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OA/ID Number:	13677
Folder ID Number:	13677-009

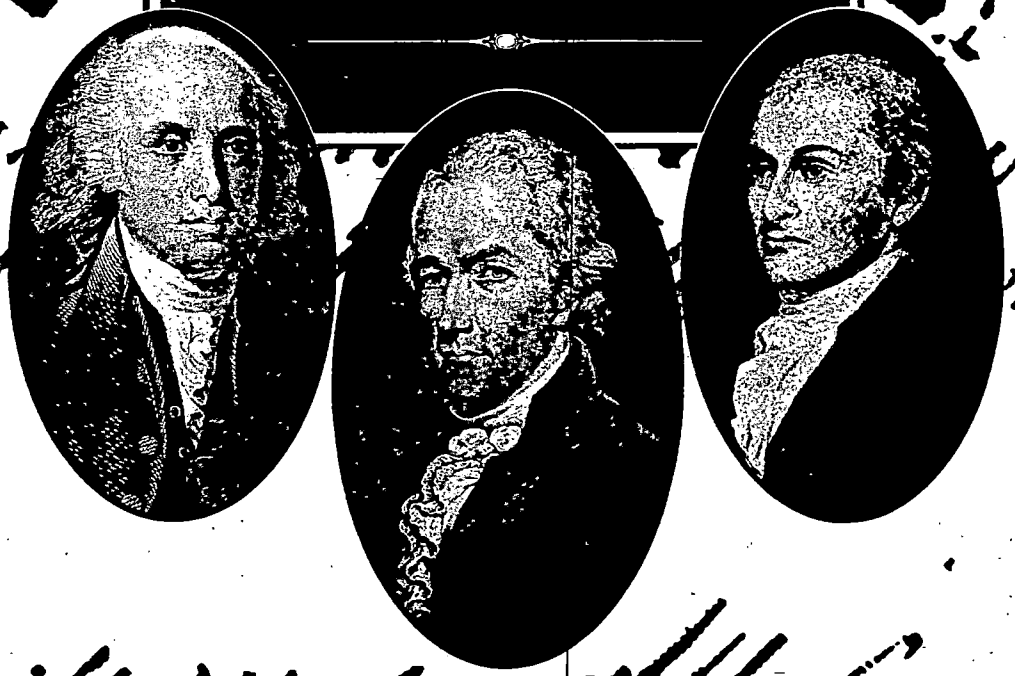
Folder Title:
Presentation of Key to Bastille to President Mitterand of France 7/13/89 [OA 6266] [2]

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RICHARD B. MORRIS

WITNESSES AT THE CREATION

Hamilton, Madison, Jay, and the Constitution



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President Henry Laurens, was assigned to the United Provinces, as the Netherlands was then known.

The peace terms that Congress finally agreed upon (subject to later modifications) included a northern boundary for the United States that would include what was later known as the Northwest Territory, an area that Parliament had assigned to Canada under the notorious Quebec Act of 1774. The Mississippi was set as the western boundary, Florida as the southern. Perhaps most controversial, Congress claimed for Americans the free navigation of the Mississippi to the sea. Rather vague instructions were voted regarding the fisheries in the North Atlantic, which New Englanders had traditionally exploited. The fishing rights were not to be yielded at the peace, Congress instructed, while failing to put this claim forward in the form of an ultimatum. With these charges from Congress, the three commissioners were dispatched overseas on different voyages, but it is a matter of legitimate speculation whether they would have accepted their respective assignments, had they known what lay in store for them.

Ignorant of the feelings of the Spanish court, Congress counted on John Jay to make Carlos III recognize American independence, to bring Spain into the war on America's side, to induce that proud nation to concede America's rights to the navigation of the Mississippi River, the mouth of which was then controlled by Spain, and to secure other aids to support the American cause.

When, in late October of 1779, the Continental frigate *Confederacy* weighed anchor and stood out into the Delaware Bay for the long voyage across the North Atlantic to Spain, it carried quite a civilian company in addition to its sailors and fighting men. John Jay took his wife with him, leaving his young son, Peter Augustus, in the joint care of the Livingstons at Liberty Hall and his own family, who had removed to the relative safety of Fishkill in New York during the years of the British occupation of the lower part of the state. Accompanying the Jays were Peter Jay Munro, Jay's twelve-year-old nephew, Brockholst Livingston, Jay's brother-in-law and personal secretary, and William Carmichael, the official sec-

retary of the Jay mission. Gérard, who was retiring as French minister, seized the opportunity to take passage as well.

The members of the party were showered with gifts and cordial good wishes, but the most precious of all came from West Point:

> General Washington presents his most respectful compliments to Mrs. Jay. Honoured in her request by General St. Clair he takes pleasure in presenting the inclosed with thanks for so polite a testimony of her approbation and esteem. He wishes most fervently that prosperous gales, unruffled seas, and every thing pleasing and desirable may smooth the path she is about to walk in.

Sally treasured the note, adding at the bottom in her own hand: "A lock of the General's hair."

Alas for Washington's good wishes, instead of unruffled seas, the *Confederacy* was pounded by heavy gales, causing the mainmast to crash to the deck, followed almost immediately by mizzenmast, foremast, and even bowsprit. With an improvised small mast and sails, the ship struggled through strong winds and heavy seas. Jay, backing up the frigate's captain against an irate Gérard, voted to terminate the passage at the French island of Martinique. How a seasick John Jay was able to make this rational stand in backing the captain's navigational decisions we will never know, for, as Sally wrote home of their voyage, "My dear Mr. Jay suffered exceedingly at least five weeks and was surprisingly reduced."

Martinique's gaiety and volcanic grandeur delighted the Jays, but also shocked them. Jay, whose aversion to slavery would one day turn him into an antislavery leader in New York, was sickened at the sight of slaves going about their duties weighted down by iron collars around their necks, dragging fifty-pound chains, and bearing on their backs marks of the lash. These sights of cruelty and degradation he would always remember. Switching ships, the Jays reached Cádiz, Spain, in January 1780.

The Jays would never forget Spain and the unexpectedly frosty reception they experienced before being authorized

by the Spanish government to proceed to Madrid. John, Sally, and company traveled the tedious journey to the capital over dusty, flea-plagued roads, with overnight stays in filthy lodgings for which they were bilked by extortionate innkeepers. Traversing La Mancha, but by a less circuitous route than that taken by Don Quixote, they finally reached Madrid in April 1780.

For two years the Jays occupied a residence in San Mateo Street, and it was a lonesome spot at best. While, as he knew, the royal court was engaged in diplomatic flirtation with spies and unofficial envoys from Great Britain, with whom it was at war, Jay was left to cool his heels in Madrid or else to follow the court in its various perambulations to *palacios* built by the kings and their courtiers to pursue their hunting and other royal pleasures as the seasons dictated.

Never accorded an audience with King Carlos III, Jay had minimal satisfaction in dealing with the Conde de Floridablanca, a man whose temper tantrums were legendary. Jay secured such pitifully small sums of money for his country from France's ally that he was at one moment forced to declare a default of funds that Congress had secured abroad using his name as guarantor. If money advanced amounted to a pittance, recognition of an independent United States was abhorrent to a monarchy that considered the American revolutionaries a threat to their own adjacent colonies in the New World.

Nevertheless, Jay's dealings with the Spanish ministry proved both prudent and canny. When Congress, under pressure from France, withdrew the instruction to Jay that set the free navigation of the Mississippi to the sea as an ultimatum, Jay realized that his official mail from Congress had been intercepted and that Floridablanca had already seen this new vital concession and could afford to stall. In a confrontation with Floridablanca, Jay warned the Principal Minister that although Congress had dropped its insistence on the navigation of that mighty river, he considered this and any other revised instructions as conditional on Spain's prompt concessions to America's other demands. When Spain stalled once more, Congress, at length realizing that Spain had no intention of

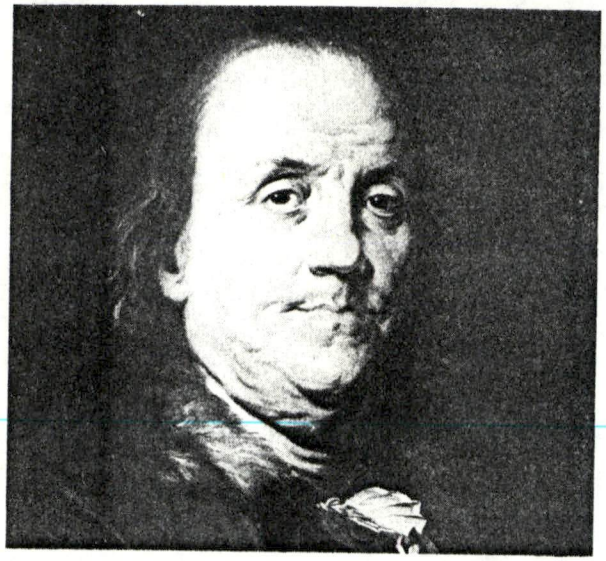
making any concessions, backed Jay's interpretation of the instruction and applauded his refusal to abandon the Mississippi.

In sum, Jay and Floridablanca were mutually sick of the sight of each other. As Spain's Principal Minister put it, Jay's "two chief points were: 'Recognize our independence; Spain, give us more money.' " With this stinging commentary on the Jay mission, the Spaniard paid grudging tribute to an opponent who was not only consistently right, but consistently righteous. Gratified by the approval of his conduct by Congress, Jay admitted that in Spain he had experienced "one continued series of painful perplexities and embarrassments."

Meanwhile, events moved ahead of the snail's pace of negotiations. Yorktown had sealed the fate of the Lord North ministry that ran the war with America from the British end but had refused to end it or come to terms with the rebellious subjects. A new administration under the Earl of Rockingham took over, and peace negotiations would begin in earnest. Originally, John Adams had been named a sole commissioner to make peace with Great Britain, but since the French violently objected to him, he was superseded by a commission that included not only Adams himself, but also Benjamin Franklin, our prestigious minister to France; John Jay, our unacknowledged minister to Spain; Henry Laurens of South Carolina, Jay's predecessor as president of Congress, who would have been a minister to Holland had he not been captured by the British on the high seas and thrust into the Tower of London; and Thomas Jefferson, who could not get a boat from America to get to the peace talks in time and never did participate.

Since the other negotiators had not yet made their way to Paris, Franklin, who had befriended Jay throughout the latter's stay in Spain, now pressed him: "Come hither as soon as possible." The Jays could hardly wait to shake the dust of the Spanish plains from their traveling bags. Jay had had it. "The object of my coming to Spain was to make *propositions*, not supplications," he declared, and was soon crossing the Pyrenees to what would prove his greatest diplomatic triumph.

In the absence of the other two American commissioners,



Benjamin Franklin, Peace Commissioner and friend of John Jay, portrait by J.S. Duplessis (*National Archives, Washington, D.C.*).

Franklin and Jay took turns negotiating with the British. Paris, swept by an epidemic of influenza, found Jay an early victim. So Franklin proceeded with preliminary talks with Richard Oswald, the British negotiator designated by Lord Shelburne, now the head of the new British government. On July 10, 1782, the Old Doctor, as his intimates called the learned Benjamin Franklin, sat down with Oswald and read him a memorandum, which he called "a few hints." He did so without any advance notice to the Comte de Vergennes, France's minister of foreign affairs. Franklin divided his proposals into "necessary" and "advisable." The former pretty well conformed to instructions that Congress had laid down. They were: (1) "full and complete independence of the Thirteen States, with all troops withdrawn"; (2) "a settlement of the boundaries of *their* colonies and the loyal colonies"; (3) the boundaries of Canada to be moved back before the Quebec Act of 1774, which carried Canada south to the Ohio River; (4) freedom of fishing on the banks and elsewhere for both fish and whales.

Then, as a friend, Franklin recommended certain "advis-

able" articles. These included an indemnity of persons whose homes were destroyed by the British or Indians; an admission by the British government of their "error" in starting the war; reciprocal trade privileges; and lastly, "giving up every part of Canada."

Now, Franklin was a well-meaning negotiator, but he could be both untidy and imprecise in his handling of affairs. For years a chief British spy, New England—born Dr. Edward Bancroft, had been serving as secretary in Franklin's official residence at Passy, and revealed many secrets to the enemy. In his early dealings with Oswald it is clear that Franklin exceeded his instructions while at the same time the peace terms he laid down lacked precision. Why recognize the "Thirteen States"—why not the United States of America, quite a different matter? Where do we find any insistence that the boundaries of the United States run to the Mississippi, in accordance with Congress's instructions? What about drying rights on the shore for New England fishermen? And if Franklin really meant the part about Canada seriously, why did he include it among the "advisable" and not the "necessary" articles? One may surmise at least two reasons for his devious conduct: first, because the French court was adamantly opposed to our acquisition of Canada, and second, because Congress made no demand for an area that American arms had failed to conquer and had actually, at Washington's request, disavowed any military plans for a Canadian invasion.

It is clear that what Franklin needed at this point was a tough-minded lawyer to plead his case and define his terms more precisely. Jay was clearly the right man at the right place. He had now recovered from his attack of influenza and thereafter played a central role in the negotiations. Unlike Franklin, Jay wanted everything spelled out. Most of all, he demanded preliminary recognition by Great Britain of the independence of the United States before proceeding with peace talks. Jay had good reasons for his insistence. The commission given Richard Oswald by the British government authorized him to conduct peace talks with the thirteen colonies; it implied no recognition of an independent United

States. His chief, Lord Shelburne, had declared in Parliament that he still regarded "the independence of America to be a dreadful blow to the greatness of the country," and that should independence be established, "the sun might be said to have set." Such a leader, despite his amicable views toward America generally, could hardly be regarded as a solid bet for independence by the Americans in Paris. Jay was aware that the American army was moving toward dissolution, wracked as it was by mutiny and discontent over the failure of Congress to pay its troops. He knew, too, that virtually every American ship-of-war had been swept from the seas or was in badly damaged shape, while the British still kept an army of almost ten thousand men in New York and other forces in interior forts, where they could be counted on to stir up trouble with the Indians and prevent American westward settlement. Jay demanded not only recognition but the evacuation of British troops *before* the treaty was concluded, not after. And how right he would be, as the British took another fourteen years to pull out their garrisons stationed on American soil, contrary to the treaty that was finally negotiated!

Jay's talks with the Spaniards and the French only bolstered his suspicions that the American commissioners could not count on either nation backing him or his colleagues. After a long conversation with the Spanish ambassador to Paris, the Conde de Aranda, Jay reported his unsatisfactory meeting to Franklin. Based on Aranda's diary, his dispatches to his own court, and Jay's and Franklin's detailed accounts of their negotiations, which they transmitted to Secretary Livingston, it is possible to reconstruct the dialogue between the principals.

"When the Conde asked me what territory the United States expected," Jay informed the Old Doctor, "he sat down at a table with a French edition of Mitchell's great map of North America [erroneous, as we now know, but the best available then]. I drew my line along the Mississippi from its source south to 31° NL, the old northern boundary of West Florida, which, as you know, the British held after 1763 and the Spaniards recaptured. My finger moved east along that degree to the Chattahoochee, and then followed

the undisputed northern boundary of East Florida to the sea."

"Then what happened?" asked Franklin.

"Here is the map I just received from Aranda, with a red line, which would confine us to within inches west of the Appalachians. You know Congress won't accept that, and you also know that Spain will not grant us the free navigation of the Mississippi."

