. The American uniform was sprinkled thick around those grim batteries; and victories that cost him a ninth part of his men killed and wounded, would soon leave Scott destitute. He was nearly three hundred miles from Vera Cruz, with only eight thousand unwounded men around him. With this comparative handful, he was yet to carry a still more impregnable fortress and the capital itself. He thought of those things on that night of triumph. But the weary army, flushed with victory, dreamed only of greater triumphs to come. The thunder of battle had ceased; the carnage and strife were done; and the living and the dead slept side by side on the field where they had struggled. The uproar of the day gave way to the silence of night. Nature, taking no note of man's inhuman strifes, wore the same tranquil look as ever, and the breath of summer fanned lowland and upland as gently as though no groaning men cumbered the field. The stars came out on the sky, and shed their pure radiance on the blackened batteries and crimson intrenchments, keeping watch all that peaceful night

with the sentry as he walked his weary rounds. The flags that had been carried so resistlessly through the storm of battle, drooped adown their staves,—emblems of victory all unheeded now by the fiery sleepers beneath. The day had opened and closed in blood and slaughter, yet the night showed no change. Far away, along the green valleys and hill sides of this free land, were fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and wives, who little knew how laden with sorrow that bright summer day had been to them. How inscrutable are the designs of heaven, and how unthinkingly men carry them out. Scott, who had seen enough of carnage, wrote after this dreadful day, “enough blood has been shed in this unnatural war;” and to all thinking men, it seemed a wicked and useless waste of life. The former it doubtless was; of the latter, we are not so sure.

Victories are no longer mere indications of prowess and strength. Linked together as nations now are, they tell on civilization and on the destiny of the world. The authors of this war are without excuse, but what necessary link it may form in the chain of human events no one is able to determine. It in the first place saved West Point Academy, which in the end may save the republic, and doubtless, will save more men than fell between Vera Cruz and Mexico. It gave us a position in Europe, and thus strengthened the hopes of freedom everywhere. It gave us

also authority in a country where we then thought we had no interest; but where now we see we have much. It removed (and we trust forever) the absurd and insane idea, that educated officers were not needed in this country—that from the masses would spring able generals like mushrooms after a rain. It has inspired respect abroad and confidence at home, by showing the real strength of the nation. That little army sleeping almost under the walls of Mexico, has at least turned over a new leaf in the book of history, if not for good then for evil.

The next morning Scott while moving to Coyhoacan was met by commissioners from Santa Anna, proposing an armistice. He replied that he was willing to accede to one, and they would find him that night at Tacubaya. The road thither passed within reach of the batteries of Chapultepec, and the commissioners told him if he would delay his march a few hours, orders would be issued to prevent him and his escort from being fired upon. Scott thanked them for their kindness, but with his hundred dragoons boldly proceeded on his way, and slept that night in the Archiepiscopal palace of Mexico, and in full view of the domes and towers of the capital. It is thought that at this time he could have prevented another battle by assailing the city with shells. But the carnage would be frightful in that crowded population, and he humanely listened

to the first overtures for peace. This humanity, however, in the end cost him his bravest troops.

The administration in power at this time did nothing but heap blunder on blunder in their efforts to conduct the war. The insane project of placing a lieutenant-general over Scott, was followed by one not so despicable but equally absurd—the appointment of an agent to treat with the Mexican powers. The mere fact announced at Puebla, excited the contempt of the officers, and inflated the Mexicans with arrogance. Having sent an army of invasion into Mexico it should have empowered the commander-in-chief alone to treat with its rulers, until regular commissioners had been appointed to negotiate a peace away from the field of battle. But it seemed fated that nothing but the gallantry of the American army should redeem the errors in which this “unnatural war” had commenced. There was justice at least in this, for neither the merit or blame has ever been or will be divided. The *crime* rests with the administration, the *glory* with the army.

CHAPTER V.

The Armistice—Scott resolves to carry Chapultepec by storm—Description of the Fortress—Battle of Molino Del Rey—The field after the victory—The condition and prospects of the Army at this time—Misbehaviour of the Government—Defence of Scott—His plan for assaulting Chapultepec—Day preceding the Battle—The final attack.

FOR nearly three weeks Scott and his patient little army sat down in full view of Mexico, waiting the movements of Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners. This project of sending an agent two thousand miles distant, to present a treaty either before or after a battle,—claiming the right to arrest and delay the movements of an army, at a time when the Commander-in-chief might deem it of the utmost importance to advance, was another folly in that series of follies which had characterized the whole course of the administration from the commencement of the war.

Scott, however, did not remain idle. In the first place, twenty-nine deserters taken in the citadel of Churubusco were tried by court-martial. Fighting

with a halter about their necks, they had fought like demons, doing more execution than a whole regiment of Mexicans. Sixteen of these wretches were hung, and their blackened corpses left to swing in the wind, a terrible example to traitors. The city, in the meantime, was carefully studied, and every plan for securing its downfall thoroughly weighed and examined. But his position, notwithstanding the great victories achieved, was perilous in the extreme. Cut off from all resources, with an army of more than thirty thousand men, and a fortified city of two hundred thousand inhabitants before him, he surveyed his little army of eight thousand men with an anxious heart. He could rely on them, for he had tried them. But one day of disaster would shake it sadly. To retreat after a severe defeat would be impossible. The terror of his arms alone kept down the inhabitants. With that gone, the swarming population would gather in endless thousands around his path, and the Mexican cavalry trample down his enfeebled battalions from the capital to Vera Cruz. Like Taylor at Buena Vista, it was victory or ruin with him.

Anticipating failure in the negotiations, he had, after a close examination of the various modes of assaulting the capital, adopted a plan of operations, which he resolved to commence the moment the armistice should close. There were eight different avenues to the city in its entire circuit, terminating

in five gates, each of which constituted a small fort, where a few men and cannon could resist almost any force brought against it. Around a part of the city stretched an impassable morass, crossed by long causeways, commanded by batteries from the walls, and also by the castle of Chapultepec. Around the other portion stretched a wide canal, which it would be necessary to bridge under the enemy's fire. But could all these obstacles be overcome, there remained the fortress of Chapultepec, overlooking and commanding the city, so that if the American army were once within, they could not hold it should the Mexicans resolve to bombard their own capital. But with Chapultepec in his power, Scott would have the town under his guns, and it must fall. He, therefore, resolved to assail it, notwithstanding the almost impregnable fortifications that defended it. But with a less skilful commander than he, or with a less gallant army that closed resolutely around him, its conquest would have been impossible. It was surrounded at the base by a high massive wall; its sides were spotted with forts and walls; and from its top, a hundred and fifty feet high, arose the castle, with its wings, bastions, parapets, and redoubts, all surmounted by a splendid dome, that flashed proudly in the clear sunlight. Around this castle ran two strong walls, ten or fifteen feet high, over which the troops must climb before they could effect an

entrance. The whole frowning top was covered with heavy cannon defended by an army of thirty thousand men. Only on one side could this precipitous rock be scaled ; the western, towards the city. This was clothed with a heavy forest : but at the base were two fortified positions, Molino del Rey, or the King's Mill, a thick stone building with towers, and Casa de Mata, another massive stone building, the two standing about four hundred yards apart. In this admirable position, Santa Anna had placed an army fourteen thousand strong ; its two extremities resting on these fortified structures, and his centre protected by a heavy battery. This force, stretching four hundred yards, from building to building, broken by only the field battery in the centre, presented an imposing appearance.

Thus stood matters on the 7th, when the armistice was broken off. Mr. Trist had demanded all that disputed country between Nueces and the Rio Grande, the whole of New Mexico and upper and lower California. The Mexican commissioners presented a counter project, differing widely from this basis. After much discussion, however, they acceded to all Mr. Trist's claims, with the exception of ceding the south part of New Mexico to the United States.*

* They refused to cede the territory between Nueces and the Rio Grande ; but were willing it should remain unoccupied by either nation—neutral territory.

By what process the administration obtained a right to this territory has not yet transpired unless by right of conquest, which from the first was disclaimed. Scott perhaps might have submitted to this trifling a little longer, had not the representatives of Mexico, Jalisco and Zacatecas issued a protest against the negotiations and the secretary of state, a circular to the states of Puebla and Mexico, calling for a levy *en masse*, "in order that they may attack and harass the enemy with whatever weapons each may conveniently procure, whether good or bad, by fire or sword, and by every practicable means which it is possible to employ, in the annihilating of an invading army." It was evidently high time that Scott was bestirring himself; and luckily for the army Mr. Trist had the good sense to see the unbounded folly of the administration, and to fall in with the views of the commander-in-chief. This was a catastrophe that had not been looked for at home, and completed the political blunder, out of which had grown such a terrible tragedy.

On the 7th of September, Scott had resolved to storm the city of Mexico, and make peace within its walls.

BATTLE OF MOLINO DEL REY.

But Chapultepec, with its strong defences, must first be carried. Preparatory to the final movement

on the heights and castle, it was necessary to demolish Santa Anna, with his fourteen thousand men at the base. General Worth was appointed on this perilous enterprise, and whether his reconnoissance *could* not have been more thorough than it was, or whether he unfortunately considered it complete and satisfactory, at all events he was ignorant of the true strength of the position, until his torn and mangled division revealed it to him. It was a desperate undertaking to attempt, in broad daylight, with a little over three thousand men, to carry those stone buildings, batteries, and all, defended by fourteen thousand troops. But Worth, like Murat, rarely counted his foes, and on the night of the 7th divided his force into three columns, with a reserve under Cadwallader, to act where it should be most needed. The right column, under Garland, received orders to march on the mill. A storming party of only five hundred men, commanded by Major Wright, was to commence the attack by falling suddenly on the field battery in the centre, while the 2d brigade, under M'Intosh, was to move on Casa de Mata.

Sumner, with his dragoons, hovered on the American left. Scott had given orders to have the attack made if possible before daylight. This, however, was not done, although the columns were in motion by three o'clock in the morning. Captain

Huger had been directed to place his battery of twenty-four pounders, so as to cover Garland's advance, and divert the fire from the batteries of Chapultepec. As soon as daylight sufficiently revealed objects, he commenced a terrible cannonade on the mill. His heavy shot tore through its solid walls with such effect, that the position was soon shaken.

The storming party, under Major Wright, then dashed forward on the field battery. Midway they were met by a most horrible and destructive fire from the artillery. Taking it without flinching, they with shouts pressed forward and actually carried the battery. The enemy seeing with amazement what a handful of men were in their midst, rallied, and by the mere weight of their masses, forced this gallant little band back. In a moment the whole line of infantry poured in their volleys, and for an instant it seemed as if the earth had swallowed up every man. *Eleven, out of the fourteen officers* who commanded it, were shot down, and the stunned and shattered column, staggered back. But disdaining to be the first of all that noble army to fly, it stood and bled on the field it could not win, till Captain Kirby Smith, with a light battalion, and part of Cadwallader's brigade, came to the rescue. The two forces joined with shouts and hastily forming, drove with resistless power on the battery, and took it. The Mexican line was thus severed, and the

battle resolved itself into two distinct actions around the two buildings. Garland's column now took up its march for the mill, which seemed on fire from the blaze of its own guns. That fearless and fiery artillerist, Captain Drum, with two pieces, moved at its head, while above them the twenty-four pound shot of Magruder, swept with fearful accuracy on the building. The huge black balls could be traced in their flight, and the dull heavy sound of their concussion was heard even amid the deafening explosions that shook the field. Drum seemed to bear a charmed life, and moved amid his guns with a buoyancy and excitement that presented a strange contrast to the carnage around him. The advance was slow and toilsome, for that slight battery had to contend against overwhelming odds, and its progress gauged the progress of the column. Covering the infantry, it had to make a path for it to the very walls of the mill. Garland cheering on his troops, watched with the deepest anxiety the effect of its fire, for should it be silenced, he would be compelled to march over the wreck of his guns and push the naked, uncovered head of his column sternly up to the very muzzles of the Mexican cannon, or retreat. He did not mean that any contingency should force him to the latter alternative, for when the moment of decision arrived, he had resolved to charge with the bayonet over barricades,

guns, gunners, and all. At length wearied with the effort to carry forward his column in the face of such a destructive fire, he, while Drum was advancing his pieces, called a drummer, and bade him set down his drum as a seat on which he could for a moment rest. At the instant a grape shot struck the cap from his head. Had he been standing erect, it would have passed through his body, and one more name been added to the long list of heroes whose bones repose in the plains of Mexico.

At length, under the concentrated and overwhelming fire of the Mexican batteries, every gunner belonging to Drum's pieces was killed or wounded. He then called on the infantry to supply their places, but not a man would give up his musket. Through fire and blood he had toiled his way to the spot where the bayonet must decide the conflict, and he would not yield his weapon at the moment he most needed it. But those guns must be served, for every shot was worth a regiment of men in demolishing the defences before them. They were, at length, rolled to within a *hundred yards* of the Mexican batteries, where they played with a rapidity and power nothing could withstand. Yet when they reached that fearful proximity, every artillerist *beside them was a West Point officer*. Seeing the guns deserted, and seeing too the vital importance of their being steadily worked, these brave and noble young

officers left their commands and turned common artillerists, under the murderous fire that had cleared every gun of its man. The example told on the soldiers. Behind a battery worked by their own officers, men will march on death itself; and no sooner was the order to charge given, than clearing every obstacle that opposed their progress, they stormed that mill and its defences with resistless valor, and carried them. The Mexicans were driven from their stronghold, and the shout proclaiming another victory rolled up the rocky sides of Chapultepec. Oh, if the nation knew how those "lazy, book-educated officers" of West Point led that gallant little army from victory to victory, they would guard this institution and defend its honor with a zeal and energy that would palsy the hand lifted against it.

As the fearless Garland listened to the shouts that rung from that battered mill-house, he hoped his brave troops would never have another such a task assigned them.

But while the central battery had been carried, and the assault on the mill been pressed with such resistless vigor, a still more deadly combat had raged around the Casa de Mata. The troops assigned to the assault of this building did not get under way till the sun had reached the horizon. The scene which his light then revealed was sufficient to

daunt the stoutest heart. The ground leading up to the building, with its bastions and ditches, was like a smooth open lawn. Not a tree or shrub furnished shelter to a storming party. The base of the intrenchments was lined with the cactus, whose pointed leaves, tipped with dew, sparkled in the sunbeams, appearing like ten times ten thousands lance points flashing in the light. Behind them full five thousand men stood in battle array, while the artillery swept every foot of the smooth green sward. It did not seem possible that troops could be carried over that exposed plain in the face of such batteries. M'Intosh, however, formed his men, and proceeded by Duncan's battery, moved boldly towards the building. Duncan's guns were served with great skill and effect, and vomiting forth fire and death, steadily advanced. But the unsheltered condition of the troops rendered them a fair mark for the enemy, while the latter, behind ditches and walls, were effectually protected. The ranks, however, closed firmly as the grape and canister-shot made huge gaps through them. But they were fast melting away, and demanded to be led to the charge. The command was given. Past Duncan's battery, and over that plain, the maddened battalions swept like a storm, till they at last stood front to front with the enemy. Here they were stopped by the strong defences, of which, till

then they had been ignorant. In vain they made desperate efforts to push over them against the tremendous force upon the opposite side—to retreat was worse than death. The spectacle at this moment was frightful. Those brave regiments, without a bush to shelter them, standing breast to breast, and muzzle to muzzle, with a well sheltered foe outnumbering them five to one, was a sight to move the bravest heart. Duncan's battery was behind them, and could no longer fire, while the enemy's artillery kept hurling its loads of grape-shot in their midst. There was no cessation to the volleys—no interval in the explosions. There was no falling back and rallying to another charge. The doomed battalions never shook or faltered, but sunk where they stood, unconquered to the last. Thus, for *two hours* did they stand on that open field without shrinking. No such firing had ever before been witnessed in the army. It was one continuous, rattling, deafening, thunder-peal, of two hours duration. Wrapped in clouds of their own making, out of which their shouts of defiance rose, the Americans fought that hopeless battle with a fury and desperation, more than human. The carnage was awful. At length their heroic commander was shot down. Scott and Waite soon followed him, and the officers in command, tired of the murderous work, fell back to give room for Duncan's battery to play

again, and that thunder-peal was for a moment hushed.

While these brave men were in the midst of this unparalleled fire, a column of lancers, several thousand strong, came sweeping down to crush them by a sudden charge on their flank. But Duncan, whose guns were now idle, saw the storm that was about to burst on them, and ordering the horses to his pieces swept in a gallop over the field towards the advancing column. The moment he got in good grape and canister range, he unlimbered and poured in such a rapid and scourging fire that it wheeled and fled, pressed hard by Sumner's cavalry.

No sooner did the storming column, by retiring, unmask Duncan's guns, than they again opened on the building. The troops then rallied; rushed forward and crowding over the ditches, drove the enemy before them. The victory was won, but alas! at what a sacrifice. That bright green sward was loaded with bodies, and crimson with blood. One regiment of six hundred had left nearly every other man upon it. As the smoke of battle slowly lifted, before the morning sun, those two black and battered buildings, around which there had been such a death struggle, looked strangely grim and savage, amid the piles of dead bodies at their base. Brave men lay weltering in blood, or reclining on their elbows, were faintly calling for help. Hundreds borne on

litters, or leaning on their comrades' shoulders, as they limped slowly away, were seen moving across the field. Mangled forms and pallid countenances met the beholder at every turn, for in that line of four-hundred yards nearly eight hundred Americans had fallen, or one-fourth of the whole division engaged. The Mexicans had fought desperately. Leon, their bravest general, and some of their best officers were killed. Scott, as he rode over the field was filled with grief at the terrible slaughter, by which the victory had been gained. He had not anticipated it, and feared that an earlier attack or a more thorough reconnaissance might have prevented it. He went into the hospital and visited the wounded, and as he saw fifty brave officers lying before him, he felt how much he had been weakened. He had, however, a word of encouragement and kindness for each. It was his custom as he rode over the field of battle to pause and give his canteen to some poor sufferer who stood in greater need than others, or whisper a promise to a gallant young officer, from whose side the red drops were trickling. His care of the sick and wounded was of the tenderest kind, and those who had gazed with pride and veneration on him in battle, loved him as a father, when wounded and suffering they saw him stooping over their couches in the hospital.

The base of Chapultepec was now in possession of

the American army ; but commanded as it was by the guns of the fort, the position could not be held. Casa de Mata was, therefore, blown up, and the mill rendered useless. Chapultepec was next to be assailed ; and yet, after deducting the sick, wounded, and the different garrisons, Scott had a force of but little over seven thousand men with which to do it. If he should be weakened in proportion to the numbers engaged and the difficulties to be encountered, as much as he had been at Molino del Rey, but a handful of men would be left him to conquer Mexico. These repeated victories were telling frightfully on that unparalleled army, whose fate must be sealed before reinforcements could reach it. Nothing can reveal the utter inefficiency, nay, downright madness of the administration, more than the position of that army at this moment. Victorious in every engagement, it now gathered around the last great obstacle that lay between it and Mexico. The impregnable character of the fortress, defended as it was by thirty thousand men, and covered with heavy artillery, rendered its capture so difficult, that in the attempt the army would in all probability suffer more severely than in any of the battles it had hitherto fought. The most sanguine could not expect six thousand unwounded men, even if victors, to remain after the assault. Six thousand men, nearly three hundred miles from their ships, without depôts or garrisons on the way, a city of near

a quarter of a million before them, and defended by twenty-five thousand troops, presented a noble, yet fearful spectacle. But who placed them in such a perilous position? By whose neglect was the most gallant army that ever trod a battle-field so seriously endangered? Where were the reinforcements that should have poured in by thousands long before that little band gathered with undaunted hearts under the crags of Chapultepec? The inefficiency of a Commander-in-chief, unlooked for and overwhelming defeats, disasters growing out of treachery or cowardice, may seriously compromise an army, and yet the government be blameless. Events that could not be foreseen, and hence not be guarded against, might leave it involved and reduced, as that under Scott now was. With fifty thousand men at his back, he, by his inefficiency or mistakes might easily have done it. *But he could not be in the condition he was, without blame resting on some one.* Neglect on the part of the government that was criminal, or blunders on the part of the Commander-in-chief almost equally criminal, had brought on this crisis. But, did the blame rest with Scott? had he lost a battle? had he wantonly sacrificed his men? had his losses been unexpectedly large? had his army been wasted away by neglect of the sick and wounded, or want of provisions and care for the well? Could he, with the means in his *power*, *have been better off than he was?* No! Fortunately

the facts on this point are so overwhelming, that every man is compelled to answer, No. Every victory but one at least, had been purchased at the least possible sacrifice. Fortresses had been taken and armies beaten at a loss numerically so small as to be almost incredible. The skill, genius, and humanity of the commander had stood in the place of men. They had supplied the want of regiments in every battle. No other living man could have carried that army so far, over so many obstacles, through so many unequal conflicts, and yet drawn it up at the base of Chapultepec so little weakened in numbers or demoralized in character.

The government had no right to expect such results—it might as well have based the campaign on probable miracles. No, a careful and accurate man, one whose judgment could be relied on, would say that by the most favorable calculation, Scott could not get that army where it was without the loss, in killed and wounded, of at least eight thousand men, and that loss would have finished him. By the rules of every military campaign, he ought to have been ruined, and his army annihilated. The country had no more right to expect success with such means than the French Directory had of Bonaparte, when it put him over the half-starved and miserable army of Italy. The American army ought, according to all reliable rules, to have perished, and nothing but

the great qualities of a single man saved it. If it *had* perished, a malediction would have fallen on the administration, which, like "the primal eldest curse," would have clung to it for ever.

These remarks are made in no feeling of party spirit, but the reckless manner in which that army was left in the heart of Mexico, demands as a simple act of justice condemnation from every man who attempts to chronicle its victories. The lives of our chivalrous volunteers, our tried regulars, and our noble officers, are not thus to be trifled with. The army of this Republic is too valuable to be lost in mere political squabbles, or from culpable ignorance. This fact cannot be urged too earnestly on the country. The President being the Commander-in-chief of all the forces, the army of course is under his control. But the President is usually unacquainted with military science, and easily yields to the suggestions of his friends, or appoints ignorant commanders, or adopts unmilitary plans that are certain to bring defeat. His patronage in the army, and the political use he can make of it, tempt him to many foolish and wicked acts. And even if he be a true patriot like Jefferson, or Madison, he is almost sure to err as they did. Madison, in 1812, wished to shut up our ships of war, in port, against all the remonstrances of their brave commanders. In that war, success was gained in spite of the administra-

tion. The truth is, in a government like ours, where the Secretaries of War and Navy are changed almost every four years, and those important departments become filled with men from the civil professions, who are necessarily ignorant of the duties attached to them, they should both, so far as their organization and management are concerned, be placed under the control of their respective senior commanders. Public opinion should demand this as a settled policy, and every deviation of it by either party, be denounced and resisted. This political intermeddling with the army and navy, for the sake of popularity, will yet be visited on the nation with disgrace and defeat.

Scott, as we have seen, at length stood at the base of Chapultepec, with seven thousand men, resolved to carry it by storm, and then wheel his conquering battalions full on the capital, and beat down its gates while the shouts of victory were still carrying terror and dismay into the ranks of the enemy. By the 1st of September the hill had been boldly and thoroughly reconnoitred, every assailable point noted down, and the route of the assaulting columns marked out. At the same time, to deceive the enemy, and prevent reinforcements from being flung into the fortress, he ordered Pillow, Quitman, and Twiggs, to advance along the causeway from San Antonia, and open their fire on the gates of the city.

He thus kept Santa Anna in ignorance of his real point of attack, and the latter at once concentrated a large force in the city to resist the entrance of the American troops, whose standards were pointing towards its walls. Consternation and dismay reigned amid the crowded population; the streets were thronged with terror-stricken men and women, who supposed this terrific cannonading was but the prelude to the final assault, and momentarily expected to hear the shouts of the Americans as they stormed over their defences.

But as night came on, Quitman and Pillow with their divisions, stole quietly back to Tacubaya, where Scott, with Worth's division had established his headquarters.

BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

All was bustle and preparation at the base of Chapultepec. Four heavy batteries were planted in easy range of the fortress, to be ready by daylight to play against its solid sides and upon its frowning ramparts. No. 1, commanded by Captain Drum, was placed within six hundred yards of the castle. No. 2, under Captain Huger took position a little farther off, while Nos. 3 and 4, commanded by Capt. Brock, Lieutenants Anderson and Stone, were placed, the former half way between Tacubaya and Molino del Rey, and the latter near the mill itself. The

object of these was to weaken those strong defences and open up some accessible avenues to the assaulting columns. By daylight they were all ready, and the heavy shot of the first gun knocked loudly on the portals of that fortress for admission, and called the astonished garrison to their pieces. In a few moments the whole, composed of eighteen and twenty-four pounders, and eight inch mortars, were in "awful activity," and when the early sunbeams gilded the splendid dome that crowned the height, they revealed many an ugly rent and ragged outline in the massive structure.

Every shot could be traced in its flight, while its heavy concussion sent back the report of its own doings. Shells rising gracefully out of the smoke, swiftly ascended the hill, and hovering a moment above the doomed garrison, dropped, blazing within. Fragments of wall and timber hurled through the air, announced that its work was accomplished. The enemy replied with all his heavy artillery, and soon the air was black with balls, and above them the heavens ablaze with burning shells. At the same time, Twiggs was thundering away at the gates of the city—explosion answered explosion, till the deafening reverberations were sent back from the distant Cordilleras. From daylight till dark the batteries never ceased playing. Since the army left Vera Cruz there had been no such opportunity to

exhibit our artillery practice. The way those heavy guns were handled excited the admiration of the whole army. As soon as the distance and elevation were accurately gained, scarcely a shot was thrown away. Every one went with the precision of a rifle ball, and passed through and through the walls, spreading destruction in its path. Scarcely a shell wasted its force in the air, but tore up the ramparts as it dropped. The garrison, except those necessary to man the guns, were driven from the works by this incessant and deadly firing, and remained outside, towards the city. Here they stood to arms all day, ready the moment the firing ceased to return and repel the assault. At nightfall, Scott seeing that the fortress was severely shaken, prepared to storm it in the morning. That was a busy night, and but little sleep visited either officers or men, and by daylight on the morning of the 13th the separate divisions were all in their places. Scott had resolved to storm the heights in two columns—one, commanded by Pillow, was to advance on the west side; the other, by Quitman, on the southeast, each preceded by two hundred and fifty picked men. Worth's division received orders to act as a reserve, while Twiggs, away from the scene of action, was to keep playing on the gates of the city, and thus compel the portion of the enemy's army concentrated there to remain on the defensive. At daylight the Ameri-

can batteries again opened their fire, and again the massive columns within the fortress were driven out. It was known throughout the army that the cessation of the cannonading was to be the signal of assault. Every ear was therefore turned to catch the first lull in that incessant uproar, and every heart beat quicker as each explosion promised to be the last. But as hour after hour passed on, and the batteries still kept thundering on the heights, the impatience of officers and men threatened to over-leap all bounds.

At length Scott sent word that the signal would soon be given, and at nine the sudden silence of the batteries announced that the hour had come. "Forward," passed through the ranks, and those intrepid columns began the ascent. The moment they were in motion the batteries again opened, and canopied them with shots and shells, that went before to open the path to victory, and keep back the reinforcements without. Pillow's column entered the forest, which was in a blaze from the sharpshooters that filled it, and sweeping it of the enemy, emerged on to the open ground, and under a rocky height. Here Pillow fell, and the command devolved on the brave Cadwallader, who shouted "forward" to that eager column, and it streamed up the rock, taking the destructive volleys that thinned their ranks, without flinching. Half way between it and

the castle walls stood a strong redoubt, whose batteries played with deadly effect on its uncovered head. The ground that intervened was broken by chasms and rocks, over which the troops slowly made their difficult way, firing as they went. The rapid and fatal volleys of the two hundred and fifty men that moved in advance, swept everything down, and onward firmly and irresistibly crept the column. Reaching the redoubt in which mines had been placed to blow up the victors, they carried it in one swift and terrible charge. So sudden and rapid was the onset, and so complete the overthrow, that the enemy had no time to fire his mines, and those who attempted it were shot down. "There was death below as well as above ground," but nothing could resist the progress of that heroic column. Leaving that redoubt behind, it marched straight on the walls of the castle. Scott watched its advance through fire and smoke, with an anxious heart, till it at length reached the ditch. The spectacle it presented at this moment aroused all the latent fire of his nature. Halting a moment till the ditch could be filled with fascines, and the scaling ladders applied to the walls, it sternly stood, and melted away under the fire of the enemy. At length the chasm was bridged when the troops streamed over with shouts, and in a moment the ladders were bending under the weight of those who seemed eager to be the first in the portals of

death. Pierced with balls or bayonets, the leaders fell back dead upon their comrades, but nothing could check the ardor of those that followed after. Bearing back by main force those that opposed their ascent, they climbed to the top, made a lodgment, and sent up a thrilling shout. "Streams of heroes followed," sweeping like a sudden inundation over the walls. Cheer after cheer arose from the ramparts; flag after flag was flung out from the upper walls, carrying "dismay into the capital."

Quitman, in the meantime, had made his way to the southeast walls, but being compelled to advance along a causeway, defended by artillery and infantry, he was delayed in carrying them till the routed enemy above came on him in crowds. The troops turned on those with relentless fury. Remembering their brave comrades at Molino del Rey, to whom no quarter was given, they mowed the Mexicans down without mercy. The New York, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania volunteers, however, by crossing a meadow, under a tremendous fire, and mounting swiftly to the castle, were in time for the assault. A detachment of New York volunteers, under Lieutenant Ried, and another of 2d infantry, led by Lieutenant Steele, were foremost on the ramparts. The former, cheering his men on, was the first to scale the heights and the wall. He was at length wounded, but refusing to retire, limped on

his way, advancing still higher and higher towards the Mexican banner that waved above him. At length he reached it, and tearing it down with his own hands, fainted beside it. It was gallantly, nobly done.

The spectacle presented to Scott as he turned with his staff to ascend the hill filled his heart with joy and exultation. Those walls and ramparts which a few hours before bristled with the enemy's cannon, were now black with men, and fluttering with colors of his own regiments, while a perfect storm of hurrahs, and cheers rolled towards heaven. As he passed up he saw his troops shooting down the helpless fugitives without mercy. He could not blame them, for he knew they were avenging the death of their brave comrades, to whom no mercy was shown at Molino del Rey, but unable to endure the inhuman spectacle, he rode up to the excited troops, and exclaimed, "Soldiers, deeds like yours are recorded in history. *Be humane and generous, my boys, as you are victorious, and I will get down on my bended knees to God for you, to-night.*" Noble and eloquent words, which immediately found a response in those brave hearts. Mercy blended with strength is ever beautiful.

