

A WONDERFUL CAREER OF SAM HOUSTON.

SAM Houston is the only name by which the man was known who was twice president of one republic, a national senator in two republics, and a governor and congressman from his adopted state of Tennessee, and the simple story of his life makes romance pale before the truth of history. Born in poverty in Virginia, March 2, 1792, he was only thirteen years of age, and settled in the wilderness to rear his log-cabin home and supply their frugal wants by tireless industry. Although denied educational advantages in his boyhood, he had learned to read and was a tireless student, with an unflagging love for adventure. Before he reached manhood he joined the Cherokee Indians and lived with them for several years, but when in his teens he returned to Tennessee, taught a country school, and was enabled to take a single session at Maryville academy. Soon thereafter he enlisted in the regular army, served under Jackson in Indian warfare, and suffered several severe wounds in a desperate engagement with the Creeks, one of which never entirely healed. He was promoted to a lieutenant on Jackson's recommendation for special gallantry.

ADMITTED TO BAR.

In 1818 he resigned his commission, was admitted to the bar, and soon rose to the prosecuting attorneyship of the Nashville district. In 1820 he was elected to Congress by a large majority, was re-elected two years later, and in 1822 was elected governor of Tennessee. While holding that position and a candidate for re-election in 1829, he married Miss Eliza Allen, a rich and accomplished Nashville lady, who had yielded to the importunities of her family to reject a man to whom she was sincerely devoted to accept the brilliant match of the young and most promising governor of the state. Her unwillingness for the marriage was in some way betrayed during the day of the wedding, and he kindly but determinedly forced from her the confession that she was married against her will. He at once released her from the obligation, left his bride and office, and returned to his old friends, the Cherokee Indians, where he lived a dissolute life for several years. While with them he was recognized as the chief of chiefs, and in 1832 he visited Washington, dressed in all the outlandish garb of the tribe, but he was kindly received by President Jackson, whose presence he had been in both the army and politics. While with the Indians he married a half-breed, according to the Indian rites, and he proved his devotion by sending for her to join him when he later emigrated to Texas, but she refused to leave her tribe, and died a few years thereafter.

MEXICAN MASSACRE.

In 1832 Jackson sent him as a commissioner to make treaties with the Indian Comanches in Texas and to arrange for the protection of American settlers. He was thus located in Texas when the rebellion finally took organized shape for the independence of that state, and he aided to organize the civil government at San Felipe de Austin. Soon thereafter a convention of the people of the state united in a declaration of independence, and the Mexican army, 5,000 strong, under the command of Santa Ana, then emperor of Mexico, invaded Texas to suppress the insurgents. The appalling Alamo butchery, March 6, 1836, was the first conflict between the Mexicans and the insurgents, and the 145 Texans, including Crockett, Bowie and Travis, resisted until the last man was killed. A few days later the Mexicans massacred 220 prisoners of war at Goliad.

END OF WAR.

Houston was made commander-in-

chief of the Texan army, and maneuvered until he got Santa Ana to the banks of the San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, when he gave battle with his 743 ill-equipped men to double the number of Mexicans and practically annihilated the opposing army. The battle cry of Houston's men was "Remember the Alamo," and how effectively they fought may be understood when it is told that out of 1,400 Mexicans 630 were killed, while only 208 were wounded and most of the remainder made prisoners. Santa Ana escaped in disguise, but was captured, and Houston braved the universal demand of his army to massacre the man who had commanded at Alamo and Goliad, and compelled Santa Ana to an exchange of prisoners and the practical acknowledgment of the independence of Texas. The Mexican government repudiated the treaty because made by Santa Ana when a prisoner of war, but while threats were many times made of renewing hostilities, there was no further war between Texas and Mexico until our Mexican war of 1847 after the annexation of Texas.

ELECTED PRESIDENT.