"What did you answer?"

"A clear no," replied Jay, and Franklin applauded.

"What's our next best course?" continued Jay.

"We must seek the help of our good friend the Comte de Vergennes. The French court has never failed us in the past," Franklin replied. Jay looked skeptical.

Thereafter the two journeyed to Versailles to visit Vergennes at his apartments, where Franklin and Jay raised two points: first, America's insistence that England recognize the independence of the United States *before* entering into a detailed treaty of peace; second, that France exert its influence to satisfy America's demand for concessions by the Spaniards of territory west to the Mississippi.

The date was August 10, 1782. The Americans showed the Comte de Vergennes the commission that the British government gave to Richard Oswald. As Vergennes read over the commission, Jay pointed out that it did not recognize the independence of the United States.

"What difference does that make," Vergennes replied, "so long as there is an implied commitment in the commission, as I see it, to make independence an article of the treaty itself?"

"Not good enough," Jay replied. "If the British do not recognize our independence, they can stall the negotiations and our war could go on forever."

"I do not agree with you, M. Jay, even though the commission does authorize Oswald to treat with you as commissioners of the 'Colonies or Plantations,' they will come around in the final treaty."

Franklin seemed to nod in half agreement with the French foreign minister, muttering, "It will do."

Jay was obdurate, as he recognized that behind Vergennes' conciliatory position lurked a fear that the United States would quit the war once it had gained its chief aim—recognition of its independence.

Then, turning to the Spanish claims, Vergennes called in his undersecretary, Gérard de Rayneval. Both Frenchmen looked over the map and Aranda's line as well as Jay's and informed the Americans: "You claim more than you have a right to."

Jay and Franklin, a heavy-hearted pair, rode back in the carriage together to Passy, Franklin's residence. An agitated Jay denounced the French position. "Don't you see, Dr. Franklin," he urged, "that Vergennes favored independence for America not out of any attachment to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, but because he regarded such an event as the blow he could administer to England, France's hated rival?" And then, without stopping for an answer, "Can't you see that the French are trying to coop us up between the mountains and the Atlantic and divide the rest between the Indians and the Spaniards?" Moving ahead like a prosecuting attorney, Jay charged, "Can't you see that France wants America to remain under her direction until their and our objects are attained, and until Spain is satisfied that everybody else is excluded from the Gulf and the Mississippi?"

Franklin responded, "Yes, I do concede that Spain is planning to coop us up within the Allegheny Mountains and the Atlantic, but so far as the French court and Vergennes are concerned, I think they are operating from friendly motives and are not trying to slow down the peace negotiations."

"I respectfully disagree, Dr. Franklin," Jay rejoined. "Vergennes fears that once America makes peace with the British, we might drop out of the war. You and I know that France and Spain together will never take Gibraltar, the prize that Spain is really fighting for."

"Since I see that the coach has returned us to Passy," Franklin proposed, "let's have dinner and talk about this afterwards."

After dinner, Franklin, ever loyal to the French court and

mindful of its immense help to America in the war, refused to concede that France was playing the Spanish game. "Forget about technicalities," he snapped at Jay. "Let us be mindful of France's generosity to us in the past. Remember, too, that we have been instructed by Congress to make no peace without the advice of the French Court."

"We also have another instruction," Jay rejoined, "which sets independence as a precondition to entering into any treaty."

"Have we any reason to doubt the good faith of the King of France?" asked Franklin.

"We can depend upon the French," Jay countered, "only to see that we are separated from England, but it is not in their interest that we should become a great and formidable people, and they will not help us become so."

"If we cannot count upon France, upon whom else may we depend?" Franklin inquired.

"We have no rational dependence except on God and ourselves," Jay replied.

"Would you deliberately break Congress's instructions?" Franklin pressed.

Jay did not hesitate. "Unless we violate these instructions, the dignity of Congress will be in the dust," he asserted. "I do not mean to imply that we should deviate in the least from our treaty with France," Jay added. "Our honor and our interests are concerned in inviolably adhering to it, but if we lean on her love of liberty, her affection for Americans, or her disinterested magnanimity, we shall lean on a broken reed that will sooner or later pierce our hands."

"Then you are prepared to break our instructions from Congress," Franklin pressed, "if you intend to take an independent course now?"

Jay had made up his mind. "*If* the instructions conflict with America's honor and dignity, I would break them—like this." As Jay later told the story to his family, he stood up and hurled his long clay pipe into the fireplace, where it shattered into a dozen fragments.

The crucial decision was to be Jay's alone, for Franklin, in the third week of August, was suddenly stricken with an acute

attack of kidney stones, intensified by the Old Doctor's chronic gout. Jay still failed to get any territorial concessions from the Conde de Aranda, while Vergennes' undersecretary, Rayneval, urged on Jay a compromise line that denied the legitimacy of the claims of the American states to territory west of the Appalachians, or America's claims to the free navigation of the Mississippi to the sea.

As Jay sat poring over the Spanish and French maps in his living quarters at the Hôtel de la Chine in Paris, a servant brought in a letter from Rayneval. The letter urged Jay to compromise his territorial claims against Spain, denied that the Americans had any right to territory west of the Appalachians, and proposed his own compromise line, a little more liberal than Spain's, but still far removed from the Mississippi. Rayneval would have put the Indians west of the line under Spanish protection; for those east of the line, arrangements would have to be worked out by the Americans with the natives. Then the real shocker: Rayneval denied America's right to the free navigation of the Mississippi!

An angered Jay was tempted to tear the letter up, but prudence suggested that he place it in a pigeonhole of his desk and save it for the record. A few minutes later there was a knock on Jay's door, and gaining admittance was Matthew Ridley, a fellow American from Maryland who managed to get around in the best circles of Paris. He informed Jay that Rayneval had left Versailles on some secret mission. Now thoroughly aroused, Jay acted immediately. First he broke off further talks with Aranda, writing a confidant in Spain: "There is a tide in human affairs which waits for nobody, and political mariners ought to watch it and avail themselves of its advantages."

Rayneval, as Jay guessed, had gone secretly to England, where he held talks with Lord Shelburne at the latter's handsome country estate, Bowood in Wiltshire. Although Rayneval's mission as described in his *written* instructions was to be prompted first by Vergennes' concern that the war should be ended and not held up further by Spain's inflexible and recalcitrant insistence on regaining Gibraltar, Vergennes' emissary, doubtless at his superior's *oral* prompting, let Shel-

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Lafayette's presentation
- What did he say
Storming of Bastile
- Why? Philosophical Underpinnings.

Flag - Colors

Statue is to Lien
resemblance to Statue in China

Rights of man

Lafayette - Rousseau - Liberty - Rights of man.

aid to the Colonies

Statue of Liberty - Gift from France

Reagan's speech

1986?

Historians at Mount Vernon
- Bicentennial Committee
Dana Ellis

- Student for details

Ben Franklin - Ambassador to France.

Presentation of the Key - why - underpinnings
Storming of Bastile
Ben Franklin in France

– May 31 - 1789

Letter from & From Lafayette
to Washington.



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The First of Men

A LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

JOHN E. FERLING

The University of Tennessee Press
KNOXVILLE

compromising on the rate of interest carried by the new debt and conceding to some states an increase in the amount of their credit. Virginia and Maryland also offered enticements to facilitate the deal. Each state promised grants of land and cash if Congress voted to locate the new capital on the Potomac. Even Washington, who had remained in the background thus far, pitched in. It is clear that he brought considerable pressure on Robert Morris to accept the bargain, and he probably subtly courted other congressmen.

The dark, labyrinthian ways of legislators make it impossible to recapture all the dickering and dragooning that must have occurred that June and July, but by midsummer funding and assumption were the law of the land. It also had been agreed to transfer the seat of government to Philadelphia for ten years, then, in 1800, to move it to the banks of the Potomac. Congress directed that the federal district be located somewhere between the eastern branch of the Potomac (now called the Anacostia) and the Conogocheague Creek far to the west, a stream that enters the Potomac above present-day Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.[39]

A few days after these historic votes Congress adjourned. It would next assemble in Philadelphia. President Washington also was packing, planning to say goodbye, probably forever, to New York City, a city so remote in so many ways from his rural Virginia, but a place where he had spent nearly 5 percent of his adult life. First, however, he crossed Long Island Sound by packet to pay a state visit to Rhode Island, a place omitted from his itinerary during the past autumn because it had not then ratified the Constitution. The round trip was brief, taking less than a week. Upon his return to Manhattan his stay at the Macomb House was almost as short. For weeks, at least since his spring illness, Washington had planned an excursion to Mount Vernon, his first journey home in almost a year and a half. He felt good again, and he was buoyant at the prospects of the new government. Sixteen months into his presidency he still could report that "public sentiment runs with us, and all things hitherto seem to succeed according to our wishes."[40]

The same day in all likelihood that he penned those thoughts a little box bearing a Paris postmark arrived at the Macomb House. It was from Lafayette. Always impatient to hear from his dear young friend, Washington must have eagerly torn open the parcel. Inside, of all things, he discovered a key and a picture. The one was the jailor's key to the Bastille, the other a likeness of the prison being dismantled by a Parisian mob. The one symbolized the despotism of the Ancient Regime, the other, the etching, captured the notion that a great European power had commenced its own "leap into the dark."[41]

Based on what little information he could get from the Continent, Washington knew that the sweeping revolution at Versailles and Paris was likely to be "stupendous in its consequences."[42] As he and his family rode to the New Jersey ferry on August 30, President Washington must have wondered what those consequences would mean for his own nation.

16

The End of the First Term

"Internal dissensions . . . tearing our vitals"

The president deliberately kept his travel plans secret. He hoped to avoid the "fatiguing and oftentimes painful" ceremonies that each village along his route felt compelled to conduct in his honor. Mostly, though, he just hoped to save time, to hasten his journey to Mount Vernon and perhaps to get in a couple additional days of relaxation. His strategy worked, although the authorities of Philadelphia could not resist sending out its trainband honor guard to greet him, pealing the city's bells, and proclaiming a "Day of Joy" upon his arrival.[1]

The newly ordained temporary capital held Washington for four days. That was pretty much as he had planned. Philadelphia's authorities had rented Robert Morris's town villa on Market Street for the president, and he wished to inspect it closely, perhaps with an eye to recommending some alterations to suit his needs. This was the same house General Howe had utilized during his occupation of the city, the same dwelling in which Washington had resided during the Constitutional Convention. It was a three-story brick structure, though two dormers facing the street announced the presence of a capacious fourth-floor attic. The house set only a few feet from its neighbor on the east, while to the other side a generous garden lay hidden behind a five-foot-high brick wall. Washington remembered it as "the best *single House* in the City," but upon seeing it now he found it inadequate to the *commodious* accommodation of my family." He wished to have a small building constructed in the rear to serve as an abode for some of his servants, while the others would be crammed into quarters above the wash house and the stable or beneath the kitchen, and some unfortunate would be put up in the smoke house. Inside the main residence, he proposed the ingenious use of partitions to carve out a private study and a dressing room for himself and two new "public Rooms" for entertaining. Washington summoned Lear to superintend the repairs, and on September 6, 1790, a day or two later than he had hoped, the First Family resumed its journey back to Virginia.[2]

Mount Vernon enveloped the president and his homesick wife for nearly twelve weeks, long enough for them to watch the foliage magically undertake its ritual transformation from greens to resplendent reds and yellows, then to disappear altogether. He hardly could have had a more relaxing vacation. Conditions

send me that opinion as soon as possible, and prevent my taking further trouble in endeavouring to finish them. I send you also the paper you desire respecting our payment of old English debts.

The troubles you have had in Paris have afflicted me a great deal. I hope by this time they are over, and everything settled as it should be, to the advantage both of the King and the nation.

My love to good Mme. Le Veillard and your children, in which Sec'y Benjamin joins; and believe me as ever, your affectionate friend. . . .

This Is My Country

[Franklin, troubled as he was by the convulsions in France, saw in them something which in the long run might be outweighed by the increase of liberty for the French nation. In a letter to David Hartley, Franklin uttered one of his most famous prophetic hopes.]

Philadelphia, December 4, 1789.

My very dear Friend: I received your favour of August last. Your kind condolences on the painful state of my health are very obliging. I am thankful to God, however, that among the numerous ills human life is subject to, one only of any importance is fallen to my lot; and that so late as almost to insure that it can be but of short duration.

The convulsions in France are attended with some disagreeable circumstances; but if by the struggle she obtains and secures for the nation its future liberty and a good constitution, a few years' enjoyment of those blessings will amply repair all the damages their acquisition may have occasioned. God grant that not only the love of liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man, may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say: This is my country.

Your wishes for a cordial and perpetual friendship between Britain and her ancient colonies are manifested continually in every one of your letters to me; something of my disposition on the same subject may appear to you in casting your eye over the inclosed paper. I do not by this opportunity send you any of our gazettes, because the postage from Liverpool would be more than they are worth. I can now only add my best wishes of every kind of felicity for the three amiable Hartleys, to whom I have the honour of being an affectionate friend and most obedient humble servant. . . .

July 18 Presided over meeting in Fairfax County to determine recommendations over action in retaliation for the Coercive, or Intolerable, Acts.

August 1 Virginia Convention at Williamsburg drew up non-importation resolutions and elected seven delegates, Washington among them, to a proposed General Congress in September.

September 5 Attended First Continental Congress in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.

1775

March 25 Elected delegate to Second Continental Congress at Virginia Convention marked by Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty, or give me death" speech on March 23.

May 10 Attended Second Continental Congress in Philadelphia; the only man wearing a uniform.

June 15 Having been nominated by John Adams was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of "all the continental forces."

July 3 Assumed command of an army of 16,600 men at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The next few months were spent strengthening fortifications, training men, and coping with shortages of arms and powder.

September 3 Established a sort of navy by arming fishing schooners. Placed under the command of Colonel John Glover and Captain Nicholson Broughton, both of Massachusetts.

September 6 Established a volunteer force of 1,100 volunteers under the command of Benedict Arnold for an invasion of Canada.

December 31 Expedition against Quebec failed. General Richard Montgomery killed and Benedict Arnold wounded. Ordered recruiting officers to accept free negroes.

1776

January 18 Force at Cambridge joined by General Henry Knox and an armory of cannon hauled from Fort Ticonderoga.

March 4 American forces occupied Dorchester Heights overlooking Boston and the British forces there.

March 17 British evacuated Boston and went to Halifax.

April 4 Left for New York with most of his army to organize defenses of the city and the Hudson River.

June 29 General William Howe and a large force arrive off Sandy Hook and occupy Staten Island on July 2. His brother, Admiral Lord Richard Howe, arrived on July 12 with a fleet and transports. Sir Henry Clinton with his troops arrived from Charlestown on August 1.

August 22 British land on Long Island.

August 27 Battle of Long Island. American defeat led to the order to retreat to New York City on August 29.

September 15 Retreated to North as British landed on Manhattan at Kips' Bay.

September 16 Repulsed British attack at Harlem Heights.

October 18 Thaddeus Kosciusko was commissioned as a colonel of engineers.

October 28 Battle of White Plains fought. Washington withdrew to north and then across Hudson to New Jersey.

November 18 After fall of Fort Washington on Manhattan and Fort Lee across the Hudson River, Washington retreated across New Jersey.