As he reined up on the summit in the view of all, the very hill shook under their acclamations. It was a time for exultation to him, and he shared in

the high enthusiasm of his troops. He had conquered—the day begun in anxiety was ending in glory. The capital was at his mercy, and as he stood on the top of that castle and looked off on the domes and towers of the city crowded with spectators, and down on the fugitive army fleeing towards its walls for shelter, he resolved at once to march on the gates and carry them by storm. Two causeways starting from the base of the hill, diverged as they crossed the marsh, and again contracted in approaching the city. Over these the Mexican host was streaming, infantry and artillery in wild confusion, pressed hard after by Worth and Quitman. But arches and gateways occurring at intervals, presented points for making vigorous stands against their advance, so that the battle had only rolled down the hill—not ended.

Behind these, the Mexicans again and again rallied and fought bravely. Fighting under the walls of their capital, they struggled desperately to save it from becoming the spoil of the victor. Worth pressed fiercely against the column before him, toward the San Cosmo gate, while Quitman was forcing his way along the San Belen aqueduct. To a spectator from the top of Chapultepec, the scene below at this time was indescribably fearful. The Americans appeared like a mere handful amid the vast crowds that darkened the causeways in

front of them. But the clouds of smoke that wrapped the head of each column and the incessant explosions of cannon, revealed where the American artillery was sternly mowing a path through the swaying masses for the victorious troops behind. The living parapets were constantly falling along the edges of those causeways, while the shouts and yells of the struggling thousands rose up from the mingled din and crash of arms like the cries of a drowning multitude, heard amid the roar of the storm. Scott surveyed at a glance this wild scene and seeing what tremendous odds his brave troops below were contending against, hurried up reinforcements to their help. Officers were seen swiftly galloping from division to division, and soon Clarke's and Cadwallader's brigades moved rapidly over one causeway to the help of Worth, while that of Pierce took the other, on which Quitman was struggling. Crushing every obstacle in their path, those columns slowly, but steadily advanced. As they came near the city where the causeways again approached each other, Worth sent an aid-de-camp to Scott, begging that Quitman might cease firing on the Belen gate, and turn his artillery on the column he was pushing before him. A few raking discharges on its flank, would have rent it into fragments. Scott knowing that the San Cosmo gate presented the weakest defences, had determined to enter by it, and sent word

again and again to Quitman to employ the enemy, rather than attempt to force the Belen gate. But that brave officer had remained in idleness at San Augustine long enough, while the rest of the army was covering itself with laurels. The opportunity given him in the morning was bereft of half its value by the necessary delay of his column, till the castle was carried; and he was resolved that he would not be second in that last crowning battle. Worth's victorious division should not open the gates for him from within, and through the deadly fires that smote him both from front and flank batteries, over every obstacle that opposed his progress, he still urged on his bleeding column till the gate was reached, when the gallant rifles dashed forward with a loud shout and carried it. The entrance was won and Quitman stood within the city. Here he stubbornly maintained his position from 2 o'clock in the afternoon till night, under a galling fire from the guns of the citadel. Defences were thrown up to shelter his valiant corps as much as possible from it, and he waited patiently till daylight should appear. He had lost some of his best troops, and among them those noble officers, Captain Drum, and Lieutenant Benjamin.

Worth, in the meantime, had advanced steadily towards the San Cosmo gate. Scott, after having seen to the prisoners of war and the wounded, hastened down the hill of Chapultepec and joined him

in the hottest of the fire. Here, while in the act of handing an order to an officer, the horse of the latter was shot by his side. After giving directions to Worth, he returned to the foot of Chapultepec, and taking his station where the two causeways parted, directed the movements of both columns and sent forward help where it was most needed. By 8 o'clock, Worth was in the suburbs, and there, around two batteries which he had carried, rested his exhausted troops for the night.

Another night had come, giving repose to the weary soldier. The tumult and carnage of the day had ceased, and silence rested on the city, and our army under its walls. Quitman's troops sleeping in heaps under the arches of the causeway, and Worth's by the San Cosmo gate, presented a striking contrast to these same soldiers a few hours before. What a day's march that army had made, and what a track it had left behind it. Two paths, lined with the dead, marked its passage up the slippery heights of Chapultepec—scattered masses of the slain showed where the tumultuous flight and headlong pursuit had swept like a loosened flood down the slope, while the two causeways shattered and blackened, and streaked with blood, revealed the course its fiery footsteps had last taken in the road to victory. Nearly nine hundred of the Americans had been killed or wounded, while the Mexican dead lay in uncounted heaps on every side.

It was an evening of rejoicing in that victorious army, but hundreds were writhing in suffering, and many a gallant spirit that at morning had seen glory and promotion before it, was now swiftly passing to that still land, where warrior and war-horse are seen no more. To them the joy and enthusiasm on every side, added but more sorrowful regrets for all they had lost. Through so many perils they had moved in safety, to sink at last at the end of the race. Oh, how earthly glory fades at such a moment. Leaving aside the freezing spectacle of heaps of mutilated corpses—the ghastly wounds and moans of the sufferers, if those who slowly die after the battle is over, and its excitement has passed away, could tell us all their mental suffering—breathe into our ear their extinguished hopes—their vanished dreams of glory—let us see the inward scalding tears that drop over the absent loved and lost for ever—the sudden waking of conscience to a squandered life, and the anxious piercing glance into the dark unknown, whose shadows are slowly closing round the spirit, war would seem the saddest thing on earth. It is a blot on the race, and its evils cannot be magnified. But these evils, great as they are, do not lessen its necessity. While the world is governed by physical power, truth and justice will be compelled to resort to the sword to maintain their rights, aye, to defend their very existence. Besides,

death is the same, whether it comes on the battle-field, or sinking wreck, or amid the storm, or earthquake. A course of action is to be judged, not by the suffering attending it, but by the principles which govern and control it. That the Mexican war was forced on the country, without sufficient provocation, and secured nothing in comparison to the sacrifice it cost, few will doubt. The opinion of the world may be swayed, but the authors of that war will have a difficult task to sway the calm verdict of eternal truth and justice.

Many officers in the army, and the noble Commander-in-chief himself, felt the want of that support which the consciousness of a good cause gives to the true soldier.

“Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.”

The morning of the 14th of September had not yet fully dawned when the army was in motion. A deputation from the city council in the mean time waited on the Commander-in-chief, announcing that Santa Anna, with the remnant of his army, had fled the city, and demanded “terms of capitulation in favor of the church, city, and the municipal authorities.” Scott refused to grant any terms; the city was in his power; he was resolved to enter it sword in hand, and plant his triumphant banner on its walls by the right of conquest alone.

Santa Anna, seeing that the capital was lost, had sent to him the night before, asking what terms he required. The latter curtly replied, that he had no answer to give, and no questions to ask.

Slowly and cautiously, to guard against treachery, the columns proceeded in the early dawn towards the great public square. Quitman's division first approached it, and his troops, rushing with shouts upon it, hoisted their flag on the walls of the National Palace. Worth's division followed, and that little army of six thousand men stood in the heart of the capital, while long and deafening shouts proclaimed the joy of the conquerors. About nine o'clock a sudden bustle was seen in one corner of the square to which one of the streets led, and the next moment a long, loud hurrah broke forth. The troops had caught sight of the waving plumes and towering form of their Commander, slowly advancing in the midst of a body of cavalry. As he entered the plaza, the whole army shouted as one man. Again and again that loud, frenzied hurrah swelled over the city, and swords flashed in the air, and caps waved, and drums rolled. It was a wild, enthusiastic welcome, worthy of their chief, and his eye kindled with emotion.

In a short time, however, a heavy volley of musketry was poured into the troops, dropping men who had passed unscathed the carnage of the day before. Some two thousand liberated convicts had armed

themselves, and with as many soldiers, commenced firing on the Americans from the flat roofs of the houses, from the windows, and the corners of the streets. Garland was wounded in endeavoring to disperse the assailants, and it was not till after twenty-four hours of toil that these miscreants were at length caught or scattered.

Tranquillity being restored, Scott levied a contribution on the city, and organized a temporary government. His army of six thousand men appeared a mere handful in that spacious square, where Santa Anna, a few hours before, had manœuvred thirty thousand. But there was a grandeur about it as it stood up in the heart of that great city, surrounded with the memories of so many victories, and presenting in itself the embodiment of so much power. That vast population might apparently rush upon it and crush it by the mere weight of their masses, yet there it stood, awing all by the terror of its name. The Mexicans gazed upon it in amazement. Since its conquering feet had been placed on their territory, it had taken twelve thousand prisoners, killed and wounded nearly ten thousand men, and captured colors and standards innumerable, together with more than seven hundred pieces of artillery, more than thirty thousand small arms, and shot and shells and munitions of war without end. In its very last onset it had trampled under foot thirty thousand men, defended by castle walls,

intrenchments, and heavy artillery. Scoffing at numbers, defying obstacles, it had moved on its victorious course with resistless power. Reduced it indeed was, but its adamantine columns stood firm as ever. The mere mention of the numbers captured and slain and wounded by it astounds one. The bare statistics sound like the fabulous deeds of some hero of romance. Never had so small an army so much glory to divide among its numbers. Proud of their renown and their leader's praise, they cheerfully obeyed his commands, and abstained from all those acts of violence and oppression which a conquering army in the heart of a city that has cost it such a sacrifice, feels it has a right to commit. Property and life were protected, and the inhabitants settled down into a feeling of security and peace, to which, under their own rulers, they had for years been strangers. The humblest individual could come to General Scott with his complaint, sure of receiving justice and protection. That army, whose name had carried terror into all hearts, was soon looked upon as the guarantee of their rights and the enjoyment of their social blessings. The Mexicans could not understand how such ferocious men in battle, such fire-eaters when raging amid their foes, could be so quiet in their deportment, so kind in their ways, and generous in their conduct. Scott, whose name had never been uttered without a shudder of fear, was beloved as their best protector

and friend, and they sat down under his mild but firm sway in perfect contentment.

But in the midst of his duties, on the very theatre of his exploits, surrounded by the battle-fields where he had ever been victorious, he was dragged before a court of inquiry to answer groundless charges preferred against him. Nay, his command was taken from him and given to another.

We have seen that from the commencement of the war the administration had heaped blunder on blunder, as if on purpose to keep up a contrast between itself and the army, and thus let the latter have all the glory. The very efforts to injure Scott had turned out blunders; they had reacted like "curses that come home to roost." It had, therefore, resolved on open attack; the veteran of threescore, covered with laurels should be disgraced, and tried as a criminal on the very spot where he had triumphed. The Mexicans could not understand this. There was a cold-blooded hatred about it that seemed in their eyes to foretell his certain ruin. Very probably it was this that induced them to believe he might be persuaded to remain in their midst, and prompted the offer of the presidency with a salary of two hundred thousand dollars per annum. The army seemed to worship him, and they had no doubt would cheerfully share his fortunes.

The troops were indignant at the treatment of

their commander, and hailed him with shouts whenever he appeared. One day they marched in front of the house he occupied, and would not be satisfied until he appeared on the balcony. The cheering that followed convinced the Mexican authorities that Scott had issued a pronunciamiento, and they called upon him to ascertain the fact, and treat at once with him instead of the United States government. He, however, undeceived them; told them the Americans were law-abiding men; that the president was commander-in-chief of the whole army, and the commanding-general was therefore bound to obey his orders.

They went away disappointed and puzzled. How a man, apparently disgraced by his government, could so quietly submit, when he evidently had power to do otherwise, was so contrary to the course their own commanders pursued, that they could not comprehend it.

It was with a sad heart Scott took leave of that gallant army, in whose midst he had marched to so many victories. A common danger, common toils, and hardships, had endeared them to him. Their unbounded devotion to his person, and the bravery and daring with which they had fulfilled all his orders; their patience under privations, humanity in the hour of victory, and peaceful obedience in the heart of a great city, around whose walls they had

shed their blood, had bound them to him by a tie strong and tender.

It was a ruthless blow that severed it. But the deed was done, and the faithful servant of his country, the peerless chieftain, shorn of his command, turned his footsteps homeward. And when, from the summit of the Cordilleras, where a few weeks before he gazed down on the plains below, he turned to take a farewell look of the fields of his fame, sad, bitter thoughts mingled with glorious remembrance.

Through the cities which he had conquered, down the steeps of Cerro Gordo, still blackened with the smoke of his cannon, he continued his way, and at last entered Vera Cruz, more as a prisoner than a conqueror. Here a large and commodious vessel, direct for New Orleans, was offered him. But with that magnanimity and self-forgetfulness, which have always characterized him, he refused, saying, "No, my soldiers will soon be here and will need it," and taking a brig he set sail for New York. The vessel was crowded with sick and disabled men, and worn down by the incessant fatigue of the past six months, he himself was soon attacked by a disease that well nigh carried him to his grave. Weary and sick, he at length reached the harbor of New York, and without stopping to receive the congratulations of the city, passed on to his residence in Elizabethtown.

This shunning the presence of his countrymen, as though he suspected them of sharing the feelings of the administration, cut them to the heart, and they resolved to give him a manifestation of their love, which could not be misunderstood. A day was appointed for a public reception in New York, so that the people could render *their* verdict on his conduct. He landed amid salvos of artillery, and escorted by the entire military force of the city, passed through its principal streets. The public buildings were decorated with flags—every window was crowded with spectators waving their handkerchiefs, and the streets from limit to limit thronged with the tens of thousands who strove to catch a glimpse of the man who had wrought such wonders, and covered his country's flag with such unfading glory. As he rode slowly along a shout that shook the city arose around him. The *people* were speaking. Party feeling was forgotten, and the animosities of factions were buried under the boundless enthusiasm that burst forth on every side. The hero had been brought home to be disgraced, and the people were *crowning* him. His gallant heart was to be irritated and annoyed by petty accusations and fault-findings, and lo the thundering shout of "All Hail to the Chief," that rolled over the land, frightened his persecutors from their cowardly purpose. Haman, was that day doomed to witness the triumph of the man he had

doomed to infamy, and hang on the gallows he had reared for another. The *heart* of this republic is sound, whatever its judgment may be.

General Scott is now the Whig candidate for the Presidency.

The most striking points of General Scott's character stand out in bold relief. In so long and eventful a career, a man's character cannot be concealed. His actions reveal it. Probably a more fearless man never lived. Like Bonaparte, he may be irritated and disturbed by trifles, but danger always tranquilizes him. Those who have been with him most, say that in the moment of greatest peril, his lip wears its serenest expression. It is in the thunder crash of battle, and when the brave battalions are linked in deadliest combat that his heart beats calmest. It is a little singular that the greatest warriors (not merely desperate fighters, but men fit to be leaders of armies) have been distinguished for more than ordinary humanity, and tenderness of feeling.

Murat, whose natural element seemed the smoke and carnage of battle, never drew his sword in combat, lest he should slay some one. Ney, who moved amid death like one above its power, was as simple and tender as a child. The same is true of Scott. The sick and the distressed have not merely commanded his *sympathy* but he has again and again risked his life to succor them. Stern, nay, almost tyrannical,

as a disciplinarian, his heart as a man is filled with all generous emotions. He was in New York at the time of the Astor Place riot, and within hearing of the firing. As his practiced ear caught the regular volleys of the soldiers, he wrung his hands and walked the room in an agony of excitement, exclaiming, "*they are firing volleys, they are shooting down citizens.*"—What an apparently strange contradiction. This man, whose nerves seemed made of iron in battle and who had galloped with the joy of the warrior for hours, amid a hail-storm of bullets, could not control his feeling when he knew the blood of American citizens was flowing in the streets of New York. But in the one case he acted as a commander whose business it was to conquer; while here he was a man feeling for his fellow man. That burst of feeling did him more honor than the greatest victory he ever gained.

Scott is also distinguished for great tenacity of purpose. What he has once resolved upon, he cannot relinquish. As he said, he never puts one foot forward without designing to bring the other up to it. The desperate manner in which he clung to the height at Lundy's Lane—charging like fire, when, but a quarter of his brigade was left, and crying out, as mangled and bleeding, he was borne from the field, "*Charge again,*" reveal a strength and firmness of will, that no earthly power can shake.

Such a man is hard to beat. As a military chieftain, he probably has no superior, if equal, in the world. Place a hundred and fifty thousand American troops, drilled under his own supervision, in his hands, and the miracles of Napoleon would be wrought over again. He possesses all the qualities necessary to make a great commander. Courage, coolness in the hour of danger, fertility of resources, extensive yet rapid combination, the power of covering a vast field of operations, yet losing none of its details, perfect control over his troops, tireless energy, and great humanity, combine in him, as they are rarely found in any man. Success cannot intoxicate him, nor defeat enervate him. Tempted by no sudden stroke of good fortune into rashness, he cannot be made listless by disappointment. A less nicely balanced character would never have carried us safely through the difficulties on our northern frontier.

His life is singularly clear of moral blemishes. Noble and confiding, he has often been wronged, yet he never could be forced into low retaliation or soured into distrust of his fellow-man. While in Mexico, a friend warned him against an officer, whom he suspected of being an enemy in disguise. "I cannot help it," said the General. "It has all my life been a positive luxury to me to confide in my fellow-man, and rather than give it up, I should prefer being stabbed under the fifth rib daily." The temptations

which surround elevation to rank and power have never corrupted him ; and he is, at this day, as firm a friend of religion, temperance, and all the moral virtues, as though his life had been devoted solely to their inculcation. It is rare to see a long and public career so unstained by any vice.

The most severe and fiery trial to which a man in this country can be subjected, is to be a candidate for the highest office in the republic. Yet from even this, whether successful or unsuccessful, he will come out unscathed. Not a charge that could affect the love and confidence of his countrymen will be fastened on him. The only two accusations made against him worthy of notice are, that he is dictatorial, and vain ; and particular, and exacting about mere trifles. A dictatorial manner is almost inevitably attached to one who has always been accustomed to command. If self-conceit in him amounts to a fault, that fault never had a better or more satisfactory excuse. The latter defect, as it is termed, on which so many changes have been rung, is one of the most valuable elements in his character. It is the importance he places on details that makes his army so complete in all its departments and so like a single instrument in his hand. Knowing everything from the greatest to the least, he is acquainted with all his resources, and hence does not attempt what he cannot carry out.

It was his habit in Mexico to require the attendance of the chiefs of *every department*, every evening at his quarters, where he interrogated and conversed about their individual matters. From the quartermaster, he learned everything relating to hospitals, quarters, forage, trains, horses, pack mules, moneys in hand for future use, &c. &c. ; from the commissary, he found out the resources of the country for provisions, the quantity in store, the means of transportation, the expectations beyond, as the country developed itself ; from the medical chief he invariably knew of the health of the command, of the wounded, of the number of deaths, of the supply of medicines, and the due attendance of a sufficient corps of surgeons at the hospitals, while from the general officers he knew even to the most trifling details of the regiments and corps. There was an officer appointed to a new regiment, as colonel, who had large influence withal as a politician, and who came out opposed to General Scott politically and otherwise. At Jalapa, he called to see him, and when he left headquarters, he was amazed at the information in small matters that the general had at hand, "Why," said he, "he verifies the stories of Napoleon."

Those who carp about particularity in small matters, should remember what grand results they have accomplished ; and they should remember, too, that

this habit of such vital importance to a commander, like all other habits, cannot be put on and off at pleasure. It may exhibit itself in matters wholly unimportant, and a person witnessing it in one of such renown, will be amazed, forgetting entirely out of what a great basis it sprung. "The world is made up of little things," is a favorite maxim with him; and the rigidity with which he enforced it in every department, alone saved the army in Mexico.

"Republics," it is said, "are ungrateful," but posterity is just, and history eventually impartial.*

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY. }
National Palace of Mexico, Sept. 18, 1847. }

"SIR :—At the end of another series of arduous and brilliant operations of more than forty-eight hours' continuance, this glorious army hoisted, on the morning of the 14th, the colors of the United States on the walls of this palace.

"The victory of the 8th, at the Molino del Rey was followed by daring reconnaissances on the part of our distinguished engineers—Capt. Lee, Lieuts. Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower,—Major Smith, senior, being sick, and Capt. Mason, third in rank, wounded. Their operations were directed principally

* For a more elaborate description of the movements on Chapultepec and Mexico, see the annexed despatch of the Commander-in-chief, dated from the capital.

to the south—towards the gates of the Piedad, San Angel, (Nino Perdido,) San Antonio, and the Paseo de la Viga.

“This city stands on a slight swell of ground, near the centre of an irregular basin, and is girdled with a ditch in its greater extent—a navigable canal of great breadth and depth—very difficult to bridge in the presence of an enemy, and serving at once for drainage, custom-house purposes, and military defence; leaving eight entrances or gates, over arches—each of which we found defended by a system of strong works, that seemed to require nothing but some men and guns to be impregnable.

“Outside and within the cross-fires of those gates, we found to the south other obstacles but little less formidable. All the approaches near the city are over elevated causeways, cut in many places (to oppose us), and flanked on both sides by ditches, also of unusual dimensions. The numerous cross-roads are flanked in like manner, having bridges at the intersections, recently broken. The meadows thus checkered, are, moreover, in many spots, under water or marshy; for, it will be remembered, we were in the midst of the wet season, though with less rain than usual, and we could not wait for the fall of the neighboring lakes and the consequent drainage of the wet grounds at the edge of the city—the lowest in the whole basin.

After a close personal survey of the southern gates, covered by Pillow's division and Riley's brigade of Twiggs'—with four times our numbers concentrated in our immediate front—I determined on the 11th to avoid that net-work of obstacles, and to seek, by a sudden diversion, to the southwest and west, less unfavorable approaches.

To economise the lives of our gallant officers and men, as well as to ensure success, it became indispensable that this resolution should be long masked from the enemy ; and again, that the new movement, when discovered, should be mistaken for a feint, and the old as indicating our true and ultimate point of attack.

Accordingly, on the spot, the 11th, I ordered Quitman's division from Coyoacan, to join Pillow, by daylight, before the southern gates, and then that the two major-generals, with their divisions, should by night, proceed (two miles) to join me at Tacubaya, where I was quartered with Worth's division. Twiggs, with Riley's brigade and Captain Taylor's and Steptoe's field batteries—the latter of 12-pounders—was left in front of those gates, to manœuvre, to threaten, or to make false attacks, in order to occupy and deceive the enemy. Twiggs' other brigade (Smith's) was left at supporting distance, in the rear, at San Angel, till the morning of the 13th, and also to support our general depôt at Miscoac.

The stratagem against the south was admirably executed throughout the 12th and down to the afternoon of the 13th, when it was too late for the enemy to recover from the effects of his delusion.

“The first step in the new movement was to carry Chapultepec, a natural and isolated mound, of great elevation, strongly fortified at its base, on its acclivities, and heights. Besides a numerous garrison, here was the military college of the republic, with a large number of sub-lieutenants and other students. Those works were within direct gun-shot of the village of Tacubaya, and, until carried, we could not approach the city on the west, without making a circuit too wide and too hazardous.

“In the course of the same night (that of the 11th) heavy batteries, within easy ranges, were established. No. 1, on our right, under the command of Capt. Drum, 4th artillery, (relieved late next day, for some hours, by Lieut. Andrews of the 3d,) and No. 2, commanded by Lieut. Hagner, ordnance—both supported by Quitman’s division. Nos. 3 and 4 on the opposite side, supported by Pillow’s division, were commanded, the former by Capt. Brooks and Lieut. S. S. Anderson, 2d artillery, alternately, and the latter by Lieut. Stone, ordnance. The batteries were traced by Capt. Huger and Capt. Lee, engineer, and constructed by them with the able assistance

of the young officers of those corps and the artillery.

“To prepare for an assault, it was foreseen that the play of the batteries might run into the second day; but recent captures had not only trebled our siege pieces, but also our ammunition; and we knew that we should greatly augment both by carrying the place. I was, therefore, in no haste in ordering an assault before the works were well crippled by our missiles.

“The bombardment and cannonade, under the direction of Capt. Huger, were commenced early in the morning of the 12th. Before nightfall, which necessarily stopped our batteries, we had perceived that a good impression had been made on the castle and its outworks, and that a large body of the enemy had remained outside, towards the city, from an early hour, to avoid our fire, and to be at hand on its cessation, in order to reinforce the garrison against an assault. The same outside force was discovered the next morning, after our batteries had re-opened upon the castle, by which we again reduced its garrison to the minimum needed for the guns.

“Pillow and Quitman had been in position since early in the night of the 11th. Major-general Worth was now ordered to hold his division in reserve, near the foundry, to support Pillow; and Brigadier-general

Smith, of Twiggs' division, had just arrived with his brigade from Piedad (two miles,) to support Quitman. Twiggs' guns, before the southern gates, again reminded us, as the day before, that he, with Riley's brigade, and Taylor's and Steptoe's batteries, was in activity, threatening the southern gates, and there holding a great part of the Mexican army on the defensive.

“Worth's division furnished Pillow's attack with an assaulting party of some two hundred and fifty volunteer officers and men, under Capt. M'Kenzie, of the 2d artillery; and Twiggs' division supplied a similar one, commanded by Capt. Cassey, 2d infantry, to Quitman. Each of those little columns was furnished with scaling ladders.

“The signal I had appointed for the attack was the momentary cessation of fire on the part of our heavy batteries. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 13th, judging that the time had arrived by the effects of the missiles we had thrown, I sent an aid-de-camp to Pillow, and another to Quitman, with notice that the concerted signal was about to be given. Both columns now advanced with an alacrity that gave assurance of prompt success. The batteries, seizing opportunities, threw shots and shells upon the enemy over the heads of our men, with good effect, particularly at every attempt to reinforce the works from without to meet our assault.

“Major-general Pillow’s approach, on the west side, lay through an open grove, filled with sharpshooters, who were speedily dislodged; when being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space, at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The immediate command devolved on Brigadier-general Cadwallader, in the absence of the senior brigadier (Pierce) of the same division—an invalid since the events of August 19. On a previous call of Pillow, Worth had just sent him a reinforcement—Colonel Clarke’s brigade.

“The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below, as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling ladders were brought

up and planted by the storming parties; some of the daring spirits first in the assault were cast down—killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

“Major-general Quitman, nobly supported by Brigadier-generals Shields and Smith, (P. F.,) his other officers and men, was up with the part assigned him. Simultaneously with the movement on the west, he had gallantly approached the southeast of the same works, over a causeway with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. Those formidable obstacles Quitman had to face, with but little shelter for his troops or space for manœuvring. Deep ditches flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows, and these again were intersected by other ditches. Smith and his brigade had been early thrown out to make a sweep to the right, in order to present a front against the enemy's line, (outside,) and to turn two intervening batteries near the foot of Chapultepec. This movement was also intended to support Quitman's storming parties, both on the causeway. The first of these, furnished by Twiggs' division, was commanded

in succession by Captain Casey, 2d infantry, and Captain Paul, 7th infantry, after Casey had been severely wounded; and the second, originally under the gallant Major Twiggs, marine corps, killed, and then Captain Miller, 2d Pennsylvania volunteers. The storming party, now commanded by Captain Paul, seconded by Captain Roberts, of the rifles, Lieutenant Stewart, and others of the same regiment, Smith's brigade, carried the two batteries in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support. The New York and South Carolina volunteers (Shields' brigade) and the 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, all on the left of Quitman's line, together with portions of his storming parties, crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec just in time to join in the final assault from the west.

Besides Major-generals Pillow and Quitman, Brigadier-generals Shields, Smith, and Cadwallader, the following are the officers and corps most distinguished in those brilliant operations: The voltigeur regiment in two detachments, commanded respectively by Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant-colonel Johnstone—the latter mostly in the lead, accompanied by Major Caldwell; Captains Barnard and Biddle, of the same regiment—the former the first to plant a regimental color, and the latter among the first in the

assault; the storming party of Worth's division, under Captain McKenzie, 2d artillery, with Lieutenant Seldon, 8th infantry, early on the ladder and badly wounded; Lieutenant Armistead, 6th infantry, the first to leap into the ditch to plant a ladder; Lieutenants Rogers of the 4th, and J. P. Smith of the 5th infantry—both mortally wounded; the 9th infantry, under Colonel Ransom, who was killed while gallantly leading that gallant regiment; the 15th infantry, under Lieutenant-colonel Howard and Major Woods, with Captain Chase, whose company gallantly carried the redoubt, midway by the acclivity; Col. Clarke's brigade, (Worth's division,) consisting of the 5th, 8th, and part of the 6th regiments of infantry, commanded respectively by Captain Chapman, Major Montgomery, and Lieutenant Edward Johnson—the latter specially noticed, with Lieutenants Longstreet, (badly wounded, advancing, colors in hand,) Pickett, and Merchant, the last three of the 8th infantry; portions of the United States marines, New York, South Carolina, and 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, which, delayed with their division (Quitman's) by the hot engagement below, arrived just in time to participate in the assault of the heights—particularly a detachment under Lieutenant Reid, New York volunteers, consisting of a company of the same, with one of marines; and another detachment, a portion of the storming party, (Twiggs' division, serving with Quit-

man,) under Lieutenant Steele, 2d infantry, after the fall of Lieutenant Gantt, 7th infantry.

In this connection, it is but just to recall the decisive effect of the heavy batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, commanded by those excellent officers, Captain Drum, 4th artillery, assisted by Lieutenants Benjamin and Porter of his own company; Captain Brooks and Lieutenant Anderson, 2d artillery, assisted by Lieutenant Russell, 4th infantry, a volunteer; Lieutenants Hagner and Stone of the ordnance, and Lieutenant Andrews, 3d artillery; the whole superintended by Captain Huger, chief of ordnance with this army—an officer distinguished by every kind of merit. The mountain howitzer battery, under Lieutenant Reno, of the ordnance, deserves, also, to be particularly mentioned. Attached to the voltigeurs, it followed the movements of that regiment, and again won applause.

In adding to the list of individuals of conspicuous merit, I must limit myself to a few of the many names which might be enumerated: Captain Hooker, assistant adjutant-general, who won special applause, successively, in the staff of Pillow and Cadwallader; Lieutenant Lovell, 4th artillery, (wounded,) chief of Quitman's staff; Captain Page, assistant adjutant-general, (wounded,) and Lieutenant Hammond, 3d artillery, both of Shields' staff, and Lieutenant Van

Dorn, (7th infantry,) aid-de-camp to Brigadier-general Smith.

Those operations all occurred on the west, south-east, and heights of Chapultepec. To the north and at the base of the mound, inaccessible on that side, the 11th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Hebert, the 14th, under Col. Trousdale, and Capt. Magruder's field battery, 1st artillery—one section advanced under Lieut. Jackson—all of Pillow's division—had, at the same time, some spirited affairs against superior numbers, driving the enemy from a battery in the road, and capturing a gun. In these, the officers and corps named gained merited praise. Colonel Trousdale, the commander, though twice wounded, continued on duty until the heights were carried.

