

## GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.



SAMUEL HOUSTON AS A CHEROKEE CHIEF. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF HIS GRAND-NEPHEW, SAMUEL M. PENLAND, GALVESTON, TEXAS.)

FEW men in the history of a great nation have attained the distinction Houston did, about whose early life so little is known. Indeed, the question is often asked at the present day, "Who was Sam Houston?" His ancestors, both paternal and maternal, are traced to the Highlands of Scotland. They are said to have left "the land of the heather and mist" for the North of Ireland, to escape the troubles during the time of John Knox, on whose side they fought. Such proud-born and free-thinking souls could ill brook the state of affairs in Ireland, and so, during the siege of Derry, they came to America, locating in Pennsylvania about 1690. Houston's father seems to have possessed only the means of a comfortable living, his ruling passion being for a military life. True to his instincts, he bore his part in the struggle for independence, and was the Inspector of Generals Bowyer's, and afterward of Moore's, brigade. This latter post he held at the time of his death, which overtook him in the discharge of his duty, while on a tour of inspection of the posts along the Alleghany mountains, in 1807. He inherited from his father his powerful frame, fine bearing, strong native intellect, and his military spirit. His mother was an extraordinary woman, being distinguished by

a full, rather tall and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. Nature had given her intellectual and moral qualities which elevated her in a still more striking manner above her immediate surroundings. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, while she was nerved with a stern fortitude which, although taxed to the utmost at times, never gave way before the wild scenes that checkered the life of the frontier settler. Houston was deeply attached to her, and fondly cherished her memory. He came from his Indian exile to close her aged eyes and weep by her bedside.

At the close of the last century there stood in the south-east part of Rockbridge county, Virginia, on the left of the Lexington road, an ordinary country church building, known as Timber Ridge Church. Near this church, for the family was a part of its congregation, Sam Houston was born, March 2, 1793. As a boy he could never be got inside a school-house until he was almost nine years old, and even then, from all accounts, he never accomplished much, from a literary point of view. Although Virginia is blest with one of the finest universities of the South, she has never ranked well in her free-school system, and had much less of which to boast in that direction sev-

enty-five years ago. Such early beginnings as Houston made were under many difficulties. If he worked well during the spring and summer, he was allowed in winter the dubious advantages of what was then known as the "old field" school; but it is doubtful whether prior to the death of his father, which took place when Sam was a boy of thirteen, he had ever been to school, altogether, more than six months. This heavy blow changed at once the fortunes of the family, for the father had been their stay and support, keeping them in at least comfortable circumstances.

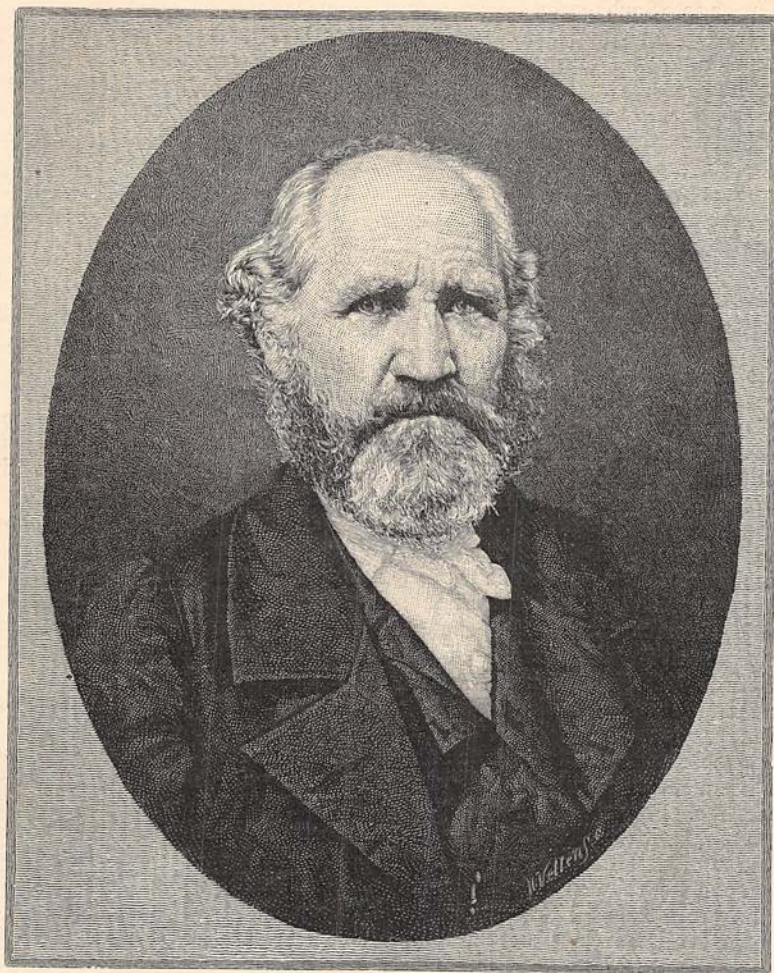
Already the fertile valleys of Tennessee had attracted some of the Houston relatives, the McEwens to Kingston on the Tennessee River, and Dr. William Moore to Dandridge on the French Broad River. With the burden of a numerous family in her widowhood, Mrs. Houston, after disposing of her little all, gathered her six sons and three daughters about her and resolutely set her face toward the Alleghany mountains. She found a home near Maryville, Blount county, on the banks of the Tennessee River, which was then the boundary between the white and the red man. This change involved making her way over rugged mountains and wild rivers, through an almost unpeopled country, beset by all the hardships consequent to such a journey seventy-five years ago. For some little while Sam worked on a farm with his brothers for the support of the family. He was very soon sent to Maryville college, then in its early years and under the presidency of its founder, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Anderson, and here he finished his school days at the age of eighteen. The Rev. Dr. Craig, of Indiana, who succeeded Dr. Anderson in the presidency of the college, says of him :

"Sam was no student, and seldom or never recited a good lesson in his life; he did not take to books, and, of course, learned little from them. But he was a boy and a man of most remarkably keen, close observation. When the Doctor was thinking that Sam and his other pupils were diligently studying their lessons, Sam would have them out on the commons playing. His special pleasure and amusement was to drill the boys in military tactics. He seems to have been a sort of natural military genius. So, instead of getting his lessons, he was mustering the boys, and, as might be expected, he had no lesson at recitation hour. Dr. Anderson said, 'Many times did I determine to give Sam Houston a whipping for neglect of study, but he would come into the school-room bowing and scraping, with as fine a dish of apologies as ever was placed before anybody, withal so very polite and manly for one of his age, that he took all the whip out of me; I could not find it in my heart to whip him.'"