December 8 British arrived in Trenton, New Jersey and Washington retreated across the Delaware River into Pennsylvania.

December 25-26 Crossed the Delaware River at Trenton to surprise the British Hessians, capturing 1,000 prisoners.

1777

January 3 Defeated British in Battle of Princeton.

January 6 Went to Morristown and established winter quarters there.

May 28 Abandoned winter camp and moved south to Middle Brook near Brunswick, New Jersey.

July 11 Moved north to the Hudson upon hearing of the fall of Ticonderoga.

July 24 British fleet with Howe's army left New York for Philadelphia and Washington marched south, arriving in that city on July 31.

July 31 The Marquis de Lafayette given the rank of Major General by Congress and joined Washington three weeks later.

September 11 Suffered minor defeat at Brandywine Creek outside Philadelphia.

September 15 Johann de Kalb commissioned a major general.

September 25 So-called "Conway Cabal" inaugurated in a letter to Congress by General Thomas Conway. An Irish-born French officer serving under Washington. Conway attacked his immediate commanding officer and later in a letter to Gates (October 11), Washington as well.

October 4 Defeated at Germantown but again saved his army.

October 17 Surrender of General John Burgoyne at Saratoga to the Americans commanded by General Horatio Gates. Washington had helped by keeping Howe tied up in New Jersey and Philadelphia.

November 8 Received word of Conway's attack on him and wrote to Conway next day for explanation. The conspiracy, if it was one, soon collapsed when nine generals wrote Congress criticizing Conway, Gates denied any connection with it, and Conway submitted his resignation.

December 11 Began movement of troops to Valley Forge, eighteen miles northwest of British-occupied Philadelphia.

1778

February 23 Baron von Steuben arrived at Valley Forge and was so successful training troops that Washington made him Inspector General.

June 18 British evacuated Philadelphia. Sir Henry Clinton, who had replaced Howe, started north through New Jersey.

June 19 Broke camp at Valley Forge and started pursuit of Clinton.

June 28 Defeated Clinton at Monmouth Court House in spite of the weakness of General Charles Lee.

July 4 Court martial of General Charles Lee found him guilty and suspended him from the service.

July 14 Marched part of army to Haverstraw on the Hudson and then (July 20) established headquarters at White Plains.

July 29–November 4 Attempt by General John Sullivan to take Newport, Rhode Island with aid of a French fleet failed. The French, under Admiral Comte d'Estaing, sailed to the West Indies.

December 11 Established winter headquarters at Middlebrook (now Boundbrook), New Jersey.

1779

May 31 British under Clinton captured Stony Point and Verplanck's Point.

July 16 Stony Point recaptured by force led by General Anthony Wayne.

August 19 British driven from New Jersey in victory of Major Henry Lee at Paulus Hook (or Powles Hook, now Jersey City).

October 9 Count Casimir Pulaski killed during the battle for Savannah.

November 16 Orders given to move bulk of army to winter headquarters in Morristown, New Jersey.

1780

May 25 Mutiny at Morristown after a winter marked by shortages of rations and clothing, and with pay three months in arrears.

July 1 Moved army to Hudson expecting attack on West Point,

command of which was given to Benedict Arnold (August 3). Arnold had already been in contact with the British to "dispose" of the fortress.

September 23 Capture of British officer Major John Andre, near Tarrytown betrayed Arnold's plot. Arnold escaped (September 25) and Andre hanged (October 2).

1781

May 21 Met General the Comte do Rochambeau, the French commander, at Wethersfield, Connecticut and arranged an attack against New York, or at Admiral De Grasse's option, operations in the Virginia area.

August 20 Feinting an attack against New York, moved troops across Hudson and started south toward Virginia, followed by the French army.

August 30 De Grasse blockaded Virginia coast and brought troops of Washington and Rochambeau from upper Chesapeake Bay to Williamsburg by September 24 to begin the siege of Yorktown.

October 19 General Lord Cornwallis surrendered with over 7,000 of his men.

1782

March 31 Returned to Newburgh to assume command of the forces outside New York City.

1783

March 15 Speech at Newburgh persuaded disgruntled officers of good intentions of Congress.

May 19 Announced end of war to officers and men.

September 3 Peace treaty with Great Britain signed in Paris, word of which reached Washington at the end of October.

November 2 "Farewell Orders" to troops (published at West Point).

December 4 Bade farewell to his officers at Fraunces' Tavern in New York City.

December 23 Resigned commission as Commander-in-Chief and returned to Mount Vernon.

1784

May 15 Persuaded the Society of the Cincinnati, formed by commissioned officers on May 13, 1783, to stop any political activities.

September 1—October 4 Made inspection tour of western lands.

1785

March 28 Acted as host for Mount Vernon Conference at which representatives from Virginia and adjoining states discussed problems of navigation in Chesapeake Bay and on the Potomac River.

1787

May 25 The Constitutional Convention opened with Washington, nominated by Robert Morris, unanimously elected president.

1789

January 7 Presidential electors were chosen in all ratifying states except New York.

February 4 Electors met in New York City and the 69 present unanimously voted for Washington. John Adams of Massachusetts received 34 votes and was elected Vice-President. The remainder of the 69 second votes were scattered among favorite sons.

March 4 First meeting of Congress scheduled in New York City but too many still en route to permit a quorum.

April 1 House of Representatives organized with Frederick A. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania elected Speaker.

April 6 The Senate organized and certified the election of Washington and Adams.

April 16 Left Mount Vernon for New York, arriving on April 23.

THE FIRST TERM

1789

April 30 Inaugurated as the first President of the United States in New York City. Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York, administered the oath of office on the balcony of Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall

and Broad Streets. Delivered the first inaugural address in the Senate chamber of Federal Hall before both Houses of Congress. Attended services held in St. Paul's Chapel.

May 14 The House settled the question of the proper title for Washington: "President of the United States." A committee of the Senate had earlier suggested: "His Highness the President of the United States of America and Protector of the Rights of the Same."

May 27 Martha Washington arrived in New York and joined her husband at President's House on Cherry Street.

June 1 Signed the first bill passed by Congress, the proper procedure for administering oaths of office.

June 16 Debate began in Congress on the right of the president to remove heads of executive departments.

July 4 Second law passed by Congress, a duty on imports.

July 27 Department of foreign affairs created. Later (September 15) redesignated as the Department of State.

August 7 Signed bill creating a Department of War.

August 22 Appeared in person in the Senate to obtain "advice and consent" on relations with the Creek Indians. After the Senate balked at giving immediate consent Washington never again went to the Senate for prior advice, setting an important precedent.

August 25 Mary Washington, mother, died at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

September 2 Signed bill creating the Treasury Department.

September 9 Twelve amendments to the Constitution recommended by the House, ten of which eventually (December 15, 1791) were ratified by the states and became the so-called Bill of Rights.

September 11 Alexander Hamilton of New York named Secretary of the Treasury.

September 12 Henry Knox of Massachusetts appointed Secretary of War. Actually General Knox had served in the same office under the Articles of Confederation since March 8, 1785.

September 24 Signed bill establishing the President's Compensation at $25,000 and the Vice President's at $5,000. Federal Judiciary Act signed creating a Supreme Court with a Chief Justice and 5 associates plus 13 district and 3 circuit courts.

September 26 Appointed Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, then in France, Secretary of State; assumed office March 22, 1790; John Jay acting ad interim.
John Jay of New York named Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.
Edmund Randolph of Virginia appointed Attorney General, assuming office February 2, 1790.
Samuel Osgood of Massachusetts named Postmaster General.

October 3 First Thanksgiving Proclamation.

October 15 Left on tour of New England states.

October 24 Refused to call on John Hancock, governor of Massachusetts, until the governor had first paid his respects to the President of the United States.

November 13 Returned to New York from New England trip.

1790

January 8 First Annual Message to Congress failed to suggest much vigorous advocacy of policy of legislation.

January 14 Hamilton submitted the first Report on the Public Credit to the House of Representatives calling for assumption of state debts by the Federal government, funding foreign and domestic debts at par, and providing for issuance of certificates of debts and of a sinking fund to pay them off.

March 1 Signed law providing for a census each ten years. The 1790 Census found the population of the United States to be 3,929,214.

April 10 Signed first Patent Act.

May 15 Crisis passed in a serious illness of the President

May 31 First copyright law passed.

July 16 Signed bill providing a temporary adjournment until 1800 of the seat of government to Philadelphia and a permanent location near Georgetown, on the Potomac. The Southern location of the capital was part of the bargain Hamilton made with Jefferson to obtain his assumption plan.
The President was authorized to plan a "Federal City" and Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant drew up the master plan for what is now Washington, D.C.

August 4 Signed the bill incorporating Hamilton's assumption and funding proposals. American credit at Amsterdam had been threatened and there was a real danger of disunion if bill had not passed.

August 15–August 21 Visited Rhode Island, which had finally ratified the Constitution. He had bypassed the state in his earlier tour of New England.

September 11 Arrived back at Mount Vernon to remain there until the Morris House in Philadelphia was made ready.

November 27 Arrived in Philadelphia.

December 8 Second Annual Message to Congress, a brief one devoted mainly to finance and Indian affairs.

December 13 Hamilton submitted to the House his plan for a national bank.

1791

February 25 Signed bill chartering the Bank of the United States after receiving contradictory opinions on its constitutionality from Jefferson (no) and Hamilton (yes).

March 3 Excise tax levied on distilled liquor .

March 4 Vermont admitted to Union as the 14th state.

April 7 Began tour of Southern states by coach (1,887 miles in 66 days). Returned to Philadelphia on June 12.

August 19 Timothy Pickering appointed Postmaster General replacing Samuel Osgood.

October 25 Annual Message to Congress emphasized the military actions being taken against the western Indians.

November 11 George Hammond, British minister who had arrived in America in October, presented his credentials to Washington.

November 26 First meeting held of "the heads of the Great Departments" and thus the first genuine cabinet meeting. Earlier consultations had been on an individual basis.

December 5 Hamilton submitted his Report on Manufactures.

December 9 Received word from Major General Arthur St. Clair of a costly defeat at the hands of the Indians in the Ohio Valley on November 3.

December 12 The First Bank of the United States, as provided in Hamilton's plan, opened in Philadelphia.

December 15 Bill of Rights became part of Constitution.

1792

February 20 Bill signed which put Post Office on a permanent basis. Washington shelved Jefferson's proposal to place it under the State Department.

February 21 Presidential Succession Act signed. It provided that the president pro tempore of the Senate would succeed to the presidency should both the President and Vice-President be unable to serve. The Speaker of the House would be next in line.

February 23 Series of attacks in Philip Freneau's **National Gazette** against Hamilton's financial plans brought the Jefferson-Hamilton differences into focus.

March 28 Act passed enabling Washington to appoint four brigadier generals and a major general. Anthony Wayne, first declining, later accepted the last named command.

April 2 Mint or Coinage Act passed which provided for a decimal system of coinage, valued the dollar at 24.75 grains of gold, and provided for both silver and gold as legal tender at a ratio of 15 to 1. The mint was to be located at Philadelphia.

April 5 Vetoed an apportionment bill which was held to be unfair to the South. First use of the president's veto power.

June 1 Kentucky became the 15th state

August 8 Militia Act signed providing for state militias to help handle the Indian problem.

August 26 Attempted conciliation in Hamilton-Jefferson dispute. Both wrote Washington in September; neither backed down significantly from their extreme positions.

October 20 Decided that the Mint should be placed under Jefferson and the State Department, an obvious rebuff to Hamilton.

November 6 Annual Message to Congress again stressed Indian affairs.

December 5 Presidential electors cast their ballots. Washington had remained silent as to his willingness to serve a second term, although he had consulted often with his advisors.

1793

January 23 Attacks on Hamilton and the Treasury Department, particularly the Bank of the United States, launched by Representative William Branch Giles of Virginia.

February 5 Death of George Augustine Washington, nephew, after a long illness.

February 8 Received urgent request from the French minister, Jean Baptiste Ternant, for an advance of $554,500 on a payment on the debt owed to France. Jefferson approved, with Hamilton arguing against any advance. Washington deliberated a week and then acceded to the request.

February 13 Washington declared unanimously reelected. John Adams reelected Vice-President 77 to 50 over George Clinton of New York.

February 18 **Chisholm v. Georgia** decision handed down in which the Supreme Court upheld Federal jurisdiction in controversies between states and citizens of another state. This led to the 11th amendment, proposed on March 5, 1794 and ratified January 8, 1798.

February 20 Jefferson informed Washington that French Minister Ternant was being replaced by Edmond Genet and that Gouverneur Morris, the American minister to France, was being severely criticized by the new republican leaders in that country.

February 23 Criticism of Washington sharpened in Freneau's **National Gazette,** particularly aimed at the monarchical appearances of the birthday celebrations.

February 25 The cabinet, with Jefferson dissenting, advised Washington that he had the power to relinquish territory to the Indians. Problems with both Northwest and Southwest tribes plagued Washington during the following months.

February 27–March 1 Censure attempts of Hamilton, led by Representative Giles, failed.

SECOND TERM

1793

March 4 Simple inauguration ceremony held in the Senate Chamber. Justice William Cushing administered the oath. Washington's second Inaugural Address was the briefest ever given. Appointed Governor William Patterson of New Jersey as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

March 13 Requested Jefferson to attempt to negotiate to free Lafayette from prison in Austria.

March 16 News arrived of the execution of Louis XVI on January 21. Rumors spread that war had broken out in Europe. It was soon confirmed that France, on February 1, had declared war on Great Britain, Spain, and Holland.

April 8 Citizen Genet (Edmond Genet) landed at Charlestown, South Carolina and began to commission privateers to attack British and Spanish ships.

April 19 Asked cabinet for advice on proper relations with warring nations. (1) Should a proclamation of neutrality be issued? Hamilton favored, while Jefferson opposed. (2) Was the treaty of 1778 with France still binding? Hamilton said no; Jefferson yes. (3) Should Genet be received? Both said yes, but Hamilton added that he should be notified that we were not bound by the treaty of 1778. Washington's decisions, following advice of Randolph: (1) to issue a proclamation of "neutrality" without using the term. (2) and (3) to follow Jefferson's advice.

April 22 Signed "Proclamation of Neutrality."

May 2 Received first of a series of complaints from George Hammond, the British minister, about the activities of the privateers which had been outfitted by Genet.

May 16 Received written opinions from his cabinet about proper procedure in treating the "Little Sarah," a British ship captured by a French cruiser and brought into Philadelphia to be armed as a privateer. As usual, the members took opposite sides, Randolph siding with Jefferson and Knox with Hamilton.

May 18 Received Genet with cool formality, in contrast to the uproarous welcome by large numbers of the pro-French elements of the city.

June 1 Freneau's **National Gazette** launched attacks on Washington's foreign policy. Some, which appeared under the name "Veritas," raised the question of the discretion and the integrity of the president.

June 21 Received note from Hamilton stating his intention to resign shortly after Congress had reassembled.

July 31 Jefferson tendered formal resignation. The president, on August 11, persuaded him to remain in office until the end of the year.

August 2 Genet's indiscretions were aired in cabinet meeting and it was decided to ask for his recall.

August 28 Newspaper accounts reported yellow fever cases in Philadelphia. Almost all political activity was suspended. Probably more than 4,000 were to die of the disease between August and November.

September 10 Left Philadelphia for Mount Vernon.