· Early in the morning of the 13th, I repeated the orders of the night before to Major-general Worth, to be, with his division at hand, to support the movement of Major-general Pillow from our left. The latter seems soon to have called for that entire division, standing momentarily in reserve, and Worth sent him Col. Clarke's brigade. The call, if not unnecessary, was at least, from the circumstances, unknown to me at the time; for, soon observing that the very large body of the enemy, in the road in front of Major-general Quitman's right, was receiving reinforcements from the city—less than a mile and a half to the east—I sent instructions to Worth, on our

opposite flank, to turn Chapultepec with his division, and to proceed cautiously, by the road at its northern base, in order, if not met by very superior numbers, to threaten or to attack, in rear, that body of the enemy. The movement, it was also believed, could not fail to distract and to intimidate the enemy generally.

“Worth promptly advanced with his remaining brigade—Colonel Garland’s—Lieut. Col. C. F. Smith’s light battalion, Lieut. Col. Duncan’s field battery—all of his division—and three squadrons of dragoons, under Major Sumner, which I had just ordered up to join in the movement.

“Having turned the forest on the west, and arriving opposite to the north centre of Chapultepec, Worth came up with the troops in the road, under Col. Trousdale, and aided, by a flank movement of a part of Garland’s brigade, in taking the one gun breastwork, then under the fire of Lieut. Jackson’s section of Capt. Magruder’s field battery. Continuing to advance, this division passed Chapultepec, attacking the right of the enemy’s line, resting on that road, about the moment of the general retreat consequent upon the capture of the formidable castle and its outworks.

Arriving some minutes later, and mounting to the top of the castle, the whole field, to the east, lay plainly under my view.

“There are two routes from Chapultepec to the capital—the one on the right entering the same gate, Belen, with the road from the south, via Piedad; and the other obliquing to the left, to intersect the great western, or San Cosmo road, in a suburb outside of the gate of San Cosmo.

“Each of these routes (an elevated causeway,) presents a double roadway on the sides of an aqueduct of strong masonry and great height, resting on open arches and massive pillars, which together afford fine points both for attack and defence. The sideways of both aqueducts are, moreover, defended by many strong breastworks at the gates, and before reaching them. As we had expected, we found the four tracks unusually dry and solid for the season.

“Worth and Quitman were prompt in pursuing the retreating enemy—the former by the San Cosmo aqueduct, and the latter along that of Belen. Each had now advanced some hundred yards.

“Deeming it all-important to profit by our successes and the consequent dismay of the enemy, which could not be otherwise than general, I hastened to despatch from Chapultepec—first Clark’s brigade, and then Cadwallader’s, to the support of Worth, and gave orders that the necessary heavy guns should follow. Pierce’s brigade was, at the same time, sent to Quitman, and, in the course of the afternoon, I caused some additional siege pieces to

be added to his train. Then, after designating the 15th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Howard—Morgan, the colonel, had been disabled by a wound at Churubusco—as the garrison of Chapultepec, and giving directions for the care of the prisoners of war, the captured ordnance and ordnance stores, I proceeded to join the advance of Worth, within the suburb, and beyond the turn at the junction of the aqueduct with the great highway from the west to the gate of San Cosmo.

“At this junction of roads, we first passed one of those formidable systems of city defences, spoken of above, and it had not a gun!—a strong proof, 1. That the enemy had expected us to fail in the attack upon Chapultepec, even if we meant anything more than a feint; 2. That, in either case, we designed, in his belief, to return and double our forces against the southern gates—a delusion kept up by the active demonstrations of Twiggs and the forces posted on that side; and, 3. That advancing rapidly from the reduction of Chapultepec, the enemy had not time to shift guns—our previous captures had left him, comparatively, but few—from the southern gates.

“Within those disgarnished works, I found our troops engaged in a street fight against the enemy posted in gardens, at windows, and on house-tops—all flat, with parapets. Worth ordered forward the

mountain howitzers of Cadwallader's brigade, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with pickaxes and crowbars, to force windows and doors, or to burrow through walls. The assailants were soon in an equality of position fatal to the enemy. By eight o'clock in the evening, Worth had carried two batteries in this suburb. According to my instructions, he here posted guards and sentinels, and placed his troops under shelter for the night. There was but one more obstacle—the San Cosmo gate, (custom-house,) between him and the great square in front of the cathedral and palace, the heart of the city; and that barrier it was known could not, by daylight, resist our siege guns thirty minutes.

“I had gone back to the foot of Chapultepec, the point from which the two aqueducts begin to diverge, some hours earlier, in order to be near that new depôt, and in easy communication with Quitman and Twiggs, as well as with Worth.

“From this point I ordered all detachments and stragglers to their respective corps, then in advance; sent to Quitman additional siege guns, ammunition, intrenching tools; directed Twiggs' remaining brigade (Riley's) from Piedad, to support Worth and Captain Steptoe's field-battery, also at Piedad, to rejoin Quitman's division.

“I had been, from the first, well aware that the western or San Cosmo, was the less difficult route to

the centre, and conquest of the capital, and therefore intended that Quitman should only manœuvre and threaten the Belen or southwestern gate, in order to favor the main attack by Worth, knowing that the strong defences at the Belen were directly under the guns of the much stronger fortress, called the Citadel, just within. Both of these defences of the enemy were also within easy supporting distance from the San Angel, or Nino Perdido, and San Antonio gates. Hence the greater support, in numbers, given to Worth's movement as the main attack.

“ These views I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Major-general Quitman; but being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and ably supported by Brigadier-generals Shields and Smith, Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire, as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman continued to press forward, under flank and direct fires, carried an intermediate battery of two guns, and then the gate, before two o'clock in the afternoon, but not without proportionate loss, increased by his steady maintenance of that position.

“ Here, of the heavy battery, (4th artillery,) Capt. Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin were mortally wounded; and Lieutenant Porter, its third in rank, slightly. The loss of those two most distinguished officers the army will long mourn. Lieutenants J.

B. Morange and William Canty, of the South Carolina volunteers, also of high merit, fell on the same occasion, besides many of our bravest non-commissioned officers and men, particularly in Captain Drum's veteran company. I cannot, in this place, give names or numbers; but full returns of the killed and wounded, of all corps, in their recent operations, will accompany this report.

“Quitman within the city—adding several new defences to the position he had won, and sheltering his corps as well as practicable—now awaited the return of daylight under the guns of the formidable citadel, yet to be subdued.

“About 4 o'clock next morning, (Sept. 14,) a deputation of the *ayuntamiento* (city council) waited upon me to report that the federal government and the army of Mexico had fled from the capital some three hours before; and to demand terms of capitulation in favor of the church, the citizens, and the municipal authorities. I promptly replied, that I would sign no capitulation; that the city had been virtually in our possession from the time of the lodgments effected by Worth and Quitman the day before; that I regretted the silent escape of the Mexican army; that I should levy upon the city a moderate contribution, for special purposes; and that the American army should come under no terms not self-imposed; such only as its own honor, the dignity

of the United States, and the spirit of the age, should, in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose.

“For the terms, so imposed, I refer the department to subsequent General Orders, Nos. 287 and 289, (paragraphs 7, 8, and 9 of the latter,) copies of which are herewith enclosed.

“At the termination of the interview with the city deputation, I communicated, about daylight, orders to Worth and Quitman to advance slowly and cautiously (to guard against treachery) toward the heart of the city, and to occupy its stronger and more commanding points. Quitman proceeded to the great plaza or square, planted guards, and hoisted the colors of the United States on the national palace, containing the halls of Congress and executive departments of federal Mexico. In this grateful service, Quitman might have been anticipated by Worth, but for my express orders, halting the latter at the head of the Alameda, (a green park,) within three squares of that goal of general ambition. The capital, however, was not taken by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the prowess of this entire army. In the glorious conquest, all had contributed, early and powerfully, the killed, the wounded, and the fit for duty, at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonia, Churubusco, (three battles,) the Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, as

much as those who fought at the gates of Belen and San Cosmo.

“ Soon after we had entered, and were in the act of occupying the city, a fire was opened upon us from the flat roofs of the houses, from windows, and corners of streets, by some two thousand convicts, liberated the night before by the flying government, joined by, perhaps, as many Mexican soldiers, who had disbanded themselves, and thrown off their uniforms. This unlawful war lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of the exertions of the municipal authorities, and was not put down till we had lost many men, including several officers, killed or wounded, and had punished the miscreants. Their objects were to gratify national hatred, and in the general alarm and confusion, to plunder the wealthy inhabitants, particularly the deserted houses. But families are now generally returning; business of every kind has been resumed, and the city is already tranquil and cheerful, under the admirable conduct (with exceptions very few and trifling) of our gallant troops.

“ This army has been more disgusted than surprised, that by some sinister process on the part of certain individuals at home, its numbers have been, generally, almost trebled in our public papers, beginning at Washington.

“ Leaving, as we all feared, inadequate garrisons at Vera Cruz, Perote, and Puebla, with much larger

hospitals; and being obliged, most reluctantly, from the same cause (general paucity of numbers) to abandon Jalapa, we marched (August 7-10) from Puebla with only 10,738 rank and file. This number includes the garrison of Jalapa, and the 2,429 men brought up by Brigadier-general Pierce, August 6.

“ At Contreras, Churubusco, &c., [August 20,] we had but 8,497 men engaged—after deducting the garrison of San Augustin, (our general depôt,) the intermediate sick and the dead; at the Molino del Rey, (September 8,) but three brigades, with some cavalry and artillery—making in all 3,251 men—were in the battle; in the two days—September 12th and 13th—our whole operating force, after deducting, again, the recent killed, wounded, and sick, together with the garrison of Miscoac (the then general depôt) and that of Tacubaya, was but 7,180; and, finally, after deducting the new garrison of Chapultepec, with the killed and wounded of the two days, we took possession (September 14th,) of this great capital with less than 6,000 men. And I re-assert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that, in not one of those conflicts was this army opposed by fewer than three-and-a-half times its numbers—in several of them, by a yet greater excess.

“ I recapitulate our losses since we arrived in the basin of Mexico.

“ AUGUST 19, 20.—Killed, 137, including 14 officers.

—Wounded, 877, including 62 officers. Missing, (probably killed,) 38 rank and file. Total, 1,052.

“ SEPTEMBER 8.—Killed, 116, including 9 officers. —Wounded, 665, including 49 officers. Missing, 18 rank and file. Total, 789.

“ SEPTEMBER 12, 13, 14.—Killed, 130, including 10 officers. Wounded, 703, including 68 officers. Missing, 29 rank and file. Total, 862.

“ Grand total of losses, 2,703, including 383 officers.

On the other hand, this small force has beaten on the same occasions in view of their capital, the whole Mexican army, of (at the beginning) thirty-odd thousand men—posted, always, in chosen positions, behind intrenchments, or more formidable defences of nature and art; killed or wounded, of that number, more than 7,000 officers and men; taken 3,730 prisoners, one-seventh officers, including 13 generals, of whom 3 had been presidents of this republic; captured more than 20 colors and standards, 75 pieces of ordnance, besides 57 wall pieces, 20,000 small arms, an immense quantity of shots, shells, powder, &c., &c.

Of that enemy, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, &c., twenty-odd thousand have disbanded themselves in despair, leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments—the largest about 2,500—now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living at free quarters upon their own people.

General Santa Anna, himself a fugitive, is believed to be on the point of resigning the chief-magistracy, and escaping to neutral Guatemála. A new President, no doubt, will soon be declared, and the federal Congress is expected to reassemble at Queretaro, 125 miles north of this, on the Zacatecas road, some time in October. I have seen and given safe conduct through this city to several of its members. The government will find itself without resources; no army, no arsenals, no magazines, and but little revenue, internal or external. Still, such is the obstinacy, or rather infatuation, of this people, that it is very doubtful whether the new authorities will dare to sue for peace on the terms which in the recent negotiations, were made known by our minister.

* * * * *

In conclusion, I beg to enumerate, once more, with due commendation and thanks, the distinguished staff officers, general and personal, who, in our last operations in front of the enemy, accompanied me, and communicated orders to every point and through every danger. Lieutenant-colonel Hitchcock, acting inspector-general; Major Turnbull and Lieutenant Hardcastle, topographical engineers; Major Kirby, chief paymaster; Captain Irwin, chief quartermaster; Captain Grayson, chief commissary; Captain H. L. Scott, chief in the adjutant-general's department; Lieutenant Williams, aid-de-camp; Lieutenant Lay,

military secretary; and Major J. P. Gaines, Kentucky, cavalry, volunteer aid-de-camp; Captain Lee, engineer, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me, (Sept. 13,) until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries. Lieutenants Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower, all wounded, were employed with the divisions, and Lieutenants G. W. Smith and G. B. McClellan, with the company of sappers and miners. Those five lieutenants of engineers, like their captain, won the admiration of all about them. The ordnance officers, Captain Huger, Lieutenants Hagner, Stone, and Reno, were highly effective, and distinguished at the several batteries; and I must add that Captain McKinstry, assistant quartermaster, at the close of the operations, executed several important commissions for me as a special volunteer.

Surgeon-general Lawson, and the medical staff generally, were skilful and untiring, in and out of fire, in ministering to the numerous wounded.

To illustrate the operations in this basin, I enclose two beautiful drawings, prepared under the directions of Major Turnbull, mostly from actual survey.

I have the honor to be, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

The Hon. WM. L. MARCY, Secretary of War.

“ ‘ Head Quarters, Eastern Division U. S. Army. }
 Augusta, Me., March 21, 1839. }

“ ‘ The undersigned, a Major-General in the Army of the United States, being specially charged with maintaining the peace and safety of their entire northern and eastern frontiers, having cause to apprehend a collision of arms between the proximate forces of New Brunswick and the State of Maine on the *disputed territory*, which is claimed by both, has the honor, in the sincere desire of the United States to preserve the relations of peace and amity with Great Britain—relations which might be much endangered by such untoward collision—to invite from his Excellency Major-General Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant-Governor, &c., &c., a general declaration to this effect: .

“ ‘ That it is not the intention of the Lieutenant-Governor of Her Britannic Majesty’s Province of New Brunswick, under the expected renewal of negotiations between the cabinets of London and Washington on the subject of the said disputed territory, without renewed instructions to that effect from his government, to seek to take military possession of that territory, or to seek, by military force, to expel therefrom the armed civil *posse* or the troops of Maine.

“ ‘ Should the undersigned have the honor to be favored with such declaration or assurance, to be by

him communicated to his Excellency the Governor of the State of Maine, the undersigned does not in the least doubt that he would be immediately and fully authorized by the Governor of Maine to communicate to his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick a corresponding pacific declaration to this effect :

“ That in the hope of a speedy and satisfactory settlement, by negotiation, between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, of the principal or boundary question between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick, it is not the intention of the Governor of Maine, without renewed instructions from the Legislature of the State, to attempt to disturb by arms the said Province in the possession of the Madawaska settlements, or to attempt to interrupt the usual communications between that province and Her Majesty's Upper provinces ; and that he is willing, in the mean time, to leave the questions of possession and jurisdiction as they at present stand—that is, Great Britain holding, in fact, possession of a part of the said territory, and the government of Maine denying her right to such possession ; and the state of Maine holding, in fact, possession of another portion of the same territory, to which her right is denied by Great Britain.

“ With this understanding, the Governor of Maine will, without unnecessary delay, withdraw the military

force of the State from the said disputed territory—leaving only, under a land agent, a small civil *posse*, armed or unarmed, to protect the timber recently cut, and to prevent further depredations.

“ ‘Reciprocal assurances of the foregoing friendly character having been, through the undersigned, interchanged, all danger of collision between the immediate parties to the controversy will be at once removed, and time allowed the United States and Great Britain to settle amicably the great question of limits.

“ ‘The undersigned has much pleasure in renewing to his Excellency Major-General Sir John Harvey, the assurances of his ancient high consideration and respect.

“ ‘WINFIELD SCOTT.’

“To a copy of the foregoing, Sir John Harvey annexed the following—

“ ‘The undersigned, Major-General Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant-Governor of Her Britannic Majesty’s Province of New Brunswick, having received a proposition from Major-General Winfield Scott, of the United States Army, of which the foregoing is a copy, hereby, on his part, signifies his concurrence and acquiescence therein.

“ ‘Sir John Harvey renews with great pleasure to Major-General Scott the assurances of his warmest personal consideration, regard, and respect.

“ ‘ J. HARVEY.

“ ‘ Government House, Frederickton, }
New Brunswick, March 23, 1839.’ }

The following letter from Governor Harvey makes it apparent without these documents whom he regarded as the pacificator. There can be no doubt that to Scott's prudence, noble forbearance and skill, we owe the entire settlement of this boundary question, which promised to end in blood.

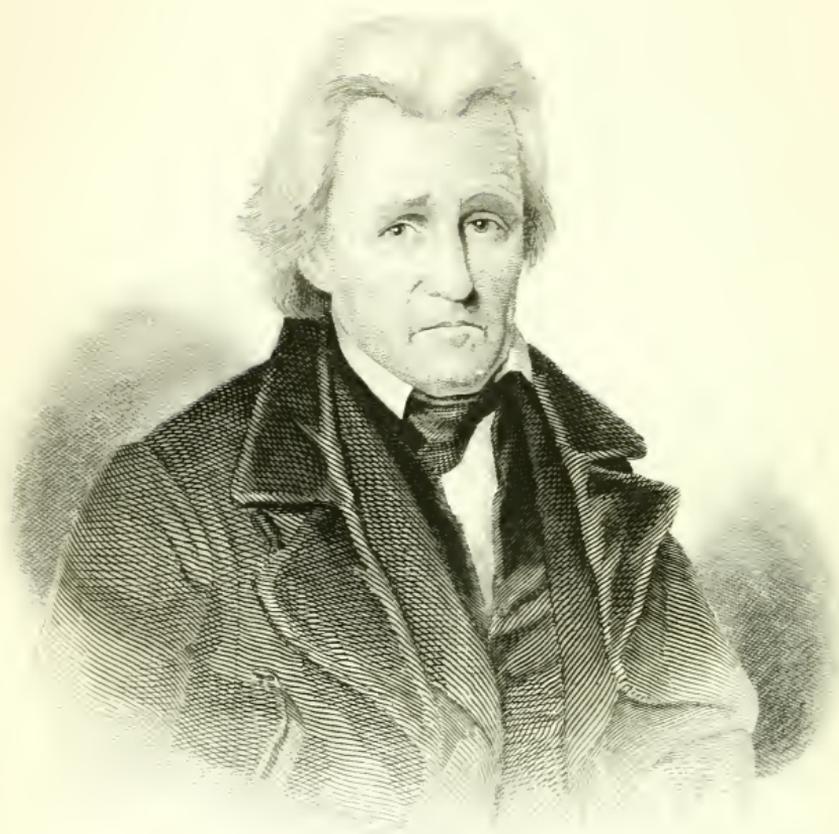
“ MY DEAR GENERAL SCOTT—

“ Upon my return from closing the session of the Provincial Legislature, I was gratified by the receipt of your very satisfactory communication of the 21st instant. My reliance upon *you*, my dear general, has led me to give my willing assent to the proposition which you have made yourself the very acceptable means of conveying to me; and I trust that as far as the province and state respectively are concerned, an end will be put by it to all border disputes, and a way opened to an amicable adjust-

ment of the national question involved. I shall hope to receive the confirmation of this arrangement on the part of the State of Maine at as early a period as may be practicable."

ANDREW JACKSON.





THE ALBANY

Andrew Jackson

ANDREW JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

Jackson's boyhood—Left an orphan—His mother—Massacre at Waxhaw—At thirteen becomes a soldier—First battle—His courage—Taken prisoner—His republican spirit—Is wounded—Presence of mind—Digs through his prison wall to see Greene's encampment—Hobkirk-hill—His release and return home—Heroism of his mother—Visits Charleston—Studies law—Removes to Tennessee—Fights a bully—Pursued by Indians—His chivalry—Jealousy of Robards—Marries Mrs. Robards—Daring Arrest—Attacked by a mob—Becomes a farmer—Duel with Dickinson—His failure—Defends the wronged—Care of the sick—Tecumseh—His eloquence—Massacre of Fort Mimms—Jackson enters the Creek Country—Attacks the Indians—The battle—Distress of his troops—Mutiny in his army.—Quells a mutiny—A second mutiny—Defeats the Indians—Attacked by Indians—Reinforcements—Battle of the Horse Shoe—Saves a warrior—Ends the war—His resolution.

THE spirit of faction is always unjust, and often cruel. A spotless character, and a life of self-sacrifice and devotion to others, cannot allay its resentment, or shame it into honor. It was, therefore, doubtless, well for both Generals Harrison and Taylor, that they fell on the threshold of their political life. They had already experienced enough of detraction and injustice to convince them of the untiring hatred of party spirit.

General Jackson not only tasted the bitter cup which an unjust opposition presented to his lips, but drank it to the dregs, during the eight years of his stormy presidency. But now, each succeeding year that sweeps over his grave, obliterates some of the marks of former struggles, and former hate, and retouches those half-effaced lines which a grateful nation had traced to his memory, and which will be read with pride and love, when the animosity that obscured them shall be remembered only to be pitied and condemned.

In 1765 a transient vessel modestly crept into the harbor of Charleston, having on board a number of emigrants, who had fled from persecution in the old world, to find shelter and repose in the new. Among them was a Protestant family from the north of Ireland, by the name of Jackson. Like all the Protestants from that section of Ireland, they were descended from the Scotch, who came over to settle on lands confiscated by the English government. This family consisted of Andrew Jackson, his wife, and two sons, Hugh and Robert. The father was the youngest of four sons, and though unaccustomed to the management of a large, wild farm, resolved to leave a land torn with civil dissensions, and vexed and outraged by English injustice, and make for himself a home in the distant colonies of America.

He was accompanied by three of his neighbors,

who, with him, disliking the low lands near the coast around Charleston, passed north, to the borders of North Carolina, and settled in a wild and remote spot, on the Waxhaw Creek. Two years after, March 15th, 1767, Andrew Jackson, the subject of this sketch, was born. The father lived but a short time after the birth of the son who was to bear his name, and render it immortal, leaving the disconsolate widow to struggle with the difficulties that attend the settlement of a new country.

The property left to the family, was small, but by the energy of Mrs. Jackson and her two older sons, it was made to yield a comfortable subsistence. Such a mother as watched over the opening existence of the fatherless Andrew, is seldom given to children. Like the mother of the young Napoleon, she was gifted with a strong intellect, while, in the strictness of her religious principles, fixedness of purpose, and fearlessness of heart, she resembled the old Covenanters, from whom she was descended. Had she lived in those troublous times of her church, when the sword of Claverhouse was making the hills of Scotland ruddy with the blood of its children, she would have been among the first to resist the oppressor, even at the cost of her life. From her, Andrew derived his daring spirit, inflexible will, tireless energy, and hatred of oppression. The history of both her Irish and Scotch ancestors, had been one of wrong and

cruelty inflicted by English power, and as she recounted the past to her listening child, deep and permanent impressions were made, that no change of circumstances or time could afterwards obliterate.

Whether there was something about this, her youngest born,—in his flashes of youthful genius—the fervid and daring spirit, which even in boyhood would often burst forth, or whether a deeper love, clinging around the child of her bereavement, who bore the name of her lost companion, influenced her determination, at all events, she resolved, limited as her means were, to give him an education. True to the faith of her fathers, she dedicated him to God. That bright young intellect, whose development she watched with such maternal solicitude, must bestow its powers on no mere worldly object, and she resolved that he should become a herald of the cross—little thinking how soon that voice, instead of uttering accents of mercy, would ring loudest on the battle field.

Amid the peaceful studies of Waxhaw academy, to which Andrew had been sent to commence his education, passed the first years of his boyhood. While here, the Revolution broke out, and though the conflict was principally in the northern colonies, still the war notes which a free people uttered, found an echo in the bosoms of the inhabitants of South Carolina, and the battles of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill,

—the news of the disastrous campaign that followed, —the brilliant movement of Washington on Trenton, —the toils and sufferings of the American soldiers,— the battle of Saratoga, and the surrender of Burgoyne, fanned the flames of patriotism, and filled the hearts of young and old with a burning desire to strike one blow for their common country. Nor had they long to wait, for the desolating tide of war soon rolled south, and the rallying notes of the bugle rang through the pine woods of Carolina.

In 1778, Savannah was taken, and the next spring the British troops passed over into South Carolina. They were met by the hardy yeomanry, among whom was Hugh Jackson, the elder brother of Andrew. He fell in his first battle, at Stono, overcome by the heat and labor of the day.

The next year Charleston surrendered, and the British army, in three strong columns, pierced the state in three different directions. Colonel Buford, with four hundred men, slowly retired before the column under Cornwallis, who, hearing of the presence of his adversary, despatched Colonel Tarleton with two hundred and seventy dragoons, in pursuit. Colonel Buford was overtaken at Waxhaw, the home of Andrew, and cut to pieces. Out of the four hundred in his command, two hundred and sixty were left dead, or badly wounded, in the peaceful village of Waxhaw. On the quiet green, along the rural street,

around the humble cottages, lay the mutilated bodies, nearly all of them showing the ghastly wounds of the sabre. The fierce dragoons, with their bugle blasts, and shouts, and trampling steeds, had come and gone like a whirlwind, leaving desolation in their path, while the silence that succeeded this sudden uproar, and short, fierce death-struggle, was broken only by the groans of the dying. The little village church was immediately turned into an hospital, and the inhabitants vied with each other in ministering to the wounded.

Andrew was at this time but twelve years of age; but as he listened to the tumult of the battle, and afterwards gazed on the frightful spectacle, his young heart kindled into rage, and in that dreadful hour, the soldier was born.

Not long after, as the marauders, under Lord Rawdon, advanced towards the settlements on the Waxhaw, marking their course with rapine and murder, Mrs. Jackson and her two remaining sons, together with most of the inhabitants, fled into North Carolina, where they remained till the British commander was recalled to Camden.

In July of this year (1780), General Sumter made his gallant but unsuccessful attack on the British at Rocky Mount. Soon after, he was reinforced by a party of Waxhaw settlers under Colonel Davie, among whom were the two sons of Widow Jackson.

Andrew, at this time, was but thirteen years old, and could scarcely stagger under the weight of his musket. It was sad to behold one so young marching to the carnage of battle; but there was a sublimity, a grandeur, about the gallant boy, that wins our highest admiration. It is a terrible thing to have such a child cast into the midst of strife and bloodshed; and yet it is a noble spectacle to behold so young a heart laid on the altar of his country, so fresh a life offered a sacrifice to liberty.

It was hard for the solitary widow to part with her "Benjamin," the child of her love. As she strained him to her bosom, she thought of the hardships and toilsome march before him, and alas! of the battle-field on which, perchance, his pale and innocent cheek would be pressed in death, while his clotted locks lay trampled in the earth; yet, Spartan-like, she bade him, in God's name, go, and strike for the land of his birth.

On the 6th of August, General Sumter attacked the British post at Hanging Rock. At first, he was successful; but, owing to the insubordination of some of his troops, he was at length compelled to retreat. The young Jacksons were in Col. Davie's corps, which fought gallantly to the last. This was Andrew's first battle, and in it he showed the metal he was made of.

Soon after this engagement, he returned to his

mother, who again fled for safety to North Carolina. Here they remained till February, when, they once more recrossed the borders, in search of their home.

The conflict, which now raged with violence in the Carolinas, was not confined to British and Americans, but civil war broke forth in all its fury. Towns, and even families, were divided; and with the success of the British, the Tories increased both in numbers and boldness; and, knowing the country thoroughly, rendered concealment on the part of the Whigs difficult. The patriotic inhabitants were compelled to be on their guard as much as if surrounded by hostile Indians. Andrew, and his brother, therefore, with others, kept their horses and guns to be ready at a moment's warning for any enterprise that might offer itself. One night, a Captain Lands, an officer in the rebel army, came to the Waxhaw to spend a night with his family. Fearing his arrival might be known to the Tories, who would at once capture him, a guard of eight men volunteered to keep watch around the house. Andrew and his elder brother Robert were among the number.

No signs of disturbance having been seen during the evening, the party lay down on the floor of the house and fell asleep. One of them, however, being a British deserter, and fearing re-capture, could not so easily compose himself.

The night wore on, and all was still without, save

the music of running water; and everything betokened repose and safety. But, a little after midnight, the British deserter, who sat, wide awake, outside the door, thought he heard a noise near the stable, and, stealing cautiously out, saw a party of Tories stealthily approaching the house. Rushing back, he seized the person lying nearest the door by the hair, exclaiming, "The Tories are upon us! the Tories are upon us!" The sleeper thus suddenly aroused was the boy Andrew. Instead of showing the agitation natural to a lad of fourteen, he quickly snatched up his musket, and, running forth in the direction pointed out by the deserter, saw the dim outline of a body of men silently advancing. Resting his musket in the crotch of an apple tree, he stoutly hailed them. Receiving no answer, he hailed them again, and, still receiving no reply, fired. A volley instantly followed, and the deserter fell dead by his side. The party, however finding themselves discovered, halted, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. The house had a hall running directly through it, from east to west, with a door at either extremity. The party at which young Jackson fired was approaching the east door; but, in the mean time, another detachment had taken a slight circuit around the house, in order to stop the inmates from escaping by the west entrance. The latter, mistaking the volley which had been dis-

charged at Jackson, for that of a sallying party from the house, wheeled, and fired at their friends. In the meantime, Andrew had re-entered the house, and, running to the west door, began, with two others, to fire on the enemy. In a short time, both of his companions, were shot down by his side; but the gallant boy, though alone, boldly maintained the contest. It was uncertain how this unequal conflict would end; when, suddenly, over the crack of musketry, there rang on the clear night air the shrill blast of a bugle, sounding the charge. The Tories, alarmed, turned and fled precipitately. Andrew expected every moment to hear the tramp of cavalry sweeping along the road; but no cavalry came, and he and his remaining friends kept undisturbed watch over their dead and wounded comrades till morning.

It turned out afterwards that Major Isbel, who was in the neighborhood, had heard the firing, and, supposing that Captain Land's house was attacked, snatched down his bugle, and blew a charge to alarm the assailants, though he had not a man with him.

The coolness and self-possession of Andrew in this night attack, exhibit a presence of mind and courage seldom witnessed in a tried soldier, and foreshadow the great commander.