Having fallen upon Pope's translation of the Iliad, Sam was so charmed with its military heroes that he was anxious to begin

the study of the Greek language; but being refused on account of his deficiency in other branches, he turned on his heel, declaring most solemnly that he would never recite another lesson of any kind as long as he lived. Leaving school and home, he worked for some little while as a blacksmith, in a shop not far from Maryville. Soon afterward his brothers obtained a situation for him at Kingston, as a clerk in the store of a Mr. Sheffy; but this life being too confining for one of his restless disposition, he suddenly disappeared; and, after considerable inquiry, it was found that he had crossed the Tennessee River, and was among the Cherokee Indians, their boundary line being about three miles south of Kingston. Efforts to induce him to return home failed, Houston saying he preferred "measuring deer-tracks to measuring tape." His friends gave themselves no great uneasiness about him, thinking this a freak from which he would soon recover, but he returned only, after some months, to replenish his wardrobe, which was in a sorry plight. His mother was overjoyed to see him, and his brothers treated him kindly; but the first assumption of what Sam imagined to be authority on their part drove him once more to the woods and canebrakes, where he again passed several months. He was adopted by a chief as his son, and was initiated into the mysteries of the red man's character, and thus a fondness was formed for forest life, which led him years afterward to abandon once more the habitations of civilized men. Houston was always sensitive to money obligations, and to meet some debts contracted during his return visits he left his red friends and set up a school. This he found to be by no means an easy task, as parents were very slow about placing their children under his care; but, as he never entertained the thought of giving over anything to which he had once put his hand, the young teacher very soon was obliged to turn away from his log school-house more pupils than he had had at first. Formerly no master had presumed to charge more than six dollars per session; but Houston, thinking, no doubt, that one who had been blessed with the advantages of an Indian training should hold his lore at a dearer rate, fixed the price at eight dollars, one-third to be paid in cash, one-third in corn, and the remainder in homespun cotton cloth of variegated colors, like that which he wore.

Having discharged his debts by teaching, he once more sought his old instructor, Dr. Anderson, at Maryville. When Euclid was placed in his hands, he carried the book about for some time, and then came to the conclusion he would never be a scholar. As there



*Sam Houston*

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, OF AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE.)

was a call for volunteers to enlist against the Creek Indians, as well as for the war against Great Britain, he made his way toward Kingston, where Lieutenant William Arnold was recruiting for the Thirty-ninth regiment of regulars. At that date (1813) the recruiting office consisted of a sergeant in command of a parade made up of a drummer and fifer giving out martial music in the streets. Silver dollars were placed on the head of the drum, and, as a token of enlistment, the volunteer stepped up and took a dollar, which was

his bounty. Houston enlisted as a private, received his bounty, was escorted to the barracks, uniformed, and made a sergeant the same day. These recruits were very soon ordered to join the troops marching to the Creek war under the command of the late Colonel John Williams, of Knoxville, Tenn., who commanded this regiment — the Thirty-ninth — in person at the battle of the Horseshoe, and afterward became a distinguished Senator from Tennessee. Already the war with the Creeks had resulted in that fearful

massacre at Fort Mimms, situated in what is now the southern part of Alabama. The fort consisted of a square of log cabins, protected by a block-house at each angle, all surrounded by a strong stockade. On the morning of the fatal day—August 30, 1813—there were in Fort Mimms no less than five hundred and fifty-three persons, of which number more than one hundred were white women and children, besides one hundred and six negro slaves. Of these by nightfall four hundred were killed and scalped, not a single white woman, not even a white child, escaping.

The whole South-west burned with a spirit of revenge, and troops were soon in the field against the Creeks. It is not necessary to dwell on the heroic march of General Jackson and his Tennesseans through the fastnesses of the Indian country, without means of transportation, without provisions or stores of any kind, nor on the battles they fought. On the 27th day of March, 1814, after weeks of toil and hardship, Jackson was before the Creeks at the Horseshoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River in Alabama. It was, at the date of the battle, a wild piece of ground, full of hiding-places for the Indians. Across the neck, a distance of almost four hundred yards, the Creeks had made an immense breastwork of logs, with two rows of port-holes so arranged that troops attacking it would be exposed to both a direct and a raking fire; behind the defenses was a mass of logs and brush-wood for the cover of the enemy. This spot was defended by about one thousand warriors, the very flower of the tribe, while in their huts near the banks of the river were some three hundred squaws with their children. The Indians had taken the precaution to have all their canoes brought near these huts, to facilitate escape should their works be carried. General Jackson saw at once that he had them penned for slaughter, and in order to cut off their escape he sent General Coffee, with all the mounted men and friendly Indians, to cross the river two miles below at a ford and occupy a position opposite the enemy's works. When this had been done the attack began. General Jackson had two pieces of artillery, one a three-, the other a six-pounder, but they failed to do any damage to the solid logs. Meantime General Coffee had sent some of his Indians to swim across the river and bring away all the canoes, which were then used to ferry over a body of troops under Colonel Morgan. Morgan's men first fired the cluster of huts at the bottom of the bend, and then began an attack from the rear. Jackson's men, seeing this, were anxious to be led in a charge; and the General at last consenting to the order it was hailed with a shout

and a rush up to the breastworks, where the men delivered a volley through the port-holes. The fire of the Indians was deadly, and thus, muzzle to muzzle, the combat raged for some time. Houston's major, L. P. Montgomery, was the first man on top of the works, where he was instantly killed. Young Houston, who had a short time before been promoted to ensign, seeing his major fall, sprang at once to the spot and received a barbed arrow in his thigh. With the arrow still in the quivering flesh, the young ensign, calling on his men to follow him, leaped down into the mass of Indians, and by his vigorous strokes soon had a space cleared around him.

The works were soon carried, the Indians fleeing before the troops into the underbrush. Houston now sat down, called one of his lieutenants to him, and told him to pull the arrow from the wound. Two strong jerks failed, when Houston exclaimed in an agony of pain and impatience: "Try again, and if you fail this time, I will strike you to the ground." Throwing his entire weight against the arrow, the lieutenant drew it forth, but with fearful laceration and loss of blood. While the wound was being dressed by the surgeon, General Jackson rode up and spoke words of praise to his young friend, giving him an order not to enter the battle again, which Houston begged him to recall; but the General only repeated it more peremptorily, and rode on. In a few minutes Houston was once more in the thick of that hand-to-hand struggle, which closed only with the fall of night.