September 18 Laid cornerstone at the Capitol in the new Federal City.

November 1 Returned to Philadelphia, actually living in Germantown for most of the month until the plague-ridden city was thought safe.

December 3 Delivered Annual Address to Congress. Defended the policy of neutrality and requested stronger defenses against Indians.

December 26 Edmond Randolph confirmed as Secretary of State to succeed Jefferson. Took office January 2, 1794. Justice William Bradford of Pennsylvania became Attorney-General at the same time.

1794

February 22 Received the new French minister, Joseph Fauchet, who bore a request from the Jacobin government for Genet's arrest and return to France for punishment. Washington, surmising his fate would be the guillotine, offered him political asylum. Accepting, Genet married the daughter of Governor Clinton of New York, and lived in this country until his death in 1834.

March 28 Proclaimed a thirty day embargo in effect, as authorized by Congress on March 25; an attempt to avoid war with England, or put pressure on her to halt her restrictive practices at sea. Embargo was later extended thirty days.

April 16 Chief Justice Jay nominated to negotiate a treaty with Britain, whose interference with American shipping and occupation of American territory had reached serious proportions.

May 27 James Monroe of Virginia nominated minister to France to replace Gouverneur Morris.

June 5 New excise taxes levied on snuff, sugar, pleasure carriages, and foreign distilled liquors.

June 22 Word received of disaffection in Kentucky where Republicans were impatient with diplomatic attempts to gain free navigation on the Mississippi.

July 17 Violent action in Pennsylvania marked the beginning of the so-called Whiskey Rebellion, caused by discontent about the enforcement of the excise tax.

August 2 Met with Governor Mifflin and other officials from Pennsylvania, and received recommendations from his cabinet and the Supreme Court. Mifflin wanted no military intervention, but the cabinet recommended prompt action.

August 7 Issued proclamation calling on insurgents to disperse and stating his authority to call out the militia.

September 9 Signed order prepared by Hamilton calling for a general rendezvous of some 15,000 troops and militia in Bedford, Pennsylvania.

September 25 Issued a final proclamation ordering the suppression of the Whiskey Rebellion.

September 30 Received word from General Anthony Wayne of the victory against the Indians and their British auxiliaries in the decisive Battle of Fallen Timbers on August 20. Accompanied by Hamilton, set out for Bedford to give his personal authority to the militia, actually to be led by General Henry Lee.

October 21 Started back from the militia rendezvous at Bedford, leaving Hamilton to command part of force under General Lee.

November 19 Lee's army started to return from western Pennsylvania. The Whiskey Rebellion was over.
Annual message to Congress outlined steps taken to suppress the revolt in Pennsylvania. Also condemned "self-created societies," apparently meaning the Democratic societies, as the source of domestic troubles.
Jay Treaty signed in London. The treaty did not reach Philadelphia until March 7. Washington was dismayed. While the treaty did provide for the removal of British troops from the Northwest, and offered some concessions in trade with the West Indies, it did little to solve many other problems.

November 21 Appointed Thomas Pinckney, American minister to Great Britain, as a special envoy to Spain to negotiate a treaty about navigation on the Mississippi.

1795

January 2 Timothy Pickering, the Postmaster General, was appointed Secretary of War to succeed Henry Knox, whose resignation because of insufficient pay had been effective December 31. Joseph Habersham of Georgia became Postmaster General on February 25.

February 2 Formally accepted Hamilton's resignation, dated January 31. Appointed Oliver Wolcott, Jr., Comptroller of the Treasury, as the new Secretary of the Treasury.

June 8 Presented Jay's Treaty to a special session of the Senate; Republicans afterward began to attack it.

June 24 Jay's Treaty ratified by the Senate, 20 to 10, although Article XII, providing for little relief in West Indian trade, was referred back for renegotiation.

July 1 Appointed John Rutledge of South Carolina Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination on December 15.

July 4 Mobs protest the treaty in several cities. John Jay burned in effigy in Philadelphia.

August 9 Treaty of Greeneville signed by Major General Anthony Wayne with Indians in Ohio.

August 11 Received charges by Timothy Pickering, the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Treasury Oliver Wolcott, Jr., that Edmond Randolph, the Secretary of State, had been accepting bribe money from Joseph Fauchet, the French minister.

August 14 Signed Jay's Treaty.

August 19 At a meeting attended by Pickering and Wolcott handed Randolph an intercepted letter from Fauchet which supposedly contained incriminating evidence and asked for an explanation. Randolph (now exonerated by historians) immediately resigned.

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. It is plain and simple, and consists but of two points. His duty to God, which every man must feel; and with respect to his neighbour, to do as he would be done by. If those to whom power is delegated do well, they will be respected; if not, they will be despised; and with regard to those to whom no power is delegated, but who assume it, the rational world can know nothing of them.

Hitherto we have spoken only (and that but in part) of the natural rights of man. We have now to consider the civil rights of man, and to show how the one originates from the other. Man did not enter into society to become *worse* than he was before, not to have fewer rights than he had before, but to have those rights better secured. His natural rights are the foundation of all his civil rights. But in order to pursue this distinction with more precision, it will be necessary to mark the different qualities of natural and civil rights.

A few words will explain this. Natural rights are those which appertain to man in right of his existence. Of this kind are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind, and also all those rights of acting as an individual for his own comfort and happiness, which are not injurious to the natural rights of others. Civil rights are those which appertain to man in right of his being a member of society. Every civil right has for its foundation some natural right pre-existing in the individual, but to the enjoyment of which his individual power is not, in all cases, sufficiently competent. Of this kind are all those which relate to security and protection.

From this short view it will be easy to distinguish between that class of natural rights which man retains after entering into society and those which he throws into the common stock as a member of society.

The natural rights which he retains are all those in which the *power* to execute it is as perfect in the individual as the right itself. Among this class, as is before mentioned, are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind; consequently religion is one of those rights. The natural rights which are not retained, are all those in which, though the right is perfect in the individual, the power to execute them is defective. They answer not his purpose. A man, by natural right, has a right to judge in his own cause; and so far as the right of the mind is concerned, he never surrenders it. But what availeth it him to judge, if he has not power to redress? He therefore deposits this right in the common stock of society, and takes the arm of society, of which he is a part, in preference and in addition to his own. Society *grants* him nothing. Every man is a proprietor in society, and draws on the capital as a matter of right.

From these premisses two or three certain conclusions will follow:

First, *That every civil right grows out of a natural right; or, in other words, is a natural right exchanged.*

Secondly, *That civil power properly considered as such is made up of the aggregate of that class of the natural rights of man, which becomes defective in the individual in point of power, and answers not his purpose, but when collected to a focus becomes competent to the purpose of every one.*

Thirdly, *That the power produced from the aggregate of natural rights, imperfect in power in the individual, cannot be applied to invade the natural rights which are retained in the individual, and in which the power to execute is as perfect as the right itself.*

We have now, in a few words, traced man from a natural individual to a member of society, and shown, or endeavoured to show, the quality of the natural rights retained, and of those which are exchanged for civil

bourhood of Nations. This certainly might be done if Courts were disposed to set honestly about it, or if countries were enlightened enough not to be made the dupes of Courts. The people of America had been bred up in the same prejudices against France, which at that time characterised the people of England; but experience and an acquaintance with the French Nation have most effectually shown to the Americans the falsehood of those prejudices; and I do not believe that a more cordial and confidential intercourse exists between any two countries than between America and France.

When I came to France, in the Spring of 1787, the Archbishop of Thoulouse was then Minister, and at that time highly esteemed. I became much acquainted with the private Secretary of that Minister, a man of an enlarged benevolent heart; and found that his sentiments and my own perfectly agreed with respect to the madness of war, and the wretched impolicy of two nations like England and France, continually worrying each other, to no other end than that of a mutual increase of burdens and taxes. That I might be assured I had not misunderstood him, nor he me, I put the substance of our opinions into writing and sent it to him; subjoining a request, that if I should see among the people of England any disposition to cultivate a better understanding between the two nations than had hitherto prevailed, how far I might be authorised to say that the same disposition prevailed on the part of France? He answered me by letter in the most unreserved manner, and that not for himself only, but for the Minister, with whose knowledge the letter was declared to be written.

I put this letter into the hands of Mr. Burke almost three years ago; and left it with him, where it still remains; hoping, and at the same time naturally expecting, from the opinion I had conceived of him, that he would find some opportunity of making good use

of it, for the purpose of removing those errors and prejudices which two neighbouring nations, from the want of knowing each other, had entertained to the injury of both.

When the French Revolution broke out, it certainly afforded to Mr. Burke an opportunity of doing some good, had he been disposed to it; instead of which, no sooner did he see the old prejudices wearing away, than he immediately began sowing the seeds of a new inveteracy, as if he were afraid that England and France would cease to be enemies. That there are men in all countries who get their living by war, and by keeping up the quarrels of Nations, is as shocking as it is true; but when those who are concerned in the government of a country make it their study to sow discord, and cultivate prejudices between Nations, it becomes the more unpardonable.

With respect to a paragraph in this work alluding to Mr. Burke's having a pension, the report has been some time in circulation, at least two months; and as a person is often the last to hear what concerns him the most to know, I have mentioned it that Mr. Burke may have an opportunity of contradicting the rumour, if he thinks proper.

THOMAS PAINE.

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A Special Report



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THE COVER: French technology takes off—a modern rendering of a Montgolfier balloon.

by Judson Gooding and Alexander Dorozynski

Two hundred years ago, in July 1789, the people of Paris cast off the fetters of centuries, storming the Bastille prison and giving violent birth to the liberty of France. The editors of American Heritage salute the bicentennial with a review of two centuries of French technological innovation—from the first manned flight in 1793 to today's supersonic airliner, from the discovery of the basic principles of chemistry to the latest in nuclear power, from the inception of photography to new advances in outer-space optics. These accomplishments are the very embodiment of the French spirit of freedom—and audacity.

Judson Gooding, a former foreign correspondent for *Time* and a member of the U.S. delegation to UNESCO, is author of *The Job Revolution*. He is now a free-lance writer based in Paris and in Walpole, New Hampshire. Alexander Dorozynski, an American science writer and author living in Paris, is associate editor of the French magazine *Science et Vie*. He is author of a biography of the Soviet Nobel Prize–winning physicist Lev Landau.

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TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF FRENCH INNOVATION

One hundred years ago Gustave Eiffel provided a gigantic iron exclamation point for an era of creativity and industrialization in France that had changed the country's way of thinking and its way of life. In building the audacious tower that bears his name, he reached new heights in precision technology as well as in altitude. The tower, which even today makes first-time visitors gasp, was built to celebrate the technological progress France had made over the hundred years since the Revolution. At the same time, it foreshadowed the variety of discoveries and advances that still lay in France's future.

In tribute to the spirit of discovery that suffused postrevolutionary France, the names of seventy-two men of science and invention were inscribed around the tower's first-level gallery in bold gilded letters two feet high. France has always admired its men of science. It is a country that seeks intellectual adventure and that treasures a sense of improvability, of progress, of a brighter future.

The French Revolution—and the end of the monarchy—not only freed minds but established new institutions where those minds could envision and create. But there was a good base to start from, for even before the Revolution France had more scientific institutions than any other country. "Paris was the world's scientific capital," says Jean Dhombres, mathematician and research director at Paris's School of Higher Studies in Social Sciences. "Young men who wanted to perfect their scientific formation converged on Paris, just as painters from the north went to Rome."

However, before the uprising of 1789 an autocratic world view had often stifled innovative thought. Irrational hypotheses were pervasive in physics and chemistry. The Revolution put an end to the clergy's domination of the universities and created specific new institutions to promote innovation. The leading one was the Ecole Polytechnique, with its engineering and technical schools, which still today attracts an intellectual elite. Others were the Ecole Normale, a highly prestigious teachers' college emphasizing research, and the Schools of Public Health, which replaced medical universities. The Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers was also established, a concrete gesture of homage to emerging industrialization. The system was elitist, to be sure, but now meritocracy replaced aristocracy.

More than a century earlier Descartes had taught that systematic doubt and logical reasoning were the beginning of true knowledge. He was a precursor of what came to be called the Enlightenment, the eighteenth-century movement marked by an emphasis on reason and human progress. No single current of thought dominated the debates of the Enlightenment, but all flowed from a questioning of authority.

Scientists played a crucial role in the Enlightenment. The great political philosopher Montesquieu went so far as to suggest that knowledge of the laws of nature could be used to improve the institutions of existing societies. The quest for greater knowledge was a Europewide phenomenon, but it was dominated by the image of French splendor left by Louis XIV and by the French language itself.

The greatest literary realization of the Enlightenment, and an enormous influence on the evolution of knowledge, was the *Encyclopédie*, a huge compila-

PETER MILLER/IMAGE BANK



The Eiffel Tower looms behind a small-scale copy of the Statue of Liberty standing nearby.



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY, PURCHASE, MR. AND MRS. CHARLES WRIGHTSMAN GIFT, 1977.

Lavoisier, the first modern chemist, with his wife, painted in 1788 by Jacques Louis David.

tion of information published between 1751 and 1772. It filled twenty-eight dense volumes and included quantities of illustrations and drawings. Produced under the general editorial direction of Denis Diderot, a philosopher, critic, and novelist, and of Jean Le Rond d'Alembert for the mathematical sections, the *Encyclopédie* was a compendium of contributions from leading French and European scientists and thinkers.

Fascinating reading even today, the *Encyclopédie* reveals both the achievements and the shortcomings of the science of the time. It illustrates the uncertain, transitional status of scientific disciplines but also makes clear the growing desire to go beyond established notions. Thus, one entry begins: "CHEMISTRY. Chemistry is little developed among us. This science is only poorly diffused, even among scientists, in spite of the pretension to universal knowledge that is today the dominant mode."

Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, the most distinguished single scientific figure of the revolutionary period, was still only a child when the *Encyclopédie* began to appear, but Diderot presciently described the part Lavoisier would play. The encyclopedist wrote that a "revolution can be brought about only by an able, enthusiastic and bold chemist who, finding himself in a favorable position . . . would awaken the attention of scientists, first by noisy ostentation, by a decisive and affirmative tone, and . . . by reason." Lavoisier was the man, and he was to dethrone some of the fundamental notions described in the encyclopedia.

THE FATHER OF CHEMISTRY

Lavoisier is universally acknowledged to be the founder of modern chemistry. He named oxygen and described its role in combustion. He quantified chemical reactions, and he introduced the modern notion of the chemical element. Today in France his name is most often associated with the Revolution; countless French schoolchildren have learned that Lavoisier was guillotined and that the public prosecutor said of his execution, "The republic has no need of scientists." The quotation is now believed to be apocryphal.