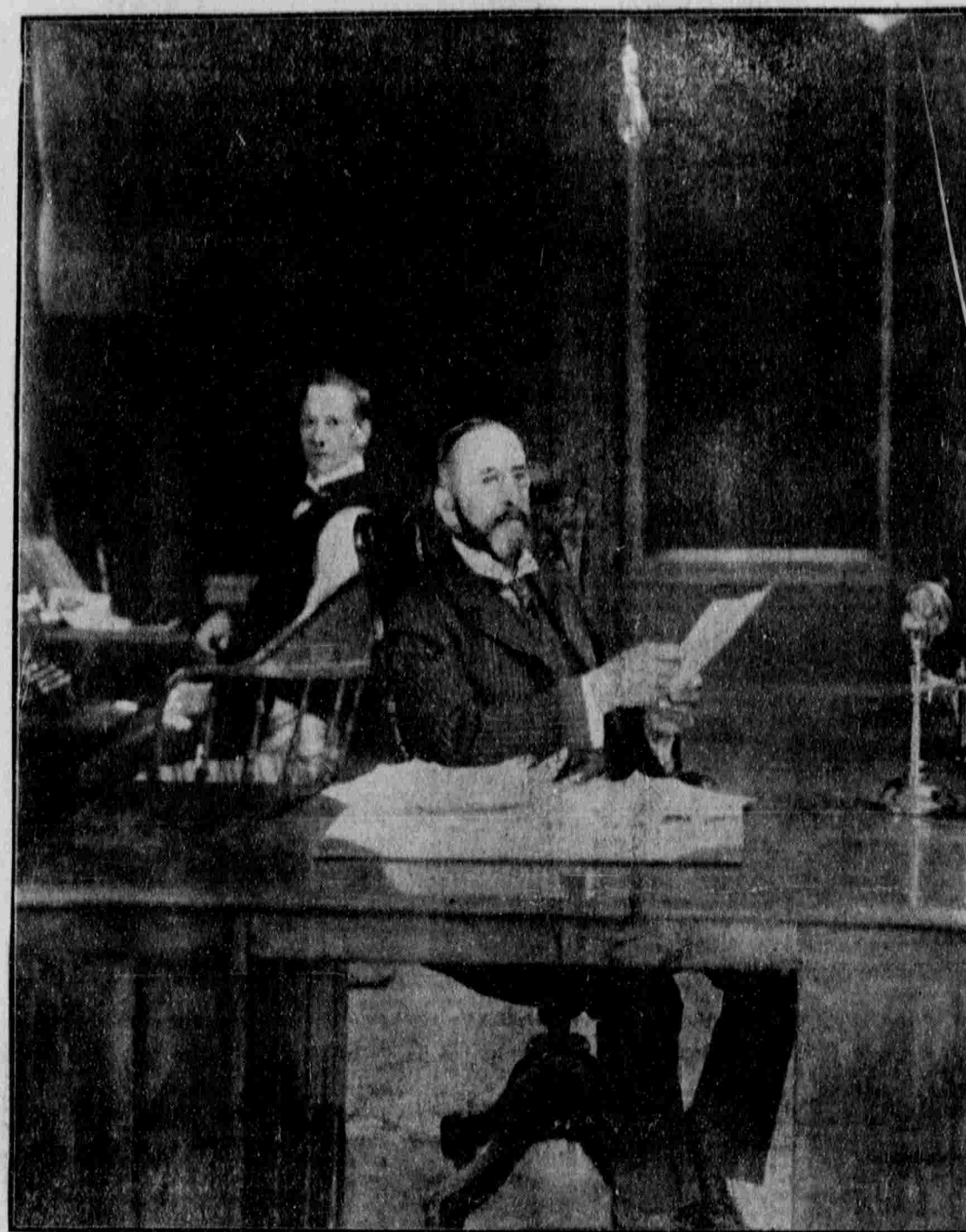
Houston was elected president of the new republic July 22, 1836, receiving four-fifths of the whole vote polled, and the independence of the Texas republic was promptly acknowledged by the United States. Under the constitution he was prohibited from succeeding himself in the presidency, and at the end of his first term he was chosen to the Texas senate and served there until another presidential term expired, when he was re-elected practically without opposition. In 1841 he was inaugurated for the second time, and the same year married Miss Margaret M. Lea of Alabama, who exercised the happiest influence over him during the remainder of his life and maintained his devoted attachment. He proposed the annexation of Texas to the United States, but the United States Senate first rejected it by 25 to 16, when Houston avowed his purpose in the event of the refusal of annexation to the United States to seek the protectorate of England or some other foreign government. This brought the annexation question to a crisis, and on October 14, 1845, Texas was admitted as one of the sovereign states of our republic. Houston was elected as one of the first senators, taking his seat March 4, 1846, and he continued as senator until 1849, when he was defeated for re-election, but was chosen governor of the state the same year. He was a union man of the Jackson school, and he vetoed the resolution of the Texas legislature calling a convention to lead the state to secession, but it was passed over his veto by a vote of 167 to 7, and when he declined to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy he was deposed from the governorship. He had then reached the patriarchal age, but he lingered out less than two years in the despair that the disruption of his country brought to him when he welcomed the peace of death.