During the late hours of the afternoon it was found that a body of the Creeks had taken shelter under a bluff where a part of the works and some fallen trees completely protected them. Wishing to stop the fearful slaughter, Jackson sent a friendly Indian to say that, if they would yield themselves, they should be spared. They refused any terms, and replied by a volley. Failing to dislodge them with the artillery, Jackson called for volunteers, but no one responded. Houston, calling on his men to follow him, but not waiting to see if they did, rushed toward the spot, the approaches to which were raked by the deadly rifle-balls from unerring hands. He paused to look for his men, when at this instant two balls tore his right shoulder, causing his arm to dangle helpless by his side. Staggering out of the shower of bullets, he sank down, totally disabled. His own account of the affair is as follows:

"I was taken from the field and placed in the hands of the surgeon again, who extracted one ball, although no attempt was made to find the other; the surgeon

saying it was useless to torture me, as I could not live until morning. Comforts in that wilderness place were out of the question for any, but I received less attention than the other wounded, for all supposed that I was dying, and what could be done for any should be done for those likely to live."

The next day he was placed on a litter borne by two horses, and started toward Fort Williams with the other wounded, a distance of seventy-five miles. It is impossible to portray the miseries Houston endured, being not only helpless, but racked by the pains from his wounds. He had nothing, nor could he get anything, that a sick man would relish. Often the canebrake or a spreading tree was their only shelter. He lay a long while at the fort, exposed and neglected. When he had gained a very little, Colonel Johnson, father of the Postmaster-General of that name, and Colonel Cheatham brought him to the Ten Islands, where General Dougherty, who commanded the Tennessee troops, sent him on toward Kingston. Colonel Williams, of Nashville, says in a letter of recent date: "Robert H. McEwen and myself met him some distance from Kingston, on a litter supported by two horses. He was greatly emaciated, suffering at the same time from his wounds and the measles. We took him to the house of his relative, Squire John H. McEwen, where he remained for some time, and from thence he went to the home of his mother, in Blount county; he had been given up by his home folks as dead." Worn almost to a skeleton, his mother declared that she would never have known him as her son but for his eyes, which still retained something of their old expression. From these wounds he never fully recovered. When at my father's house, on his way to and from Washington in his long carriage journeys, he always had his body-servant, and a large bundle of robes and blankets, on which he slept, no matter what the season was, and his servant had often during the night to dress his wound.

The battle of the Horseshoe was a final blow to the Creeks as a nation. Their loss was 557 dead on the field, while it was thought that at least 200 more were drowned in the river. Jackson's loss was 53 killed and 147 wounded, most of whom were friendly Indians. The Creeks asked for no quarter, as their prophets had made them believe none would be given them by the whites.

The gallant conduct of Houston in this battle was the subject of general remark, and won for him the esteem and admiration of General Jackson, which subsequent events but strengthened.

After languishing for some time at his home in Blount county, he was taken to Knoxville,

Tennessee, for medical treatment, when, after recovering somewhat, he proceeded to Washington, where he arrived just after the Capitol had been burned by the British. In a few months he was sufficiently restored to join his regiment at Knoxville, where he was when peace was proclaimed. On the reduction of the army he was retained as lieutenant, in recognition of his conduct at the Horseshoe, and was assigned to the First regiment, then on duty at New Orleans, at which place he joined it, going down the Mississippi River on the first steam-boat he had ever seen. He was not on duty long until he was forced to undergo an operation for the relief of his arm, the bone having been shattered and the ball still remaining near the shoulder-joint. The following April he sailed for New York, where his health improved.

Returning to Tennessee, he was detailed on duty at the adjutant's office, with headquarters at Nashville, from January 1, 1817. In November of that year he was made a sub-agent to carry out a treaty just concluded with the Cherokees, which duty he performed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Being in Washington that winter with a delegation of Indians, he found out that attempts had been made to injure him with the Government, for having prevented some negroes from being smuggled into the Western States from Florida, which was then a colony of Spain. Houston claimed, in his argument before the President and the Secretary of War, that he was only trying to enforce and secure respect for the laws. His friend General Jackson espoused his cause, insisting that Houston was not only free from blame, but that the Government should reward him for his services; and as a result, Houston, feeling slighted that he received nothing, resigned his army position and returned to Nashville to read law. He was now in his twenty-fifth year, and, selling the last property he had, he entered the law office of the late Hon. James Trimble. Although he had been told he must read eighteen months, in less than seven he applied for and obtained his license, being admitted to the bar with great *éclat*.

He began his profession at Lebanon, and was very soon doing well, being considered a well-read, successful young lawyer. He was now made adjutant-general of the State, with the rank of colonel, and in October of the same year was elected Attorney-general for the Nashville circuit, over some very distinguished lawyers. As prosecuting attorney for the State, he never sent a bill before the grand jury unless he was satisfied from careful investigation that the proof made out the

case, and that the accused ought to be convicted; hence he was almost uniformly successful in his prosecutions, although he was jeered at by older members of the bar, on account of his rawness and recent advancement to the profession. In 1821 he was elected Major-General by the field-officers of the division, comprising two-thirds of the State. In 1823 he was sent to Congress from the Nashville district by a handsome majority, and in 1825 was returned without opposition, other aspirants knowing it would be useless to enter the canvass against him. Houston was a follower of Jackson, voting generally as he did; they voted for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, Houston making quite a speech on the occasion. He also voted for several bills granting internal improvements in the South-west, and against the tariff bill of that session.

In 1827 General Houston was elected Governor of the State of Tennessee by a majority of nearly twelve thousand, as successor to General William Carroll. So great was his popularity, and such was the confidence of the Legislature in his executive ability, that they opposed none of his measures. On January 22, 1829, at the age of thirty-six, he married Miss Eliza H. Allen, who was a member of a large and influential family in Smith and Sumner counties. General Carroll, after being out of the Governor's chair two years, was again eligible, and declared himself in opposition to General Houston, who was a candidate for reelection. The following is from the letter of Colonel Williams, mentioned before:

"The first meeting between them took place at Cockerell's Springs, at a battalion muster in April.

"I was at that time sheriff of the county, as well as colonel of the militia, and, at the request of Governor Houston, drilled the regiment on that day. He desired me to acquaint myself fully with the popular feeling, and tell him after the speaking, which I did; and as the sentiment was greatly in his favor, it afforded him much satisfaction, and he left the grounds for the city in fine spirits Saturday afternoon. I was registering my name at the Nashville Inn the following Monday, when Mr. Carter, the clerk, said: 'Have you heard the news?' I answered, 'No; what news?' He replied: 'Governor Houston and his wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's family.' I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. I went to his room at once, and found him in company with Doctor Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain the matter. I left him with the Doctor for

a few moments, and on returning said to him, 'Governor, you must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice yourself and your friends.' He replied, 'I can make no explanation; I exonerate the lady *fully*, and do not justify myself. I am a ruined man. I will exile myself, and now ask you to take my resignation to the Secretary of State.' I replied, 'You must not think of such a thing;' when he said, 'It is my fixed determination, and my enemies, when I am gone, will be too magnanimous to censure my friends.' Seeing his determination, I took his resignation to the Secretary of State, who received it. The following morning he went in disguise to the steam-boat, accompanied by Doctor Shelby and myself. He wrote me afterward that he was not recognized until he reached Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, where he met a friend, from whom he exacted a promise not to make him known."