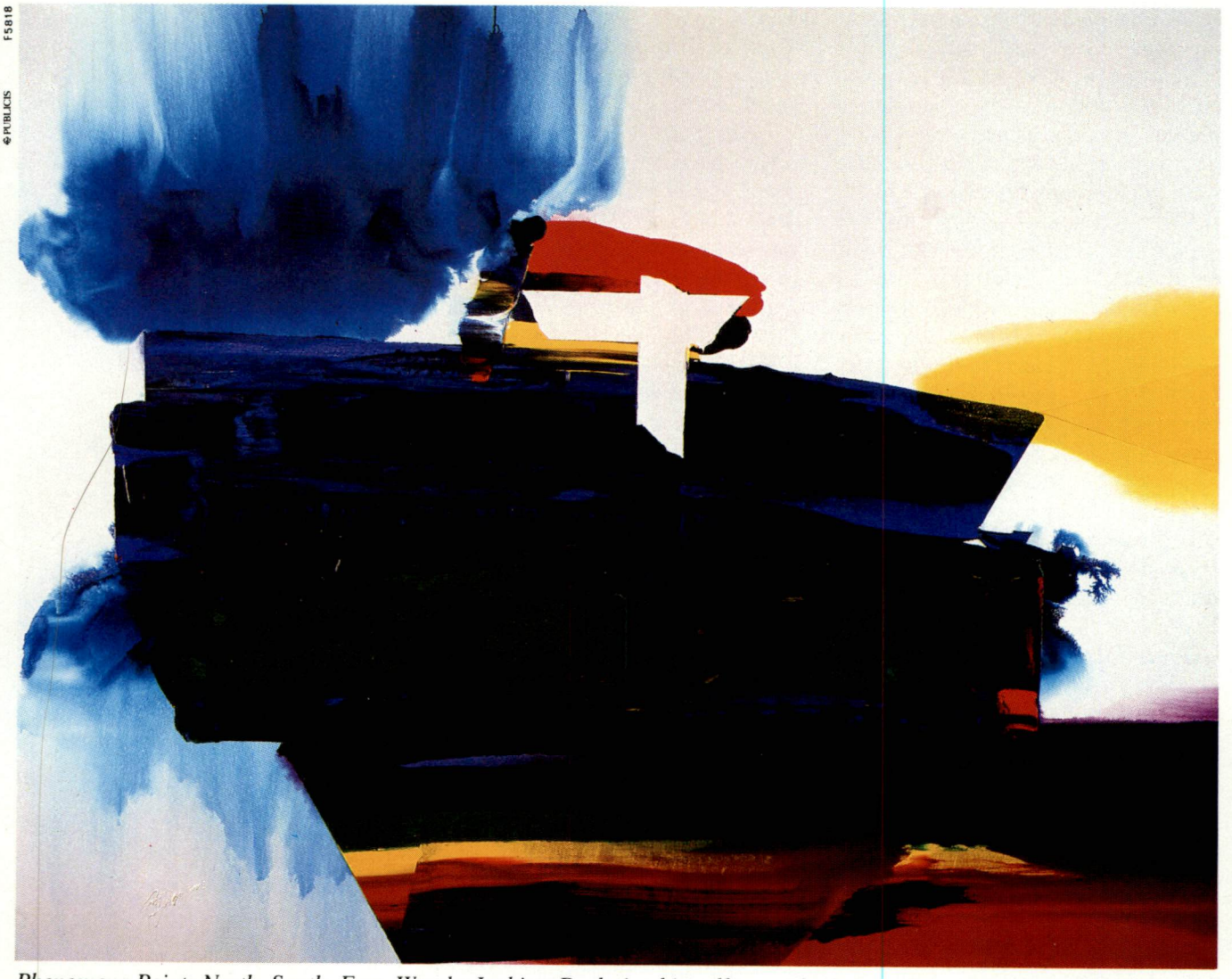
In a pivotal series of experiments in the 1770s, Lavoisier heated mercury so that it absorbed oxygen from a closed vessel and measured the weight of the resulting mercuric oxide. Then he heated the mercuric oxide to expel the oxygen into another vessel and found that the amounts of mercury and of oxygen remained unchanged. Perceiving that in combustion only part of the air was absorbed, he called that part oxygen, meaning "acid producer," believing, mistakenly, that it was at the origin of all acids. Careful measurement of substances entering into chemical reactions led him to his historic conclusion that "nothing is lost, nothing created: everything is transformed"—and to quantitative chemical analysis.

Lavoisier realized his findings shook traditional chemistry off its base. His *Traité Elémentaire de Chimie* was published in 1789—the first year of the Revolution—and in the words of Bernadette Bensaude-Vincent, of the History of Science and Techniques Research Center in Paris, "it was also Year I of chemistry."

THE FINE ART OF FLYING

by Jenkins.

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THE FINE ART OF FLYING

AIR FRANCE

Lavoisier was a versatile genius who refined the method for producing gunpowder and was made commissioner of powder production, ran a model farm, and envisioned socioeconomic reforms through savings banks, insurance companies, and worker housing. After the Revolution he was elected to the Paris Commune, which governed the city; he was made a member of the revolutionary national guard and an administrator of the national treasury. When the Committee of Public Safety instituted the Reign of Terror in 1793, Lavoisier was arrested, along with twenty-seven others, for having earlier served the royal government as a tax collector. Condemned on May 8, 1794, he was guillotined that same afternoon.

Lavoisier was not modest about his accomplishments. Shortly before his death he said, "This theory is not—as I've heard it said—the theory of French chemists; it's mine, it's a property I claim from my contemporaries and from posterity." Posterity was quick to recognize him. In 1796 a twenty-five-foot-tall pyramid with marble caryatids supporting a crowned bust of the "immortal Lavoisier" was unveiled in Paris during an elaborate ceremony of homage to the great chemist.

THE MESSAGE OF CHANGE

The Revolutionary era was a time that gave optimism to people who for centuries had believed that the world was in decline. Mankind *could* improve, life *could* become better, people *could* hope someday to have a degree of control over their destinies. These were among the first stirrings of what came to be called the idea of progress. Setting a new philosophical tone were works like those of Condorcet, who wrote about the "progress of the human spirit."

It was obvious to Diderot and to others of his time, though, that if people were to communicate in the language of science, it was imperative to have a common frame of reference, a universal standard of measurement. At the time Diderot assembled his encyclopedia, there were myriad units of measure, varying by country, by region, and even by town. Many commonly used measures, like the human foot or the palm, varied from person to person. A French dry-weight measure called the *boisseau* (bushel) was said by Diderot to have been "very variable in France, changing in almost every jurisdiction." The system of weights also varied widely; the one used at the market in Troyes was considered more credible than most, giving rise to a term that still exists: troy weight.

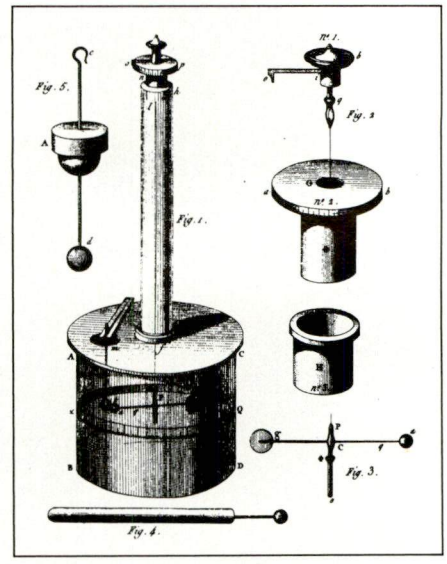
Thoroughly annoyed by the whole thing, Diderot wrote that "the diversity of measures one finds in France has always caused frequent disputes. . . . would it not be more natural to . . . simplify internal commerce?" Somebody apparently was listening, because in 1791 the Academy of Sciences fixed a new standard of length, the meter, defined as one ten-millionth of the distance from the equator to the North Pole, which gave it a natural and immutable basis. The precise length of the meter was worked out by two geographer-surveyors, Pierre Mechain and Jean Delambre, who based their calculations on a painstaking measurement of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona. (The modern measure of a meter is the distance traveled by light in a vacuum in $\frac{1}{299,792,458}$ of a second.)

Elements of the metric system for measuring volume and weight are based on the linear measure. A gram is the mass of a cubic centimeter of water, and a kilogram is a thousand grams. The thermometric scale is divided into one hundred degrees centigrade based on the freezing and boiling points of water. The possibility of changing time measurement to a metric basis, with seconds, minutes, and hours counted in tens, was considered but rejected.

THE DRIVE FOR POWER

The Industrial Revolution, which overlapped the political French Revolution, was a human milestone often compared to the discovery of fire and the advent of agriculture. It added a massive energy potential to the muscle power of humans and domestic animals. Wind, sun, water, and coal—all were being harnessed, and French scientists contributed major discoveries to the international drive toward industrialization.

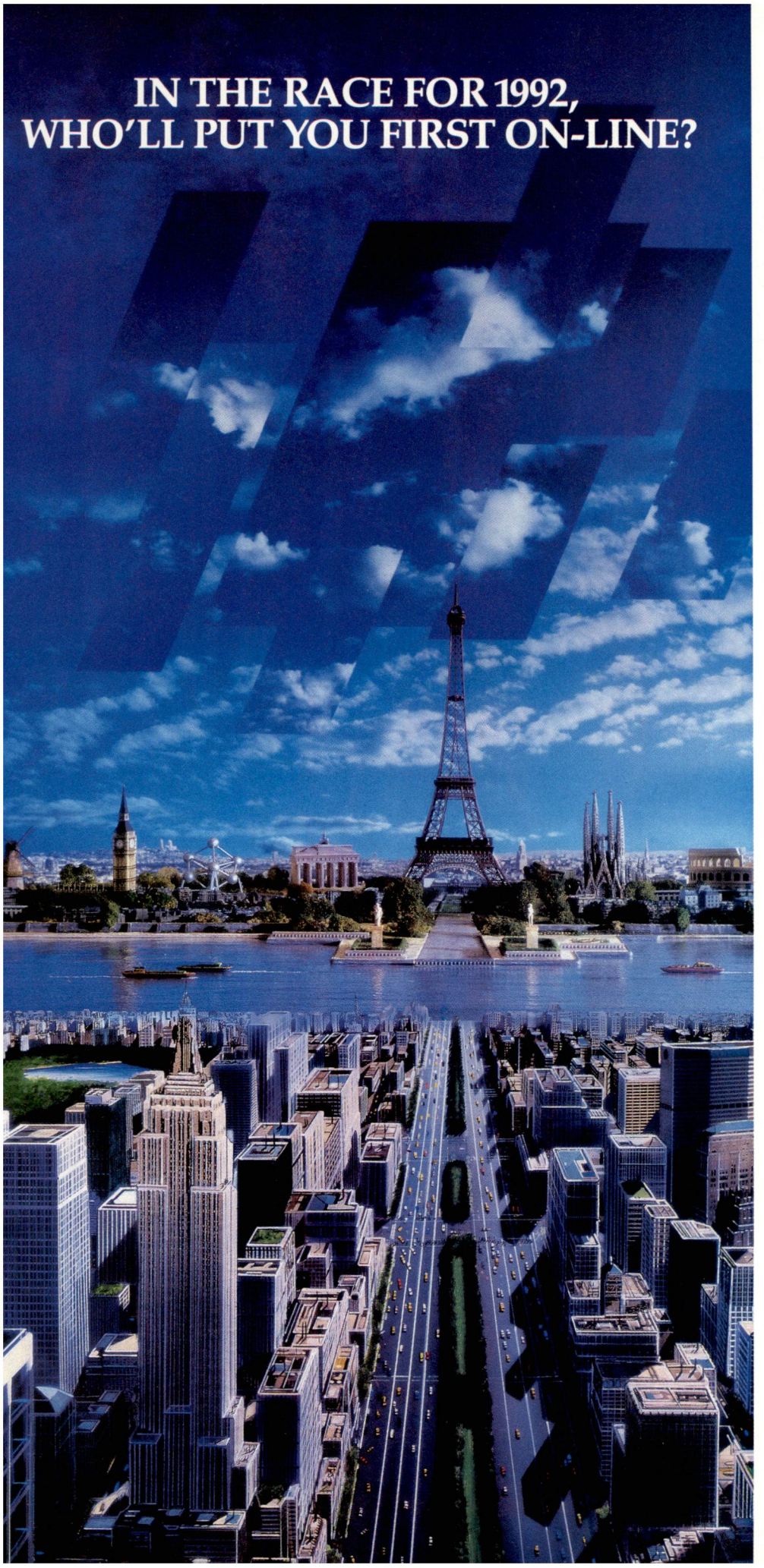
The postrevolutionary physicist Joseph Louis Gay-Lussac pioneered the study of gases and established laws describing their physical properties and chemical reactions. For some of his experiments he ascended in 1804 in a hydrogen-filled balloon to an altitude of more than twenty thousand feet, a record that remained unbroken until half a century later. In 1824 a young polytechnician, Nicolas Léonard Sadi-Carnot, published an essay on heat and power in which he spelled out the principles of an as yet nonexistent discipline: thermodynamics.



An apparatus used by Charles Augustin de Coulomb to measure electrostatic charges.

Charles Augustin de Coulomb, a military engineer, invented sensitive apparatus to measure forces involved in electrical repulsions and formulated a law of physics defining the relationships of these forces. Another French scientist, André Marie Ampère, sought to reconcile magnetism and electricity and published in 1827 his *Mathematical Theory of Electro-Dynamic Phenomena*. His name remains on every household fuse box today; the ampere is a

Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Sciences, 1785, P. 576. COURTESY OF THE BURNDY LIBRARY.



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These advances eventually led to the invention of the electric dynamo, in 1871, by a Belgian engineer working in France, Zénobe Théophile Gramme. Another important source of energy for the Industrial Revolution was tapped in the same period when Aristide Bergès turned an Alpine waterfall into the world's first hydroelectric power plant.

CHEMISTRY TAKES CENTER STAGE

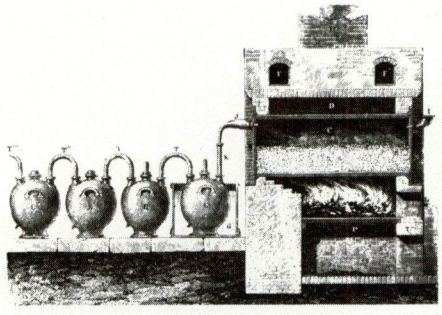
Revolutionary leaders wanted technology to serve the country, and this required that inventing be made profitable for inventors. The Constituent Assembly sought to assure such profits by passing a law in 1791 creating a patent office. Previously there had been an idiosyncratic system under which letters patent were granted by the king.

The new patent law quickly came into useful play. At the time of the Revolution, there was very heavy demand for sodium carbonate, a crystalline white salt used in making soap and glass, in textile whitening, and in general cleaning. Importing natural soda put a drain on the national economy, so a number of chemists competed to find an economical way to produce it.

The winner was a doctor, Nicolas Leblanc, whose historic patent for industrial-scale soda production was granted in 1791. His two-step process used sulfuric acid to produce sodium sulfate from crystal salt, then used calcium carbonate and heat to transform the sulfate into soda. A factory was set up near Paris, financed by Philippe, duc d'Orléans, a cousin of the king. The duke was executed in 1793, however; the soda factory was sold, and Leblanc was stripped of his patent ownership. He later committed suicide.

Nonetheless, within ten years the price of soda had been reduced tenfold, and a cascade of new products followed. The chemist Claude Louis Berthollet developed the use of sodium compounds for whitening and cleaning processes and began the industrial production of chlorine. In 1838 the chemist Frédéric Kuhlmann developed the industrial production of nitric acid and set up a factory that became one of the world's leading chemical companies, Péchiney-Ugine-Kuhlmann.