In the mean time Lord Rawdon, hearing that the stubborn and patriotic Waxhaw settlers had returned, despatched Major Coffin with a detachment

of infantry and dragoons to capture them. The sturdy settlers were informed of their approach, but resolved to maintain their ground. Some forty of them assembled at the village meeting-house, and were waiting for a reinforcement which was momentarily expected, when the British detachment approached, with the Tories, dressed in the garb of settlers, in front. Deceived by their dress, the patriots supposed them to be friends, till they were about entering the village; when, discovering their mistake, they leaped upon their horses and fled. The dragoons, however, dashed in among them, and captured eleven out of the forty. The two Jacksons were among the number who escaped. Andrew and his cousin, Lieutenant Crawford, kept together; but, in galloping across a marshy field, the horse of the latter mired, and fell. Before he could recover himself, he was fired upon, wounded, and taken prisoner. Andrew kept on, and soon after encountered his brother, when the two continued their flight to Cain Creek, on the banks of which, in a dense thicket, they concealed themselves till next morning. Crouching like hunted panthers in their place of retreat, the two brothers passed a long and anxious night, and watched the sun struggling up through the tree-tops with longing eyes. They, however, dared not venture out till late in the day; but as hour after hour passed by, and they heard no

sounds of pursuit, they finally resolved to sally forth in search of food, which they had not tasted since twelve o'clock the day before. The house of their cousin, Lieut. Crawford, was near; and, leaving their horses tied in the thicket, they cautiously approached it. Unfortunately, a party of Tories had discovered their retreat, and immediately surrounded the house. Resistance and escape were alike hopeless, and they surrendered themselves prisoners. A scene of ruffianism and brutality followed. The house was sacked, the furniture destroyed, the clothes of the inmates torn in pieces, and every indignity put on the family of Mrs. Crawford, without a word of rebuke from the British officer in command. The latter, coolly seating himself, ordered Andrew to clean his boots. The fiery young republican, whose heart was swelling with suppressed wrath at the brutality he was compelled to witness, indignantly refused, when the dastardly officer struck at him with his sword. Andrew, throwing up his left arm to parry the blow, received it on his hand, which was nearly half severed. The officer then turned to the elder brother, Robert, and peremptorily commanded him to perform the menial service. Meeting with the same proud refusal, he, in his cowardly anger, laid open the head of the unarmed man with a sword-

cut, inflicting a wound from which the sufferer never recovered.

After this exhibition of cowardice and ferocity, young Andrew, with his hand gashed and still bleeding, was placed on a horse and ordered to lead the way to the house of Major Thompson, a gallant Whig. He was told that if he flinched, or failed to do as he was directed, he would instantly be put to death. Forgetful of his wound, and scorning the threats of his captors, the noble boy thought only how he might save the American officer. Fearing the latter might be at home, he resorted to a stratagem, that seems marvellous in a lad only fourteen years of age. Surrounded by vindictive men—assailed with threats of vengeance, and bleeding fast from a ghastly wound, he still rose superior to the fear with which man is able always to overcome a child, and self-collected and reserved, plotted in their very midst, how he might thwart their plans. Knowing if he took the direct route to the house, their approach would not be discovered till it was too late for the fugitive to escape, he made a wide detour, and crossing fields and traversing patches of woods, at length came in sight of the building from an eminence half a mile distant. As he cast his anxious eye down, he saw Thompson's horse tied near the house—a certain sign that the rider was within. The British dragoons immediately put

spurs to their steeds, and dashed forward. But before they could reach the dwelling, Andrew, to his inexpressible delight, saw Thompson rush out, leap into the saddle, plunge boldly into the creek near by, and swim to the opposite shore. The latter seeing the dragoons pause on the brink of the rapid stream, afraid to cross, turned and shouted back his curse and defiance, and then trotted leisurely away.

Andrew and his brother, with some twenty others, were then placed upon horses, and started for Camden, forty miles distant. No food or water was allowed the prisoners during the whole route—the attempt even to snatch a handful of water from the streams they forded on the way, was resisted with a brutality that would put a savage to shame. Arriving at Camden, they were thrust, with two or three hundred others, into the redoubt which surrounded the jail, and left, half naked, and their wounds undressed, to suffer and to die. Andrew was separated from his brother and Lieutenant Crawford, when their relationship was discovered, while, to add still more to the horrors of his confinement, nothing but the most disgusting bread was allowed him for food.

One day as he sat by the entrance of his prison, basking in the warm sunshine of a spring day, the officer of the guard, struck by his boyish appearance, began to question him. To his surprise, the high-spirited lad, instead of complaining and appeal-

ing to his sympathy, boldly denounced the treatment he and his fellow-prisoners received, as inhuman, and unsoldierlike. A report was immediately made in the proper quarter, and meat was added to the rations, and comforts hitherto denied, were allowed.

While the boy hero was thus counting the hours of his weary prison-life, growing old before his time, he heard that General Greene was advancing to attack Camden—indeed was already encamped on Hobkirk Hill, only a mile from the town. Knowing that a battle would soon be fought, he determined, if possible, to witness it. From the eminence on which the jail stood, Hobkirk Hill, and Greene's encampment were in full view. But soon after the arrival of the American army, a high, tight plank fence was built around the redoubt, which effectually shut out all the surrounding country. Young Jackson, however, was not thus to be foiled, and having obtained an old razor, used by the prisoners to cut their provisions, he, on the night of the 24th of April, commenced his attack on the planks. While the rest of the prisoners were wrapped in slumber, he worked away by the dim light of the stars, hour after hour, and at length towards morning, succeeded in loosening a knot. Applying his eye to the aperture thus made, he found, to his infinite joy, that he had a fine view of Greene's encampment. The next morning, ascertaining that Rawdon was about

to issue forth with all his force, and attack the Americans in their entrenchments, he mounted the redoubt, and placed his eye at the knot-hole to watch the progress of events, while the prisoners gathered in a crowd below to hear his report. What hopes and fears alternately shook that young bosom as he watched the English column slowly ascending the hill, making straight for the heart of the American encampment. His eye gleamed and his voice trembled, as he saw the American pickets and advanced guard rapidly driven in, but when he heard the artillery of Greene open, and beheld the descending wings of the American army swoop like an eagle, on the contracted flanks of the enemy, crushing them in their headlong charge, a cry of joy startled the listeners below. And again, as he caught a glimpse of Washington's cavalry about to burst on the rear, he believed the battle gained. But the sudden unexpected panic of the veteran Maryland regiment, made the tide of battle again set against the patriot army, and at length, with grief and anguish unspeakable, he saw the latter rolled back, and disappear over the hill, while the English flag waved above the spot, where, in the morning, proudly floated the banner of his country.

That excited boy, watching from far the wavering fortunes of his country—a group of prisoners standing breathless below, gazing intently on his form, to

catch every word that fell from his lips, present one of the finest scenes to the imagination, which our history affords. Rebecca, leaning from the battlemented castle, looking down on the tumultuous fight at the base, and reporting its progress to the wounded Ivanhoe, as he tossed on his impatient couch, does not exhibit so much the true sublime, as this young republican, watching the progress of freedom's battle, and now in exultant and now in mournful accents, reporting to the ragged, emaciated patients beneath him, its changes and its disastrous issue.

Soon after the retreat of Greene, young Jackson was surprised to hear that his mother was in town. From the moment her boys were taken prisoners, she had not ceased to devise means for their release. She had lingered round their prison walls, and prayed and wept in secret, over their fate. At length, through her influence, an exchange was effected, and Andrew and Robert, together with five others, were set at liberty in return for thirteen British soldiers, who had been captured by a Whig. The spectacle those two sons presented to their mother, was enough to break her Spartan heart. The wound in Robert's head had never been dressed, and he looked haggard and wan, while the faces of both showed that they were infected with the small-pox. The hospital was the proper place for them instead of the highway, still they resolved to start for their

home. They had means only sufficient to procure two horses, one of which was given to Mrs. Jackson, while Robert was placed on the other, supported by his fellow-prisoners. Young Andrew trudged along on foot, with every vein in him swelling with the fever of disease. This sad, sick group, presented a sorrowful aspect, as past desolated dwellings, and deserted hamlets, they slowly travelled back to their homes. The second day, when within a few miles of the settlement, a sudden shower of rain overtook them, before they could reach shelter, which drenched the party to the skin, and drove the small-pox in on both the boys. They were immediately taken dangerously ill, and the disease combining with the putrid, undressed wound, brought on inflammation of the brain in Robert, and in two days he was dead. Andrew became delirious, and nothing but the constant care and nursing of his afflicted mother, saved him from sharing the fate of his brother.

He had scarcely recovered his health, when this "mother of the Gracchi," forgetting her own sorrows in the sufferings of her countrymen, resolved, with four or five other ladies, to go to Charleston, and succor, if possible, their neighbors, who were there confined on board a prison-ship.

Her last surviving child demanded her attention and care at home, but she had long since placed

him, with her other children and herself, on the altar of her country, and the successive immolation of the victims could not swerve her great heart from the sacrifice.

Taking with them such supplies as they thought would be needed, these noble women commenced their long, tedious journey of nearly two hundred miles, to Charleston. Having arrived there, they sought out the British commander, and asked permission to go on board the prison-ship, and attend to the sick. Inhuman as the conduct of the British had been, it was not in the heart of man to refuse this request, and it was granted. The stench and filth and malignant sickness that made that prison-ship like the crowded hold of a slaver in the horrors of the middle passage, could not repel these angels of mercy from their kindly ministrings.

But Mrs. Jackson, weighed down with her heavy afflictions—having just risen from the grave of one son, and the sick bed of another—was not in a condition to combat successfully the effects of the putrid atmosphere in which she moved. She took the fever which was raging among the prisoners, sickened, and died. Stranger hands placed her in an unknown grave, and though her son, in after years, could not do honor to her tomb, her memory has been enshrined in the hearts of millions.

Young Andrew was now alone in the world.

Amid the utter desolation of his father's house, the orphan boy stood and surveyed, with an anxious heart, the world before him. Through what scenes of bloodshed, cruelty, oppression, and suffering; through what grievous afflictions he had passed! How they had developed his character and matured his mind before the time; so, that although but a boy in years, he was a man in thought, energy, resolution, and resources.

But as he contemplated the devastation that had swept his home, and left him alone in the world, he remembered the hand that had wrought it all. His father had been driven from the land of his nativity by English oppression; one brother had died on the battle-field, nobly repelling English invasion; another had sunk under English cruelty and barbarity; and, last of all, the mother he loved more than his life, had fallen a victim to English inhumanity, and been buried in an unknown, unhonored grave; and no wonder there became planted in his heart an inextinguishable hatred of the English nation. It had run up a long and bloody score, which, with the accumulated interest of years, that orphan boy was yet to wipe out with one terrible blow, which should cover the British Isle with mourning.

After the death of his mother, he went to live with Major Thomas Crawford, and, still later, entered the family of Mr. White, an uncle of Mrs.

Crawford. Camden having been evacuated by the enemy, the Waxhaw settlers were left unmolested. Many of the wealthiest citizens of Charleston, who fled when the city was captured, had taken up their residence at Waxhaw, with whom young Jackson became intimate. This led to habits of dissipation, and he soon squandered the little patrimony left by the family. At the close of the war, these wealthy and gay companions returned to Charleston. Mounted on a splendid horse, the last of his property, Jackson soon followed them, to seek his fortune. In the hotel at which he stopped, he found some of them engaged in a game of dice. In the recklessness of spirit, which had characterized him since he departed from the counsels of his mother, he staked his horse against a sum of money, and won. This sudden stroke of good fortune, instead of intoxicating him, as it would have an ordinary character, sobered him. The youthful follies to which all are subject, and which, in his case, were the result of his lonely condition, and the excitement they furnished him, were suddenly thrown aside, and he resolved to change at once his whole course of life. Mounting his horse, he turned his head homeward, a wiser and a better youth. That long journey had not been in vain, for it had reformed him; and, day after day, as he rode thoughtfully towards home, the past came back with fresh sorrow, and the

gentle pressure of a mother's influence was felt upon his heart, and he resolved to devote himself to the profession to which in his infancy she had dedicated him.

But after continuing his studies awhile, he changed his mind, and adopted the legal profession, as more congenial to his tastes. He removed to Salisbury, in his native State, where, in the winter of 1786, he was admitted to the bar. At this time, he was but nineteen years of age, yet by his energy, good conduct, and superior ability, he soon won the confidence and esteem of the most influential men of the State, and two years after, without solicitation on his part, was appointed by the Governor solicitor for the western district of Carolina, now the State of Tennessee. Crossing the mountains to Jonesborough, he remained there several months. He then visited the settlements on the Cumberland, where he found that the debtors, who composed a large portion of the population, had monopolized the services of the only lawyer in their district, and thus tied up the hands of their creditors. Of course, the latter flocked around Jackson, and he issued seventy writs the morning after his arrival. The rude and fierce frontiers-men did not relish this interference with their plans, and they threatened him with personal violence if he did not desist. This was the last mode to be adopted successfully against such a man as Jackson, and he deter-

mined at once to remain. There being no hotels or boarding-houses in the settlement, he, together with Judge Overton, took up his residence in the family of Mrs. Donelson, a widow, near Nashville.

The animosity which his arrival had excited soon began to manifest itself in attempts to embroil him in quarrels, and thus drive him out of the country. Men who dared not attack the young Carolinian themselves, hired bullies, noted for their physical strength and brute courage, to do it for them. A flax-breaker—a huge, powerful man, of whom all the neighborhood stood in awe—was first set upon him. Advancing in the full expectation of giving the young lawyer a sound drubbing, he was about to strike him, when the latter, whose rapid movements and almost ferocity of countenance when enraged, took the sturdiest fighter all aback, seized the bully's winding-blades, that lay near, and beat him over the head with such violence that the bruised and astonished fellow begged lustily for quarter. He expected a regular fist-fight, and not such a fierce and murderous attack.

Not long after this, while he was attending court in Sumner County, a noted fighter, whom he had never seen before, deliberately walked up to him and trod on his feet. Jackson immediately seized a slab that lay by his side, and, sending the end full against the fellow's breast, bore him heavily to the earth. The crowd standing around them interfered and

separated them. But the baffled and enraged bully rushed to the fence, and, wrenching out a stake, came back on Jackson, swearing horribly, and threatening to dash out his brains. The crowd again attempted to interfere, when Jackson begged them to keep aloof, and let the villain come on. They immediately drew back; when, with his slab poised like a spear, and his gleaming eye fixed on that of his antagonist, he fiercely advanced upon him. The terrified man gazed for a moment on that embodiment of wrath, then, throwing down his stake, leaped over the fence, and ran for the woods. Physical force he understood, and had been accustomed to meet; but a human soul on fire with passion, was something new, and he dared not meet it. It was *man* taming a *brute* by his eye. Some natures are capable of an excitement that would paralyze a weak man, while the features transmit the passion to the senses with such vividness, that the beholder recoils from the expression as he would from a blow. Jackson was one of those; and when his excited soul flashed forth on his face, his brute antagonist forgot the slight frame before him;—nay, it swelled into gigantic proportions in his sight.

These efforts to intimidate the young solicitor were soon abandoned; for they found that the intimidation came from the other side.

Jackson's business at this time often required his

presence in Jonesborough, two hundred miles distant. The only road to the place was but a half-beaten path, and led, most of the way, through an unbroken wilderness. Sometimes alone, with a rifle, hunting-knife, and saddle-bags, and sometimes with companions, he performed this tedious journey, which was frequently attended with great peril. Large bodies of Indians, acknowledging no sovereignty of the white man, then roamed unmolested the vast forests that covered the fertile plains of Tennessee; and it often required great care and skill to avoid being captured by them.

On one occasion, as Jackson, with three companions was returning from Jonesborough, he reached one night, a little after dark, the east bank of the river Emory. Looking across, he saw on the opposite side the camp-fire of a large body of Indians. Immediately drawing back, and bidding his companions keep silence, he directed them to turn up stream, and, leaving the road in different places, so as to make three different trails, hurry on as fast as possible. They proceeded in this way for some time, and then reunited, and pushed eagerly forward all night and next day till two o'clock in the afternoon. At length, arriving at a point in the river where the current was not so rapid, Jackson resolved to cross. A raft of rough logs was soon constructed, on which the rifles, ammunition, baggage, &c., were placed. Jackson,

with one of his companions, was first to carry these across, and then return for the horses. The place he had selected was just below the foot of one cataract, and near the brink of another. But no sooner was the raft pushed adrift than it swept rapidly down stream, with a force the two navigators strove in vain to check. Finding they were driving steadily towards the brink of the cataract, Jackson wrenched loose one of the long rude oars he had constructed, and, rushing to the stern, reached one end to the bank, down which his terrified companions were running, and bade them seize and pull with all their might. They did so; and the raft struck the shore just as it was entering on the rapids above the waterfall. On being reproved by his companions for his carelessness, Jackson smiled, and replied: "A miss is as good as a mile. You see how near I can graze danger. Come on:—I will save you yet."

They continued on up stream, and next day, crossing at a ford, reached Nashville in safety.

At another time, he appointed a rendezvous with a party with whom he was to cross the wilderness; but being delayed by business, he did not arrive at the place till they had been gone nearly a day. Resolved, however, not to be left behind, he took with him a guide and travelled all night, and early in the morning came upon the smouldering camp fires around which they had slept. He was still pressing

forward, when suddenly he discovered the trail of quite a body of Indians, evidently in pursuit of his unsuspecting friends ahead. Nothing daunted, he kept on till he had nearly overtaken the savages. The guide then became alarmed, and refused to proceed further. Jackson coolly divided his provisions with him, and told him to return. Resolved that his fellow-travellers should not perish while there remained the least chance of his warning them of their danger, he continued cautiously to advance, revolving a thousand schemes how he should circumvent the savages. Presently he saw the trail turn off to the right. It flashed over him at once that they were endeavoring to get in advance, and lay in ambush for the unsuspecting party. He immediately gave spurs to his horse, and at length, a little before dark, came in sight of his friends encamped on the opposite bank of a deep and half-frozen stream. Their fires were already kindled for the night, and their clothes and baggage spread out to dry. As they heard the plashing of his horse in the water, they sprang to their feet in alarm; but at sight of the intrepid young Carolinian, a joyful shout of welcome went up from the whole camp. The tidings he brought, however, soon dissipated their gladness; and in a few minutes the horses were re-saddled, and the whole party was straining forward through the wilderness. They kept on all

night without halting, and when daylight appeared, urged their jaded beasts to still greater speed. The day, however, was almost as gloomy as the night; the sky was overcast; not a breath of air disturbed the lofty tree-tops under which they passed, and that ominous silence which precedes a storm brooded over the solitude.

At length the welcome sight of the log cabins of some hunters met their view, and they felt that protection from the Indians, and shelter from the approaching storm, were at last before them; but to their surprise and grief, and Jackson's indignation, both were refused them, and they were compelled to push on, and bivouac in the forest. Jackson, who had not slept for two nights, wrapped his blanket around him, and throwing himself on the ground, was soon fast asleep. Soon after, the snow began to descend, silent and soft, on the sleepers, and when the young solicitor opened his eyes in the morning, he found himself covered six inches deep.

The Indians, when they discovered they had been baffled in their attempt to get in advance, pressed forward in pursuit, till they arrived at the cabins of the hunters, who had treated Jackson and his party so churlishly. Being met with the same inhospitality, a fight ensued, and the hunters were all massacred.

In these trips from Nashville to Jonesborough,

Jackson's courage and presence of mind were constantly put to the proof, and he went through an excellent training for his after career in the war with the Creeks.

At this time he was in the full bloom of youth. Athletic, fearless, impetuous; filled with chivalric feeling; ever ready to succor the needy, his reputation spread far and wide among the settlers. If a band of needy emigrants from the eastern slope required assistance on their way, he was the first to volunteer to go to their aid; and if an expedition was fitted out against a tribe of marauding Indians, he was the first to the rendezvous, and first in the assault on the hostile towns. The savages feared him, and gave him the name of "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow."

On one occasion he was accompanying a party of travellers from Nashville to Lexington, among whom was a lady going to join her husband. The intervening country was then a wilderness, which rendered it dangerous to travel except in parties of some size. The second night after they had started, the lady was taken so unwell that in the morning she was unable to proceed. The party, however, had no idea of stopping there till she recovered, and were preparing to depart without her. Jackson remonstrated with them against the brutality of leaving a woman unprotected in the wilderness. A son, who

had been nurtured by such a mother as watched over his childhood, would never desert a woman in distress though a thousand deaths stared him in the face. To his amazement, his appeals were received with cool indifference or silent contempt; and by their conduct they plainly told him he had better mind his own business. The whole nature of Jackson was suddenly aroused; his eye flashed fire, and seizing his rifle, he levelled it, swearing that he would shoot dead the first man who dared set foot in stirrup. Every feature of his countenance expressed the determination of his heart, and his well-known character forbade trifling. They then consented to remain a day, at the end of which time the lady was able to proceed.

At this period of his life, an event occurred which caused considerable excitement at the time, and many years after was the fruitful source of much slander and abuse. Mrs. Donelson, with whom Jackson boarded, had a daughter distinguished for her beauty of person, and engaging manners. She had married a Mr. Robards, whose character proved to be worthless and vile. After bearing patiently, for a long time, his violent outbursts of temper, and made to suffer from his vicious course of life, she left him, and returned to her mother. Jackson and Judge Overton occupied a cabin by themselves, but took their meals with the family of Mrs. Donelson.

It was, therefore, natural and proper, that Jackson, then a young man, should become charmed with the society of Mrs. Robards. A reconciliation having been effected by Judge Overton, between her and her husband, the latter came to Nashville, and prepared to settle down as a farmer. His jealousy, however, was soon aroused by the intimacy that existed between Jackson and his wife, and caused much unhappiness in the family. Jackson being informed of it, changed his boarding place, hoping by this means, to allay the excitement. The state of things, however, not improving, he went frankly to Mr. Robards, and remonstrated with him on his causeless jealousy. But nothing could satisfy the suspicious husband, and he abruptly left, declaring he should never return. Mrs. Robards, indignant at the treatment she had received, and the implication cast upon her character, resolved that the separation should be final. Not long after, being informed that he intended to return, and take her to Kentucky, she determined to accompany Colonel Stark, an elderly gentleman, and his family to Natchez, in order to avoid him. The colonel, fearful of the Indians, requested Jackson to pilot him through the wilderness. As the latter was almost constantly called upon to perform this duty for other travellers and emigrants, he did not see why he should refuse in this case, and he therefore accompanied them.

This was unwise, and strengthened the suspicions that had already been whispered about. There is no doubt that he felt the attraction of a young and fascinating woman, and it is very probable she preferred the high-minded, chivalric Jackson, to her own vicious, cruel, and heartless husband. She ought to have done so at all events, but there was never the shadow of proof of criminality, and it would not have been safe for any one to have said so openly within a hundred miles of where Jackson lived.

Robards being confirmed in his suspicions, by this departure of his wife under the protection of Jackson, applied to the Legislature of Virginia for a divorce,—at least such was the report,—and Jackson, on his return to Nashville, was told that the appeal had been granted. Resolved at once to vindicate the character of an injured lady, from the aspersion this divorce cast upon it, and at the same time to show the high estimation in which he held her,—prompted, no doubt, too, by his feelings—he immediately returned to Natchez, and offered himself to her. At first she refused him, but afterwards, overcome by his importunity and ardor, she relented, and they were married in the fall. To some the marriage was damning proof of guilt, while others saw in it the evidence of an attachment which had never been sullied by any outward improper act.

It was one of those unfortunate occurrences which would be misconstrued, whatever the termination might be.

But there was another feature in this affair which chagrined Jackson much. On his return with the bride to Nashville, he discovered that the act which had passed the Virginia legislature, was simply one granting permission to bring a *suit* for divorce in Kentucky, and not a *bill* of divorce. He had married the wife of another man, to whom she was still bound by her marital vows. Luckily for him, however, the suit which had been brought in Kentucky just then terminated in favor of Robards, and the divorced wife was free. Jackson immediately took out a license, and was married over again.

Thus ended an affair which has since been so much distorted. The results to Jackson were of the happiest kind. The meek and gentle nature of his wife was just adapted to his impetuous, stormy, and yet frank and generous spirit, and they lived long and happily together.

Notwithstanding the scandal and excitement which this affair had created, Jackson continued to increase in popularity and influence. Tennessee had been set off into a territory, of which he was appointed attorney-general. In 1796, when it was erected into a state, he was elected a member of the convention to frame a constitution. The next year he was chosen

representative of Congress, and the year after, senator of the United States. He took his seat in November, but the following April, asked leave of absence, and returned home. Soon after, he sent in his resignation to the Legislature, which immediately appointed him Supreme Judge of the State, an appointment which he had not solicited, and which he accepted with great reluctance. He distrusted his own abilities for such a station, being then but thirty-one years of age. But, however much he might be wanting in experience, he possessed some qualities exactly adapted to the rude and lawless inhabitants of the frontiers. One thing was certain, that law in his hands would not be a mere bit of parchment, nor its decisions allowed to be disregarded. This was of vital importance in a new country, where threats and violence often turned aside the course of justice, and weakened respect for the mandates of law.

His first court was held in Jonesborough, where his executiveness was strikingly developed. Among other cases to be tried, was that of a ruffianly fellow, named Russell Bean, who, in a drunken fit, had cut off the ears of his infant child. He was a powerful, ferocious villian, and disdaining to flee, proudly paraded the court-yard, daring the sheriff to seize him. The latter, fearing to approach him, reported in court that "Russell Bean would not be taken." Judge

Jackson, with an emphasis now seldom used in court, rebuked the sheriff, and peremptorily ordered the arrest to be made, and if necessary to "summon the *posse comitatus*."

Soon after, the court adjourned for dinner; and, in the meantime, the sheriff summoned his "*posse comitatus*," and among them the judges themselves. The sheriff, doubtless, thought that they would refuse to obey the summons, and he would thus avoid the danger of attempting to arrest this armed and desperate man. He, however, very much miscalculated as to one of the judges; for Jackson, when the sheriff had finished reading his summons, coolly replied, "Very well, sir, I will attend you, and see that *you do your duty*."

Taking up a loaded pistol, he walked to the courtyard, where Bean stood, with a brace of pistols in his hands, and a dirk in his bosom. Fixing his eye on him, he said to the sheriff, "Advance and arrest him; I will protect you from harm." Bean, however, firmly stood his ground; the sheriff hesitated, not liking the prospect of a ball through his body. Jackson observing the cowardice of the sheriff, sternly advanced upon Bean, when the latter began to retreat. "Stop," thundered Jackson, "and submit to the law." The bold borderer instantly threw down his pistols, exclaiming, "I will surrender to you, sir, but to no one else." Jackson might have

spared himself the trouble of evoking the majesty of the law; it was not the law the fellow was afraid of, but the *man*, who was never known to flinch from danger, or turn back from his purpose.

With such a representative, law soon became an object of fear, and the turbulent spirits that had heretofore defied its power, were tamed into submission.

This sudden, yet firm decision was one of Jackson's peculiar characteristics. Men who make up their minds on the issue of the moment, are apt to hesitate in a crisis which includes life and death. Not so with Jackson. His mobile nature was easily flung into a tumult of excitement; but when there, it became rigid as iron. Quick to decide, action followed decision, as the bolt follows the lightning's flash.

He possessed another peculiarity not commonly found among men. His excitements, though so high and terrible, were not transient gleams; but permanent as the object that created them. A less hardy frame would have sunk under them.

In 1803, a difficulty occurred between him and Governor Sevier, who was candidate for re-election. The quarrel was taken up by Sevier's political friends, and many threats of vengeance were uttered against Jackson. This feeling was very strong in Jonesborough, and when in the fall he proceeded thither to

hold his regular court, a mob was organized, with Colonel Harrison at its head, to tar and feather him. Jackson having been taken sick on the way, arrived with a high fever upon him; and, scarcely able to dismount, retired to his room, and flung himself upon the bed. In a short time, the mob being notified of his arrival, assembled round the tavern. Being told the object of their assembling, Jackson arose, and throwing open his door, said to a friend, "Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me; and I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, not *follow* them." The hint was understood; every individual of that mob well knew that the floor of that chamber would swim in blood with the first attempt to cross the threshold of the open door. No one liking to be the first to encounter Jackson, the crowd quietly dispersed. Harrison apologised for his rudeness, and ever after by his attachment evinced his regret.

But not long after, while holding court at Knoxville, Jackson came in collision with Sevier himself. Leaving the court-room one day, he found the governor in front of the building, haranguing in an excited manner a crowd of men, and swinging his naked sword about as if cutting off the heads of imaginary foes. No sooner did the latter observe Jackson ap-

proaching than he turned fiercely upon him, and addressed him with oaths and insults. The latter retorted, and a fierce fight of words ensued. The result of it was, Jackson sent the governor a challenge, which he accepted, but deferred the time of meeting so often, that the former at length published him as a coward. This brought things apparently to a crisis, and an informal meeting was agreed on, just over the Indian boundary. Jackson repaired to the place, and waited two days for his opponent. He then wrote a letter, stating the nature and ground of the quarrel, and set out for Knoxville, determined that it should be adjusted in some way or other. He had not proceeded far, however, when he met the governor, accompanied by twenty men, on horseback. Halting in front of this formidable array, he sent forward his friend with the letter he had prepared. The governor refused to receive it, which threw Jackson into a paroxysm of passion. The former was armed with a brace of pistols and a sword; Jackson also had a pair of pistols in his holsters, but without thinking of these more deadly weapons, he no sooner saw the letter returned, and heard the insult that accompanied it, than he set his cane, which he held in his hand in rest, and plunging the spurs into his horse, dashed full on the governor and his band. The company parted to the right and left in dismay, and the astounded governor, seeing the

maddened steed rushing full upon him, leaped from the saddle to avoid the shock. In doing so, he trod on his scabbard and stumbled. In a moment Jackson was upon him, and but for the interposition of friends would have punished him severely.

This ended the duel, and the parties separated, if not good friends, at least peaceable enemies.

The next year Jackson resigned his judgeship, and, tired of the turmoil and vexations of public life, bought a farm ten miles from Nashville, on the Cumberland River, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Beloved by his neighbors—reverenced for his integrity, decision, and kindness—blessed with a wife who filled his home with sunlight, he passed his days serenely, and coveted no higher honor than that of a successful farmer. Early in the morning he was out on his farm, looking at his stock and superintending the laborers, and evening found him enjoying the sweets of domestic comfort. He took more pride in his stock than in his crops, and had an especial passion for horses. Nor was this strange; he had scarcely been off the back of one since he was thirteen years old. The horse had been his companion in long and perilous marches, and often the only one, for days together, in the boundless forest. To his sure feet and courage he had more than once been indebted for his life, both on the mountain side and in breasting the

rapid stream. For forty-eight hours on a stretch, without food or rest, his noble steed had borne him, when hard beset, and no wonder he became attached to him. He delighted in blooded animals, and imported many from North Carolina and Virginia. This naturally led to trials of speed and bottom on the race-course, where large sums often changed hands. This custom, so beneficial in improving the breed of horses, but so pernicious to the morals of men, led to one of the most painful events of Jackson's life. He had a favorite horse named Truxton, distinguished for his speed and endurance. A match was made between him and a horse owned by a Mr. Erwin and his son-in-law Charles Dickinson, of two thousand dollars, with a forfeiture of eight hundred dollars, in case of the withdrawal of either party. On the course, Mr. Erwin and his son-in-law withdrew their horse, and offered to pay the forfeit. The notes tendered, however, were not cash notes, and Jackson refused to receive them, claiming the right to select from the list in the hands of the stakeholder. This was granted, the payment received, and the affair settled. Not long after, however, Dickinson was told that Jackson had accused his father-in-law of producing a *false* list. This the latter denied, when the author's name was given. It was then proposed to call him in, but Dickinson would not consent. Jackson, meeting the slanderer

not long afterwards, gave him the lie, and a fist-fight followed.