This affair, of course, caused a great deal of excitement, various reports flying through the State, all of them unfounded, while some were begotten by the sheerest malignity, and popular feeling was inflamed to the highest pitch. The friends of Mrs. Houston, thinking they were doing her a kindness, loaded the General's name with odium, charging him with every species of crime. General Houston remained quiet and let the storm rage on, without offering a single denial of a single calumny; he would neither vindicate himself nor let his friends do so for him, thus increasing the mystery which hung over an affair that had divided the whole State into factions. During all his after life, even among his most confidential friends, he maintained unbroken silence as to the cause of the separation, though whenever he spoke of his wife it was with the greatest kindness. The explanation below presented is accepted at Nashville as the true one, and is substantiated by the statement of Colonel Williams, whose position and intimacy with the General will render his statement unquestioned; this also agrees with what I have heard through my father's family, to whom General Houston was related.

Years afterward he revealed the cause to the lady who became his wife in Texas; and she, through a sense of conjugal and maternal duty, after his death, gave the facts to the world as follows: After his first marriage he became convinced that something which had not been revealed to him was preying upon the spirits of his bride, and he frankly told her of his suspicion, asking a frank confidence on her part, pledging himself it should not work her injury. His firm but gentle manner led to the confession that her affections had been given

and pledged to another prior to their meeting, and that filial duty alone had led her to an acceptance of Houston's offer. After their separation, he allowed the entire fault to appear as his, permitted and encouraged her application for a divorce on the plea of desertion, and she was finally married to the man of her choice.

We have already seen that in his youth Houston had formed an attachment for the chief of the Cherokees, being adopted by him as his son. Since that event this chief had removed with his tribe to Arkansas, and Houston now directed his course toward the wigwam of his former friend, which he reached after a long journey, at the falls of the Arkansas River. The old chief, whose name was Oo-lo-ot-e-ka, besides a warm, generous heart, possessed a comfortable home, a large plantation, ten or twelve servants, and some five hundred head of cattle. Here Houston was warmly welcomed, the old chief, on hearing of his approach, going some distance to meet him. It would be neither interesting nor pleasant to dwell minutely upon his second experience among the Indians. It is properly considered a blot upon his life. Having provided himself with books, he alternated between the study of the English classics and wild bouts of revelry and dissipation, apparently trying to obliterate every recollection of his former self and standing.

Having noticed with indignation the wrongs which these Indians suffered at the hands of their agents, in 1832 he went to Washington with a Cherokee delegation seeking redress. He succeeded in procuring the removal of five of the agents, but in so doing incurred the enmity of them all, as well as that of their friends. This resulted in a personal difficulty between himself and the late Mr. Stansbury, Member of Congress, from Ohio.

Houston took umbrage at something in the "National Intelligencer," which originated with Mr. Stansbury, and he at once said Mr. Stansbury should account to him for it. An angry correspondence ensued, but ten days elapsed without a meeting, during which time Stansbury went armed to and from the House. They met finally in Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Stansbury crossing over to intercept Houston and snapping a pistol at his breast. An altercation followed, in which Houston inflicted severe injuries upon his antagonist, who was in consequence confined to his room for several days. He sent a note to the Speaker of the House next morning, saying, "I have been waylaid, attacked, and knocked down by a bludgeon, and severely bruised and wounded by Sam

Houston, *late of Tennessee*, for words spoken in my place in the House, and I request that you lay the matter before that body." This was done, and the House spent *exactly one calendar month* in hearing the matter. James K. Polk, of Tennessee, distinguished himself by his zeal to prevent an investigation. Finally Houston was condemned to be reprimanded by the Speaker, which was done in such a way as to leave no doubt that he had the sympathy of that gentleman—Mr. Andrew Stephenson. General Jackson sustained his friend General Houston in what he did; and at a later day, when he had been convicted of this assault by a court of the District of Columbia, and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, the President's last official act but one was to remit this fine and the costs.

These exciting scenes having finally come to a close, General Houston set his face once more toward his Indian friends, returning by way of Tennessee, where many of his former friends greeted him with the greatest cordiality, the excitement against him having almost subsided. This mingling with the world outside his Indian surroundings, the return to his old haunts, the meeting once again with old friends, infused the elements of life once more into his nature, and brought him, like the prodigal of old, "unto himself." He said to a friend, "I was dying out once, and had they taken me before a justice of the peace and fined me ten dollars for assault and battery, it would have killed me; but they gave me a national tribunal for a theater, and that set me up again." Having once more arrived among his Indian friends, it was his intention to become a herdsman in the prairie solitudes; but he could settle himself to nothing, giving way to fits of morose, sullen melancholy, evidently comparing his present condition with his past,—the outcast white Indian with the Governor of the proud State of Tennessee.

At this time some of the Cherokees from Texas brought news of the war for Texan independence. General Houston, who was under the influence of "fire-water" at the time, walked out on the bank of the Grand River with John Henry, a merchant. Throwing himself on the ground, he was silent for some time, lost in thought; then, starting up hastily, he exclaimed: "Henry, let us go to Texas, for I am tired of this country, and sick of this life. Go with me, and I will make a fortune for both. We are not fit for merchants, never were, and never will be. I am going, and in that new country I will make a *man* of myself again."

He at once began making preparations for the long journey, and, casting off his Indian attire, he came out dressed as a white

man. On the 1st of December, 1832, he embraced a friend who divided a slender purse with him, saying: "Elias, remember my words. I shall yet be the President of a great republic. I shall bring that nation to the United States, and if they don't watch me closely, I shall be the President of the White House some day." After a tedious horseback ride of many miles, he finally located at St. Augustine, and began the practice of the law with the late John Dunn, whom he had known intimately at Nashville. Texas at this date may have been fair to look upon, but it was not in all respects a pleasant country in which to live, having been for years the refuge of men of the most abandoned and desperate character. Colonel Crockett says, in his autobiography, that about this date he sat down to table at a small hotel with eleven men who were known to be murderers and fugitives from justice; indeed, the only inquiry made about a new-comer was, "What did he do that made him leave home?"