A succession of major French chemical discoveries contributed to the birth of the pharmaceutical industry. In 1820 Pierre Joseph Pelletier isolated quinine, the antimalarial drug, from the cinchona, a tropical tree. Before long he and other French scientists had isolated morphine, strychnine, caffeine, and digitalis, the powerful cardiac stimulant. In 1829 the pharmacist Henri Leroux extracted salicin from the bark of a willow tree. This led to the synthesis of acetylsalicylic acid—known today as aspirin.



Nicolas Leblanc's equipment for the large-scale industrial production of sodium carbonate.

But the dominating figure in medical history was yet to appear. In 1840 a young French student, the son of a tanner in the Jura Mountains of eastern France, graduated from secondary school with a grade of "mediocre" in chemistry. He squeezed through the competitive exam for admission to the Ecole Normale in Paris and tutored students in mathematics from six to seven every morning to pay his expenses. His name was Louis Pasteur.

THE GREAT PASTEUR

Louis Pasteur moved from one discipline to another throughout his remarkable career; he started out as a chemist and in his twenties explained a phenomenon that had long puzzled chemists: the existence of molecules that are the mirror image of one another. Then he created microbiology; later he extended his findings to the field of medicine. When he died, he was perhaps the most admired man in the world. Few scientists before or after have produced such invaluable results.

In his early work on the fermentation of wine, he discovered from his microscope studies that the process only took place in the presence of tiny living creatures, which at first he called globules. "The wine is a sea of organisms," he said. "By some it lives, by some it decays."

Pasteur then tackled the widely accepted notion of spontaneous generation, according to which living organisms could simply arise, if the circumstances were favorable, without benefit of parents. Now familiar with the tiny creatures under his microscope lens, he believed that microorganisms could arise only from other microorganisms, and he set out to prove it. His experimentation took him from musty Paris cellars to pristine Alpine peaks and finally to a brilliant public demonstration in 1861 that spontaneous generation could not occur.

This led to a next, momentous step in his reasoning: If infectious diseases didn't just happen by spontaneous generation, perhaps they were caused by the germs all around us. Could those germs be killed or somehow neutralized? Pasteur's contribution to the adoption of sterile operating techniques greatly reduced the dreadful toll of infection and subsequent death from surgery.

The work to which Pasteur was so dedicated had tremendous human and economic impact. He developed pasteurization; saved the silk industry by identifying an organism that was killing silkworms; and produced a vaccine against anthrax, an often fatal disease of sheep and cattle.

Pasteur's last major scientific challenge was to develop a human vaccine. He concentrated on rabies, a deadly disease transmitted by the bite of infected animals. Microscope studies did not reveal any microbe that would be the causative agent; we now know it was a virus too small to be seen



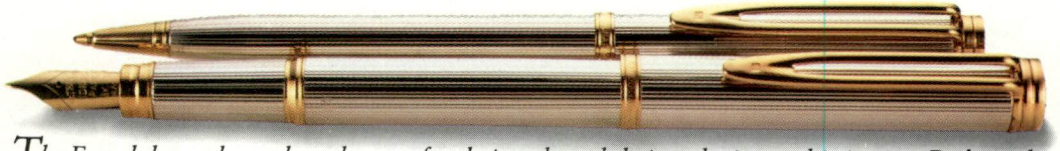
For my 30th birthday,
I treated myself to an original Monet.

For my marriage to Simone,
I purchased a villa on the Côte d'Azur.

For the birth of my firstborn,
I sent chocolate cigars to half of Paris.

To commemorate my country's 200th birthday,
I bought myself a Waterman.

An extraordinary event, after all,
calls for an extraordinary celebration.



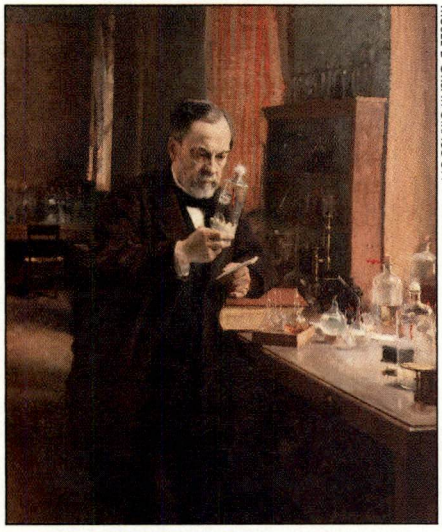
The French have always been known for their style and their enduring sophistication. Perhaps that is why they have chosen Waterman as the official pen of their Bicentennial. With layer upon layer of brilliant lacquers. In accents gilded with precious metal. Waterman is the ideal celebration of French craftsmanship.

WATERMAN
PARIS

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through an optical microscope. But Pasteur knew it must be there and proceeded as he had before, attenuating the virulence by drying the spinal marrow of infected rabbits in the presence of oxygen.

On July 6, 1885, a nine-year-old boy who had been bitten fourteen times by a rabid dog was brought to his laboratory. Pasteur, after consulting with doctors, made the frightening decision to try his vaccine. The boy was given thirteen injections, starting with highly attenuated virus and continuing with increasingly virulent preparations.



MUSEE D'ORSAY/GIRAUDON

An 1885 portrait of Louis Pasteur depicts the scientist preparing his vaccine against rabies.

After many sleepless nights for Pasteur, it became apparent that the boy would live. Soon another child was successfully vaccinated, and the news spread that rabies had been conquered. By late 1886 more than two thousand people from many countries had come to Paris to be vaccinated; only ten succumbed, probably because treatment had started too late.

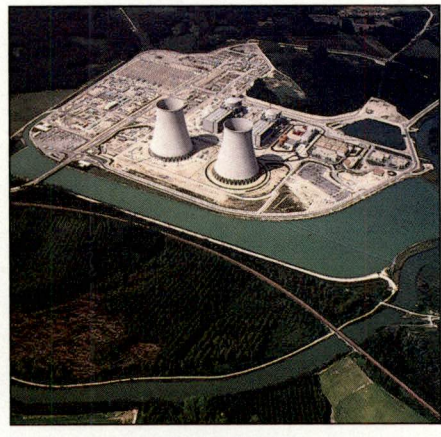
The Academy of Sciences created a special establishment for the treatment of rabies, called the Institut Pasteur, inaugurated in 1888. Pasteur was by then sixty-five, partially paralyzed by a stroke. He was director of the institute until his death in 1895.

The Institut Pasteur today is a major center of biomedical research. *Pasteuriens*, as its researchers like to call themselves, have made countless contributions to the control of disease, and eight of them have won Nobel Prizes. In 1983 Luc Montagnier, head of cancer-virus research at Pasteur, was the first person to report identification of the AIDS virus.

NEW CONCEPTS OF MATTER

Henri Becquerel, a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique, began a series of exciting advances into atomic and nuclear physics in 1896, when he discovered the spontaneous radiation of atoms of uranium, which he called uranic rays. Marie Sklodowska, who had come to Paris from Poland to study science and had married the physicist Pierre Curie, demonstrated in 1898 that thorium also emitted radiation. Her husband joined her in her search for other radioactive substances, and together they discovered polonium and radium. In 1903 Becquerel and the Curies were honored with the Nobel Prize in physics. In 1911 Marie Curie won another Nobel Prize, this time in chemistry—the only woman to have been so honored twice.

Irène Curie, the daughter of Pierre and Marie, later worked with her husband, Frédéric Joliot, to describe artificial radiation and contributed to the discovery of the neutron. The Joliot-Curies, as they were called, won the Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1935 for the synthesis of new radioactive elements. Joliot and several colleagues applied in 1939 for patents on methods to produce energy through fission—the chain reaction that would lead to the atom bomb and nuclear power.



GAMMA

Nuclear power plants like this one at Nogent-sur-Seine provide 70 percent of France's electricity.

Other French Nobel Prize winners who contributed to the development of nuclear physics include Jean Perrin (1926), Prince Louis de Broglie (1929), Alfred Kastler (1966), and Louis Neel (1970). The French nationwide adoption of nuclear power is a testament to their achievements; the nation now has forty-eight nuclear reactors in operation, providing 70 percent of the country's electric power. France has pioneered in nuclear-waste treatment with its construction of a huge plant in La Hogue where uranium and plutonium are extracted from waste for reuse. Highly radioactive material that is unusable is taken to the Marcoule nuclear-research center for vitrification before storage.

There has also been a good deal of ingenuity applied to the generation of power from natural sources in France. A tidal power plant on the Rance River, near the English Channel, opened in 1966, generates up to five hundred thousand kilowatts of electricity with absolutely no pollution. The free energy comes from the twice-daily surge of tidewater in and out of the river estuary.

AHEAD ON WHEELS . . .

France's first bicycles appeared in the late eighteenth century, and they were rudimentary, with no pedals, no brakes, and no steering gear. They were propelled by pushing on the ground with the feet. This solved nobody's transportation problems, but in 1855 a locksmith named Pierre Michaux thought of attaching pedals to the front axle, and bikes began to take off. Soon the chain drive was invented, both in France and in England, and France's prototypical personal-transportation image—the worker wearing a beret, baguette of bread under his arm, pedaling on a bicycle—was created.

The first automobile, broadly defined—in France or anywhere—was a huge,

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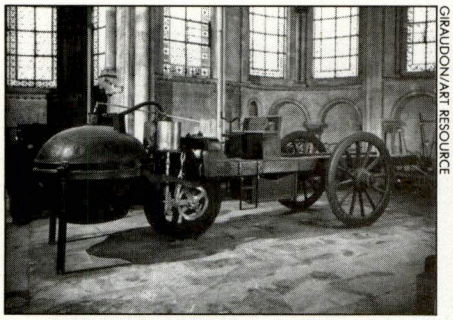
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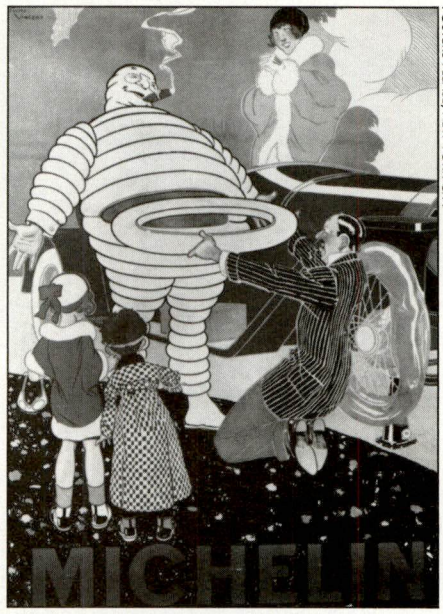
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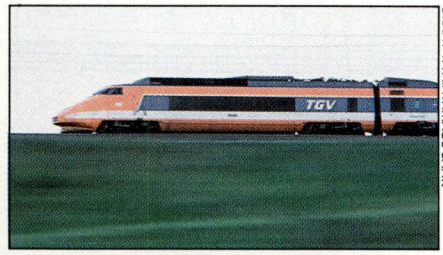
GIRAUDON/ART RESOURCE

Nicolas Joseph Cugnot's steam-powered automobile for transporting artillery.



POSTERS PLEASE, NEW YORK CITY

A motorist with a flat tire accepts the gracious largess of the Michelin Tire man.



GRANT V. FAINT/IMAGE BANK

The record-breaking *train de grande vitesse* (TGV) speeds through the French countryside.

heavy, steam-powered vehicle with three wheels built by Nicolas Joseph Cugnot in 1769. It was designed to haul heavy objects such as cannon and had a top speed of 2.3 miles per hour. French engineers made central contributions to the evolving gasoline engine. In 1860 Etienne Lenoir developed what can be considered the first internal-combustion engine, a job that ran on coal gas. I vised a spark plug not u used today. Other advance with the four- and six-cylin of Fernand Forest in 1888 a

The vehicles built by Fra Panhard and Emile Levasso to 1894 were among the e gasoline automobiles. A majo tion to the well-being of the ists was made by the brot and Edouard Michelin, who cle-tire manufacturing com invented the first tires that c mounted, and put them on drove in the 1895 Paris-to road race. They didn't win but they won a lot of notic tomers. Their company dev steel-belted radial tire in 19 day is the second-largest tir the world.

The explosive increase in cars created an urgent need able gasoline, and this was sible largely by the work of E dry, who in 1925 developed ess called catalytic cracking up the heavy residues fro into light by-products, including gasoline. Almost 40 percent of the world's

rail line from Lyons to St. Etienne, the first railroad in France. He found he had to replace the machines with his own newly invented tubular-boiler locomotives. The tubular boiler greatly increased the surface area of piping exposed to heat and thus generated more steam more quickly.

France's most striking technological contribution to train travel is the modern-day *train de grande vitesse*, or

brilliant French engineer, imported British locomotives in 1828 for use on his

onstration at Versailles before King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette.

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Two hundred years ago the French National Assembly approved the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen.

Within a month the U.S. Congress adopted the Bill of Rights.

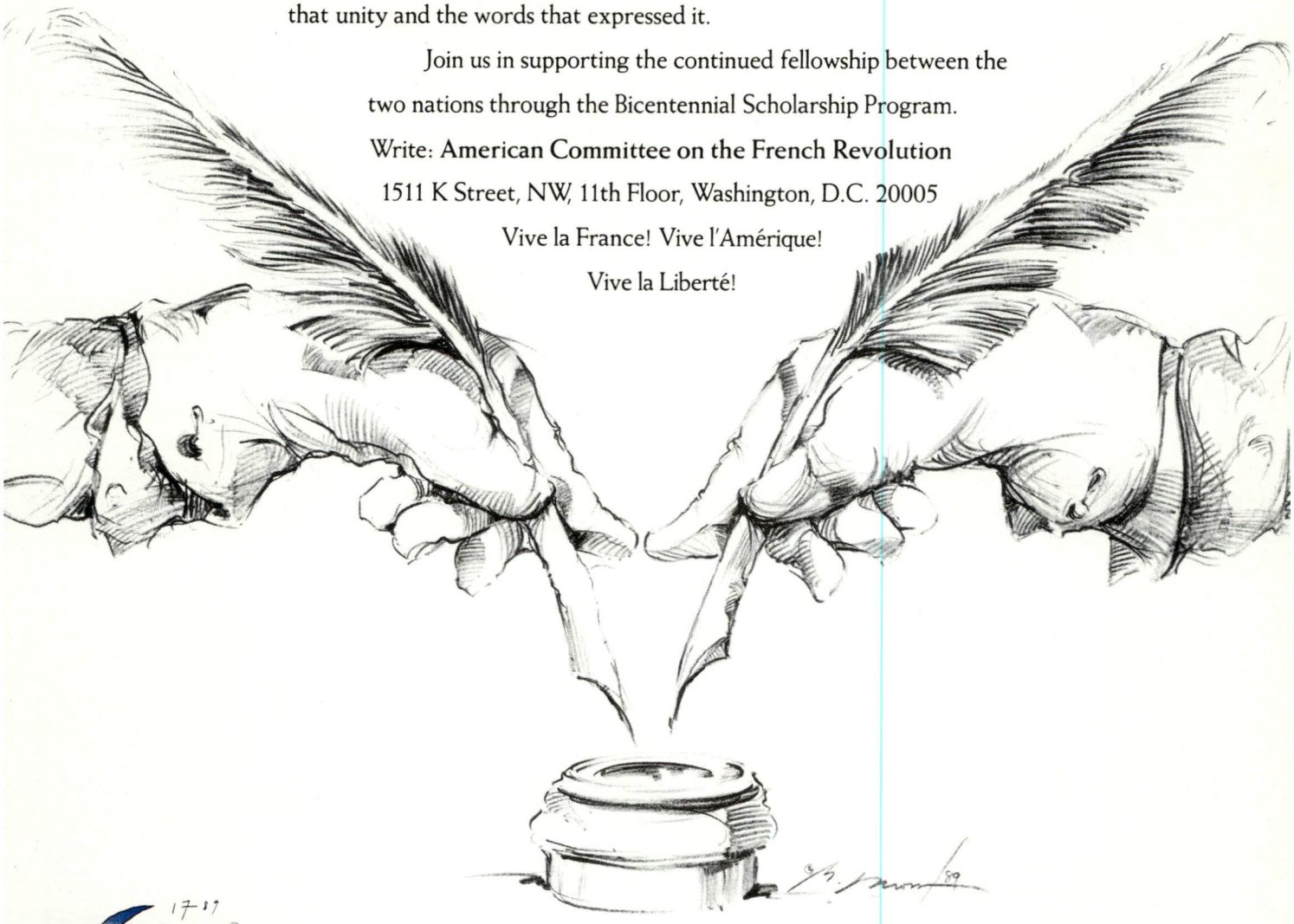
These two documents affirm the spirit of liberty that inspired both the French and American revolutions. They cemented the bond between French and United States citizens as partners in liberty.