FASCINATING CONVERSATIONALIST.

I first saw Houston while attending the Whig national convention as a boy editor at Philadelphia in 1848. General Cass, the Democratic nominee for President, with a number of distinguished supporters, passed through the city during one of the days of the convention, and they were given a grand ovation. Houston, Benton, Allen and Stevenson spoke with Cass from the balcony of a hotel on Chestnut street, above Sixth, and I happened to be in a good position in the crowd to see and hear. I was especially attracted to Houston by his magnificent physique and singularly strong, Roman face, but I had no opportunity to meet him at that time. Several years later, on entering the car at Pittsburgh, to journey to Harrisburg, I found Houston in the same car, on his way to Washington, and sitting alone. My enthusiasm over his romantic and distinguished career led me to introduce myself, and I had

Twice President of One Republic, a National Senator in Two Republics, and a Governor and Congressman from His Adopted State—Story of the Life of the Hero of Texas as Told by Colonel Alexander K. McClure in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

OUR BUSIEST MEN.



Photg. by Johnson.

THOMAS R. CUTLER.

Few men in the community better deserve a place in the ranks of "our busiest men" than Mr. Cutler, general manager of the Utah Sugar company. He landed in Utah in 1864, and his first job, by a somewhat singular chance, was the pulling of beets—red beets, not sugar beets—in Mill Creek. He settled in Lehi a year later and from that day to this he has been one of the pillars of the business community. In addition to being manager of the great Sugar company today, he is president of the Lehi Commercial & Savings Bank; president of the Peoples Co-operative Institution of the same place, both flourishing concerns; president of the Greeley Sugar company at Greeley, Colorado; a director of the Provo Woolen Mills at Provo, director of the Oregon Sugar company; a regent of the Utah University; one of the trustees of the Brigham Young Academy of Provo, and a director of the Utah County Light and Power company. In addition to the above places, he holds the onerous position of Bishop of Lehi.

a most delightful chat with him during the entire journey to Harrisburg. He was a fascinating conversationalist, although it required considerable effort to get him to talk about his own career, the one thing in which I was most interested, but he got fairly started in the history of the Texas revolution that established the republic, he warmed up to it and gave me the entire story of the inception, development and final success that was attained in the battle of San Jacinto. I remember that during the journey he was suffering from an old wound that he had received under Jackson in the Creek war, and he once stopped to bathe it.

ARMY OF FIGHTERS.