Texas was then an empire in extent, with a population of less than fifty thousand, and for years had been struggling to cast off the galling yoke of Mexico, all classes being united in the effort to gain their independence. Conventions had been held for the purpose of organization, though it was not until October 11, 1833, that, under the auspices of the Committee of Safety at San Felipe, a simple form of government was adopted. Stephen F. Austin, the leading spirit in the struggle, had already been made commander of all the forces in the field. On the 12th of November, 1835, the Consultation, as the legislative body was called, met at San Felipe, and proceeded to organize a provisional government, when Henry Smith was elected Governor, J. W. Robinson Lieutenant-Governor, and Houston, who had already brought a small army into the field, was made Commander-in-Chief of all the Texan forces, General Austin having resigned. History scarcely affords a more glorious spectacle than that of Texas, without means, without munitions of war, without regular troops, her army less than ten thousand raw men, armed with rifles and hunting-knives, battling for liberty against an empire whose population was more than eight millions. Santa Anna had been waging war with varied success, victory often resting on the banner of the patriots, until the fall of the Alamo, on the 6th of March, 1836. The annals of war furnish no bloodier picture than is recorded here; the monument which marks the ground that drank the blood of those heroes tells the story when it says: "Thermopylæ had her messengers of death;

the Alamo had none." The last one of the garrison went down under the violence of the Mexicans. Colonel Bowie, who was sick in bed at the fall of the fort, fired from his bed until his last shot was gone and he had a wall of dead about him; the Mexicans dared not approach, but shot him from a window, and, as the enemy came to his bed, nerving himself for a last effort, the dying Bowie plunged the deadly knife which bears his name to the vitals of the nearest foe, and expired. The gallant Colonel Travis fell mortally wounded, but was able on the approach of the foe to sit up. A Mexican officer attempted to cut off his head with a saber. Travis, with a death grasp, drew his sword, which he plunged into the body of his antagonist, both dying at the same moment. General Castrillon took Colonel Crockett, who stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered gun in his right hand, in his left his huge bowie-knife, dripping blood. There was a fearful gash across his head, and at his feet a cordon of nearly twenty foemen, dead and dying. His captor, who was brave and not cruel, took his silvery-haired prisoner to Santa Anna, who flew into a rage, and at his command a file of soldiers shot down the dauntless Crockett. Santa Anna had given the most imperative orders that no prisoners should be taken. A few days afterward Colonel Fannin was induced by the most solemn promises on the part of Santa Anna to surrender his little band of beleaguered men into the hands of the Alamo butchers, and, as a result, on March 23rd four hundred and twelve Texans were led out at Goliad and shot down like dogs. It was through such deadly scenes as these that a republic was born.

General Houston during this time was at Gonzales with a greatly inferior force, consisting of but three hundred and seventy-four raw men; Santa Anna made a feint on this place, and Houston fell back toward the Colorado River, when Santa Anna, having effected the withdrawal of the patriots from Bastrop, also began a march toward the Colorado, which left in its track death and desolation. In the meantime Texas had, on the second of March, declared herself a free and independent republic; meetings were held throughout the country to raise an army to resist the Mexicans, numbering eight thousand, a draft being ordered by the consultation for that purpose.

On the fourteenth of March General Houston received intelligence of the Alamo massacre, and that three thousand of the enemy would camp that night less than forty miles from Gonzales; he began the retreat about mid-



night, and by daylight the army had marched more than ten miles, the entire baggage and stores being in a single wagon, drawn by four oxen. At Peach Creek the army was joined by a reinforcement of one hundred men, and after a halt of three hours for rest, the march was resumed.

The patriots were forced to remove their families as they retreated, and on reaching the Brazos Bottoms the spectacle was agonizing in the extreme. The roads were filled by wagons and carts loaded with helpless women and children, while many others were walking, some barefooted, carrying their little ones. Their cries were still more distressing as they raised their hands to heaven, declaring they had lost their all and knew not where to go, but would rather die on the spot than live to be butchered by the Mexicans. After seeing that all the women and children were safely over, Houston crossed the Colorado River with the army on the seventeenth, and wrote to the Military Committee: "It pains me to see desertions, but if *three hundred men only* remain with me, I shall die with them or conquer our enemies."

The army had been at Groce's Ferry only a short time when news came of the dreadful fate which had overtaken Fannin and his four hundred men. At the moment, General Houston was standing apart with Major Hockley, and said, pointing to the little band of patriots, merely a speck on the vast prairie: "Major, there's the *last hope* for Texas; with these few soldiers we must achieve our independence, or perish in the attempt."

After waiting in vain two weeks for adequate reinforcements, during which time the army suffered badly from camp sickness, but were so fortunate as to receive the two small pieces of artillery called the Twin Sisters, General Houston moved toward Buffalo Bayou, which was reached April 19th. This is simply a deep, narrow stream connecting with the San Jacinto River, near its mouth, about twenty miles south-east of the present city of Houston. The passage was a most perilous one, as there was but a single boat, small and damaged; the General with his own hands hewed fence-rails into oars for the boat; the cavalry, less than seventy in all, swam their horses over. The lines being formed again, General Houston made one of his most impassioned and eloquent appeals to his troops, firing every breast by giving as a watchword, "*Remember the Alamo.*"

Early next day the scouts brought word that the enemy was marching up from New Washington, intending to cross the San Jacinto. General Houston immediately saw the importance of cutting off his retreat, should

Santa Anna cross over, and at once marched for the ferry at the junction of the Bayou and river, near Lynchburg.

He reached his objective point first, and taking the only boat on the river, had it brought under cover of his guns. He now placed his forces in a semicircular strip of timber growing about the bend of the river, while his two cannon were planted on the brow of the copse. Soon the Mexican bugles rang out over the prairie, announcing the enemy, almost eighteen hundred strong, while the rank and file of the patriots was less than seven hundred and fifty men.

After an ineffectual effort to dislodge the Texans by a heavy cannonade, Santa Anna retired to a little swell near the bay, where he had water and timber in his rear, and began throwing up breastworks.

The Texans lay upon their arms until four A. M., when three taps of their drums called them into line. About nine o'clock General Cos, with five hundred and forty fresh troops, joined Santa Anna; but Houston concealed the fact from his forces until it did no harm to reveal it. He now called a consultation of his six field officers, as to the feasibility of attacking. Two were for the attack; the others thought it most imprudent to charge more than two thousand intrenched veterans, over an open prairie, with raw troops having less than two hundred bayonets and unsupported by artillery. However, their many disadvantages but served to increase the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and when their General said, "Men, there is the enemy; do you wish to fight?" the universal shout was, "We do." "Well, then," he said, "remember it is for liberty or death; remember the Alamo!"

At the moment of attack, Deaf Smith came galloping up, his horse covered with foam, and shouted along the lines, "*I've cut down Vince's bridge.*" Each army had used this bridge in coming to the battle-field, and General Houston had ordered its destruction, thus preventing all hope of escape to the vanquished.