The American Committee on the French Revolution celebrates that unity and the words that expressed it.

Join us in supporting the continued fellowship between the two nations through the Bicentennial Scholarship Program.

Write: **American Committee on the French Revolution**
1511 K Street, NW, 11th Floor, Washington, D.C. 20005

Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!
Vive la Liberté!



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THE BICENTENNIAL OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION–FRANCE AND AMERICA: PARTNERS IN LIBERTY

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Their first passengers: a rooster, a duck, and a sheep.

According to legend, Joseph Montgolfier set out on the road to flight by observing the lifting power of hot air while he was drying a shirt over a fire. He and Etienne constructed trial balloons of cloth and paper and flew them near their family's paper factory.

Joseph's theories about the expansive force of heat contributed to the very beginnings of thermodynamics; he also developed the concept of the internal-combustion engine, and another series of speculations led him to perfect the hydraulic ram, which uses the force of falling water to lift part of a stream to a higher level. His life's work is a striking illustration of what a creative mind could accomplish even with limited scientific knowledge and resources. Opening the skies to man was an epic feat by any standard.

France's pioneering in the skies continued with the first dirigible, a steam-powered balloon flown by Henry Giffard in 1852, and a first glider flight, in 1856, by Jean Marie Le Bris. Louis Blériot brought heavier-than-air flight to maturity in 1909, when he made the first airplane trip across the English Channel. And to make it all a little safer, a cautious Frenchman named André Jacques Garnerin patented in 1802 a design for a parachute—"to slow the fall after the explosion of a balloon."

In our own time France has extended the horizons of air travel with the Concorde, the world's first and only



GAMMA

An Ariane rocket hurtles skyward from France's space complex in Kourou, French Guiana.

successful supersonic passenger aircraft, an achievement France accomplished in partnership with Great Britain. The plane has been flying for twenty years and is expected to continue for at least another decade.

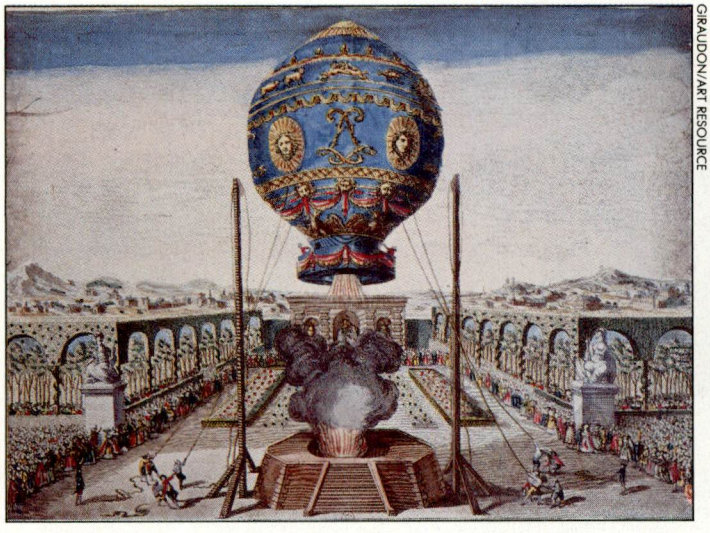
Today France is a world leader in rocketry, with a string of highly successful Ariane commercial launches from its base in French Guiana. It has also developed advanced aerial weapons such as the Exocet missile, antitank rockets, fighter planes, and helicopters, which have helped make it the world's largest arms exporter after the Soviet Union and the United States. Two years ago France and Germany agreed to work on the joint development of the Eurocopter—a combat helicopter that may be the most advanced of its kind. France is also a key player in the European consortium that builds Airbus commercial planes.

SENDING A MESSAGE

France has been as much a leader in the movement of ideas and information as in that of bodies, goods, and material. An early step toward an instantaneous long-distance communications system was the visual telegraph, or semaphore, developed by Claude Chappe in 1791. It consisted of a series of towers built on high points, on which were mounted arms that could be moved to signal different letters, just as a navy uses signal flags.

The device was promptly put to work by Charles Havas, who founded the world's first news service. He started modestly with a news translation service in Paris, then in 1835 added correspondents, who conveyed their information to the central office by semaphore and homing pigeon. The Havas agency flourished over the years, adopting new technology as it appeared—telegraph, telephone, teletype—and in 1944 split into the Havas advertising agency and the Agence France Presse, which remains today one of the world's major wire services.

While Havas served the sighted, Louis Braille worked on a system to facili-



GIRAUDON/ART RESOURCE



HANK DE LESPINASSE/IMAGE BANK

Left: A Montgolfier brothers hot-air balloon ascends in 1783.
Above: The Concorde today.

TEAM WORK



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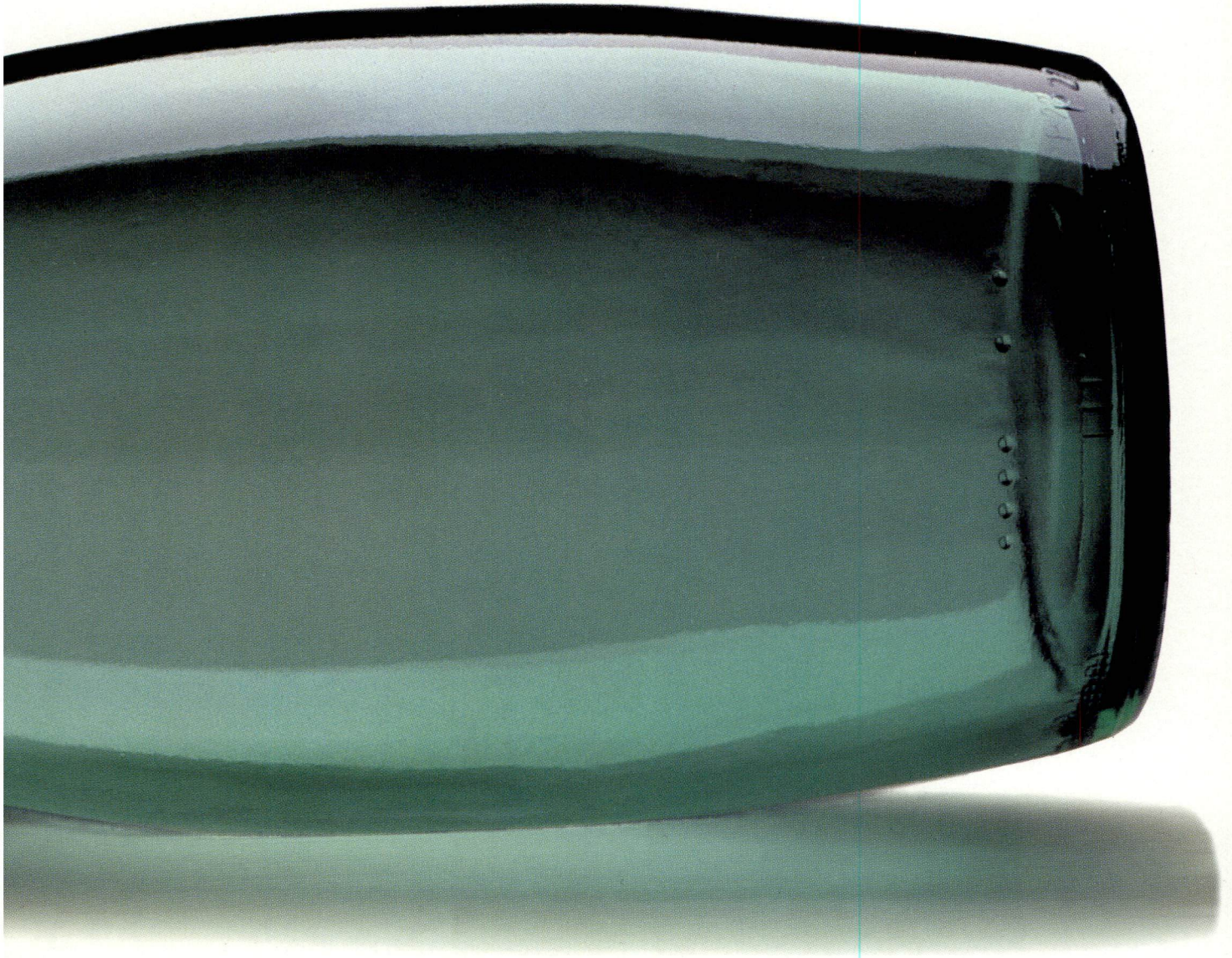
In 1914, production of the earth's first soft drink reached 2 million bottles a year. Today, it's over 2 million bottles a day.

And how does Verrerie de Languedoc (a subsidiary of Perrier) maintain the consistent shape and quality of this world-famous bottle?



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tate communication for the blind. Blinded by an accident when he was three, Braille perfected a system that uses patterns of raised dots to represent the letters of the alphabet. It allows the blind to write as well as read and is used throughout the world.

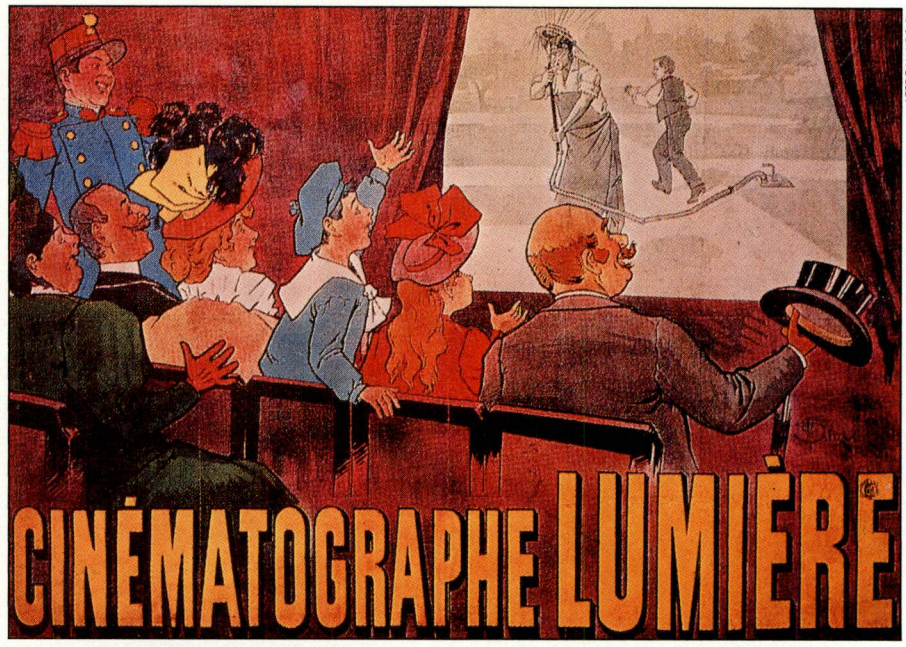
A pathbreaking French communications advance without parallel elsewhere is the nationwide adoption of the Minitel, a device with a keyboard and screen with which users can call up information, make reservations, and order other services. France's postal and telephone service decided in 1982 to put the nation's entire telephone information data bank on a Minitel hookup and to distribute the machines free to every telephone subscriber who wanted one. This led to practically instant acceptance, and there are now more than 4,500,000 Minitels in French offices and homes.

Minitels offer more than three thousand other services besides the telephone directory, including banking, news, train and plane ticket reservations, horse-race betting, and games. Doctors can call up medical references; students can get help with homework. More than a century ago Jules Verne envisioned videophones bringing sound and images into homes. Now his flight of fancy is a reality. Minitels are changing French life, profoundly affecting behavior patterns and demolishing loneliness and isolation.

THE AGE OF LIGHT—AND OF OPTICS

If the postrevolutionary era was the period when the Enlightenment reached full flower—*les Lumières*, as the French call it, meaning "the Lights"—it was also a time when scientists and researchers became preoccupied with light itself, studying its nature and means of capturing it. World-changing discoveries and inventions were made by such figures as Niepce, Daguerre, and the happily named genius of the moving picture, Louis Lumière.

Light interested eighteenth-century physicists for more reasons than its power to illuminate; it was also, obviously, a form of energy. Lavoisier is



ROGER-VIOLLET

The novelty of the moving picture amazes the audience in this poster for an 1897 Lumière film.

credited with building the first solar furnace, shortly before the Revolution. He used a set of mirrors to concentrate sunlight on materials he attempted to break down with extreme heat, including diamonds.

In 1839 Antoine César Becquerel produced what is considered the first solar electric cell; later two French inventors, Augustin Bernard Mouchot and Abel Pifre, were granted a patent for a solar-powered steam engine, which they demonstrated at the Paris International Exhibition in 1878. Their design utilized a reflector to gather and concentrate the sun's rays and made it possible to move the reflector so it was always oriented toward the sun. Much more recently French scientists built a huge parabolic-mirror solar collector and furnace in 1955 in the Pyrenees Mountains at Odeillo.

Quite another aspect of light was the preoccupation of Joseph Nicéphore Niepce. He won a photo finish, as it were, over the English inventor William Henry Fox Talbot in making known a process for producing photographs. They worked along similar lines for years, unbeknownst to each other. Niepce was a lithographer who experimented for a decade in search of a means of recording the images seen in a camera obscura, a box with a pinhole acting as a lens. He tried working with a glass plate coated with silver chloride and got a faint image. His first negative, made in 1816, was on paper, and the first photograph, *Vue d'une fenêtre*, in 1826, on metal.