His account of his army was as amusing as it was instructive. He had only 743 men all told, without pretense of uniform or military discipline. They were simply wild Westerners, many of them fugitives from the states, who took refuge there because they were beyond the reach of extradition laws, but they had one quality that told fearfully in the battle—they were dead shots, and they always fired to kill. The description of his artillery was especially amusing. It consisted only of a few mountain swivels strapped on the backs of mules, and after firing one of the guns it took much more time to get the frightened and vicious mule quieted than to reload. He spoke of the heroic efforts required to save the life of Santa Ana after he had been captured. Fortunately, the Mexican emperor was in disguise and not recognized by the men who captured him, or he would have been murdered on the spot. And when it became known that he was a prisoner at headquarters, his men were vehement in the demand that the same mercy should be shown to Santa Ana as was shown by him and his army at the Alamo and Goliad, where not one of the Texas insurgents survived. He impressed me as a man of extraordinary intellectual force, with little opportunity for culture, although he was one of the most graceful and courteous gentlemen, on occasions requiring the exhibition of that side of his character; but his ordinary habits were unconventional. The slavery question had then just burned up afresh by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and I was profoundly impressed with his courage and patriotism in standing up as a southern senator and opposing that measure, because, as he predicted, it was the open door to future fraternal strife. He was thoroughly loyal to the Union, and believed that slavery was its greatest peril. When I bade him good-bye, I felt that I never enjoyed a more entertaining and instructive journey than the ride with Sam Houston from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg.

AN INCIDENT.

I learned to know him better and to see the inner qualities of the man in

the winter of 1858. A member of my family had accompanied another lady, who spent much of her time in my household, to Washington for a visit to the lady's father, who was then in Congress representing President Buchanan. They stopped at the Kirkwood, where Houston made his home, and often had a circle of the more cultivated Indians about him, especially the Cherokees. One evening while the ladies were in their room dressing to attend a reception at the President's, the congressman's daughter, who was a white evening dress of combustible material, had left a candle on the floor at the side of the room that had been used for finishing her slippers, and after completing her toilet, she walked around the room while waiting for her friends. In doing so she knocked the candle over, and she was instantly enveloped in flames. Her companion, fortunately, was suffering from cold and had dressed in heavy broadcloth, and was thus saved in her rush to rescue her friend. Both screamed, and the door was speedily broken in, and a gentleman, an entire stranger to both, enveloped the suffering lady in his cloak and saved her life, although she was terribly burned, and for months she trembled in the balance between life and death. It was impossible to remove her to her home in Chambersburg, her companion would not leave her, and I spent a part of every week that could be spared from legislative duties at Harrisburg in Washington.

CHIVALROUS MAN.

Houston was one of the most gallant and chivalrous of men, and when he heard of this misfortune to the young lady, with whose father he was well acquainted, he made several visits daily to see or inquire of the invalid. The congressman's daughter had thus been saved by a stranger's natural instinct of compassion for Madison, Wis., who was the hero of the occasion, he begged to know of the daughter's benefactor whether it was possible for him to render him any service. Jones said that he was simply on a visit to Washington hoping to obtain his reappointment of postmaster of Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, and that he would be in the city but a few days. Houston learned the facts, and at once had the congressman introduce him to Jones, to whom he said: "These young ladies can and they must secure your appointment." Jones answered promptly that he would not ask or expect any such return for the service he had accidentally rendered to an endangered lady, but Houston made Jones' case his own, and, learning that both the ladies were known to the President, and came from his native state, he insisted that the ladies should unite in a note to Presi-

dent Buchanan asking for the appointment of Jones as postmaster of Madison. The congressman hesitated about having his daughter indebted to a position that was certainly one of great delicacy, and that might be regarded by the President as an unwarranted presumption. He knew and highly esteemed Houston, and after some reflection he requested them to copy and sign, which they did; and Houston (although not in hearty political accord with Buchanan), the congressman and myself called upon the President, to whom Houston presented the letter.

JONES WAS APPOINTED.