Santa Anna's forces were in perfect order, awaiting the attack, and reserved their fire until the patriots were within sixty paces of the breastworks, when they poured forth a volley which went over the heads of the attackers, though a ball struck General Houston's ankle, inflicting a very painful wound; at the same instant his horse was struck in the breast. Though suffering greatly and bleeding badly, General Houston was able to keep his saddle during the entire action. The patriots held their fire until it was given to the enemy in their very bosoms almost, and then, having no time to reload, made a gen-

eral rush upon the foe, who were altogether unprepared for the charge made against them, which was furious, though it lasted less than half an hour. The patriots, not having bayonets, clubbed their rifles and did execution with them. About half-past four the Mexican rout began, and closed only with the night. On the field two of the patriots lay dead and twenty-three were wounded, seven of whom afterward died, making a total of nine killed in the victory, while the Mexicans sustained a loss of six hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded, General Castrillon being among the slain. The prisoners numbered seven hundred and thirty, among whom were Generals Santa Anna and Cos who were captured a day or two after the battle, the former being among the earliest to flee. Leaving his horse bogged in the prairie, he escaped to the Brazos timber, where his pursuers found him secreted in the forks of a large live oak. So far as could be learned, but seven Mexican soldiers escaped, scores being shot or drowned in attempting to cross Buffalo Bayou. Almost forty days after the battle General Houston reached New Orleans on board the United States schooner *Flora*, having been refused passage on a small war vessel belonging to the republic; he had no money, and but for the kindness of friends would have suffered greatly, as his wound received but little attention until he reached New Orleans and had begun to show symptoms of mortification. So anxious was he to be with his young republic, that he remained only two weeks in the city, leaving for home while still scarcely able to sit alone.

The victory of San Jacinto was one of no ordinary character, for it struck the fetters forever off the hands of Texas, deciding at once a contest between an empire numbering eight million inhabitants and one of its small provinces containing a handful of men. The first result of the battle was to drive back the standard of Mexico, compelling it to retire beyond the Rio Grande, never to return except in predatory and transient incursions. This victory opened the way for American progress toward the South. Such was the immediate outcome of the battle, while the annexation of Texas and the result of the Mexican war gave us additional territory equal in extent to one-third of the then United States.

General Houston became at once the leading man in Texas, almost universal applause following him. As soon as quiet and order were restored he was made the first President of the new republic under the Constitution adopted November, 1835, which was borrowed largely from that of the United States. He very soon proposed to President Jackson

the annexation of Texas, which offer was declined, Jackson having always believed that Texas was not properly retroceded to Spain by the Florida treaty; besides, he was not willing at that time to involve our Government in a war with Mexico, which he foresaw as a result of such a measure.

About two years after the revolution General Houston had his first difficulty with the people. Under the Constitution the capital had been fixed at Austin, but power was given to the President to order the temporary removal of the archives in case of danger. The Comanches were committing ravages within sight of Austin, and General Houston ordered the State records to be forwarded to him at Washington (Texas). This caused much excitement in Austin, and four hundred men placed themselves about the State-house to prevent the removal. Colonel Morton, a leading spirit of the revolution, was at their head, and wrote to General Houston, who well knew his character as a fighting man, that, if the archives were removed, he (Morton) would hunt him down like a wolf. General Houston replied in a note of characteristic brevity: "If the people of Austin do not send them, I shall come and get them and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap." The guard was at once doubled, patrolmen were placed on the roads, and a select committee went into permanent session in the city hall. During a sitting of that body one who was unannounced suddenly stood in their midst, having gained entrance by means of a tall live oak which grew against the window; his garb and arms were those of a hunter, and, being spoken to by Colonel Morton, he placed his finger on his lips and remained silent. Colonel Morton flew into a rage and seized him, when the stranger drew his bowie-knife at the same instant that Morton's friends held him back. Another member of the body spoke to the stranger, saying that the meeting was a private one, and that he presumed the gentleman had mistaken the house. At this he walked to a table and wrote one line, "I am deaf." Judge Webb then wrote, "Tell us your business," when a letter was handed him, addressed to the citizens of Austin, which the judge read aloud as follows: "Fellow-citizens: Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether or not you will forward to me the archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision. Sam Houston." The deaf man waited a few moments for a reply, and was about to leave, when Colonel Morton handed him a note saying, "You were brave enough to insult me; are you brave enough to give

me satisfaction?" The mute wrote, "I am at your service," and after fixing terms he left by the window. Morton was told he would be killed, as he was to fight Deaf Smith, who never missed his man; but he could not be shaken in his resolve. The weapons used were rifles, the distance was a hundred paces, and the time sunset. A vast crowd saw the duel. Morton was dressed in broadcloth, his antagonist in smoke-tinted buckskin. Both were cool and stern. At the given signal both fired at the same instant; Morton sprang into the air and fell dead, a ball in his heart. Deaf Smith quietly reloaded his rifle and walked into the forest. Three days afterward he came with General Houston and ten others to Austin, and the archives were removed without further opposition.

While President of the republic, Houston received a challenge to fight a duel, sent by a man whom he regarded as greatly his inferior socially. Turning to the bearer of the challenge, he exclaimed, in a voice full of indignant scorn, "Sir, tell your principal that Sam Houston *never fights down hill.*"

It was his habit to deliver his messages to the Texan Congress orally. A few days before one of his inaugurals, a member of Congress said to the President that the body would be better pleased if he would prepare written messages; that it would be treating them more respectfully to write them out, and, besides, they could then be preserved for future reference. Accordingly, on the day fixed for the inauguration, he appeared with a large roll of paper in his hand tied with a blue ribbon, and marked in large letters "*Inaugural.*" He addressed them with the roll in his hand, waving it gracefully that all might see it, and, concluding with a polite bow, handed it to the clerk and walked out of the chamber; when opened it proved to be only blank paper!

General Houston's first term as President closed in December, 1838, and during the term of his successor, Mr. Mirabeau B. Lamar, General Houston served two terms in the Congress of the young republic. He did much good to the country, on one occasion preventing an actual dissolution of the Government by the magic of his great speech in Congress, when that body was just on the point of adjourning *sine die.*

It was during his term as Congressman, on May 9, 1840, that he married his second wife, Miss Margaret M. Lea, of Alabama, a most worthy Christian woman, who had a great influence for good over her husband. He ever spoke of the fact that to her he owed his chief honor and happiness. He was deeply attached to her, and, when a Senator at Washington, invariably spent his

Sunday afternoons in writing to her and his family.

