

A prominent army officer was in the city yesterday, says the *Denver News*, and in the course of conversation expressed the opinion that Denver would before very long be made the headquarters of a military department, saying in explanation that "there has been talk for a good while of several important changes in the present Arizona department. This is now made up of New Mexico, Arizona and a part of California, with headquarters at Los Angeles. The new dispensation provides for the incorporation of the entire state of California in the department of California, and the formation of a new division to be known as the Mountain department, made up of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. If this should be carried out, and there is every probability that it will, then the headquarters of the new department will either be at Denver or Santa Fe, with the chances largely for the former on account of General McCook's prejudice in its favor."

MR. JEFFERSON.

[*New York Sun.*]

"Cries" in politics are momentous. A first-rate "cry" seems good for 100,000 votes any time. It is essential to a good political cry that it express something trivial in itself, but profoundly significant, something whose significance is palpable to the plainest understanding.

The first issue of this sort in America was Mr. Jefferson's red breeches. Washington had had a court. Stately, in laced coat, he had received homage with the ceremonial of a sovereign. Congress at its opening dutifully presented him with an address following the procedure of Parliament. Mr. Jefferson would have none of it. He sent his own message to Congress by the hand of a plain messenger. While in the White House he preserved the habits of a country gentleman. He rode daily, and on his return hung his bridle over a post. And he wore a pair of red small clothes.

All of this was disgusting to the nabobs and big wigs of the Federalist party, and they marked their sentiments by disparaging allusions to Mr. Jefferson's red breeches. To the plain people who adored Jefferson for his part in abolishing the old feudal constitution of Virginia and securing equality in the one adopted for Kentucky, the red garment became a symbol of their dearest rights. They rallied to the small clothes, and the Democracy everywhere understood what the red breeches stood for in political controversy with the advocates of property gratification and a Sedition act for the suppression of free speech.

The next issue of this order was that implied in the war cry of Old Hickory testifying to enthusiasm for Gen. Jackson, in allusion to his walking stick. What it stood for was the popular estimate of that hero's resolute, uncompromising and entirely candid character. His disregard of all politic arts, and his thoroughgoing partisanship. The man who never gave up a friend nor quailed before any combination of enemies was summed up and symbolized by his favorite cane. "Old Hickory" proclaimed a harmless and indifferent personal habit, but it stood for much.

Next came a seemingly ridiculous parade of a log cabin. What the log

cabin stood for was far enough from ridiculous. The country was tired to death of a wrangle protracted through years over a tariff schedule. The fight over the principle had been fought out and settled. Protection had been accepted. William Henry Harrison had been nominated. He stood for nothing in particular but rest and peace. His opponent stood for nothing in particular, but his supporters were profoundly dissatisfied with one another. At this juncture some one was injudicious enough to sneer at the Western candidate for having lived in a log cabin where he had nothing to drink but hard cider. Gentlemen worthy to guide a nation, it was assumed, drank Madeira or French brandy.

Here was the cry. The log cabin and hard cider stood not only for one of the plain people, but it stood for a term of tariff peace and quiet, and a chance for the country to pull itself together after the revulsion. So Harrison was elected amid one enormous show of enthusiasm for a log cabin and a drink of only moderate intrinsic popularity.

Next came the "Mill-boy of the Slashes!" When men wore coonskin caps in parade and carried poles with uneasy live coons fastened atop. All of which stood for Henry Clay, who had been turned down when his party thought it didn't need his personal magnetism, and was at last put up to save it when its opposition to the annexation of Texas, which had applied for admission, left it nothing else to stand on before the people. Parties had learned by previous experiences that the time had passed when it would do to make the lowliness of a statesman's origin a matter of reproach to him. In fact, that some lowliness has become something to trade on.

Henry Clay had been born in "The Slashes" of Virginia in the humblest circumstances, and it is fact or fable that he had once been a mill boy. So much for his name. His adopted State of Kentucky idolized him, and the popular notion of the Kentuckian of the period was a person clad in buckskin, bearing an exceeding long rifle, which none but he could balance, and topped off with a coonskin cap. The popular woodcut of Daniel Boone arrays him thus: the banded tail of the coon will be observed hanging down from the hind side of the cap. So the cry was for that same old coon. For Mr. Clay had been a candidate through the lifetime of a generation. All of the demonstration stood for his personal popularity and magnetism, and for nothing besides, except opposition to the popular extension of territory. Neither "mill boy" nor "Same Old Coon" worked this time. Mr. Clay was beaten.

Four years later, when there was a chance to win, his party turned Clay down again and put up Gen. Taylor. The country was fired by war enthusiasm. Taylor's opponent was a civilian. Taylor was a Southern man who could and did carry certain Southern States against which the Whigs had professed implacable enmity. During the war Gen. Taylor had ridden a white horse, "Old Zach," and "Old Whitney" made a famous cry. White horse-tail hairs, represented to be authentic, were beheld with reverence. Persons then in the tenderness of youth may remember having handled one—not without awe. "Old Zach" and "Old Whitney" stood

for the war enthusiasm and were elected.

Next the Whigs tried to repeat the canvass of '48 by trading on the same feeling and putting up Gen. Scott, the real military figure of the Mexican war. But he was nicknamed "Fuss and Feathers," and having once begun a despatch with the words, "After a hasty plate of soup," the expression was made a text for much clumsy but effective ridicule. The people were not in the habit of taking soup. The practice marked persons sophisticated by the habits of wealth. But there was more in "Fuss and Feathers." Though an able soldier, a patriot and no mean diplomatist, Scott was a vain man, and had not had the art to conceal the weakness. Besides, the Fugitive Slave law had begun to annoy. Squatter sovereignty, repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and extension of slavery were in the air. Scott was a Virginian, and the tariff had been dug up again. There was a landslide for Franklin Pierce, some had nicknamed him Frank Penguin, with nothing against him. Before this time the word "Doughface" had come into use as a term of reproach for what was described as a Northern man with Southern principles. In this campaign it was banded freely.

Next came the candidacy of Fremont the Pathfinder, against James Buchanan, the old Public Functionary, words by which he once alluded to himself in a State paper. To the Fremont cry it was appropriately retorted that he was a pathfinder who always lost his way—a retort with the barbed sting of truth in it.

Then the country had the canvass of Old Abe. Honest Abe, the Rail Splitter. The reply was Black Republican, a variant on the Red Republicans of the French Revolution, Miscegenationist, and "Do you want your sister to marry a nigger?" Both were effective. The rail splitter got less than 40 per cent. of the vote, and the retorts had contributed to prevent his getting more. It will be recognized that this canvass represented passions in an acute stage, frenzied and only just articulate.

Then U. S. Grant was Unconditional Surrender Grant, words aptly fitting his initials quoted from his reply to a flag asking terms for the surrender of Fort Donaldson early in the war. His opponents were Copperheads. Public feeling was still far from amiable. It was made one of Grant's merits that he had once taken to tanning, though he had not made a good tanner. Humility of origin or of career was still not to be despised as a source of power with the people.

For Hayes there was no cry that could be raised, and so he was defeated. "Securing the Results of the war" was the nearest approach to one, but, considering the feats of the carpet baggers, it seemed a sarcasm.

Garfield was believed once to have driven mules on the towpath of a canal. Though this campaign issue may have helped him some, it does not take historic rank with Mr. Jefferson's nether garments, Mr. Clay's apprenticeship in the flour mills or Mr. Lincoln's feats with the beetle and wedge.

Mr. Blain's apothecias as a white plumed knight, after so questionable a character as Henry the Great and of Navarre, implied his personal popularity and magnetism. His candidacy under