The President, always severely dignified, was kindly affected by this strange intrusion in the policies of his administration. He knew and highly esteemed the ladies, and after some reflection answered that General Cass, then secretary of state, and the member of the cabinet from the northwest, had another candidate for the position. Editor E. A. Calkins, whose appointment was practically settled, but he added that he would submit the matter to General Cass, and hoped it might be adjusted. When the President submitted the letter to Cass he assured his secretary of state that the appointment that had been determined upon should not be changed without his consent, adding that he would be glad, however, if Cass could see his way clear to yield. When Cass learned the circumstances he promptly replied that Jones should be appointed, and in that way, and only in that way, did Mr. Jones become postmaster of the capital of his state. He appreciated the service rendered to him by the ladies, and regularly corresponded with them during the remainder of their lives. Both died seventeen years later within a few months of each other.

This circumstance brought me into very close and delightful relations with Houston, as I spent two or three days of every week in Washington for some two months. He was very fond of ladies' society, and always graceful and elegant when in their presence, and he had a party to attend the theater or a reception nearly every night that I spent in Washington, on which occasions he always escorted the companion of the invalid, and often assigned to me an accomplished Indian lady. During most of the time there were a number of Cherokee ladies at the same hotel, chiefly or wholly daughters of chiefs and not one of pure Indian blood. They were highly educated and in every way accomplished, and I remember Houston's favorite among them was a Miss Pichlin, who was a most attractive and fascinating young lady and thoroughly refined and womanly, as I had opportunity to learn by escorting her at a number of Houston's social occasions.

Under the circumstances I could not

fail to be greatly attracted to Houston in 1858, when, as the most distinguished of all the Southern men in Congress, he had the courage to oppose the repeal of the Missouri compromise, to refuse to sign the Southern address, and to oppose the Kansas-Nebraska policy, including the Le Compton constitution. He was nothing if not heroic, and yet his heroism was of a quiet and most unostentatious type; but when he took his stand, dictated by his patriotic convictions, he was immediately the rock of Gibraltar. I heard him many times discussing the new phase of the slavery issue precipitated by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and by the savage efforts made to force slavery into Kansas and Nebraska, and I distinctly recall his predictions of fraternal war, which were so fearfully realized, and which spread the wings of the angel of sorrow over the whole land and left a vacancy in almost every household circle.

HAD AMBITIONS.

Like most, if not all, of our great men, he was ambitious to be President, and he did not conceal it. He spoke of it with the freedom that he would speak of any everyday affair, but saw little hope of attaining it. His one regret was that there was no Jackson to rally the Democratic party and save the country. Jackson was his ideal; he had no sympathy whatever with those who would make slavery paramount to the union of the states, and he seemed to be painfully oppressed by the apprehension that his own state, Texas, and indeed the whole country, that owed more to him than to any score of others, would desert him. He had been a candidate for governor in 1857, supported largely by the American organization, and was defeated, but the old warrior was not conquered, and he declared his purpose to renew the battle for the governorship in 1859. He did so, and was elected over the man who had defeated him two years before, but he had that last vindication from his people only to place him on a higher pinnacle and make his fall the greater when he deserted him.

CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENCY.

He was prominently discussed as a candidate for President in 1860, and the national convention of the Constitutional Union party, which met at Baltimore on the 8th of May, was really devised and called by those who expected to make Houston the candidate for President; but before the convention

met the grave peril to the Union presented by the issues of that year made represented in that body, determined on Senator John Bell of Tennessee as the strongest Union candidate. On the first ballot Houston was only eleven votes behind Bell, but on the second vote he was nominated by a decided majority. Houston took no active part in the quadrangular presidential battle of that year. He labored most earnestly as governor of the state to strengthen the Union, but with the election of Lincoln came a tidal wave of secession on that overwhelmed him. He vetoed the bill passed by the legislature calling a secession convention, but it was passed over his veto, with a will, and by an almost unanimous vote. The convention met, secession was adopted, and all state officers were required to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. This the grand old man and follower of Jackson refused to do, and his great career was ended by his humiliating displacement from the office to which the people had called him, fallen, broken in heart and hope, two years later death brought him the repose that life had denied him.

VISIT TO SAN ANTONIO.