Notwithstanding all this, either through the recklessness of Dickinson, who was a loose character, a trader in blacks and horses, and a professed duellist, or, through the persuasion of Jackson's enemies, who thought this an opportunity of getting rid of a man they feared and hated, not to be omitted, the quarrel was kept alive. Severe and insulting letters were published in the papers, and language used which exasperated both parties to the highest degree. At length, Jackson was informed that a letter, charging him among other things with cowardice, was in the hands of an editor. He immediately mounted his horse, and in a tempest of passion rode to Nashville, and demanded a sight of it. Finding his information correct, he sent Dickinson a fierce challenge, and insisted on an immediate meeting. The latter, however, deferred it for a week, and spent the intermediate time in practising at Jackson's figure chalked out on a board. This was hardly necessary, for he was a dead shot, and was certain to hit his antagonist if he fired. It was arranged that they should stand back to back, move off a certain distance, wheel, and then approach and fire as soon or as late as either party chose. Dickinson had insisted on this mode of fighting, so as to get the first fire, or call forth Jackson's before he

had approached sufficiently near to make it dangerous. His own practice had been perfect, and he knew he could strike his antagonist at a distance the latter would scarcely attempt to fire if he kept cool. Jackson understood this manœuvre, and had made up his mind to be shot. He wore a frock coat on the field, which he threw back over his shoulders. At the word given they walked away, wheeled, and advanced towards each other. Soon after, Dickinson fired. Jackson staggered a moment as he felt the ball enter him, but the next moment he drew his coat around him to staunch the blood, and walking deliberately up to his foe, shot him dead. It was a bloody deed, and though sanctioned by the custom of the times, to which so many of our best men have fallen victims, it was a crime for which no apology should be offered. By nature Jackson was a man of terrible passions, and in this instance they had been aroused into tenfold fury, by the injustice that refused the reconciliation he sought, and by the conviction that a sense of injury did not lay at the bottom of the quarrel, but the deliberate desire and determination to take his life. The friends of Dickinson were resolved to provoke him, so that he *must* challenge his adversary or leave the country, and thus give to the latter the choice of time and mode of meeting. The plan was well laid and succeeded perfectly in every respect, except that the

ball did not happen to reach a vital spot. It entered the breast, shattered two of his ribs, then lodged in his side, where it remained for years. He, however, mounted his horse and rode twenty miles before his second discovered that he had been shot, and then only by seeing the blood ooze from his garments. He must have been in an extraordinary state of mind, to have borne all this in silence so long. Were his thoughts busy with the man he had slain? Had he left his fierce hate on the field where his enemy lay weltering in his gore, and was remorse now gnawing at his heart, and conscience whispering in his ear, "You will meet that foe again beyond the tomb?"

There were rumors of unfairness in the fight, &c.; but these died away, and men spoke in astonishment of the steadiness of nerve which so severe and painful a wound could not even for a moment shake.

Jackson, after some weeks, resumed his agricultural pursuits, and not long after entered as silent partner in a mercantile house in Nashville. Placing entire confidence in his partner, he trusted everything to his sagacity and honesty. Things went on smoothly for awhile; but at length it was discovered that the house was insolvent. It could not pay its debts by some thousands of dollars. The concern was closed at once, and Jackson, with that high sense of honor and justice, which had so often entangled him in quarrels among lawless men, immediately

sold his fine plantation on the Cumberland, parted with his favorite stock, paid off the debts of the house to the last cent, and retired to a log cabin to begin the world anew.

Prompt to redress the wrongs of others as well as his own, he won the esteem of all upright men. Such a man is not to be measured by ordinary rules. A positive executive character like his must be averaged to be treated justly. Impelled by passion, he may at times commit deeds on which the staid moralist looks with horror; but it must be remembered, too, that he would breast danger, venture his life for others, and undergo privations, toils, and sufferings, from which that same moralist would shrink in affright. The good in such a man must be made to balance the bad. The departures from the common track of life from *both* sides must be taken, before the balance against him is struck. He must be *credited* as well as *charged* in the book of common morals before one is able to decide how he stands. This is the only just rule, and by it Jackson would stand head and shoulders above most of those who have condemned him.

By his industry and perseverance, he soon recovered from his embarrassments, and became a flourishing farmer again. Having occasion to go to Natchez after some blacks for his plantation, he found at the station of the United States' agent, among the

Choctaws, by which his road passed, several families of emigrants detained because they had no passports from the governor of Mississippi. In the meantime, the agent was selling them provisions at an exorbitant price, and making them work for him at a very low one. Indignant at this outrage, he demanded of the agent how he dared thus to arrest a free American on the public road. Taking the matter in his own hands, he told the frightened emigrants to gear up their teams, and follow him. The agent fumed and threatened; but seeing Jackson well armed, dared not interfere. He, however, determined to be revenged on the latter when he returned, and armed some fifty men to arrest him, unless he came fortified with a passport. Jackson heard of this, and his friends advised him to procure one; but he indignantly refused, declaring it was a humiliation no American freeman should submit to. Arming his negroes with axes and clubs, while he himself carried a loaded rifle and two pistols at his saddle-bow, he approached the station. The agent came forth, and asked if he intended to show his passport. "*That depends on circumstances,*" replied Jackson, as he carelessly swung his rifle so as to bring the muzzle where it could look the agent full in the face. The latter understood *what* circumstances, and the kind of passport alluded to, and wisely let him pass on.

He afterwards reported the agent to the government, and the latter was removed. His hatred of wrong and oppression was intense, and though his way of defending the injured was not always strictly legal, it must be remembered that no other mode of redress was open to him.

Jackson had scarcely reached home, when he received a letter from Governor Carroll, requesting him to act as second, in a duel between him and a brother of Colonel Benton. He could not well refuse him, but Colonel Benton, who was also intimate with Jackson, took it unkindly, and spoke bitterly of him. A bitter correspondence in the papers followed, and some time afterwards, meeting at a public house in Nashville, a most desperate, murderous fight took place, in which Jackson had his arm broken and mutilated by a pistol-ball. The estrangement which followed, was afterwards healed, and they became fast friends.

Through such rough scenes of war and border-life, was Jackson trained for the high responsibilities which were to be placed on him. He had not been indifferent to the oppressive acts of the English government, and his voice was loud for immediate redress. At length the long-surcharged clouds burst, war was declared, and the mustering of arms was heard over the land.

The war of 1812 opened with the cowardly sur-

render of Hull, at Detroit. Instantly the whole western country rose in arms, to revenge the insult, and wipe out the disgrace. An army of ten thousand men was organized, and put under General Winchester, who was soon after ranked by General Harrison. Jackson, among others, had volunteered his services, and petitioned for the post which was assigned to Winchester. Through the influence of the member of Congress from that district, the former was preferred; and taking command of his division, ended his short campaign with the massacre at the river Raisin. Had Jackson commanded those brave Kentuckians, that massacre, which clothed so many families in mourning, would never have taken place; and in all probability, the whole character of the Northern war been changed. He resolved, however, not to remain idle, and issuing a patriotic and spirited address to the young men of the State, he soon saw twenty-five hundred volunteers flock to his standard.

He immediately offered his services to the General Government, which were thankfully accepted, and he was ordered to proceed down the Mississippi to defend the southern frontier, then threatened by the enemy. As soon as he could collect his provisions, means of transportation, &c., he set out. It was the middle of winter, and a bitter cold day,

when this band of volunteers embarked on the Ohio for Natchez.

General Jackson started on his Southern expedition the 7th of January. The next day, General Winchester, his successful rival, led his doomed column through the snow-filled forest towards the river Raisin, where it was to sink for ever in blood.

Not long after Jackson's arrival at Natchez, all danger of an attack in that quarter disappeared, and he received orders from the Secretary of War to disband his troops, and deliver over the public property to General Wilkinson, commanding the regular army in that district.

At the time this order arrived, there were a hundred and fifty men on the sick list, nearly sixty of whom were confined to their beds. Should the army be disbanded, these would be left uncared for, while many of the sound troops, being without money, could not possibly return home. This was known to Wilkinson, who evidently had induced this order from the ignorant, inefficient Secretary of War, for the sole purpose of compelling those of the volunteers who were without the means of subsistence to enlist in the regular army. But General Jackson was never known to desert a man in distress; his whole nature awoke at the call of pity, and, come what would, he resolved not to leave those sick soldiers, nor the destitute well ones, till he had

seen them safe back to the homes from which he had taken them. Trusting in his well-known character and in his word, pledged to them when they gathered to his standard, that he would never desert them, they had cheerfully followed him to the South, and to abandon them destitute in that then remote region, would be an act of barbarity unworthy of a commander and of a man.

Many of the invalids were young men, sons of his neighbors and friends, and they no sooner heard of the order that had been received, than they sent for him, and half-rising from their sick couches, prayed him, with tears, not to forsake them. They reminded him of his promise, and appealed to his honor. This was not needed; his heart had already fixed his determination;—those brave young men he would watch over and protect, even though his act of disobedience should bring on him the vengeance of the Government.

The field-officers coincided with him, when he made his resolution known to them; but at night they held a secret meeting, in which it was resolved to remonstrate against the course he was pursuing, and recommend immediate obedience to the order of the Secretary of War. But Jackson was a man whom opposition only fixed firmer in his resolution, and the accumulation of difficulties and embarrassments roused to still higher exertions and greater

sacrifices. When this remonstrance was read to him, he burst into a torrent of indignation, charged home on the timorous officers deceit and duplicity, and heaped reproaches on them for wishing to leave the destitute and sick soldiers to want, while they themselves had horses and money with which to return. He told them, in conclusion, that no power on earth could alter his purpose, and bade them prepare at once to march. In the meantime, he despatched to the Secretary a full and frank account of the matter, detailing all the circumstances, and his own conduct.

General Wilkinson, hearing of Jackson's determination, wrote him a letter of solemn expostulation, in which he depicted the awful consequences of disobeying the General Government. The latter very curtly replied that he knew what he was about, and was willing to take the responsibility. Anticipating the fulfilment of the Secretary's order, the former had sent officers to recruit from the volunteers the moment they were disbanded. This was reported to Jackson, who immediately issued orders to arrest and place in confinement, the first officer who entered the encampment for that purpose. In the meantime, he directed the quartermaster to provide wagons for the transportation of the sick and the baggage. The latter dared not disobey, but played the laggard so well, that not a team was sent in

till the night previous to the morning appointed to march. Only eleven wagons then arrived, and these were discharged at once by the quartermaster. But Jackson was a dangerous man to play tricks upon, and preremptorily ordering the unfaithful officer from his presence, he seized the wagons, and commenced loading. The sick, one after another, were handed out under his personal inspection, and made as comfortable as the means in his possession allowed.

At last all but one was stowed away, whom the surgeon reported in a dying condition, and too far gone to be removed. "Not a man shall be left who has life in him," replied Jackson; "bring him carefully out." The young man, apparently just on the verge of death, and wholly unconscious of what was passing about him, was lifted into the wagon, and the column turned its face homeward. Jackson had given up his own horse to a feeble soldier; and, with his stern, and fiery heart beating with all a father's affection for the sick youths who had volunteered to fight and die by his side, trudged on foot amid the wagons containing the invalids, bestowing words of comfort, and cheering up the desponding with the promise of soon seeing home and friends. Ever and anon he was seen falling back from the head of the column, or hastening up from the rear to the wagon containing the young soldier who was supposed to

be dying. For a long time the poor invalid lay insensible ; but being at length aroused by the heavy jolting of the wagon over the uneven road, he opened his eyes, and gazing vaguely about him, faintly murmured, "Where am I?" Jackson, who was watching with parental interest the first dawning of reason, replied in glad tones, "On, your way *home*, my good fellow." That word "home" reached the sources of life, and from that moment he began to improve ; and at length the kind-hearted commander had the satisfaction of presenting him restored to his family.

Jackson on foot, wading through the swamps, and, day after day, toiling along the miry roads, an example of heroism, self-denial, and tenderness, seems an entirely different person from Jackson in the excitement and carnage of battle. But, in this respect, he was like Marshal Ney, possessing a heart which the world in arms could not shake, and yet which the cry of an infant could overcome. In both, there was a deep-seated tenderness, which lay among their other and sterner qualities like a green Alpine valley amid the gigantic cliffs and glaciers that surround it.

The spring opened gloomily for the western and northern frontier. The massacre at Fort Raisin had broken up Harrison's campaign, and left Tecumseh leisure to travel South again, and rouse the Indians

there to the same hostilities which had proved so successful at the North.

At this time, the vast Mediterraneans that stretch along our northern boundary were embosomed in a boundless forest. Only here a fort, and there a settlement, showed that the foot of civilization had ever entered those almost limitless solitudes. All through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, numerous and powerful tribes of Indians roamed undisturbed, and hung, in black and threatening war-clouds, on the borders of civilization. The English had succeeded in inciting most of these to hostilities against the settler. Their efforts were aided in a masterly manner by Tecumseh, a Shawnee warrior, who had imbibed a bitter, undying hostility to the Americans. Brave, temperate, scorning a lie, and despising the spoils of war, he fought to restore his race to their ancient rights and power. Unable to cope with the Americans alone, he gladly availed himself of our declaration of war to form an alliance with the British. Lifted by native genius above the vices of savages, he also exhibited a greatness of intellect, and loftiness of character, which, in civilized life, would have led to the highest renown. Despising the petty rivalries of tribes and chiefs, he became absorbed in the grand idea of uniting all the Indian clans in one great and desperate struggle for mastery with the whites. He had succeeded in carrying out his

scheme, to a great extent, throughout the North and West. Of erect, athletic frame, noble, commanding appearance, with the air of a king, and the eloquence of a Demosthenes when rousing the Greeks to arms against Philip, he went from tribe to tribe electrifying them with his appeals, and rousing them to madness by his fiery denunciations against their oppressors. His brother, the prophet, accompanied him, —a dark, subtle, cunning impostor, to whose tricks Tecumseh submitted for awhile, because they foiled the hatred and deceit of rival chiefs. As he arose before his savage audiences, his imposing manner created a feeling of awe ; but when he kindled with his great subject, he seemed like one inspired. His eye flashed fire, his swarthy bosom heaved and swelled with imprisoned passion, his whole form dilated with excitement, and his strong untutored soul poured itself forth in eloquence, wild, headlong, and resistless, as the mountain torrent. Thoughts, imagery leaped from his lips in such life and vividness that the stoicism of the Indian vanished before them, and his statute-like face gleamed with passion. The people he always carried with him ; but the chiefs, who feared his power over their followers, often thwarted his plans. When not addressing the clans, he was reserved, cold, and haughty. His withering sarcasm, when Proctor proposed to retreat from Malden ; his reply to the interpreter, who

offering him a chair in the presence of Harrison, said, "Your father wishes you to be seated;" "My father! the sun is my father, and the earth my mother," as he stretched himself proudly on the ground, reveal a nature conscious of its greatness, and scorning the distinctions which the white man arrogated to himself.

After the massacre at Frenchtown, he took his brother, and went South to the Creeks, to complete the plan of a general alliance. The journey of nearly a thousand miles through the wilderness, of these two brothers,—the discussion of their deep-laid scheme at night around their camp-fire,—the day-dreams of Tecumseh, as gorgeous as ever flitted before the imagination of a Cæsar,—the savage empire he would form, and the greatness he would restore to his despised race, would make a grand epic. Pathless mountains and gloomy swamps were traversed; deep rivers swam, and weariness and toil endured, not for spoils or revenge, but to carry out a great idea. There is a rude, Tuscan grandeur about him, as he thus moves through the western wilderness impelled by a high purpose,—a barbaric splendor thrown about even the merciless measures he means to adopt, by the great moral scheme to which they are to be subject. His combinations exhibited the consummate general. While England occupied us along the sea-coast, he

was to sweep in one vast semi-circle from Michilimackinac to Florida upon the scattered settlements. Fires were to be kindled North and South, and West, to burn towards the centre, while civilized warfare should desolate the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. Tecumseh had seen Hull surrender, helped to cut to pieces a part of Harrison's army, and drive back the remainder. His prospects were brightening, and with this glorious news to back his burning eloquence, he had no doubt of exciting the Southern tribes to war. The Chickasaws and Choctaws in Mississippi, numbered over thirty thousand; the Creeks twenty-five thousand, while south of them dwelt the large and warlike tribe of the Seminoles. His chief mission was to the Creeks, from whom, on his mother's side, he sprung. This powerful clan stretched from the southern borders of Tennessee nearly to Florida. The sun in his course looked on no fairer, richer land than the country they held. Some of them had learned the arts of civilization, and, hitherto, had evinced a friendly disposition towards the whites. But British influence working through the Spanish authorities in Florida, had already prepared them for Tecumseh's visit. An alliance, offensive and defensive, had been formed between England and Spain; and the armies of the former were then in the Peninsula, endeavoring to wrest the throne from Bonaparte. The latter, therefore, was bound to assist her

ally on this continent, and so lent her aid in exciting the Southern Indians to hostility. But for this, Tecumseh, with all his eloquence, might have failed. Co-operating with the British agents in Florida, as he had done with Brock and Proctor in Canada, he at length saw his cherished scheme about to be fulfilled. The old and more peaceful,—those who had settled in well-built towns, with schools, and flocks, and farms,—opposed the war which should devastate their land, and drive them back to barbarism. But the eloquence of Tecumseh, as he spoke of the multiplied wrongs of the Indians, their humiliation, described the glory to be won, and painted in glowing colors the victories he had gained in the North, kindled into a blaze the warlike feelings of the young; and soon ominous tidings came from the bosom of the wilderness that stretched along the Coosa and Talapoosa rivers. Anxiety and alarm spread among the white settlers, and the scattered families sought shelter in the nearest forts. Twenty-four had thus congregated at Fort Mimms, a mere block-house, situated on the Alabama, near the junction of the Tombigbee. It was garrisoned by a hundred and forty men, commanded by Major Beasley, and, with proper care, could have resisted the attacks of the savages. But the rumors of a rising among the Indians were discredited. A negro who stated he had seen them in the vicinity, was chastised for spread-

ing a false alarm. The night preceding the massacre, the dogs growled and barked, showing that they scented Indians in the air. But all these warnings were unheeded, when suddenly, in broad midday, the savages, some seven hundred strong, made their appearance before the fort, and within thirty feet of it, before they were discovered. The gate was open, and with one terrific yell they dashed through into the outer enclosure, driving the panic-stricken soldiers into the houses within. Mounting these they set them on fire, and shot down every soul that attempted to escape. Seeing, at once, their inevitable doom, the soldiers fought with the energy of despair. Rushing madly on their destroyers, they gave blow for blow, and laid sixty of them around the burning buildings before they were completely overpowered. At last, a yell of savage triumph rose over the crackling of flames, and cries and shrieks of terrified women and children. Then followed a scene which may not be described. The wholesale butchery,—the ghastly spectacle of nearly three hundred mutilated bodies, hewed and hacked into fragments, were nothing to the inhuman indignities perpetrated on the women. Children were ripped from the maternal womb, and swung as war-clubs against the heads of the mothers, and all those horrible excesses, which seem the offspring of demons,

were committed on the dead and dying. Not more than twenty or thirty out of the whole, escaped.

The news of this terrible disaster broke like a sudden thunder-clap on the neighboring States. Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, flew at once to arms. On the 17th of September a mass meeting assembled at Nashville, which, with one voice, nominated Jackson commander-in-chief of the troops of the State. Ten days after, the nomination was confirmed by the legislature, and 200,000 dollars voted to carry on the war. Jackson immediately issued a stirring appeal to the people, in which, after describing the state of things, he urged them to assemble to his standard with all speed, saying, "Already are large bodies of the hostile Creeks marching to your borders, with their scalping-knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children: time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier, or we shall find it drenched in the blood of our citizens." At this time, he was suffering from the arm which had been mutilated in his encounter with Benton, and was unable to be present at Fayetteville, the rendezvous, on the 4th of October; but he sent an address to be read to the troops, and rules regulating the police of the camp. Although too feeble to take the field, he, three days after, with his arm in a sling, put himself at the head of the army. The next evening, a despatch arrived from Colonel

Coffee, who had been previously sent forward with a large detachment to Huntsville, thirty-two miles distant, stating that a body of nearly a thousand Indians were on their way to ravage the frontiers of Georgia, and another party approaching Tennessee. The day after came a second express confirming the report. By nine o'clock the following morning, Jackson put his army of twenty-five hundred in motion, and at eight in the evening reached Huntsville, making the thirty-two miles in eleven hours. Finding that the rumor was without foundation, he proceeded leisurely to Ditto's Landing, where Col. Coffee with his regiment was encamped. Here he paused to wait for supplies, and survey his position.

With promptness on the part of those co-operating with him, he saw that the hostile Creeks could be crushed with one blow; for on the west of their settlements were six hundred Mississippi volunteers and the 3d regiment of regular infantry, six hundred strong, under Colonel Russell; on the east were twenty-five hundred Georgia militia, commanded by General Floyd; while from the north, five thousand volunteers and militia—twenty-five hundred from East Tennessee, under Generals Cocke and White, and the same number from the western section of the State—were moving down on the devoted tribes. This army of five thousand Tennesseans was under

his own command, the western half of which he led in person. There were, besides this formidable array, a few posts held by small detachments, and a few hundred friendly Indians, most of them Cherokees. When these separate armies should close around the hostile settlements, encircling them in a girdle of fire, it was universally believed that the war would be over.

While Jackson remained at Ditto's Landing, waiting anxiously for the supplies which Generals Cocke and White had promised to forward, he despatched General Coffee, with six hundred picked men, to destroy Blackwarrior town, a hundred miles south.

At length, being urged by the earnest appeals of friendly Indians, who were in daily danger of being cut off by the Creeks, he, on the 19th, started for Thompson's Creek, where he had ordered the provisions, which he supposed were near at hand, to be stopped. Cutting his way through the heavy forests, and dragging his artillery over steep mountains, he at length, after a painful march of two days, reached the place of depôt but no provisions had arrived. Instead of supplies, came a letter from General White, who was at Lookout Mountain in the Cherokee country, stating that no flour could be spared from that post. His position was now becoming painful and critical. Standing in the centre of the wilderness, on the borders of the enemy's country, with

his little band around him, he saw no alternative but to retreat, unless he ran the risk of starving his army in the forest. But to abandon his design, would leave the friendly Indians at the mercy of their enemies, an act not only cruel in the extreme, and utterly repugnant to his nature, but which would furnish a fatal example to the other friendly tribes, whose alliance it was of the highest importance to secure. Prudence would have dictated a retreat, but Jackson had never yet turned his back voluntarily on a foe, and he resolved, at all hazards, to proceed. Sending off expresses to Generals Cocke and White, and to the Governors of Tennessee and Georgia, and the American agents in the Choctaw and Cherokee nations, he issued a stirring address to his troops, in which he promised them that the "order to charge would be the signal for victory." In urging on them the importance of coolness, and presence of mind, in every emergency, even in "retreat," he adds,

"Your general laments that he has been compelled, even incidentally, to *hint* at a retreat, when speaking to freemen and to soldiers. Never, until you forget all that is due to yourselves and your country, will you have any practical understanding of that word. Shall an enemy, wholly unacquainted with military evolutions, and who rely more for victory on their grim visages, and hideous yells,

than upon their bravery or their weapons,—shall such an enemy ever drive before them, the well-trained youths of our country, whose bosoms pant for glory, and a desire to avenge the wrongs they have received? Your general will not live to behold such a spectacle; rather would he rush into the thickest of the enemy, and submit himself to their scalping-knives; but he has no fear of such a result. He knows the valor of the men he commands, and how certainly that valor, regulated as it will be, will lead to victory.”

Cut off from supplies, locked up in the wilderness, through which swarmed thousand of savages, eagerly watching his advance, with only six days' rations of meat and two of flour, he issued this bold and confident address, and then gave orders for the army to march. Arriving at Ten Islands, he erected Fort Strother, to serve as a depôt, and to cover his retreat. In a letter to Governor Blount, from this place, he says,—

“ Indeed, sir, we have been wretchedly supplied,—scarcely two rations in succession have been regularly drawn, yet we are not despondent. While we can procure an ear of corn apiece, or anything that will answer as a substitute for it, we shall continue our exertions to accomplish the object for which we were sent.”

Here, being informed that General White was only twenty-five miles distant up the river, he sent him a

despatch to hasten, at once, to the fort. In the mean time, General Coffee, who had returned successful from his southern expedition, was sent to attack a large body of Indians at Tallushatchee, some thirty miles distant. With nine hundred men, this gallant officer advanced, and succeeded in completely surrounding them; and though the savages fought desperately to the last, but few escaped. A hundred and eighty warriors lay stretched around the ashes of their dwellings. Among the slain, was a mother, on whose bosom her infant boy was found, struggling in vain to draw nourishment from the lifeless breast. When he was brought to camp, Jackson endeavoured to persuade some of the female captives to take care of him, but they all refused, saying, "His relations are all dead, kill him too." He then ordered some sugar to be given him, and sent him to Huntsville, where he could be properly cared for. He afterwards adopted him, gave him a good education, and placed him at a saddler's to learn a trade. The latter was accustomed to spend every Sunday at the Hermitage, with his adopted father, who was strongly attached to him. But he always pined for the free, wild life of his race. The close air of the shop and the drudgery of an apprentice did not agree with him, and he soon after sickened. He was then taken home to the Hermitage, where he lingered some time, and died.

This care and solicitude for an Indian infant in

the midst of the troubles and perils that surrounded him, remind one of a similar act of Marshal Ney, when his doomed army was fast sinking in the snow-drifts of Russia. At length, on the 7th of November, an Indian runner arrived in camp, stating that Fort Talladega, about thirty miles distant, was surrounded by the hostile Red-sticks, and if he did not hurry to its relief, the friendly Indians, who had taken refuge in it, must be massacred. The runner had scarcely finished his message when the order to march was issued, and in a few minutes the columns were in motion. It was midnight, and through the dim cathedrals of nature, lighted only by the stars of heaven, Jackson led his two thousand men towards the Talladega. Eight hundred of these were mounted riflemen, who presented a picturesque appearance, as they wound slowly along the rough forest path underneath the autumnal woods, each with unceasing watchfulness, piercing the surrounding gloom, and every hand grasping a trusty rifle. Their heavy tramp frightened the wild beasts from their lairs, and awoke strange echoes in the solitude. Now straining up steep ascents, and now swimming deep rivers, the fearless and gallant band pressed forward. In three columns, so as to prevent the confusion that might arise from a sudden surprise, it forced its difficult way through the forest, and at night arrived within six miles of the besieged fort. Here Jackson halted, and sent forward

two friendly Indians and a white man, to reconnoitre. About eleven o'clock they returned, and reported the enemy in great force, and within a quarter of a mile of the fort. No time was to be lost, and though the troops had been without sleep, and constantly on the strain for twenty-four hours, another night, and a battle, lay between them and repose.

It was four o'clock of a cool November morning, when the three columns again moved forward. Advancing with the utmost caution and quietness to within a mile of the Indian encampment, they halted, and formed in order of battle. Two hundred and fifty of the cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. Dyer, were left in the rear of the centre to act as a reserve, while the remaining four hundred and fifty were ordered to push on to the right and left on either side, until the heads of their columns met beyond the hostile encampment, and thus completely encircle it. The two brigades of Hall and Roberts, occupying the right and left, were directed to advance, while the ring of cavalry was steadily to contract, so as to shut in every savage and prevent escape. At eight o'clock, Colonel Carroll boldly charged the position in front of him, and carried it; he then retreated, in order to draw the Indians in pursuit. They charged after him with such terrific whoops and screams, that a portion of General Robert's brigade, on whom they were rushing with uplifted tomahawks, broke and fled.

This made a chasm in the line, which Jackson immediately ordered Colonel Bradley to fill with his regiment that for some reason, known only to the commander, had lagged behind, to the great detriment of the order of battle. But not only had he proved a laggard in the approach, but he refused to fill the chasm, as ordered by his commander, and the latter was compelled to dismount his reserve and hurry them forward. As these steadily and firmly advanced, and poured in their volleys, the panic-stricken militia recovered their courage and resumed their places in the line. In the mean time, the encircling cavalry came galloping, with loud hurrahs, towards the centre. The next moment the forest rang with the sharp reports of their rifles. In fifteen minutes the battle was over, and the terrified savages were wildly skirting the inner edge of this circle of fire, seeking, in vain, an avenue to the open forest beyond. Turned back at every step, they fell like the autumn leaves which the wind shook around them. At length they discovered a gap, made by the neglect of Colonel Bradley and the delay of a portion of the cavalry, which had taken too wide a circuit, and poured like a torrent that has suddenly found vent, through it. The mounted riflemen wheeled and streamed after; and the quick, sharp reports of their pieces, and the receding yells rising from the forest, told how fiercely they pressed on the flying traces of the foe. The savages made

straight for the mountains, three lines distant, fighting as they went. The moment they bounded up the steep acclivity they were safe, and the wearied horsemen turned again to the camp. Their way back was easily tracked by the swarthy forms that lay stretched on the leaves, showing where the flight and pursuit had swept. Of the thousand and more who had composed the force of the enemy, more than half were killed or wounded. Three hundred were left dead on the spot where they had first fought. The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded, was ninety-five.

The friendly Indians, who had been so long shut up without a drop of water, in momentary expectation of being massacred, listened to the uproar without, with beating hearts; but when the battle was over, they rushed forth with the most frantic cries of joy, and leaped and shouted around their deliverers in all the wildness of savage delight. They crowded around Jackson as if he had been their deity, towards whom they could not show too much reverence.

The refusal of General White to march to Fort Strother, left the feeble garrison of the latter in a perilous state. If it should fall, Jackson's whole line of retreat would be cut off; and he, therefore, with deep pain, was compelled to stop in his victorious progress, and return to the fort. On his arrival, he found that no supplies had reached it, and that the

soldiers, half-starved, were bordering on mutiny. General Cocke, from the first, seemed resolved to withhold all aid from Jackson, lest he himself should be eclipsed in the campaign.

The latter, however, endeavored to keep alive the spirits and courage of his troops, and distributed all his private stores to the feeble and wounded. Having nothing left for himself and staff, he repaired to the bullock-pen, and from the offals cut tripe, on which he and they lived for days, in the vain hope of receiving the long-promised supplies. One day, as he sat at the foot of a tree, thinking of the hard condition of his men, and planning how he might find some relief from the increasing difficulties that pressed so hard upon him, one of the soldiers, observing that he was eating something, approached, and asked for a portion. Jackson looked up with a pleasant smile, and said, "I will, most cheerfully, divide with you what I have;" and taking some acorns from his pocket, he handed them to the astonished and mortified soldier. His solicitude for the army did not expend itself in words, for he shared with the meanest soldier his privations and his wants, while many of his subordinate officers possessed abundance. He let the latter enjoy the rations to which they were legally entitled, but himself scorned to sit down to a well-supplied table, while the army was perishing with want.