General Houston was succeeded by Mr. Lamar as second President, but was elected in 1841 as the third, and held the office when the Republic was admitted into the Union; thus fulfilling the prophecy which he had uttered on leaving the Indians for Texas. He was faithful to every obligation of life during his public career in Texas, as he had ever been elsewhere. His policy was marked by rigid economy of the revenues of the State, protection against Mexico, and friendly relations with the border Indians.

One of the questions presented by our presidential election of 1844 was the annexation of Texas, which took place in 1845; and ex-President Houston and his fast friend and compatriot, General Thomas J. Rusk, were made her first Senators, taking their seats in January, 1846. These men of commanding mien produced something of a sensation, coming to sit in the nation's council-house as the representatives of a people who had, of their own free will, withdrawn their flag from the seas, their national seal from the world, and their ministers from abroad, to become merely an integral part of our Union. Whatever views others may have entertained on the question of States' rights, General Houston was well aware what had been lost and what had been gained in the step his State had taken. His course in the Senate is well known to have been conservative. He voted for the Oregon compromise measure, and, if he could, would have averted the war with Mexico. He cast his vote for the Oregon Territorial Bill with the slavery exclusion clause; for this he was assailed, but he was finally sustained by his constituency. After the passage of the compromise measures, there was no more justly popular man in the South than General Houston, and, in 1852, he was enthusiastically endorsed for the Presidency by both the Democratic Convention and the Legislature of his State; and had not politicians watched closely, he would have been "the President of the White House." He had placed himself in strong opposition to the secession spirit shown in 1850, thus losing some of his most influential Southern supporters. He ran for Governor in 1857, defending his position on the repeal of the Missouri restriction with great force; party spirit was too strong, however, and he was defeated, although he reduced the opposition majority from 21,000 to less than 10,000. Two years of his term in the Senate were unexpired; these he used to advantage, making his memorable speech in that body against John C. Watrous. In the spring of

1859 a mass meeting was held at Austin, and General Houston was made the Union candidate for Governor, his opponents being A. J. Hamilton and John H. Reagan, the latter of whom afterward sat in Mr. Davis's Cabinet, and is at present a member of Congress from Texas. General Houston with patriotic zeal declared, "'The Constitution and the Union' is my only platform," and made but one speech, which was the best of his life. He was elected by more than 2000 majority, though, owing to divisions in the State, the Legislature was generally opposed to his measures. Their first act was to send Wigfall to the United States Senate, and about the first act of the new Governor was to send in a sterling message in reply to the proposition made by South Carolina for a convention of slave-holding States, with a view to withdrawing from the Union. From that day until he was deposed from office, Houston's every effort and sentiment were for the preservation of that Union to which he had so recently brought his State. He would not consent to have his name before the Charleston Convention of 1860, having foreseen the split in that body. His friends advocated his claim before the Constitutional Union Convention at Baltimore; but when Bell and Everett were nominated on his platform, making the fourth set of presidential aspirants in the contest, he retired, saying, "They have smothered me out."

During the campaign he made several very notable speeches, insisting that the South had no cause to secede though Mr. Lincoln should be inaugurated; he reminded Texas that she "entered not into the North, nor into the South, but into the *Union*"; and regarding secession as the policy of any political party in Texas, he appealed to the honesty of the State to hold inviolate the compact with the General Government. He resisted a most determined pressure to force him to call an extra session of the Legislature, which he very reluctantly did only after sixty-one men had assumed authority to call for the election of delegates to a revolutionary convention. Deserted by all, and threatened by General Twiggs, after waiting in vain for help from the Federal Government, and being too old himself to engage in civil war, he gave way and the Legislature was convened.

The secession ordinance had already been passed, and now it was ratified by the Legislature, and delegates were sent to the "National Convention" at Montgomery; public property of every kind was at once turned over to the rebels, and while war was in fact being carried on against the United States, the

"ordinance" was submitted to the "*voluntary ratification*" of the people, and sustained by a *majority of those who voted*. Against all this General Houston protested vehemently, in a paper which did him great credit, and the next morning after its publication, on going to the executive office, found, as he expressed it, that "the man who had ridden into the office of Lieutenant-Governor on my coat-tail was Governor in my place." General Houston indulged in a little characteristic pleasantry, and, withdrawing, began speaking against the war.

When the conflict came he retired to his almost unimproved place on Galveston Bay, crushed in spirit and broken down in body. In a letter of recent date his daughter, Mrs. Maggie H. Williams, says: "How well I remember his look when the roar of the cannon at Austin announced that our State had seceded! and his sorrowful words to my mother, 'My heart is broken.' The words were true; he never was himself again." Here, tottering on his crutch and cane, for several years made necessary by his wounds received in the cause of freedom,—the one in his ankle, received at San Jacinto, having finally disabled it,—this venerable patriot watched with anxiety and grief the disruption of that Union which he loved so well. He could not expect to see his young and numerous family settled in life, and he had no hope of educating them under existing circumstances. He remained on his place until Galveston Bay was occupied by Federal gunboats, when he returned to his old home at Huntsville. Martial law having been proclaimed in Texas, he wrote a strong protest against it, based on the Bill of Rights, but he could not get his views published until the despotism had ended. On one occasion at Houston a pass was demanded of him, when the fearless old man drew himself up proudly and said: "Go to San Jacinto, and there learn my right to travel in Texas." In a letter of recent date written by Houston's son Andrew J., now clerk of the Federal Circuit Court at Dallas, he says:

"General Houston on only one occasion asked for anything from the Confederate authorities, and that was when he made a request in person to the superintendent of the penitentiary to remove the officers and men captured on the *Harriet Lane* from convicts' cells to quarters more appropriate for prisoners of war. The superintendent gave them rooms in his own quarters, and their manly conduct during their captivity was in keeping with the courage displayed by them in battle."

Soon after he reached his home at Hunts-

ville, General Houston received news of the wounding and capture of his son, then a mere boy in the Confederate army. This severe blow, uniting with his increased bodily infirmities and the mental anxieties of the past few years, wore away his life, and on the 26th of July, 1863, aged 71 years, he died. While at the very height of his political popularity he had united with the Baptist Church, and he died in its fold, at peace with God and with Christian forgiveness of all his enemies. His last days were spent in supplicating the mercy of God for his helpless family and distracted country. Having married late, he left a widow with eight children, none of whom had reached maturity. Mrs. Houston's death occurred at Independence, Texas, December 6, 1867.