I had never had opportunity to visit Texas until the early part of the present year, and I spent a day in historic San Antonio, where Crockett, Travis, Bowie and others, 145 in all, deliberately resolved to fight until the last man had fallen, and sealed the compact with their lives. The Alamo yet stands in the central part of the new beautiful city, and practically unchanged since the day it was deeply crimsoned with the blood of the Texas patriots. There yet stands the cathedral steeple from which Santa Anna observed his brutal murders in their field-hut, and the old Alamo, battered by the storms of centuries and unchanged internally or externally, is yet visited by liberty-loving people from every clime. It was this terrible butchery that Houston so fearfully avenged at San Jacinto only a few weeks later, and his name and memory are inseparably interwoven with the grateful recollections of the patriots who died in defense of the freedom of their state. The monument erected to the victims of the Alamo tells the whole story in the brief but most eloquent sentence: "Thermopylae had her messengers of defeat; the Alamo had none."

SCOUT IN BOERLAND.

Major Burnham Tells How He Aided in South African British War.

He entered the Boer lines almost exactly a hundred times, and was captured once, but got away in three days. At Zand river he spent an afternoon inside a Kaffir hut, while on a bench outside were ranged a number of Boer officers watching the movements of the British in the distance. The scout, with his eye at a hole in the thin mud plaster wall, an inch from the head of the nearest Boer, was likewise watching the proceedings. There was only one room in the hut and when some of the Boers decided to come and sit inside the scout had to jump for a pile of skins in one corner and lie motionless underneath one of them for two hours, while one of the Boers sat so close that he could have touched Burnham without rising from his seat.

The incident illustrates one of Major Burnham's maxims, "Invisibility," he says, "is immobility; but," he adds, "it is not easy to remain motionless unless you keep an eye on the man you wish to avoid. When you lose sight of him, your imagination is likely to get the upper hand of your judgment—and your nerves have been in good condition then."

At another time he lay two days and two nights in an ant-bear hole, just big enough to keep him concealed from a

neighboring commando. He was accompanied by one black boy laden with explosives, who also had to use the same kind of shelter.

The diet and the hard traveling were too much for the black boy, who had been chosen for his great strength and endurance. So Burnham took the gun-cotton with which his companion was laden and went on alone, while the boy struggled back to the British lines. When the Boers moved on, Burnham blew up the railroad between Pretoria and Johannesburg, enabling the British to capture a number of engines and cars at Johannesburg. He was twelve days on the expedition, living the last four days on raw meaties only.

Another exploit, which nearly cost his life, was to destroy the railroad east of Pretoria and prevent the Boers getting the British prisoners away by train. But when some distance from the line he rode into a commando, who promptly opened a very heavy fire upon him. Nor a shot of the shower of bullets that followed him struck him, but when he had dashed back some 500 yards his horse was shot and fell with Burnham underneath. The scout lay several hours insensible, but the night was too dark for the Boers to find him, and at daybreak he recovered consciousness, saw that the Boers had gone, dragged himself to the railroad, placed his gun-cotton and blew up the cars. For two days and nights without food, and more dead than alive with his wounds, he lay hid, then started to crawl to Pretoria on his hands and knees, being unable to stand upright. He was soon overtaken by a stray British patrol and carried to Pretoria, where it was found that he had been dangerously wounded internally.—Pearson's Magazine.

IS SHE A TRAIN ROBBER?



LAURA BULLION.



HARRY LONGBAUGH.

Laura Bullion, now being held on trial for forgery at St. Louis, Mo., is suspected of having taken an active part in the famous hold-up of the Great Northern express at Wagner, Mont., on July 2 last. The authorities declare that she has long chummed with outlaws and that on the occasion of the big train robbery she was dressed in man's clothing. The man who was arrested with her in the forgery charge has now been positively identified as Harry Longbaugh, a daring train robber. The police are working hard to prove the complicity of this pair in the Great Northern affair.



Here is the latest photograph of Mrs. Lota Ida Henty Bonine, the woman now being tried in a Washington court for the sensational killing of James S. Ayres, Jr. The whole country is intensely interested in this sensational case.