This state of things, of course, could not last long. The soldiers believed themselves neglected by the State for whose safety they were fighting; else why this protracted refusal to send them provisions? The incipient discontent was fed and aggravated by several of the officers, who were getting tired of the campaign, and wished to return home, till at last it broke out into open revolt. The militia regiments, *en masse*, had resolved to leave. Jackson received the communication with grief and indignation. He felt for his poor, half-starved men, but all his passionate nature was roused at this deliberate defiance of his authority. The militia, however, did not regard his expostulations or threats, and they fixed on a morning to commence their march. But as they drew out to take their departure, they found, to their astonishment, the volunteers paraded across their path, with Jackson at their head. He ordered them to return to their position, or they should answer for their disobedience with their lives. They obeyed; but the volunteers, indignant that they had been made the instrument of quelling the revolt, and anxious as the others were to get away, resolved next morning to depart themselves. To their surprise, however, they saw the militia drawn up in the same position they had occupied the day before, to arrest the first forward movement that was made. This was a danger-

ous game to play with armed men, and would not bear a second trial.

The cavalry, on the ground that the country yielded no forage for their horses, were permitted to retire to the neighborhood of Huntsville, where they promised to wait the orders of their commander.

In the meantime, Jackson hearing that provisions were on the way, made an effort to allay the excited, angry feelings that existed in the army, and so, on the 14th of November, invited all the field and platoon officers to his quarters, and after informing them that abundant supplies were close at hand, addressed them in a kind and sympathizing manner, told them how deeply he felt for their sufferings, and concluded by promising, if provisions did not arrive within two days, to lead them back himself to Tennessee. But this kind and conciliatory speech produced no effect on a portion of the army, and the first regiment of volunteers insisted on abandoning the fort. Permission to leave was granted, and Jackson, with chagrin and anguish, saw the men whom he refused to abandon at Natchez, forsake him in the heart of the forest, surrounded by hostile savages.

The two days expiring without the arrival of provisions, he was compelled to fulfil his promise to the army, and preparations were made for departure. In the midst of the breaking up of the camp, he sat

down and wrote a letter to Colonel Pope, the contractor, which exhibits how deeply he felt, not merely this abandonment of him, but the failure of the expedition. He says in conclusion :

“I cannot express the torture of my feelings, when I reflect that a campaign so auspiciously begun, and which might be so soon and so gloriously terminated, is likely to be rendered abortive for the want of supplies. For God’s sake, prevent so great an evil.”

As the baggage-wagons were loaded up, and the men fell into marching order, the palpable evidence of the failure of the project on which he had so deeply set his heart, and the disgrace that awaited his army, became so painful, that he could not endure the sight, and he exclaimed in mingled grief and shame,

“If only two men will remain with me, I will never abandon the post.”

“You have one, General!” exclaimed Captain Gordon, of the spies, who stood beside him.

The gallant captain immediately began to beat up for volunteers, and it was not long before a hundred and nine brave fellows surrounded their general, swearing to stand by him to the last.

The latter then put himself at the head of the militia, telling them he should order them back, if they met provisions near by. They had gone but ten

or twelve miles, when they met an hundred and fifty beeves on their way to the fort. The men fell to, and in a short time were gorging themselves with half-roasted meat. Invigorated by their gluttonous repast, most of them consented to return. One company, however, quietly resumed its journey homeward. When Jackson was informed of it, he sprang into his saddle, and galloping a quarter of a mile ahead, where General Coffee with his staff and a few soldiers had halted, ordered them to form across the road, and fire on the first man that attempted to pass. As the mutineers came up and saw that living barrier before them, and in front of it the stern and decided face of their commander, they wheeled about, and retraced their steps. Jackson then dismounted and began to mingle among the men, to allay their excitement, and conciliate their feelings. While he was thus endeavouring to reduce to cheerful obedience this refractory company, he was told, to his utter amazement, that the other portion of the army had changed their mind, and the whole brigade was drawn up in column, and on the point of marching homeward. He immediately walked up in front of the column, snatched a musket from the hands of a soldier, and resting it across the neck of his horse, swore he would shoot the first man who attempted to move. The soldiers stood and looked in sullen silence at that resolute face, undecided whether to advance or not, when General

Coffee and his staff galloped up. These, together with the faithful companies, Jackson ordered to form behind him, and fire when he did. Not a word was uttered for some time, as the two parties thus stood face to face, and gazed on each other. At length a murmur rang along the column,—rebellion was crushed, and the mutineers consented to return. Discontent, however, prevailed, and the volunteers looked anxiously forward to the 10th of December, the time when they supposed the term of their enlistment expired. They had originally enlisted for twelve months, and counting in the time they had been disbanded, after their return from Natchez, the year would be completed on that date. But Jackson refused to allow the time they were not in actual service. Letters passed between the officers and himself, and every effort was made on his part to allay the excitement, and convince the troops of the justice of his demands. He appealed to their patriotism, their courage, and honor, and finally told them if the General Government gave permission for their discharge, he would discharge them, otherwise they should walk over his dead body, before they stirred a foot, until the twelve months' actual service was accomplished. Anticipating trouble, he wrote home for reinforcements, and sent off officers for recruits.

In the mean time, the 10th of December drew near, and every heart was filled with anxiety for the result.

A portion of the army was resolved to *take* their discharge, whether granted or not. It was not a sudden impulse, created by want and suffering, but a well-considered and settled determination, grounded on what they considered their rights. The thing had been long discussed, and many of the officers had given their decided opinion that the time of the men actually expired on the 10th. Jackson knew that his troops were brave, and when backed by the consciousness of right, would be resolute and firm. But he had made up his mind to prevent mutiny, though he was compelled to sacrifice a whole regiment in doing it.

At length, on the evening of the 9th, General Hall entered the tent of Jackson, and informed him that his whole brigade was in a state of revolt. The latter immediately issued an order stating the fact, and calling on all the officers to aid in quelling it. He then directed the two guns he had with him, to be placed, one in front and the other in the rear, and the militia on the rising ground in advance, to check any movement in that direction, and waited the result. The brigade assembled, and were soon in marching order. Jackson then rode slowly along the line, and addressed the soldiers. He reminded them of their former good conduct, spoke of the love and esteem he had always borne them, of the reinforcements on the way, saying, also, that he expected every day, the decision of the government, on the question of their discharge,

and wound up by telling them emphatically, that he had done with entreaty,—go they should not, and if they persisted, he would settle the matter in a very few minutes. He demanded an immediate and explicit answer. They persisted. He repeated his demand, and still receiving no answer, he ordered the artillerists to prepare their matches, and at the word “fire,” to pour their volleys of grape-shot into the closely crowded ranks. There he sat, gazing sternly down the line, while the few moments of grace allowed them, were passing rapidly away. The men knew it was no idle threat. He had never been known to break his word, and that sooner than swerve one hair from his purpose, he would drench that field in blood. Alarmed, they began to whisper one to another, “Let us go back.” The contagion of fear spread, and soon the officers advanced, and promised, on behalf of the men, that they would return to their quarters.

As if to try this resolute man to the utmost, and drive him to despair, no sooner was one evil averted than another overtook him. He had, by his boldness, quelled the mutiny; but he now began again to feel the horrors of famine. Supplies did not arrive; or in such scanty proportion, that he was compelled, at last, to discharge the troops, and, notwithstanding all the distressing scenes through which he had passed to retain them, see them take

up their line of march for home, leaving him, with only a hundred devoted followers, shut up in the forest. Here he remained till the middle of January, when he was gladdened by the arrival of eight hundred recruits. Not deeming these, however, sufficient to penetrate into the heart of the Creek country, he resolved to make a diversion in favor of General Floyd, who was advancing from the east. Hearing that a large number of Indians, were encamped on the Emuckfaw Creek, where it empties into the Tallapoosa River, he marched thither, and on the evening of the 21st of January, arrived within a short distance of their encampment. The Indians were aware of his approach, and resolved to anticipate his attack. To prevent a surprise, however, Jackson had ordered a circle of watch-fires to be built around his little band. The men stood to their arms all night; and just before daylight, a wild, unearthly yell, which always precedes an attack, went up from the forest, and the next moment the savages charged down on the camp. But, the instant the light of the watch-fires fell on their tawny bodies they were swept with such a destructive volley, that they again took shelter in the darkness. At length, daylight appeared, when General Coffee ordered a charge, which cleared the field. He was then directed to advance on the encampment with four hundred men, and carry it by storm.

On his approach, however, he found it too strong for his force, and he retired. Jackson, attacked in return, was compelled to charge repeatedly, before the savages finally took to flight. Many of their bravest warriors fell in this short conflict; while, on the American side, several valuable officers were badly wounded, among them General Coffee, who, from the commencement to the close, was in the thickest of the fight.

Notwithstanding his victory, Jackson prudently determined to retreat. He had gained his object; for in drawing the attention of the Indians to his own force, he had diverted it from that under General Floyd. Besides, his horses had been without forage for two days, and would soon break down. He, therefore, buried the dead on the field where they had fallen; and, on the 23d, began to retrace his footsteps. Judging from the quietness of the Indians since the battle, he suspected they were lurking in ambush ahead. Remembering also what an excellent place there was for a surprise at the ford of Entochopeo, he sent men in advance to reconnoitre, who discovered another ford some six hundred yards farther down the stream. Reaching this just at evening, he encamped there all night, and the next morning commenced crossing. He expected an attack while in the middle of the stream, and, therefore, had his rear formed in order of battle. His anticipa-

tions proved correct; for no sooner had a part of the army reached the opposite bank, than an alarm-gun was heard in the rear. In an instant, all was in commotion. The next moment, the forest resounded with the war-whoop and yells of the savages, as they came rushing on in great numbers. As they crowded on the militia, the latter, with their officers, gave way in affright, and poured pell-mell down the bank. Jackson was standing on the shore superintending the crossing of his two pieces of artillery, when his broken ranks came tumbling about him. Foremost among the fugitives was Captain Stump; and Jackson, enraged at the shameful disorder, aimed a desperate blow at him with his sword, fully intending to cut him down. One glance of his eye revealed the whole extent of the danger. But for General Carroll, who, with Captain Quarles and twenty-five men, stood nobly at bay, beating back with their deliberate volleys the hordes of savages, the entire rear of the army would have been massacred. But, over the din and tumult, Jackson's voice rang clear and steady as a bugle-note, as he rapidly issued his orders. The gallant and intrepid Coffee, roused by the tumult, raised himself from the litter on which he lay wounded, and casting one glance on the panic, and another upon the little band that stood like a rock embedded in the farther bank, leaped to the ground, and with one bound landed in his saddle. The next moment, his shout of

encouragement broke on the ears of his companions as he dashed forward to the conflict. Jackson looked up in surprise as that pale face galloped up the bank, and then his rage at the cowardice of the men gave way to the joy of the true hero when another hero moves to his side, and he shouted, "We shall whip them yet, my men! *the dead have risen, and come to aid us.*" The company of artillery followed, leaving Lieutenant Armstrong and a few men to drag up the cannon. When one of the guns, at length, reached the top of the bank, the rammer and picker were nowhere to be found. A man instantly wrenched the bayonet from his musket, and rammed home the cartridge with his stock, and picked it with his ramrod. Lieutenant Armstrong fell beside his piece; but as he lay upon the ground, he cried out, "My brave fellows, some of you must fall; but save the cannon." Such heroism is always contagious; and the men soon rallied, and charging home on the savages, turned them in flight on every side.

After burying his dead and caring for the wounded, Jackson resumed his march; and, four days after, reached Fort Strother in safety. Nearly one-eighth of his little army had been killed or wounded since he left the post, and he now dismissed the remainder, who claimed that the time of their enlistment was expired; and quietly waited till sufficient reinforcements should arrive for him to undertake a thorough cam-

paign into the Creek country. They soon began to come in ; for his bravery and success awakened confidence, and stimulated the ambition of thousands, who were sure to win distinction under such a leader, and, by March, he found himself at the head of four thousand militia and volunteers, and a regiment of regular troops, together with several hundred friendly Indians. While preparing to advance, mutiny again broke out in the camp. He determined this time to make an example which should deter others in future ; and a private, being tried and convicted, was shot. The spectacle was not lost on the soldiers, and nothing more was heard of a revolt.

Having completed all his arrangements, Jackson, with four thousand men, advanced, on the 16th of March, into the Creek country. At the junction of the Cedar Creek with the Coosa River, he established Fort Williams, and left a garrison. He then continued his march, with some two thousand five hundred men, towards his previous battle-ground at Emuckfaw. About five miles below it, in the bend of the Tallapoosa, the Indians, a thousand strong, had entrenched themselves, determined to give battle,—they were on sacred ground ; for all that tract between the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers, known as the “hickory ground,” their prophets had told them the white man could never conquer. This bend contained about a hundred acres, around which the river wrapped itself

in the form of a horse-shoe, from whence it derived its name. Across the neck leading to this open plain, the Indians had erected a breastwork of logs, seven or eight feet high, and pierced it with a double row of port-holes. Behind it, the ground rose into an elevation; while still farther back, along the shore, lay the village, in which were the women and children. Early in the morning of the 25th, Jackson ordered General Coffee to take the mounted riflemen and the friendly Indians and cross the river at a ford below, and stretch around the bend, on the opposite bank from the village, so as to prevent the fugitives from escaping. He then advanced in front, and took up his position, and opened on the breastwork with his light artillery. The cannonade was kept up for two hours without producing any effect. In the mean time, the friendly Indians attached to General Coffee's command had swam the river and loosened a large number of canoes, which they brought back. Captain Russell's company of spies immediately leaped into them, and, with the friendly Indians, crossed over and set the village on fire, and with loud shouts pressed towards the rear of the encampment. The Indians returned the shout of defiance, and, with a courage and steadiness they seldom exhibited, repelled every effort to advance.

The troops under Jackson heard the din of the conflict within, and clamored loudly to be led to the

assault. He, however, held them back, and stood and listened. Discovering, at length, by the incessant firing in a single place, that the Americans were making no progress, he ordered the bugles to sound the charge. A loud and thrilling shout rolled along the American line, and, with levelled bayonets, the excited ranks precipitated themselves on the breast-work. A withering fire received them, the rifle-balls sweeping like a sudden gust of sleet, in their very faces. Not an Indian flinched, and many were pierced through the port-holes; while, in several instances, the enemy's bullets were welded to the American bayonets. The swarthy warriors looked grimly through the openings, as though impervious to death. This, however, was of short duration, and soon the breast-work was black with men, as they streamed up the sides. Major Montgomery was the first who planted his foot on the top, but he had scarcely waved his sword in triumph above his head, when he fell back upon his companions, dead. A cry of vengeance swelled up from his followers, and the next moment the troops rolled like a sudden inundation over the barrier. It then became a hand-to-hand fight; the savages refused to yield, and with gleaming knives and tomahawks, and clubbed rifles and muskets, the battle raged through the encampment. High and wild over the incessant rattle of musketry and clash of arms, arose the shouts of the prophets, as dancing

frantically around their blazing dwellings, they continued their strange incantations, still crying victory.

At length one was shot in the mouth, as if to give the lie to his declarations. Pressed in front and rear, many at last turned and fled. But the unerring rifle dropped them along the shore ; while those who endeavored to save themselves by swimming, sunk in mid-stream under the deadly fire of Coffee's mounted men. The greater part, however, fought and fell, face to face, with their foes. It was a long and desperate struggle ; not a soul asked for quarter, but turned, with a last look of hate and defiance, on his conqueror. As the ranks became thinned, it ceased to be a fight, and became a butchery. Driven at last from the breastwork, the few surviving warriors took refuge in the brush and timber on the hill. Wishing to spare their lives, Jackson sent an interpreter to them, offering them pardon ; but they proudly refused it, and fired on the messenger. He then turned his cannon on the spot, but failing to dislodge them, ordered the grass and brush to be fired. Driven out by the flames, they ran for the river, but most of them fell before they reached the water. On every side the crack of the rifle told how many eyes were on the fugitives. Darkness at last closed the scene, and still night, broken only by the cries of the wounded, fell on the forest and

river. Nearly eight hundred of the Indians had fallen, five hundred and fifty-seven of whom lay stark and stiff around and in that encampment. The loss of the Americans, in killed and wounded, was about two hundred.

An incident occurred after the battle, which presented in striking contrast the two opposite natures of Jackson.

An Indian warrior, severely wounded, was brought to him, whom he placed at once in the hands of a surgeon. While under the operation, the bold, athletic warrior looked up, and asked Jackson in broken English, "Cure 'im, kill 'im again?" The latter replied, "No; on the contrary, he should be well taken care of." He recovered, and Jackson pleased with his noble bearing, sent him to his own house in Tennessee, and afterwards had him taught a trade in Nashville, where he eventually married and settled down in business. When that terrible ferocity, which took entire possession of this strange, indomitable man in battle, subsided away, the most gentle and tender emotions usurped its place. The tiger and the lamb united in his single person.

The tired soldier slept on the field of slaughter, around the smouldering fires of the Indian dwellings. The next morning they sunk the dead bodies of their companions in the river, to save them from the

scalping-knives of the savages, and then took up their backward march to Fort William.

The original design of having the three armies from Tennessee, Georgia, and Mississippi, meet in the centre of the Creek nation, and thus crush it with one united effort, had never been carried out, and Jackson now resolved alone to overrun and subdue the country. Issuing a noble address to his troops, he, on the 7th of April, set out for the Indian village of Hoithlowalle. But he met with no opposition; the battle of Tohopeka had completely prostrated the tribe, and the war was virtually at an end. He, however, scoured the country, the Indians everywhere fleeing before the terror of his name. On his march, he sent orders to Colonel Milton, who, with a strong force, was also advancing into the Creek country, to send him provisions. The latter returned a cavalier refusal. Jackson then sent a preremptory order, not only to forward provisions, but to join him at once with his troops. Colonel Milton, after reading the order, asked the bearer what sort of a man Jackson was. "One," he replied, "who intends, when he gives an order, to have it obeyed." The colonel concluded to obey, and soon effected a junction with his troops. Jackson then resumed his march along the banks of the Tallapoosa; but he had hardly set the leading column in motion, when word was brought him

that Colonel Milton's brigade could not follow, as the wagon-horses had strayed away during the night, and could not be found. Jackson immediately sent him word to detail twenty men to each wagon. The astonished colonel soon found horses sufficient to draw the wagons.

The enemy, however, did not make a stand, and either fled, or came in voluntarily to tender their submission. The latter part of April, General Pinckney arrived at Fort Jackson, and assumed the command, and General Jackson returned to Tennessee, greeted with acclamations, and covered with honors. In a few months peace was restored with all the Southern tribes, and the machinations of England in that quarter completely frustrated.

There is nothing in the history of our country more remarkable than this campaign, and nothing illustrates the genius of this nation more than it and the man who carried it triumphantly through. Rising from a sick couch, he called to the young men of every profession to rally to the defence of their country. Placing himself at the head of the brave but undisciplined bands that gathered at his call, he boldly plunged into the untrodden wilderness. Unskilled in the art of war, never having witnessed a battle since he was a boy, he did not hesitate to assume the command of an army without

discipline, and without knowledge of the toils and difficulties before it. Yet with it he crossed broad rivers, climbed pathless mountains, and penetrated almost impassable swamps filled with crafty savages. More subtle and more tireless than his foes, he thwarted all their schemes. With famine on one side and an army in open mutiny on the other, he scorned to yield to discouragement, and would not be forced by the apparently insurmountable obstacles that opposed his progress from his purpose. By his constancy and more than Roman fortitude, compelling adversity at length to relent, and quelling his rebellious troops by the terror of his presence and his indomitable will, he at last, with a smile of triumph, saw his columns winding over the consecrated grounds of the savages. Soon his battle-shout was heard rising over the crackling of burning villages. Kings, prophets, and chieftains fell under his strokes ; and crushing towns, villages, and fortresses under his feet, he at last, with one terrible blow, paralysed the nation for ever.

Indian warfare presents none of the pomp and grandeur of great battle-fields, yet it calls out equally striking qualities, and often requires more promptness and self-possession, and greater mental resources in a commander. Especially with such an army as Jackson had under him, the task he accomplished was Herculean, and reveals a character of vast

strength and executiveness. That single man, standing up alone in the heart of the wilderness, and boldly facing his famine-struck and rebellious army, presents a scene partaking far more of the moral sublime than Cromwell seizing a rebel from the very midst of his murmuring band.

His gloomy isolation for a whole winter, with only a few devoted followers, reveals a fixedness of purpose and grandeur of character that no circumstances could affect. Inferior to the contagion of fear, unaffected by general discouragement, equal in himself to every emergency, he moves before us in this campaign the embodiment of the noblest qualities that distinguish the American race.

CHAPTER II.

Appointed Major-General—Attack on Fort Bowyer—March on Pensacola—Advances to New Orleans—Excitement in the city—Landing of the British—Jackson's night attack—Resolves to entrench himself—Turns the Legislature out of doors—British advance to the assault and are repulsed—Second attack—Arrival of reinforcements, and final battle—Jackson fined by Judge Hall—Returns home—Sent to quell the Indians in Florida—Conduct there—Appointed governor—Elected to the United States Senate—Democratic candidate for President—Elected President—Veto of United States Bank—Elected for a second term—Arrests the spirit of disunion—Review of his administration—He retires to private life—His last illness and death.

JACKSON did not rest long on his laurels ; for the war seemed still farther from a termination than at its commencement. The abdication of Napoleon, and the re-ascendancy of the oppressive monarchies of Europe, gave England a breathing space, and the vast fleets and armies she had loaned to feudalism for the overthrow of free principles, could now be transferred to this continent to carry out here the tyrannical system which was fast covering her with

infamy abroad. Recoiling from the impregnable coast that hurled back her fleets in the North, she projected a grand descent on the more feebly protected Southern cities.

In the meantime, General Harrison having resigned his command in the army, Jackson was appointed major-general in his place, and the protection of the coast, near the mouth of the Mississippi, intrusted to his care. Pensacola was then under Spanish authority, and as the resort of British emissaries, who stirred up the surrounding savages to massacre and bloodshed, had long occupied his thoughts, and he was determined to take active measures against it. In August, he sent Captain Gordon to reconnoitre the place, who reported, on his return, that he had seen a number of soldiers and several hundred savages in British uniform under drill by British officers. Jackson immediately despatched this report to government. Under such a palpable violation of treaty stipulations there was only one course to be pursued, and Gen. Armstrong, the Secretary of War, issued an order authorising Jackson to attack the town. This order was made out; but, by some mysterious process, was so long in getting into the post-office, that it never reached its destination till the 17th of January the next year. Jackson waited patiently for the sanction of his government to move forward, not wishing that his first important

step as Major-General in the regular army should meet the disapproval of those who had entrusted him with power. But a proclamation, issued by a British officer named Nicholls, and dated Pensacola, calling on all the negroes and savages, nay, even the Americans themselves, to rally to the British standard, put an end to his indecision, and he immediately made preparations to attack the place.

In the meantime, Nicholls made an attempt on Fort Bowyer, a small redoubt, garrisoned by one hundred and twenty men, and defended by twenty pieces of cannon. This fortress commanded the entrance from the Gulf to Mobile. To capture it, four British ships, carrying ninety guns, and a land force of over seven hundred men, started from Pensacola on the 12th of September. On the 15th, the ships took up their position within musket-shot of the fort, and opened their fire. The land force, in the meantime, had gained the rear, and commenced an attack. Major Lawrence, with the gallant garrison under his command, met this double onset with the coolness of a veteran. Scattering the motley collection under Nicholls, with a few discharges of grape-shot, he turned his entire attention to the vessels of war. Being in such close range, the cannonading on both sides was terrific. The incessant and heavy explosions shook that little redoubt to its foundations; but at the end of three hours, the smoke slowly curled

away from its battered sides, revealing the flag still flying aloft, and the begrimed cannoniers standing sternly beside their heated pieces. The firing of the enemy had ceased, and the ship *Hermes* disabled, was drifting on a sand-bank, while the other vessels were crowding all sail seaward. The former soon after grounded within six hundred yards of the fort, whose guns opened on her anew with such tremendous effect that, out of the one hundred and seventy who composed her crew, only twenty escaped. The other ships suffered severely, and the total loss of the enemy was one ship burned, and two hundred and thirty-two men killed and wounded, while only eight of the garrison were killed. Nicholls effected his retreat to Pensacola, where the governor received him as his guest, and threw open the public stores to the soldiers. On the flag-staff of the fort were "entwined the colors of Spain and England," as if on purpose to announce that all neutrality was at an end.

These things coming to Jackson's ear, he resolved without delay, to get possession of the town and fort, "peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must." He immediately hastened to Fort Montgomery, where he had assembled four thousand men, and putting himself at their head, in four days encamped within two miles of the place. This was on the 6th of November, and he at once despatched a flag to the

Spanish governor, disclosing his object and purpose. The messenger was fired upon from the fort, and compelled to return. Jackson's fiery nature was instantly aroused by this insult, yet remembering that he was acting without the sanction of government, he resolved still to negotiate. Having, at length, succeeded in opening a correspondence with the governor, he told him that he had come to take possession of the town, and hold it for Spain till she was able to preserve her neutrality. The governor refusing entirely to be relieved from his charge, Jackson put his columns in motion and marched straight on the town. At the entrance, a battery of two cannon opened on his central column; but being speedily carried by storm, together with two fortified houses, the troops, with loud shouts, pressed forward, and in a few minutes were masters of the place. The Spanish governor no sooner saw the American soldiers with loud hurrahs inundating the streets, than he rushed forward, imploring mercy, and promising an immediate surrender. Jackson at once ordered the recall to be sounded, and retired without the town. The commandant of the fort, however, refused to surrender it, when Jackson ordered an assault. The former wisely averted the approaching blow by lowering his flag. The British fled, taking with them their

allies, four hundred of whom being negroes, were carried to the West Indies, and sold for slaves.

Having thus chastised the Spanish governor, and broken up the plans laid to renew the Indian war, Jackson took up his march for New Orleans, which he knew would be the chief point of attack. He established his head-quarters there, on the 1st of December; and three days after, the news that a large British fleet was approaching the coast, spread like wild-fire through the city. The report was soon confirmed, and Jackson, whom danger always tranquillized, while it filled him with tenfold energy, began to prepare for the approaching shock. New Orleans, numbering at that time only thirty thousand inhabitants, was but recently purchased from France, and the population, being composed mostly of those in whose veins flowed Spanish and French blood, did not feel the same patriotic ardor that animated the Eastern cities. Many were known to be hostile, and were suspected of carrying on treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Feeling that he had but a slender hold on the city, and knowing that secret foes watched and reported all his movement, Jackson was compelled to act with extreme caution.

This hostility, as it were, in his own camp, added immensely to the embarrassments that surrounded him. But calm, keen, resolute, tireless, and full of

courage, he soon inspired the patriotic citizens with confidence. Resources they had not dreamed of, sprang up at his bidding. But it needed all the renown he had won, and all his personal influence, to impart the faintest promise of success.

He had brought only a portion of his troops with him from Pensacola. But no sooner did he arrive, than he inspected narrowly the inlets, bayous, and channels, marked out the location of works, ordered obstructions raised, and then called on the different States to send him help. A thousand regulars were immediately ordered to New Orleans, while the Tennessee militia, under General Carrol, and the mounted riflemen, under General Coffee, hastened as of old, to his side. Concealing as much as possible the weakness of his force, and the bad appointments of many of the soldiers, he strained every nerve to increase the means of defence. The French inhabitants forgot their hostility to the Americans in the greater hate of the English, while many others, who, hitherto, had taken little or no interest in the war, roused by the sudden danger that threatened them, flew to arms. The free negroes and refugees from St. Domingo, formed themselves into a black regiment, and were incorporated into the army. Jackson's energy and courage soon changed the whole current of feeling, and, day and night, the sounds of martial preparation echoed along the streets of

the city. The excitement swelled higher and higher, as the hostile fleet gradually closed towards the mouth of the Mississippi. But one thought occupied every bosom,—one topic became the theme of all conversation. Consternation and courage moved side by side; for while the most, believed Jackson to be invincible, others, carefully weighing the force of the armament approaching, could not but anticipate discomforture and destruction. Nor was this surprising; for a fleet of more than eighty sail, under the command of Admiral Cochrane, carrying on their decks eleven thousand veteran troops, fresh from the bloody fields of Spain, and led by men of renown, was steadily advancing on the city. Besides this formidable land force, there were twelve thousand seamen and marines. The facts alone were sufficient to cause anxiety and alarm; but rumor magnified them fourfold. To resist all this, New Orleans had no vessels of war, no strong fortresses, no army of veteran troops. General Jackson, with his undisciplined and half-armed yeomanry, alone stood between the city and destruction. He was not ignorant of the tremendous force advancing against him; but still he was calm and resolute. To the panic-stricken women, who roamed the streets, filling the air with shrieks and cries of alarm, he said, "*The enemy shall never reach the city.*" Their fears at once subsided, for he had the strange power of

infusing his own confidence into all who surrounded him.

New Orleans, situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, was accessible not only through the various mouths of the river, but also with small vessels through lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, and was therefore a difficult city to defend, for no one could tell by what way, or by how many ways the enemy would approach. Jackson saw that he would be compelled to divide his forces in order to guard every avenue. In the meantime, while he watched the approaching force, he kept his eye on the city. The press did not manfully sustain him, and the legislature, then in session, looked upon his actions with suspicion, if not with hostile feelings. Although a native of another State, and having no personal interest in the fate of the place, whose authorities treated him with coldness, he, nevertheless, determined to save it at all hazards, and while apparently bending his vast energies to meet an external foe, boldly assumed the control of the city, declared martial law, and when Judge Hall liberated a traitor whom he had imprisoned, sternly ordered the Judge himself into confinement.

At length, on the 9th of December, the excited inhabitants were told that the British fleet had reached the coast; sixty sail being seen near the mouth of the Mississippi. Commodore Patterson

immediately despatched Lieutenant Jones with five gun-boats to watch its motions. This gallant commander, in passing through Lake Borgne, discovered that the enemy, instead of approaching direct by the river, was advancing up the lakes. In hovering around them to ascertain their designs, he unfortunately got becalmed, and in that position was attacked by forty barges, containing twelve hundred men. Notwithstanding he had under him less than two hundred men, he refused to surrender, and gallantly returned the fire of the enemy. For a whole hour he stubbornly maintained the unequal contest; but, at length, after killing nearly double his entire force, he was compelled to strike his flag. The British had now complete control of lakes Ponchartrain and Borgne, and advancing up the latter, entered a canal, and finally effected a landing on the levee, about eight miles from the city. This levee acts as a bank to keep the river from the inland, which is lower than the surface of the water. This levee, or bank, varies in width from a few hundred yards to two or three miles, and is covered with plantations. Thus, now almost like a causeway, and again like an elevated plateau, it stretches away from the city, with the river on one side, and an impassable swamp on the other.