The State of Texas has recently erected on the field of San Jacinto a monument commemorative of the battle and its heroes. It is of blue American marble, seventeen and one-half feet high, plain, square spire, with pediment cap, molded base, and chamfered sub-base. Upon the front is a die of white marble, in which is set a star and nimbus, surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. Near the top is a polished band containing nine stars to represent the nine killed. At the front of the die is the name of B. R. Brigham; on the base, the name "San Jacinto"; upon one side of the pediment the words, "Remember the Alamo"; on the other, "Come to the Bower"

—the air to which the Texans marched to the fight; on the reverse of the base, the words of Napoleon—"Dead on the field of honor"; and on the other side of the base, the following from Houston's address just before the battle:

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. From time to time I have looked in vain for reinforcements. We have only about seven hundred men to march with besides the camp-guard. We go to conquer. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We shall use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of a wise God, and rely on His providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The rights for which we fight will be secured, and Texas free.  
"SAM HOUSTON."

It has been truly said that "everything which General Houston ever uttered in a public speech or State paper was well said; under all circumstances he had the manhood to vote and speak his sentiments, regardless of personal and political consequences, consulting no guide but the best interests of his country; in every station he filled he was scrupulously honest, and was never supposed to covet, much less misapply, the public money." He, who had spent his life in seeking the prosperity and welfare of his country, died as Benton said a public man should die—poor.

*Alexander Hynds.*

The writer desires to express thanks to General Houston's daughter, Mrs. Maggie Williams, of Independence, Texas, for her kindness in lending the miniature of her father, from which the picture showing him in Indian costume is made, and for other valuable help in preparing this sketch.

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## A SANCTUARY.

It was a valley gentle as a dream,  
Cool with tree-shadows, dewy, fragrant, sweet,  
Where ran, through bowery ways, a mountain stream—  
The troutlet's Eden and the fawn's retreat.

Round black-gnarled roots that heaved the moistened ground,  
By leafy mounds, and banks of odorous grass,  
And in deep channels, out of sight, slow wound  
The brook—a murmur—then a braid of glass.

Huge rocks whose frown was smothered in soft bloom  
Like altars rose; faint as an infant's sigh  
A lone dove cooed; and through the sylvan gloom  
Swam now and then a splendid butterfly.

for it extends beyond the range of a single mind. The naval officer is apt to exaggerate the weight of his branch of the profession of arms, while the soldier in turn looks upon his share in the task as paramount. The truth probably lies between these extremes. Each may, therefore, properly bring his quota of experience to the common fund of knowledge, but neither is fitted to act as the final judge, awarding to every element its due place and value.

Until the subject of our necessities is treated in a broad, catholic manner, and authoritatively revealed in all its shocking magnitude, public opinion must remain vague and ineffectual, through lack of a well-defined end in view. Therefore, besides the immediate establishment of the gun-factories recommended by the "Gun Foundry Board," I urge, as of pressing moment, the forming, under act of Congress, of a commission to inquire into our wants and to suggest the remedy. This commission should be composed of distinguished citizens and officers of the army and navy. To such a board the nation would look for guidance out of its perils, nor would it look in vain.

We may buy peace as butter and cheese are bought, or we may preserve it through being able and ready to fight for it. The choice lies with the people. They shall decide.\*

*C. F. Goodrich,*  
*Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.*

#### General Sam Houston: A Correction.

CERTAIN statements of mine concerning what is called the archives war in Texas, which appeared in an article entitled "General Sam Houston" (THE CENTURY for August, 1884), having been challenged, I desire as a matter of justice to myself, to THE CENTURY, and to those who took part in the so-called war, to make a correction.

I was forced to draw my material from various sources, and I find to my regret that I have allowed some errors to creep into my statements. I should have given my authority or else have sought to verify the newspaper story upon which some of them were founded.

The statement I desire to correct, being the only one to which my attention has been called, may be found on

\* Since the above was written I have read a British War-office pamphlet on "The Protection of Heavy Guns for Coast Defense," issued by General Sir Andrew Clarke, Royal Engineers, Inspector General of Fortifications. In his preface Sir Andrew says:

"In my opinion it is undesirable in the highest interests of the country that questions of defense should be dealt with as the special prerogative of a handful of officers in a single office, and I strongly hold that the more minds are brought to bear upon them the better. It is, I consider, of special importance that naval and artillery officers should have an opportunity of hearing and expressing opinions upon matters relating to coast defense. These views cannot fail to act as a wholesome corrective to those of engineers. The opinions advanced in this paper may not, therefore, receive universal acceptance. They are merely put forward as suggestions open to discussion and criticism."

I hope, sincerely, that so laudable an example of the sinking of personal ambitions and class jealousies for the good of the country, may be followed on this side of the Atlantic, and be applied to the larger problem awaiting our solution.

page 503 (August CENTURY), and refers to an attempt made by President Houston to remove the state archives from Austin, where they were in danger from the constant incursions of the Mexicans and Indians, to a place of safety in the temporary capital; also to a duel between a certain Colonel Morton and a scout called Deaf Smith. I gleaned the details of these events from a letter appearing in a leading New York paper purporting to have been written from Austin, Texas.

To be brief, no such man as Morton lived about Austin at that time, and no such duel took place. Deaf Smith had been dead at the date given for five years. The story is a fabrication of a well-known spinner of historical yarns of those days, Judge A. W. Arrington, of Texas. Early in March, 1842, General Vasquez at the head of twelve hundred Mexicans, sacked San Antonio. The citizens of Austin and the vicinity armed for resistance. The President, with the heads of departments, rode out of the place. The seat of government was removed from Austin to Houston, and afterward to Washington on the Brazos. Certain of the public records had been taken away, but a large portion still remained in Austin.

In a few weeks the citizens of Austin returned, and finding their town, which they looked upon as the legal capital, almost deserted, organized themselves into committees to see to it that no further removal of public records took place. During the unsettled and precarious condition of the country in the summer and fall of 1842, President Houston made several attempts to obtain the archives by persuasion, but failed. In December of the same year, after new perils from the Mexicans under General Wool, Houston sent Captain Thomas Smith (confounded with Deaf Smith in Arrington's story) and Captain Chandler to proceed to Austin and remove the papers of the Land Office. The attempt came very near proving successful; the archives were packed and loaded on wagons, ready for removal, before the citizens took in the situation and rallied in sufficient force to resist the measure. A small cannon was trained and fired upon the party at the Land Office, but Captain Smith, protected in the rear by the building, began his march toward Brushy Creek. The citizens followed, continually strengthened by accessions, and compelled the restoration of the archives. Captain Smith's posse, under plea of going to the creek to water their horses, quietly escaped, and the archives remained in Austin until annexation restored the whole government to that place. For a time bitter animosities existed, till annexation left them in the rear.

I am indebted to Judge Joseph Lee, of Austin, and Hon. John Henry Brown, of Dallas, actors in these events, for the account here presented, the facts having come to my knowledge since the August CENTURY was issued.

This correction is intended to be as frank as it is full.

*Alexander Hynds.*

DANDRIDGE, TENN., December 10, 1884.