The forts that commanded the river were, by this manœuvre of the enemy, rendered comparatively

useless, and an open road to the city lay before him. Jackson no sooner heard that the British had effected a landing, than he determined at once to attack them before their heavy artillery and the main body of the army could be brought forward. On the 23d, therefore, a few hours after they had reached the banks of the Mississippi, his columns were in motion, and by evening halted within two miles of the hostile force. His plans were immediately laid,—the schooner of war, *Caroline*, commanded by Commodore Patterson, was ordered, soon after dark, to drop quietly down the river, and anchor abreast the British encampment. General Coffee, with between six and seven hundred men, was directed to skirt the swamp to the left of the levee, and gain, undiscovered, the enemy's rear; while he himself, with thirteen hundred troops, would march directly down the river along the highway, and assail them in front. The *Caroline* was to give the signal for a general attack. She, unmolested, swept noiselessly down with the current, gained her position, dropped her anchors, and opened her fire. The thunder and blaze of her guns, as grape-shot and balls came rattling and crashing into the camp of the British, were the first intimation they received of an attack. At the same time, Generals Coffee and Jackson gave the orders to advance. Night had now arrived, and although there was a moon, the fast rising mist from

the swamps and river mingling with the smoke of the guns, so dimmed her light that objects could be discerned only a short distance, save the watch-fires of the enemy, which burned brightly through the gloom. Guided by these, Coffee continued to advance, when suddenly he was met by a sharp fire. The enemy, retiring before the shot of the *Caroline*, had left the bank of the river, not dreaming of a foe in their rear. Coffee was taken by surprise; but this gallant commander had been in too many perilous scenes to be disconcerted, and ordering the charge to be sounded, he swept the field before him.

Again and again the British rallied, only to be driven from their position. At length they made a determined stand in a grove of orange trees, behind a ditch which was lined with a fence. But the excited troops charged boldly over the ditch, fence, and all, and lighting up the orange grove with the fire of their guns, and awakening its echoes with their loud huzzas, pressed fiercely after the astonished enemy, and forced them back to the river. Here the latter turned at bay, and for half an hour maintained a determined fight. But being swept by such close and destructive volleys, they at length clambered down the levee, and turning it into a breast-work, repelled every attempt to dislodge them.

In the meantime, Jackson had advanced along

the river. Guided by the guns of the *Caroline*, and the rockets of the enemy, that rose hissing from the gloom, he pressed swiftly forward. He had given directions to move by heads of companies, and, as soon as they reached the enemy, to deploy into line, which was to be extended till it joined that of General Coffee, thus forcing the British back upon the river, and keeping them under the guns of the *Caroline*. But, instead of doing this, they formed into line at the outset. The levee being wide where they formed, no inconvenience was felt from this marching order; but, as it grew narrower, the left wing was gradually forced in, and being a little in advance, crowded and drove back the centre, creating confusion and arresting its progress. The troops, however, continued to advance, and soon came upon the enemy, entrenched behind a deep ditch. Jackson, perceiving at a glance the advantage of their position, ordered it to be charged. The troops marched up to the edge of the ditch, poured one destructive volley over, then leaped after. The British retired behind another, and another, only to be again forced to retreat. At length, Jackson halted; the enemy had withdrawn into the darkness, the *Caroline* had almost ceased her fire, while but random volleys were heard in the direction of Coffee's brigade. The uproar had ceased around him, while the rapidly increasing fog shrouded everything in gloom. Finding, too, that his left wing had

got into inextricable confusion, and that a part of Coffee's troops were in no better condition, he determined to withdraw.

He had laid his plans with skill, and entertained no doubt of success; and but for the fact that the Caroline commenced her fire a little too early, and that the after false movement of his left wing prevented the rapid advance of the centre, he no doubt would have slain or captured nearly the whole three thousand opposed to him. But night attacks are always subject to failure through mistakes caused by the darkness, especially if the movements are at all complicated. A sudden, heavy onset, overturning everything before it,—a single, concentrated blow, like the fall of an avalanche,—are best fitted for the night.

Still, Jackson did not despair of success, and determined at daybreak, to renew the attack. But it was soon ascertained, from prisoners and deserters, that by morning the enemy would be six thousand strong, making a disparity against him he could not hope to overcome. He therefore fell back to a deep ditch that stretched from the Mississippi, across the entire levee, to the swamp. Behind this he arrayed his troops, resolved, since nothing else could be done, to make there a determined stand. In his unsuccessful assault, he had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, two hundred and forty men; while the enemy had been weakened by nearly double that number.

Still, his plans had failed. One disaster after another had overtaken him, till now all his hopes rested on a bold and desperate battle. The gun-boats had been destroyed, leaving the lakes open to the enemy's ships. All the passes to the city had been guarded in vain. Through an unimportant and almost unknown canal, the enemy had passed unmolested, and landed where nothing but undisciplined troops lay between him and the city. Too strong to be assailed, the British could now complete their arrangements and array their strength at leisure. Undismayed, however, and unshaken in his confidence, Jackson gathered his little band behind this single ditch, and coolly surveyed his chances. He knew the history and character of the troops opposed to him ; he knew also how uncertain untrained militia were in a close and hot engagement. Still, he had resolved to try the issue in a great battle. No sooner was this determination taken, than he set about increasing the strength of his position with every means in his power. He deepened and widened the ditch ; and where it terminated in the swamp, cut down the trees, thus extending the line still farther in, to prevent being outflanked. The gallant Coffee was placed here, who, with his noble followers, day after day, and night after night, stood knee-deep in the mud, and slept on the brush they piled together to keep them from the water. Sluices were also opened in

the levee, and the waters of the Mississippi turned on the plain, covering it breast-deep. The earth was piled still higher on the edge of the ditch; cotton bales were brought and covered over, to increase the breadth and depth of the breastwork. With a will unyielding as fate itself, tireless energy, and a frame of iron to match, Jackson no sooner set his heart on a great object, than he toiled towards it with a resolution—nay, almost fierceness—that amazed men. Night and day the soldiers were kept at work, the sound of the spade and pickaxe never ceased, while the constant rolling of wheels was heard, as wagons and carts sped to and from the city. Jackson, with his whole nature roused to the highest pitch of excitement, moved amid this busy scene, its soul and centre. Impervious to fatigue, he worked on when others sank to rest; and at midday and midnight, he was seen reviewing his troops, or traversing the trenches to cheer the laborers, and for four days and nights scarcely took a moment's rest.

In addition to the breastwork he was rearing on the east bank, he ordered General Morgan to take position on the right bank, opposite his line, and fortify it. To prevent the ships from ascending the river to co-operate with the army, he despatched Major Reynolds to obstruct and defend the pass of Baratavia,—the channel through which they would in all probability attempt to approach.

In the meantime, the British were not idle. They had deepened the canal through which they had effected a landing, and thus assisted by the high waters of the Mississippi, been able to bring up larger boats, loaded with the heavy artillery.

On the third day, a battery was observed, erected opposite the *Caroline*, which, after the good service she did in the night attack, had floated to the opposite shore, where she continued to annoy the enemy. Jackson knew her perilous position, but there had been no wind sufficiently strong to enable her to stem the rapid current; and, on the morning of the 27th, the battery opened on her with shells and red-hot shot. She was soon in a blaze; and the crew, seeing the attempt to save her useless, escaped to the shore. Soon after, she blew up, with a heavy explosion.

The next day, Sir Edward Pakenham ordered an attack on the American works. The columns advanced in beautiful order, and at the distance of half a mile opened their batteries, and, with bombshells and sky-rockets, endeavored to send confusion among the American militia. But the guns of the latter were admirably served, and told with great effect on the exposed ranks of the enemy. The Louisiana sloop of war, that lay opposite the American line, swung her broadside so as to bear on the advancing columns, and raked them with such a deadly fire that

the assault was abandoned, and the army returned to its camp, with the loss of over a hundred men, while that of the Americans was but seven killed and eight wounded. But among the slain of the latter was Colonel Henderson, of the Tennessee militia, a man deeply lamented.

Events were now evidently approaching a crisis; and the anxiety and interest deepened daily and hourly. To add to the weight which already pressed the heart of Jackson, he was told that the legislature had become frightened, and was discussing the propriety of surrendering the city. He immediately sent a despatch to Governor Clairborne, ordering him to watch its proceedings, and the moment such a project should be fairly formed, to place a guard at the door of the chamber, and shut the members in. In his zeal and warm-hearted patriotism, the governor determined to make sure work of it, and so turned the whole of them *out* of doors. Just before the execution of this high-handed measure, a committee of the legislature waited on Jackson, to inquire what he designed to do if compelled to abandon his position. "If," he replied, "I thought the hair of my head could divine what I should do, I would cut it off forthwith. Go back with this answer: say to your honorable body that if disaster does overtake me, and the fate of war drives me from my line to the city, *that they may expect to have a warm session.*"

To one who asked him afterwards what he would have done in such an emergency, he said, "I would have retreated to the city, *fired it*, and *fought the enemy amid the surrounding flames*." A more heroic speech never fell from the lips of a commander. New Orleans in flames and Jackson charging down its blazing streets, would have presented one of the most frightful exhibitions furnished in the annals of the war.

The British, after the attack of the 28th, occupied their whole time in landing heavier cannon. Having completed their arrangements, they resolved, on the 1st of January, to make another attempt on the American works. The New Year opened with a heavy fog, which shrouded the whole plain and British encampment from sight. But, from its mysterious bosom, ominous, muffled sounds arose, which were distinctly heard in every part of the American line; and the troops stood to arms. At length, as the sun gathered strength, the fog lifted and parted; and no sooner did the enemy, who had advanced their batteries within six hundred yards of the American intrenchments, see their long, black line stretching through the haze, than a tremendous burst of artillery shook the solid levee on which it stood. A flight of Congreve rockets followed, crossing and recrossing the heavens in all directions, and weaving a fiery network over the heads of the astonished but undaunted

Americans. The first heavy explosion sent Jackson to the lines ; and luckily for him it did ; for the British having been shown by a spy the house which he occupied, they directed a battery upon it, and in a few minutes it was riddled with balls. The American artillery replied, and it was a constant roar of cannon till noon, when most of the English batteries being beaten down or damaged, ceased their fire. One near the river continued to play on the American works till three o'clock, when it also became silent, and the enemy, baffled at every point, retired sullenly to his camp.

The two armies, each expecting reinforcements, now rested for a week from decisive hostilities. In the meantime, Jackson continued to strengthen his works and discipline his men. A Frenchman having come to him to complain of damage done to his property, the latter replied that, as he seemed to be a man of property, he knew of no one who had a better right to defend it, and, placing a musket in his hands, ordered him into the ranks.

During this week of comparative repose, New Orleans and the two hostile camps presented a spectacle of the most thrilling interest. The British army lay in full view of the American lines, their white tents looking, amid the surrounding water, like clouds of sail resting on the bosom of the river, while, at intervals, a random shot, or the morning and evening gun, sent

their stern challenge to the foe. There was marching and countermarching, strains of martial music, and all the confused sounds of a camp life, while to them the American intrenchment, which stretched in a dark line across the plain, seemed silent as death, except when a solitary gun sent forth its sullen defiance. At intervals, in different parts of the plain, would be heard the rattle of musketry, as skirmishing parties encountered each other. To the farmers, merchants, mechanics, and youths, who lay behind that breastwork, the scene and the thoughts it awakened were new. Behind them stood their homes; before them, the veterans of Spain, whom, in a few days, they were to meet in final combat. In the city, the excitement kept increasing; but after the first battle, the patriotism of the population received a new impulse. In the night attack many of the troops had lost all their clothing except that which they wore on their backs, and hence soon began to suffer. No sooner was this known to the ladies than their fair hands were in motion; and in a short time the wants of the soldiers were supplied.

In the meantime, the long-expected Kentucky troops, upwards of two thousand strong, arrived. Courier after courier had been sent to hurry their march; and the last day had been one of incredible toil and speed. Only five hundred of them, however, had muskets; the rest were armed with fowl-

ing-pieces, and such weapons as they could lay their hands on. Nor were there any means of supplying them, so that the accession of strength was comparatively trifling. General Lambert, too, had reinforced the British with several thousand veteran troops. A canal had been widened through the levee, by which boats were transported to the Mississippi for that portion of the army which was destined to act against the fortifications on the west bank, commanded by General Morgan; and now nothing remained to be done but advance at once to the assault of the American intrenchments, or abandon the expedition. The latter alternative was not to be contemplated; and, on the night of the 7th, Jackson, surveying the encampment through his glass, discovered unmistakeable evidence that the enemy was meditating an important movement. The camp was in commotion; the boats which had been dragged through the canal, and now lay moored to the levee, were being loaded with artillery and munitions of war, and everything betokened a hot to-morrow. Coffee still held the swamp on the left; Carroll, with his Tennesseans, the centre; while Jackson, with the regulars under him, commanded in person the right, resting on the river. Behind Carroll were placed the Kentuckians, under General Adair:—in all, less than four thousand effective men. This was the position of affairs as the

Sabbath morning of the 8th of January began to dawn. The light had scarcely streaked the east, when the inhabitants of New Orleans were startled from their slumbers by an explosion of cannon that shook the city. The battle had opened. Under cover of the night, heavy batteries had been erected within eight hundred yards of the American intrenchments, and, the moment the fog lifted above them, they opened their fire. A rocket, rising through the mist near the swamp, and another answering it from the shore, announced that all was ready. The next moment, two columns, eight or nine thousand strong,—one moving straight on Carrol's position, the other against the right of the intrenchments,—swept in double quick step across the plain. Three thrilling cheers rose over the dark intrenchments at the sight, and then all was still again.

The levee here was contracted to four hundred yards in width, and as the columns, sixty or seventy deep, crowded over this avenue, every cannon on the breastwork was trained upon them by Barratarian and French engineers, and the moment they came within range, a murderous fire opened. Frightful gaps were made in the ranks at every discharge, which were closed by living men only the next moment to be re-opened.

The Americans stood with their hands clenched

around their muskets, gazing with astonishment on this new, unwonted scene. The calm and steady advance under such an incessant and crushing fire carried with it the prestige of victory. As they approached the ditch, the columns swiftly, yet beautifully displayed, and under the cover of blazing bombs and sky-rockets, that filled the air in every direction, and stooped hissing over the American works, pressed forward, with loud cheers, to the assault. Nothing but cannon had hitherto spoken from that low breastwork ; but as those two doomed columns reached the farthest brink of the ditch, the word "Fire" ran along the American line,—the next moment the intrenchments were in a blaze. It was a solid sheet of flame rolling on the foe. Stunned by the tremendous and deadly volleys, the front ranks stopped and sunk in their footsteps, like snow when it meets the stream. But high over the thunder of cannon were heard the words of command, and drums beating the charge ; and still bravely breasting the fiery sleet, the ranks pressed forward, but only to melt away on the brink of that fatal ditch. Jackson, with flashing eye and flushed brow, rode slowly along the lines, cheering the men, and issuing his orders, followed by loud huzzas as he passed. From the effect of the American volleys, he knew, if the troops stood firm, the day was his own, and with stirring appeals and confident words he roused

them to the same enthusiasm which animated his breast and beamed from his face. The soldiers of Gen. Adair, stationed in the rear of Carrol, loaded for those in front, so there was no cessation to the fire. It was a constant flash and peal along the whole line. Every man was a marksman, every shot told, and no troops in the world could long withstand such a destructive fire. The front of battle, torn and rent, wavered to and fro on the plain, when Packenham galloped up, and riding bravely through the shaking ranks, for a moment restored order. The next moment he reeled from his saddle mortally wounded. Generals Gibbs and Keane, while nobly struggling to rally the men, were also shot down, and the maddened columns turned and fled. Lambert, hastening up with the reserve, met the fugitives, and endeavored, but in vain, to arrest the flight. They never halted till they reached a ditch four hundred yards distant, into which they flung themselves to escape the scourging fire that pursued them. Here he at last rallied them to another charge. The bleeding column, strengthened by the reserve, again advanced sternly, but hopelessly, into the deadly fire, and attempted to deploy. It was a last vain effort,—it was like charging down the mouth of a volcano, and the troops again broke and fled, smote at every step by the batteries. Col. Kennie led the attack against the redoubt on the right, and

succeeded in entering, but found there his grave. Driven forth, the troops sought safety in flight; but the fire that pursued them was too fatal, and they threw themselves into a ditch, where they lay sheltered till night, and then stole away under cover of the darkness.

The ground in front of the American intrenchments presented a frightful spectacle. It was red with the blood of men. The space was so narrow on which they had fought, that the dead literally cumbered the field.

The sun of that Sabbath morning rose in blood, and before he had advanced an hour on his course, a multitude of souls "unhoused, unanneled," had passed to the stillness of eternity. New Orleans never before witnessed such a Sabbath morning. Anxiety and fear sat on every countenance. The road towards the American encampment was lined with trembling listeners, and tearful eyes were bent on the distance to catch the first sight of the retreating army. But when the thunder and tumult ceased, and word was brought that the Americans still held the entrenchments, and that the British had retreated in confusion, there went up a long, glad shout,—the bells of the churches rang out a joyous peal, and hope and confidence revived in every bosom.

The attack on the right bank of the river had been

successful, and but for the terrible havoc on the left shore, this stroke of good fortune might had changed the results of the day. The fort, from which Gen. Morgan had fled, commanded the interior of Jackson's entrenchments, and a fire opened from it would soon have shaken the steadiness of his troops. But Col. Thornton, who had captured it, seeing the complete overthrow of the main army, soon after abandoned it.

The Americans, with that noble-hearted generosity which had distinguished them on every battle-field, hurried forth, soon as the firing was over, to succor the wounded, who they knew had designed to riot amid their own peaceful dwellings. "Beauty and booty," was the watchword in an orderly-book found on the battle-field; and though there is not sufficient reason to believe that the city would have been given over to rapine and lust, yet no doubt great excesses would have been tolerated. The recent conduct of the English troops on the Atlantic coast, where no such resistance had been offered to exasperate the troops, furnished grounds for the gravest fears.

The British in this attack outnumbered the Americans about two to one, and yet the loss on the part of the latter was only *thirteen* killed and wounded, while that of the former was nearly two thousand.

An armistice was soon after concluded, and the British were allowed to retreat unmolested to their ships. The sails of that proud fleet, whose approach had sent such consternation through the hearts of the inhabitants, were seen lessening in the horizon with feelings of unspeakable joy and triumph. All danger had now passed away, and Jackson made his triumphal entry into the city. The bells were rung, maidens dressed in white, strewed flowers in his path, the heavens echoed with acclamations, and blessings unnumbered were poured on his head.

But as there had been foes and traitors to the American cause from the first appearance of the British fleet, so there were those now who stirred up strife, and by anonymous articles published in one of the city papers, endeavored to sow dissensions among the troops. It would, no doubt, have been better for Jackson, in the fulness of his triumph, and in the plenitude of his power, to have overlooked this. But these very men he knew had acted as spies while the enemy lay before his entrenchments, causing him innumerable vexations, and endangering the cause of the country, and he determined as martial law had not yet been repealed, to seize the offenders. He demanded of the editor the name of the writer of a certain article, who proved to be a member of the legislature. He then applied to Judge Hall for a writ of habeas corpus, which was

granted, and the recreant statesman was thrown into prison. Soon after, martial law being removed, Judge Hall issued an attachment against Jackson for contempt of court, and he was brought before him to answer interrogatories. This he refused to do, and asked for the sentence. The judge, still smarting under the remembrance of his former arrest by Jackson, fined him a thousand dollars. A burst of indignation followed this sentence, and as the latter turned to enter his carriage, the crowd around seized it, and dragged it home with shouts. The fine was paid immediately; but in a few hours the outraged citizens refunded the sum to the general. He, however, refused it, requesting it to be appropriated to a charitable institution. Judge Hall by this act secured for himself the fame of the man who, to figure in history, fired the temple of Delphos.

The arbitrary manner in which Jackson disposed of the State legislature and judges of the court, became afterwards the subject of much discussion, and during his political life the ground of heavy accusations. If the contest is respecting the *manner* in which he assumed arbitrary power, it is not worth discussing. But if, on the other hand, the assumption of the power at all is condemned, then the whole thing turns on the necessities of the case, and whether that use was made of it which the general good and not personal feelings required. That it was necessary,

we have no doubt. He had a right, as commander-in-chief of the army in that section to whom the defence of the Southern frontier had been intrusted, to force the civil power into obedience to the orders of the general government. He was to defend and save New Orleans, and if the civil power proved treacherous or weak, it was his duty to see that it did not act against him while plainly in the path of his duty. New Orleans so considered it; and six years after, the corporation appropriated fifty thousand dollars to the erection of a marble statue of him in the city. Congress thought so, when, thirty years after, it voted the repayment of the fine, with interest, from the date it was inflicted.

Jackson remained in New Orleans till March, when he was relieved by General Gaines. On taking leave of his troops, who, by their cheerful endurance of hardships and their bravery, had become endeared to him, he issued an address full of ecomiums on their conduct, and expressions of love for their character. He concluded by saying, "Farewell, fellow-soldiers! The expression of your General's thanks is feeble; but the gratitude of a country of freemen is yours,—yours the applause of an admiring world." What a contrast does this man, covered with the laurels of his two recent campaigns, present to the captive boy, whose hand was brutally gashed by a subordinate British officer, because he refused to black his boots!

This world has changes. The lad with his eye to the knot-hole at Camden watching the defeat of the American troops with anguish, and the hero gazing proudly on the flying columns of the veteran troops of the British empire, are the same in soul,—but how different in position! They say, “Time sets all things even.” In Jackson’s case, the wrongs done to his family by an oppressive nation, and the outrages he himself had received, were terribly avenged.

The country was once more at peace, and General Jackson turned his footsteps towards his peaceful home near Nashville. Acclamations, and bonfires, and salutes of artillery marked his progress; and “Old Hickory,” as he had been named, both from the firmness of his character, and from the “hickory grounds” where he prostrated the Creek nation, was in every one’s mouth.

Still holding his rank in the army, he was once more absorbed in agricultural pursuits, and the warrior became the peaceful farmer. He thus continued the life of an ordinary citizen for two years, when the troubles on the Southern frontier, arising from the depredations of the fugitive Creeks and Seminoles, together with runaway slaves, directed the attention of the government to him. General Gaines had been stationed on the frontiers to preserve peace; but instead of succeeding, he had lost one of his best officers, Lieutenant Scott, who with

forty-seven others, several of them women and children, were massacred in cold blood. A prompt, resolute, executive man, was evidently needed in that quarter, and Jackson was at once ordered to proceed to Fort Scott, and take command. He was authorized to call, if necessary, on the neighboring States for help; also, if circumstances should justify it, to cross the boundary line of Florida, on to Spanish ground. Putting himself at the head of the Tennessee volunteers, he repaired to the post assigned him. Finding that large bands of hostile negroes and Indians were protected by the Spanish authorities, either through fear or through enmity to the United States, he did not hesitate to cross the border. He marched at once into the Seminole towns, where strings of recent scalps attested the success of these marauders. Hastening on to St. Mark's, he found that it was virtually in possession of the enemy. Chiefs and warriors, and British incendiaries, carried on their machinations, and held their councils of war in the commandant's own quarters. He, therefore, at once demanded the surrender of the fort, to be garrisoned by American troops for the protection of American interests. A refusal being sent, he quietly marched his army into it, and seizing several British bandits, who were stirring up the Indians to massacre, made summary work with them. One Arbuthnot, an Indian trader, was tried by court-martial, and shot. Ambrister, formerly a lieutenant

in the British marine corps, received a milder sentence, which Jackson disapproved of. It was, therefore, reconsidered, and he, too, was shot. By this stern and decided action, having quelled the disturbances, he was about to dismiss the troops, when he received information that the Governor of Pensacola was giving protection to the hostile savages, furnishing them with ammunition, provisions, &c., and that a number had lately sallied out from that place and murdered eighteen Americans. On their return, they were received with favor by the Governor, and supplied with the means of escape from the pursuit of American troops. Enraged at this violation of treaty stipulations, Jackson, with twelve hundred men, took up his line of march for the town, scouring the country as he went. The Governor of West Florida, hearing of his approach, sent a stern protest against the invasion of his territory, and threatened, if he advanced farther, to repel him by force of arms. The next day the latter was in Pensacola. The terrified Governor fled to Fort Carlos de Barrancos. Thither the indefatigable American commander followed him, and soon the Stars and Stripes were floating above the fort. He then sent out small companies to overrun the surrounding country, and annihilate the small bands that still hung together.

Thus, in a short time, he finished the Seminole

campaign; and in June of the same year returned to the Hermitage.

The bold course he had taken, the responsibility he had assumed, demanded inquiry. Many blamed him for the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister,—others denounced his violation of Spanish territory. But his course, throughout, was sustained by the government; and next year, when Florida was ceded to the United States, the president appointed him commissioner to receive the provinces, and governor, endowed with all the civil and judicial, as well as military authority, which the Spanish governors had wielded. He accepted the appointment, though with reluctance, and in July, 1821, issued his gubernatorial proclamations at Pensacola. It was stipulated in the Treaty of Cession that all public documents and papers relating to the government should be surrendered. This, however, was not done; and Jackson having received a petition stating that papers affecting the rights of some orphan females were wrongfully kept back by the ex-governor Callava, and that they were now in the hands of a man named Sousa, ordered three officers to wait on the latter gentleman, and demand them. Refusing to surrender them, he was summoned to appear before the American Governor. He came; but stated he had sent the papers to the ex-governor. Jackson then despatched officers to the ex-governor, with orders to demand them,

and if he refused to give them up, to seize both him and his steward. The Governor treating the demand with contempt, he was unceremoniously walked off to Jackson. Refusing to surrender them to the latter also, he was locked up in prison. Next morning the papers were obtained, when the declaration of the petitioners was found to be true. Having obtained the papers, Jackson ordered the ex-governor to be released from confinement. The latter afterwards published a severe attack on him in one of the journals, and the high-handed measures of the American Governor, as they were called by many, were denounced in various quarters. But he took the same course with the ex-governor of East Florida with regard to important documents, who in turn protested against the act. Several Spanish officers attacked him through the newspapers, and attempted to create dissatisfaction and disturbance. Jackson disposed of them more effectually than he did of the ex-governors. Telling them that by the treaty they were to leave the provinces in six months after its ratification, and as the time had now more than expired, he would give them only a week to depart. They hurried away from the jurisdiction of a man whose blows followed his words so fast, and who seemed to have so little respect for Castilian blood. Murmurs and complaints can make but little progress against such prompt and decisive action, and

order and peace were soon restored. His health, however, failing, he was compelled to leave the direction of affairs in the hands of his secretaries, and return home.

It is not our province to discuss the conduct of Jackson in relation to the Seminole war, or his measures as governor. They were carefully sifted by the government, and approved of, and though afterwards used against him by political opponents, they have never been condemned by the only tribunal that has a right to adjudicate in the matter.

Jackson's health continuing feeble, he resigned his commission in the army, and became once more a private citizen. In 1823, President Monroe tendered him the office of minister plenipotentiary to Mexico, which was declined. In the fall, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and held his seat for two years. During this time he became a candidate for the presidency. It is well known that at the election in 1824, although he received more electoral votes than either of his three rivals, he did not obtain the majority over all combined, as required by the Constitution, and the election, therefore went to the House of Representatives, which threw its vote for John Quincy Adams.

The next campaign, of 1828, was of a violent character. Jackson was again a candidate, and party spirit ran so high, and became so unscrupu-

lous, that the most monstrous accusations were brought against him. His services to his country seemed to be obliterated from the minds of his assailants, and hatreds were begun, and feelings engendered, whose desolating effects have scarcely yet passed away. Jackson, however, was triumphantly elected, having received a hundred and seventy-eight of the electoral votes, while but eighty-three were cast for Mr. Adams.

The removal of the Indian tribes, intimation of his approaching attack on the United States bank, and the avowal of a determination to adjust at once the northeastern boundary with Great Britain, then a bone of contention, and obtain payment of the claims of American citizens against France, were the chief topics of interest in his first inaugural. His veto of the bill which passed both houses of Congress in May, 1830, authorizing a subscription of stock in the "Maysville, Washington, Paris, and Lexington Turnpike Road Company," was an act which excited much discussion during the year 1830.

In '32, the bill to recharter the Bank of the United States passed both houses of Congress, but was vetoed by Jackson. Probably the currency of a country never received so sudden and disastrous a blow from the hand of its ruler, as ours did from this veto message.

But, notwithstanding the terrible derangement

into which the moneyed interests had been thrown, and the wide-spread denunciation of the arbitrary act that had effected it, he was in this year re-elected to the presidency by an overwhelming majority, receiving two hundred and nineteen votes, while Henry Clay received but forty-nine, John Floyd eleven from South Carolina, and William Wirt seven from Vermont.

During the first summer of his second administration, South Carolina openly proclaimed the right of secession from the confederacy. The organization of an army was commenced, and arms procured under the sanction of the State, to repel all attempts by the general government to execute the revenue laws, which she declared to be unjust in their operation on her. The strength of the tie that bound the Union together, was now to be tested. The power of a separate State to retire from the compact was no longer a *claim* loudly vaunted, it had been *assumed*, and now it was to be seen, whether the power of the Federal government was only in words or whether it would dare to exercise it, if necessary, even at the bayonet's point. The attitude of this wayward, selfish, and disturbing State, had brought on a crisis, the termination of which would affect the history of our republic to remotest time. A weak and temporizing President, would, inevitably have produced a state of things from which the

Federal government must have emerged weakened in its authority and crippled in its power. The Union would have been a fiction and an unmixed republic the jest and bye-word of Europe. For such a crisis as South Carolina presented, no President since Washington was so well adapted as Jackson. The very executiveness of character—the readiness to assume responsibility, fearless of consequences—the frightful energy with which he executed what he thought to be right—qualities and characteristics certain to lead to error in the ordinary course of calm legislation, were just what was wanted in this collision between a State and the Union. The same determination which overawed the lawless frontier men of Tennessee, quelled mutiny in his army, and frightened into inactivity the discontented spirits of New Orleans, shone forth conspicuously and gloriously here. He immediately garrisoned the fortifications in that State, and in his next annual message called on Congress to attend to this matter. Still pursuing her treasonable course, South Carolina declared officially that the acts of Congress to which she had objected, were null and void. This was followed by Jackson's famous proclamation, which remains to this day, the noblest monument to his memory. Planting himself on the Constitution, he calmly, yet irresistibly struck down every argument used by the State, made clear as

noonday the duty of the Federal government, and then appealed to his native State in the language of true patriotism, calling on his fellow-citizens to remember her Sumter's, Rutledges, and Pinckneys, to remember the glorious Union, for which they had fought, and implored heaven to preserve them from the guilt of "TREASON." In the meantime, he took steps which clearly indicated the course he had resolved to pursue. His well-known character—the promptness and fearlessness with which he executed his plans—the absolute certainty that his blow would exceed the threat that preceded it, and that in pursuing the path of his duty, he would walk unflinchingly over State authority, local legislature, armed citizens, and prostrate towns, awed the clamorous, and hushed into silence the loud-talking politicians, who delighted in high-sounding speeches, but swerved from an encounter, which was to be so deadly and final. A thousand errors growing out of such an executive character and affecting only the financial affairs of a nation, could be forgiven for one act, springing from the same source, that preserved the integrity of the Union. His conduct in this crisis is a precedent for all our future chief magistrates; and taking into consideration not the *possible* but the *probable* evils which are to threaten us, will more than compensate for the dangerous and unconstitutional use which he made of the veto

power. Now that the hatred and injustice of party spirit have passed away, or been buried in the true patriot's grave, we can look calmly on his political life. His conduct towards the United States Bank, cannot be justified. Granting the corruption of that institution and the abuse of its influence and power, the duty of the President remained the same. The responsibility rested on Congress. In a republic, corruption and the abuse of public confidence is sure to be avenged in time, and the pecuniary loss which shall occur in the short interval between the crime and punishment, is not to be compared with the dangerous precedent set by a ruler who interferes with the ordinary course of legislation with his individual opinions, enforced through his official power. To re-charter the United States Bank, granting all to be true that was said of it (and of its corruption there can be no doubt,) would not have been so great a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, as was this stretch of the veto power, and the removal of the deposits in direct violation of the vote of Congress. Such conduct, if continued in and legitimately carried out, would end in making the Congress of the United States as destitute of authority and power as the French Senate and Assembly are under Louis Napoleon. It would, in fact, place the control of the legislative action entirely in the hands of the executive. The Constitution bestowed the veto power to

check plain and intentional violations of its decrees, not to arrest the natural course of legislation. In a republic, Congress has nothing to gain from the use of arbitrary power, but an individual may have much to gain. A corrupt institution is bad, but the establishment of a principle or precedent dangerous to representative freedom is worse. At first sight, it seems strange, that one with Jackson's democratic feelings and tendencies, should have departed so far in this respect, from all who had preceded him, from those even who believed in concentrating all the power that could be obtained from the Constitution and patronage in the executive. But, it must be remembered, that he not only always exhibited this contradiction of character, but it made him the remarkable man he was. He loved the untutored freedom of western life, but he allowed no discussion or remonstrance to interfere with the discharge of his duty. He loved the volunteer system, and called on the young men of his State as freemen to gather under his banner, but when there, he demanded implicit obedience to his commands, and paying no attention to remonstrances or menaces, punished with unrelenting severity those who refused. It is unjust and exhibits a narrow spirit to judge such a man by ordinary rules. Born evidently, to fulfil a certain destiny, he became a law, as it were, to himself, which those who denounce the strongest

at first, in the end are compelled to acknowledge as good in its general workings. Besides, the same independent, resolute, and fearless character, which, in the commencement of his career, prompted him to disobey the orders of the Secretary of War, to disband his troops,—the same which faced down a mutinous army, and carried him gloriously through the Creek Campaign—the same which laid violent hands on the legislature and court of a State, and finally triumphed over the veteran troops of England,—the same which to finish the Seminole war, hesitated not to march into the territory of another State,—the same which saved the republic from civil war and the Union from shipwreck, would inevitably lead in civil matters to the arbitrary use of power. A character so formed by nature, and educated by circumstances cannot bend to a course that wars with its convictions. To expect it is to expect impossibilities. The use of the veto power and the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, were undoubtedly unconstitutional, if the definition of one of England's greatest historians of an unconstitutional act be correct, viz., "one that is a perilous innovation on former usages." In this respect, Jackson was like Tiberius Gracchus, one of the Roman tribunes, who forcibly removed Octavius, his colleague, because he vetoed his Agrarian bill. The speech by which the latter endeavored to justify

himself, reminds one forcibly of Jackson's defence. They were both made after the same model of Roman virtue and fearlessness, and while striving for the welfare of the people sometimes transgressed their legitimate powers, and like Vergniaud, the great and eloquent Girondin, were called upon to ponder that fearful problem which the latter uttered in the French Assembly, "Is a magistrate to *be suffered constitutionally to ruin the Constitution?*"

That Jackson revered the Constitution no impartial man can doubt; and yet the resolution introduced by Mr. Clay in the Senate, declaring that he had acted in derogation of it, is also true in fact. The passage of this resolution called forth a protest from the President, and it now stands on the records of that body, surrounded by a great black mark, put there by the expurgating act. The protest was an able one, and the closing sentences eloquent and noble. The imputation of acting from corrupt motives filled Jackson with sorrow. Said he: "I have lived in vain, if it be necessary to enter into a formal vindication of my character and motives from such an imputation. In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased,—in vain have I since perilled property, fame, and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought,—in vain am I now, without a personal aspi-

ration or the hope of individual advantage, encountering responsibilities and dangers from which, by mere inactivity in relation to a single point, I might have been exempt,—if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives. If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution which, even now, aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal, I should have sold myself to its designs. Had I preferred personal comfort and official ease to the performance of my arduous duty, I should have ceased to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth, nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty; and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes.

“The only ambition I can feel is, to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men, and live respected and honored in the history of my country. No! the ambition which leads me on is an anxious desire and a fixed determination to return to the people, unimpaired, the sacred trust they have

confided to my charge ; to heal the wounds of the Constitution, and preserve it from further violation ; to persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments, that they will find happiness, or their liberties protection, but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all, and granting favors to none, dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires ;—such an one only under which our States may remain, for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free. If the Almighty Being, who has hitherto sustained and protected me, will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate with pleasure the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented with the belief that I have contributed, in some small degree, to increase the value, and prolong the duration of American liberty.”

There is a noble sorrow in this allusion to his services and suffering in the cause of his country’s freedom,—a lofty candor in the declaration of the purity of his motives,—which it is impossible to resist. He loved his country above life or fame. A more patriotic heart never beat in a human bosom ; and

It was the consciousness of this that gave him such a strong hold upon the heart of the American people.

This collision, however, between him and the Senate embittered the close of his administration; for, as he had disregarded the resolutions of that body, so they disregarded his nominations; and much hostility was engendered, which spread among the partisans of each.

France neglecting to pay the instalment agreed upon in the Convention of 1831, Jackson, in the message of 1833, recommended the passage of a law authorizing reprisals to be made on French property on the high seas. This bold and decided step aroused the anger of the French government; and our minister at Paris was offered his passports. Louis Philippe, however, thought better of it, paid the instalment, and, several years after, sent an artist to take Jackson's portrait, that he might hang it up beside that of Washington.

Just before the close of Jackson's second term, he was seized with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, which completely prostrated him. He, however, sufficiently recovered to attend the inauguration of his successor, and then returned to the Hermitage. No president since the time of Washington ever wielded so great a political influence after his retirement as he. He was still the oracle of his party; and every

ear was turned to catch the words of counsel that should fall from his lips. Though feeble in health, he took a great interest in the politics of his country, and watched the course of public events with unceasing anxiety.

He lived eight years after his retirement from office, most of which time he spent on his estate. He was a member of the Presbyterian church; and, to accommodate his servants and family, built a house of worship on his own plantation. In 1845 his health began to fail rapidly. His disease was dropsy, from which he suffered great pain, so that, for months previous to his death, he was unable to lie down at all, and could get no sleep except by taking opiates. He bore all, however, with fortitude; and the principles which his mother had instilled into his youthful heart now began to bear their fruit. The hero of so many battles, and the fearless and desperate warrior, turned, with the meekness of a child, to the Bible for solace and support. Said he: "I am in the hands of a merciful God. I have full confidence in his goodness and mercy. My lamp of life is nearly out, and the last glimmer is come. I am ready to depart when called. The Bible is true. Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope of eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Sunday morning, the 8th

of June, he swooned for a while, and it was supposed the spirit had fled. But, at length, reviving, he called around him his family and servants, and took his last farewell of them. Said he: "Do not grieve that I am about to leave you, for I shall be better off. Although I am afflicted with pain and bodily suffering, they are nothing, compared with the sufferings of the Saviour of the world, who was put to death on the accursed tree. I have fulfilled my destiny on earth; and it is better that this worn-out frame should go to rest, and my spirit take up its abode with the Redeemer." In this strain of religious feeling he continued, at intervals, to talk to those around him, gradually sinking lower and lower until evening, when he quietly passed away.

As memory runs back over the career of this indomitable man, one turns with amazement to this death-scene. What an exhibition of the power of religion to calm and subdue the passionate nature, and turn the lion into the lamb!

Andrew Jackson was one of the most remarkable men our country has produced. He was a type—although a somewhat exaggerated one—of the true American character. Kind and gentle in domestic life, prompt, fearless and inflexible as a soldier, rapid in his perceptions, and resolute in executing his plans, cool and courageous in the hour of danger, and generous and self-sacrificing to a fallen foe, he

had mingled in him the finest traits of a man. He had also the power of adapting himself to the situation he was in, and seemed always equal to every emergency. Warm in his attachments, and fierce in his anger, he had devoted friends, and bitter enemies. Irritable and impetuous, he, in moments of excitement, did many things that cannot be justified.

Perhaps the weakest point in his character was his inability to deny a friend a favor. He could say "No" to a foe, but not to one who loved him. From this failing, no doubt, sprung that bad feature of his administration which has now become a settled policy,—viz., the distribution of all places of profit or honor to partisans.

General Jackson was tall and thin;—a perfect Cassius, as all men of irritable and impetuous temperaments are; and it was the spirit, more than the body, that gave him such wonderful endurance. His blue eye, when no emotion mastered him, gave no indication of the terrible fire that lay beneath its kind expression; for, when suddenly roused by passion or danger, it shot forth lightning, and his large features were written all over with the soul on fire.

Honors were everywhere paid to his memory; and friends and foes acknowledged that a great man had fallen.

J. T. HEADLEY'S WORKS.

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS. By J. T. HEADLEY, 2 vols. 12mo. cloth, gilt. Illustrated with 12 Portraits, \$2 50. 25th Thousand.

WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS. By J. T. HEADLEY, 2 vols. 12mo. cloth, gilt. Illustrated with 16 Portraits, \$2 50. 22d Thousand.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS. By J. T. HEADLEY,
Illustrated with 12 engravings, by Burt, with designs by Lossing, 20th
Thousand.
Do. do. do., 12mo. cloth, gilt, \$1 25.

SACRED SCENES AND CHARACTERS. By J. T. HEADLEY,
with 12 Illustrations. Designed by Darley, 4th Thousand.
Do. do. do., 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, gilt, \$1 25.

LETTERS FROM ITALY AND ALPS AND THE RHINE. By J. T. HEADLEY, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. A New Edition. Revised and Enlarged. With a Portrait of the Author, \$1 13. 8th Thousand.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By J. T. HEADLEY, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, gilt, with Portrait, \$1 25. 6th Thousand.

HEADLEY'S MISCELLANIES. Authorized Edition, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, \$1. 2d Thousand.

ADIRONDACK; OR LIFE IN THE WOODS. By J. T. HEADLEY, with Original Designs from Gignoux, Ingham, Durand, etc., 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, \$1 25. 4th Thousand.

SKETCHES AND RAMBLES. By J. T. HEADLEY, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, 75c. 2d Thousand.

THE IMPERIAL GUARD OF NAPOLEON. From Marengo to Waterloo. By J. T. HEADLEY, 1 vol. 12mo. with Illustrations, cloth, \$1 25. Just Published.

J. T. HEADLEY'S WORKS—Uniform Edition, 12 vols., in sheep, for Libraries and District Schools.

"Mr. Headley's peculiarities as an author are universally known. He is one of the most vigorous and spirit-stirring writers of the day, especially graphic and powerful in narratives of exciting events. No one can fail to get from his descriptions most graphic, vivid, and lasting impressions of the scenes of which he speaks."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

"His descriptions are graphic, his history correct, and his summing up character scarcely suffers by a comparison with similar pages in Tacitus."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"He speaks heartily, earnestly, truthfully; and the warm heart answers to his voice."—*N. Y. Observer*.

"Each one of his Biographies is a grand historical picture, conveying in a most impressive way, a true idea of the events of the time."—*Cincinnati Herald*.

"Mr. Headley is truly eloquent in his description of character. He presents to you the strong points of the man with a clearness that seems to place him before you as an old acquaintance."—*Cleveland Herald*

Whatever critics may choose to say, Mr. H. will never lack readers. The stir and fire of his descriptions will touch a popular chord. In describing the battle field and the tumultuous stirring life of the camp, Mr. H. is what Cooper was upon the Sea.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

LIVING ORATORS OF AMERICA. By Rev. E. L. MAGOON. 1 vol. 12mo., with portraits. Price, \$1 25.

THE ORATORS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Rev. E. L. MAGOON. 1 vol. 12mo., with portraits. Price, \$1 25.

Mr. Magoon is a decided original. Both his thoughts and his manner of expressing them, are peculiar and striking.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Mr. Magoon, who is a vivid, nervous writer, has thrown a charm around the character of the men whose history he has delineated, that will cause the book to be read with unusual interest.—*Christian Secretary.*

These volumes contain exceedingly clear sketches of our greatest orators; so arranged, contrasted and compared, that the peculiar powers and excellencies of each are set before the mind in a strong light.—*Springfield Republican.*

Every American will read these works with national pride, and have his better feelings and sentiments enkindled and strengthened.—*Western Literary Messenger.*

THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Mrs. E. F. ELLET. 3 vols, 12mo., with portraits. Price, \$3 50.

The work fills a place in our Revolutionary history that would scarcely be complete without it; indeed, we consider it as one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to the history of our country in a long time.—*Hunt's Magazine.*

We counsel especially the young women of our country to lay aside their novels, at least until they shall have read "The Women of the Revolution." Those of them who have souls will find it replete with interest and instruction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The narratives are brief, spirited, and profoundly interesting; especially as showing how the toils, the privations and dangers of the war, made themselves felt, perhaps even more keenly, in the homes than on the battle-fields of the Revolutionary champions.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

The authoress has succeeded in collecting a large amount of new and important facts, illustrative of the heroism evinced in action and suffering, by the women who bore their part in the Revolution, which have no place in the political histories of the time, and have been derived almost entirely from private sources.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

The rich store of information contained in these volumes, has been procured at the cost of much and laborious research, from the surviving relatives of the heroines, scattered through various parts of the Union. Personal recollections have been recorded, family papers and letters examined, and the work thus made a faithful and vivid exhibition of the *domestic scenes* of the war.—*Charleston Inquirer.*

The conception of the book is at once beautiful and patriotic, and its execution is worthy of its subject, and worthy of the reputation of its gifted authoress—*Albany Atlas.*

These sketches are of thrilling interest, as we gather from a hasty glance at their pages. The narrative is clear, concise, and very agreeably written.—*N. B. Mercury.*

LIEUT. LYNCH'S NEW WORK.

NAVAL LIFE—THE MIDSHIPMAN; or Observations Afloat and Ashore. By
LIEUT. W. F. LYNCH, author of "Dead Sea Expedition." 1 vol. 12mo. Price, \$1.

"The style is spirited and commanding, the matter of the most exciting character, and the deductions often drawn from incident and adventure worthy of the head and the heart of the author."—*American Spectator*.

"Amid the rollicking and exciting scenes, so characteristic of a life on the ocean wave the author has introduced others of a more subdued kind—passages here and there of touching pathos—little gushings from the fount of a chastened and sensitive nature, betraying a heart susceptible to the higher and better feelings that adorn and dignify man."—*Weekly Eclectic*.

"The adventures he and his shipmates met with in various quarters of the globe, are narrated in an unpretending style, but with graphic power. Several of these narrations are of exciting interest, and they so closely follow each other, that the reader will find it impossible to lay down the book until he has reached the last page."—*Portland Transcript*.

"This is a delightful matter-of-fact volume, for which we predict a great many readers."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"It is a work which does credit to the moral and literary character of the navy."—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

"It is well written, avoiding coarseness and slang, and will be a pleasant companion for the winter evenings."—*Cincinnati Herald*.

"The author has a great variety of experience, and he has made out of it not only an agreeable but instructive book."—*Albany Argus*.

"It is filled with lively portraitures of naval life, and must be read with interest both by seamen and landsmen."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"This is a pleasing book, abundantly teeming with the thrilling casualties of 'hair-breadth 'scapes' which beset the paths of those who plough the enclafed bosom of the deep, and is strikingly characterized by the winning graces of modesty of tone and a refined simplicity of narration."—*Washington Republic*.

ANNALS OF THE QUEENS OF SPAIN. By ANITA GEORGE. 2 vols. 12mo.
Price, \$2 50.

"Of the manner in which she has performed her task, it is enough to say that she has won the distinguished commendation of Wm. H. Prescott."—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

"Mrs. George follows steadily the highway of her subject without diverging to any by-paths of speculation and illustration. Her object appears to be, to give as much information as possible in small compass, in which she succeeds."—*Literary World*.

"The authoress has worked her way through the scattered rubbish of the past and produced a work of immediate and lasting interest."—*Bangor Courier*.

"The work is written in a clear and vivacious style, and is an accession to the popular literature."—*Prairie Herald*.

N. P. WILLIS'S SELECT WORKS, IN UNIFORM 12MO. VOLS.

RURAL LETTERS, AND OTHER RECORDS OF THOUGHTS AT LEISURE, embracing Letters from under a Bridge, Open Air Musings in the City, "Invalid Ramble in Germany," "Letters from Watering Places," &c., &c. 1 vol. Fourth Edition.

"There is scarcely a page in it in which the reader will not remember, and turn to again with a fresh sense of delight. It bears the imprint of nature in her purest and most joyous forms, and under her most cheering and inspiring influences."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"If we would show how a modern could write with the ease of Cowley, most gentle lover of nature's gardens, and their fitting accessories from life, we would offer this volume as the best proof that the secret has not yet died out."—*Literary World*.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET, or Pictures of Society and People of Mark—drawn under a thin veil of fiction. By N. P. WILLIS. 1 vol., 12mo. Third Edition.

"It is a collection of twenty or more of the stories which have blossomed out from the summer soil of the author's thoughts within the last few years. Each word in some of them the author seems to have picked as daintily, for its richness or grace, or its fine fitness to his purpose, as if a humming-bird were picking upon his quivering wing the flower whose sweets he would lovingly rife, or a belle were culling the stones for her bridal necklace."—*N. Y. Independent*.

"The book embraces a great variety of personal and social sketches in the Old World, and concludes with some thrilling reminiscences of distinguished ladies, including the Belles of New York, etc."—*The Republic*.

LIFE HERE AND THERE, or Sketches of Society and Adventure at far-apart times and places. By N. P. WILLIS. 1 vol., 12mo.

"This very agreeable volume consists of sketches of life and adventure, all of them, the author assures us, having a foundation strictly historical, and to a great extent autobiographical. Such of these sketches as we have read, are in Mr. Willis's happiest vein—a vein, by the way, in which he is unsurpassed."—*Sartain's Magazine*.

"Few readers who take up this pleasant volume will lay it aside until they have perused every line of its contents."—*Jersey Journal*.

HURRYGRAPHS, or Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities, and Society, taken from Life. By N. P. WILLIS. 1 vol., 12mo. Third Edition.

"Some of the best specimens of Mr. Willis's prose, we think, are herein contained."—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

"In the present volume, which is filled with all sorts of enticements, we prefer the descriptions of nature to the sketches of character, and the dusty road-side grows delightful under the touches of Willis's blossoming-dropping pen; and when we come to the mountain and lake, it is like revelling in all the fragrant odors of Paradise."—*Boston Atlas*.

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.—A New and Revised Edition. By N. P. WILLIS. 1 vol., 12mo.

IK. MARVEL'S WORKS.

THIRTEENTH EDITION OF

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR, a Book of the Heart. By IK. MARVEL. 1 vol. 12mo., with Illustrations by DARLEY.

The Illustrated Edition, with Twenty-five Illustrations, will be ready about the middle of October.

"Quotations give but a faint idea of the depth of feeling, the beautiful and winning frankness, the elastic vigor of soul, and the singular fidelity of expression which characterize this remarkable volume. Its quaint ingenuity of arrangement is wholly lost in extracts; and in order to enjoy the delicious adaptation of form to sentiment in which it would be hard to name its equal, it must be read as a consummate, artistic, gem-like whole."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"The dreamy, shadowy haze of reverie, its fleet transitions, its vivid and startling passages—more vivid, oftentimes, than anything of real life—are admirably reproduced on these delicate pages. The dense and deliberate style, though nowise itself dreamy and insubstantial, dealing largely rather in the tough and oaken Saxon, that makes the strength of our hardy tongue, is adapted with admirable pliancy to the movement and tone of the fancy. There are passages in it—as those descriptive of early separations, schooldays and their sequel—that will start the memory, with a quick throb, in many hearts. And there are essential and permanent qualities exhibited in it, both of intellect and of sensibility, that give noble promise of a future, and that will make the subsequent publications of the author events to be watched for."—*Independent*.

The writer who can lure a few of his fellow mortals away from the bustle, and the strife, and the fret, and the wear and tear of a restless existence—who can plant them in his own quiet arm-chair, and think a little for them so easily and so cosily that they shall fancy his thoughts to be their own soliloquies—who can carry them off from the engrossing present, backward to the fullness of youth, or forward to the repose of age—who can peel off, here and there, the worldly rind that grows ever-thickening over the heart, growing fastest and thickest in the hothouses of fashion, and in the rank soil of wealth—the writer, we say, who can do this—Mr. Ik. Marvel does it in his *Reveries*—shall be welcomed to a place in our regards, and cordially recommended to our readers' bookshelves."—*Albion*.

"This is a pleasant and clever book; racy, genial, lively and sparkling. It is a book to put one in good humor with himself and all the world."—*Southern Literary Gazette*.

"It is an exquisite production, the like of which the press has not produced in this country or in England. Portions of it remind us forcibly of some of the old, and almost unknown French authors, whose sketches of thought and feeling we have never seen equalled for delicacy and truth, until we read these *Reveries*. The book is especially welcome as one of a new class in this country, which appeals to all the finer feelings of the heart."—*Journal of Commerce*.

"Well has the author called it a book of the heart. Not of a heart withered by selfishness, mistaking disappointment for sorrow, hatred of the world's joys for philosophic contempt; but a generous, noble heart, that has sorrowed as we have sorrowed, that can echo back from the distant hills of its own experience our own cries—now of joy, now of grief and our songs of quiet happiness."—*N. Y. Courier and Inquirer*.

DREAM LIFE: A Fable of the Seasons. By I. K. MARVEL. 1 vol. 12mo.

A charmingly designed and beautifully written book. It will add to his previous reputation.—*The Churchman*.

It is written in the same vein as the "Reveries of a Bachelor," by the same author, but is on the whole a better book.—*N. Y. Daily Times*.

FRESH GLEANINGS, or a New Sheaf from the Old Field of Continental Europe. By I. K. MARVEL. 1 vol., 12mo.

"This book should be read by all who can appreciate a style full of grace, in a composition replete with original and striking thoughts."—*Boston Journal*.

"Agreeable, quaint, humorous, philosophical, pathetic, charming, glorious I. K. Marvel! It is as refreshing to the mind, wearied with the thrice-told insipidities of continental travel to dip into his fresh sparkling pages, as a plunge, this hot weather, into the cold, diamond, deer-haunted waters of some mountain lake. We have turned over his soft, thick, dainty pages, and our eye has glided along the stream of his bright descriptions, pleasant thoughts, humorous expressions, and characters painted with a few light touches, like daguerreotype portraits—very Sterne-like and exceedingly fine—until arriving at the end we are startled at the rapidity with which the feet of Time, flower-muffled, have trodden."—*Albany Atlas*.

"A series of the liveliest, newest, most taking and most graphic sketches of out of the way scenes, character and incidents, that were ever done up between a pair of bookbinder's covers."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"This is decidedly the most agreeable book of the season. It reminds one by an occasional association of ideas, rather than resemblance, of imitation of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, and some of Longfellow's transatlantic sketches; but its freshness, its variety, graphic descriptive power, and genial sympathies, are all its own."—*Buffalo Advertiser*.

THE BATTLE SUMMER. Being Transcripts from Personal Observation in Paris during the year 1848. By I. K. MARVEL. With Illustrations by DARLEY. 1 vol., 12mo

"It is a series of pictures—sketches of scenes which passed under the author's eye. It is most ably done, and shows the hand of one gifted with genius and destined to make his mark on the literature of his country."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

"The book is filled with a series of pictures and sketches more graphic it would be difficult to find."—*New York Recorder*.

"Like a talented and enthusiastic artist, he placed himself in the best positions, and caught the lineaments of each scene to be transferred to his canvas. * * * In truth, he has furnished a gallery of portraits which are very life like."—*Presbyterian*.

"An elaborate history would fail to convey so vivid and truthful a conception of the rise, progress and manner of the 'second reign of terror' as is to be obtained from this work."—*Portland Transcript*.

"It is by far the most able and most impressive account of the scenes in Paris, and reveals a power of description that will give the author a name."—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

I. K. MARVEL'S WORKS. Uniform volumes. Style for Libraries.

HERBERT'S NEW WORK.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE OLD WORLD—Their Campaigns—Character, and Conduct as compared with the great modern Strategists—From the Persian Wars to the end of the Roman Republic. By HENRY W. HERBERT. 1 vol. 12mo., with illustrations, cloth. Price, \$1 25.

CONTENTS.—The Military Art among the Greeks and Romans—Miltiades, the son of Clemon—His battle of Marathon—Themistocles, his sea-fight off Salamis, &c.—Pausanias, the Spartan; his battle of Plataia, &c.—Xenophon, the Athenian; his retreat of the Ten Thousand, &c.—Epaminondas, his Campaigns, battle of Leuktra and Mantinela—Alexander of Macedon, his battles of the Granikos, Issos, and Arbela, &c.—Hannibal, his battles of the Ticinus, Trebbia, Thrasymene, and Canæ.

“The theme is full of interest, to which Mr. Herbert's known literary ability and classical taste may be expected to give due exposition. The work is an original one—the material of which he claims to derive, not from modern books, but from the ancient authentic sources of history which he has examined for himself.”—*U. S. Gazette & N. American*.

“Mr. Herbert has succeeded admirably—and has produced a work that will entitle him to a high rank with the best authors of his native and his adopted country.”—*Syracuse Star*.

“The exploits of those captains are detailed, whose achievements exerted the most powerful influence on the destinies of the world. The author is a well-read historian, and has contemplated the events he describes with the eye of a philosopher and scholar.”—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

“This is a powerful and brilliant delineation of the captains of the Old World—it opens with the three great Wars of Greece, and traces the course of Hannibal in the most captivating style.”—*Albany Spectator*.

“To a nervous and pointed style the author adds the research of a scholar and the enthusiasm of a man of action. The strategies of warfare—the arming of troops, and the stern conflicts of man with man, are of course congenial subjects to one whose knowledge of skill in woodcraft is proverbial, and Mr. Herbert consequently enters into them with gusto and with clearness of perception.”—*The Albion*.

“This volume which is intended to be the first of a series, includes seven of the greatest generals of antiquity, beginning with Miltiades and ending with Hannibal. The facts are all drawn from the most authentic sources, and the characters displayed with uncommon skill and effect. It was a bright thought, the bringing together of these illustrious names in *one* group.”—*Albany Argus*.

“The writer draws a comparison between them and the great modern strategists, and gives an exceedingly interesting and graphic picture of the celebrated conflicts of olden times from the Persian wars to the Punic wars.”—*N. Y. Observer*.

“This is an unique and able work. It displays sound and varied scholarship, united with a knowledge of the military art rarely possessed by a civilian. There is a truth and freshness about the descriptions that show the author to be no second-hand compiler, but one who has drawn his knowledge from a careful study of the Greek and Roman historians in their native garb. We would recommend this work to the attention of the young student, as a better manual of antiquities relative to the military art, than any set treatise on the subject, while its views of historical epochs and political relations are equally valuable and trustworthy. His analysis of the character and strategy of the great captains of antiquity is full of interest and instruction.”—*N. Y. Recorder*.

m. 8
RURAL HOMES; OR, SKETCHES OF HOUSES suited to American Country Life.

With over 70 Original Plans, Designs, &c. By GERVASE WHEELER. 1 vol. 12mo.
Price, \$1.25.

It commences with the first foot-tread upon the spot chosen for the house; details the considerations that should weigh in selecting the site; gives models of buildings differing in character, extent, and cost; shows how to harmonize the building with the surrounding scenery; teaches how healthfully to warm and ventilate; assists in selecting furniture and the innumerable articles of utility and ornament used in constructing and finishing, and concludes with final practical directions, giving useful limits as to drawing up written descriptions, specifications and contracts.

"In this neat and tasteful volume, Mr. Wheeler has condensed the results of an accomplished training in his art, and the liberal professional practice of it.

"We can confidently recommend this elaborate production to the attention of gentlemen who are about building or renovating their country houses, to professional architects, and to all readers of discrimination, who wish to know what is truly eloquent in this beautiful art, and to cultivate a taste worthy to cope with "judgment of wisest censure."

"The cost of such establishments is carefully considered, no less than the comforts they should afford, the display they can (honestly) pretend to, and all the adjuncts that go to complete the ideal of a convenient and elegant mansion."—*N. Y. Mirror*.

"It is extremely practical, containing such simple and comprehensive directions for all wishing at any time to build, being in fact the sum of the author's study and experience as an architect for many years."—*Albany Spectator*.

"Mr. Wheeler's remarks convey much practical and useful information, evince good taste and a proper appreciation of the beautiful, and no one should build a rural house without first hearing what he has to recommend."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

"Important in its subject, careful and ample in its details, and charmingly attractive in its style. It gives all the information that would be desired as to the selection of sites—the choice of appropriate styles, the particulars of plans, materials, fences, gateways, furniture, warming, ventilation, specifications, contracts, &c., concluding with a chapter on the intellectual and moral effect of rural architecture."—*Hartford Religious Herald*.

"A book very much needed, for it teaches people how to build comfortable, sensible, beautiful country houses. Its conformity to common sense, as well as to the sense of beauty, cannot be too much commended."—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer*.

"No person can read this book without gaining much useful knowledge, and it will be a great aid to those who intend to build houses for their own use. It is scientific without being so interlarded with technical terms as to confuse the reader, and contains all the information necessary to build a house from the cellar to the ridge pole. It is a parlor book, or a book for the workshop, and will be valuable in either place."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

"This work should be in the hands of every one who contemplates building for himself a home. It is filled with beautifully executed elevations and plans of country houses from the most unpretending cottage to the villa. Its contents are simple and comprehensive, embracing every variety of house usually needed."—*Lowell Courier*.

"To all who desire a delightful rural retreat of "lively cottagely" of getting a fair equivalent of comfort and tastefulness, for a moderate outlay, we commend the Rural Homes of Mr. Wheeler."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

4-