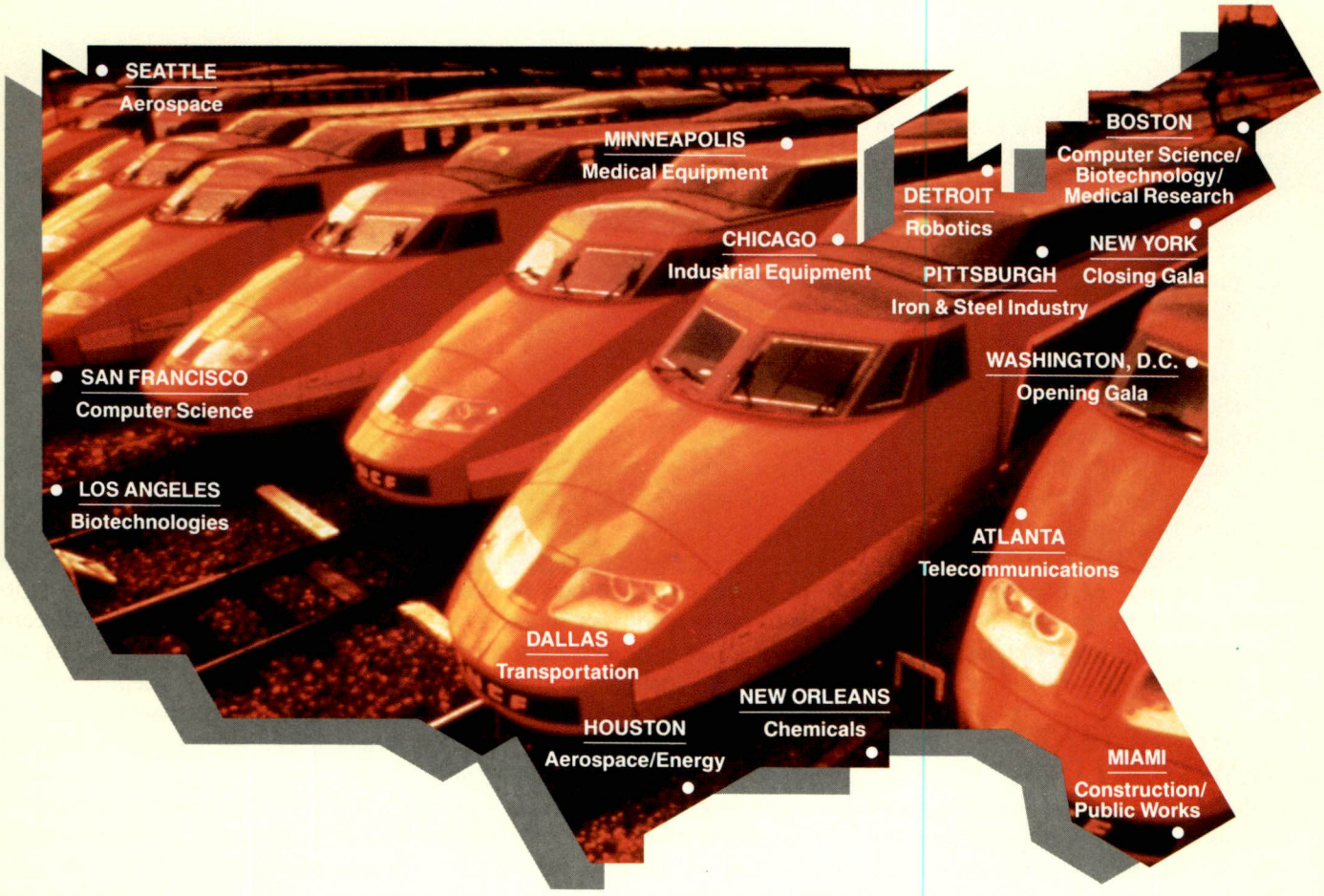
Louis Daguerre worked with Niepce until the latter died in 1833. Daguerre developed a method for making a positive image on a silver plate, which he called, not surprisingly, a daguerreotype. Daguerreotypes became enormously popular, providing people who could not afford artists' portraits with a way of preserving likenesses.

The difficult problem of capturing motion on film was solved by Jules Marey, who in 1887 made the first motion picture, using a kind of rifle that took twelve exposures per second. The Lumière brothers, Louis and Auguste, patented their Cinématographe in France in 1895, for both making and showing movies. This was the first complete system for photographing, printing, and projecting moving pictures onto a screen. They went on to produce the first true motion-picture films.

The CinemaScope principle, which brought new, wider horizons to motion pictures, was worked out and pat-

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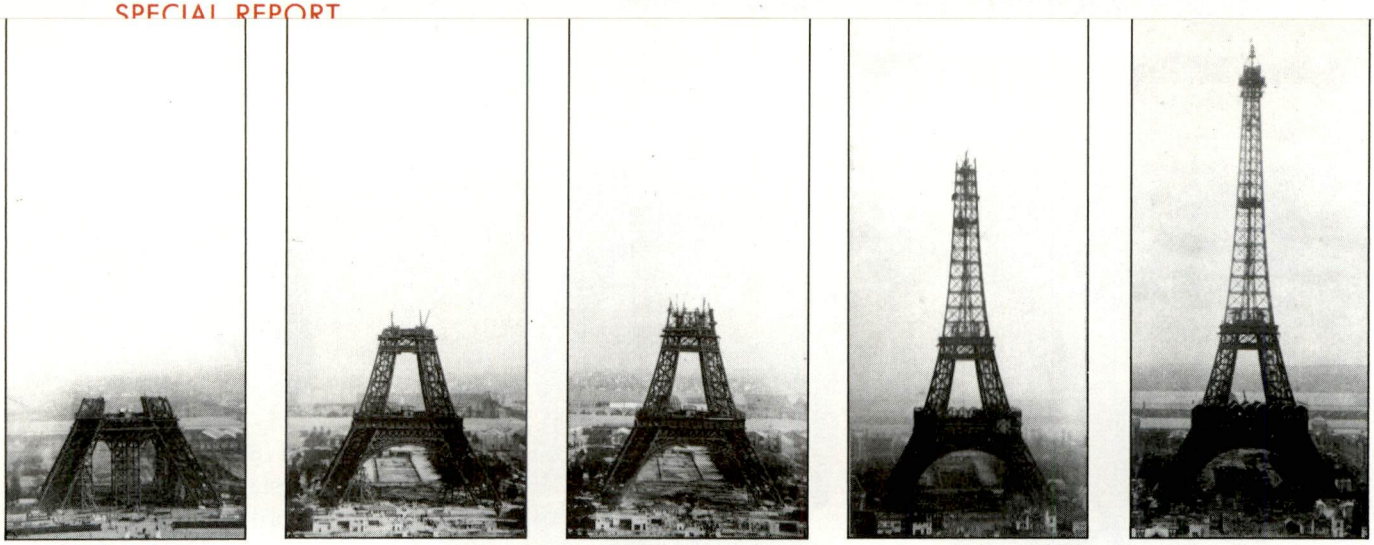
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French-American Chamber of Commerce in the United States, Inc.



Stages in the erection of Gustave Eiffel's monumental tower in Paris, 1888–89.

richly textured life of movement, danger, and extraordinary technological accomplishment. He was a familiar of the great, a dreamer who made his dreams become reality by sheer drive and force of personality.

He was the "originator of one of the biggest propositions ever put forward to private enterprise," according to his biographer Charles Beatty. Lesseps's scheme was to create a hundred-mile open waterway between the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Suez, leading thence to the Red Sea. He said the canal would facilitate trade, cut shipping costs, and inevitably change strategic relations, "halving the distance to the Indies from both Europe and America." People were "excited by the grandeur of the project," Beatty observes, "as though it were an idol of the Religion of Progress."

Lesseps was neither a financier nor an engineer. He had been a diplomat and while serving in Egypt had got the concession from the viceroy of Egypt to open a passage through the Isthmus of Suez. Strong opposition to the project arose in England and in Turkey, but Lesseps pressed ahead and raised half the capital needed by popular subscription in France.

Workers deserted, cholera killed off others, riots broke out, food and water supplies were interrupted, but Lesseps persisted. He was likened to a "locomotive. . . . The power of Lesseps was momentum." Failure repeatedly seemed certain, but Lesseps struggled on, raised more money, and saw more influential people. Rock was blasted, millions of cubic feet of sand and earth were moved, and on August 15, 1869, the two seas met. The event was attended by elaborate ceremony, and soon afterward Lesseps traveled by ship from one end to the other in fifteen hours.

Lesseps became a world celebrity and, probably inevitably, was drawn, at the age of seventy-four, into the French project to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The venture suffered from insufficient financing, loss of key people to yellow fever or sheer fatigue, and unforeseen technical problems, and by 1889 work had to be stopped. Lesseps suffered a stroke and died in 1894. The United States bought out the French company in 1902 for forty million dollars and completed the canal in 1914. But Lesseps lives on as de Lesseps of Suez, a man who believed that anything man wanted to do could be done.

Yet it was another French civil engineer who most completely epitomized the era: Gustave Eiffel. His breathtaking tower was built as the centerpiece of the great Paris Exposition of 1889 to mark the centenary of the Revolution and to show what had been accomplished by mankind over those hundred years. During the six months of the exposition more than thirty-two million visitors saw the soaring audacity of the wrought-iron tower, far taller than any other structure on earth. The tower is a perfect symbol of France's two-hundred-year journey from the Revolution to today.

Eiffel had trained at a top French school as an engineer and by the time he was twenty-five was in charge of constructing a major cast-iron bridge across the Garonne River at Bordeaux. There he distinguished himself by leaping into the river to save a worker who had fallen in. He also drew notice by completing the job on time, using an innovative pile-driving technique. His career burgeoned with commissions to build bridges, gasworks, churches, stores, banks, and steel mills. Along the way he designed the structural framework for the Statue of Liberty.

The Eiffel Tower's design was not strictly his; it was by his chief of research, Maurice Koechlin, a fact Eiffel never concealed. But Eiffel made the tower his own by his genius of execution. The structure, unprecedented in its daring, was completed within the stringent time limit—two years and two months—at 6 percent under the budget, which was the equivalent of $1,600,000.

Not lacking in a sense of ceremony, Eiffel announced as construction started that the tower would be built "to the glory of modern science, and to the greater honor of French industry, an arch of triumph as striking as those that preceding operations had raised to conquerors." When it was completed, he personally climbed to the top and raised a gigantic blue, red, and white French flag from the staff, nine hundred feet above the Seine. He calculated the tower's total weight at 9,441 tons; it was able to accommodate ten thousand visitors at one time and to withstand winds stronger than any ever recorded in Paris. Although he designed it so it could be dismantled after the fair, it has, of course, lived on as the star of the City of Light.

If Eiffel changed the skyline of Paris, the renowned Baron Haussmann, pre-

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"Smart cards"—credit cards with computer chips—are changing the way people spend money.

fect of the city under Napoleon III, worked equally sweeping changes at ground level. Paris had grown from its beginnings on an island in the Seine to encompass large areas on both banks and had absorbed a number of villages that formerly surrounded it, so streets were meandering and often narrow. Haussmann was what would now be called an urbanist; he conceived of a truly modern Paris, changing it from a city of many slums and pervading filth, creating great wide avenues and vast ceremonial open areas like the Place de la Nation, the Opéra, and the Etoile. (There were allegations that Napoleon III wanted to widen the avenues so that rioters could not block off areas and troops could move more easily wherever needed, but the official motive was to improve city living—which might in itself fend off riots anyway.)

Another late-nineteenth-century change in the Paris cityscape also helped define modern urban life—a revolution in retailing. It was started, in the most modest of ways, in 1852 by Aristide Boucicaut, a partner in a little Paris store called Au Bon Marché. He established fixed prices, with no haggling; put merchandise on open display rather than keep it out of sight; and structured the store by specific departments (making it the first department store), each with its own supervisor. Salespeople were put on commission and, wonder of wonders, customers were allowed to return unwanted merchandise. To top it off Boucicaut instituted free delivery, "as far as a horse can go in Paris." He pioneered a number of social measures for employees as well: The store provided free meals for staff members, gave annual leave, made promotions on the basis of merit and seniority, and offered professional training.

In the twentieth century another new vision of urbanism emerged, following on the nineteenth-century plans of Haussmann, this time from Charles Edouard Jeanneret, a Swiss-born French architect known as Le Corbusier. Le Corbu, as some called him, dreamed of airier, more welcoming cities, built on pillars, a dream realized to some extent in a number of projects, notably at L'Unité d'Habitation, built in Marseilles in the 1940s. His work was harshly criticized by some and remains both deeply influential and controversial.

AN UNFORESEEABLE, PROMISING FUTURE

Jean Jacques, a historian of science and professor emeritus at the Sorbonne, has observed that important inventions are frequently accidents, felicitous occurrences that crop up in the course of doing unrelated work. The word he uses for this phenomenon is *l'imprévu*—"the unforeseen."

Just one example of the kinds of things coming out of inventors' garages and offices in France will give an idea of what may lie ahead. It is the smart card. Roland Moréno achieved an electronic wedding in 1974 when he melded the card, as in credit card, with the chip, as in computer chip. His ingenious smart card appears likely to play a growing role in a society increasingly free of cash transactions. The card stores up credits and pays out debts on (authorized) command. It is now in use by the millions in France and elsewhere, providing pay-telephone credit, prepaid purchases, and more. By last year fifty-three million cards had been issued.

The inventor endured long, difficult years trying to gain acceptance for his idea and at one time had to sell part of his ownership just to pay for his rent and food. Now new attention is focusing on smart cards for parking meters, among other things, which just may make obsolete a lot of desperate fumbling for change.

On August 26, 1789, France's Constituent Assembly voted to ratify the Declaration of the Rights of Man. It ensured the freedom to come and go as one pleases, to think, and to express one's opinions. In the two hundred years that followed, France has been through two empires, the restoration of monarchy and its downfall, popular insurrections, attempted coups d'état, five republics, and two catastrophic world wars. Its population has doubled to fifty-six million.

The French legacy of inventions, innovations, and social advances is too rich and varied to be tallied in a few pages. It includes many momentous achievements and few immortally frivolous ones, such as French fries and the bikini—and also that barest of all outfits, Chanel No. 5. Perhaps the crowning achievement of the French, though, is their invention of a way of life that much of the world envies and not a few nations would like to emulate. ★

VIOUJARD/GAMMA-LIAISON

COGECOM: Your Partner for New Services

A key player in the challenging environment of international telecommunications is COGECOM, the holding company for the subsidiaries of the FRANCE TELECOM authority. COGECOM is seeking worldwide alliances. It is keen to share with foreign partners its experience in videotex, packet-switched data transmission and value added services as well as in other state-of-the-art telecom technologies.

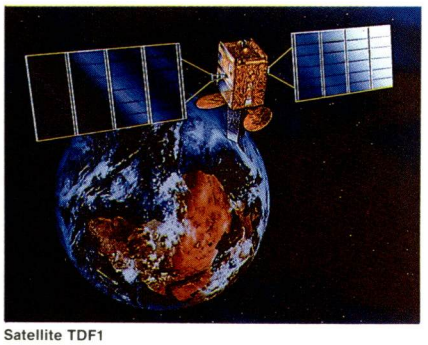
Communications technologies are essentially international and that means development must be worldwide. This explains why COGECOM is focusing strongly on the North American market and the European market in the perspective of 1993.

To ensure vigorous expansion, the company has targeted three main sectors: cross-boarder alliances, value added services and investment in the growing industry of audiovisual. In all of them, it has racked up a number of successes, both in France and worldwide through its subsidiaries.

TRANSPAC operates the world's first packet-switched data network. Such networks are vital for business data communications, videotex and value added services.

Transpac carries France's Teletel videotex service, issued from Minitel terminals in more than 4 million French offices and households. It also provides advice and assistance to foreign telecom bodies in setting up their own data transmission networks. The U.S., Britain, Italy, Australia, Brazil, Korea and India are among countries which have drawn on Transpac's long experience in this sector.

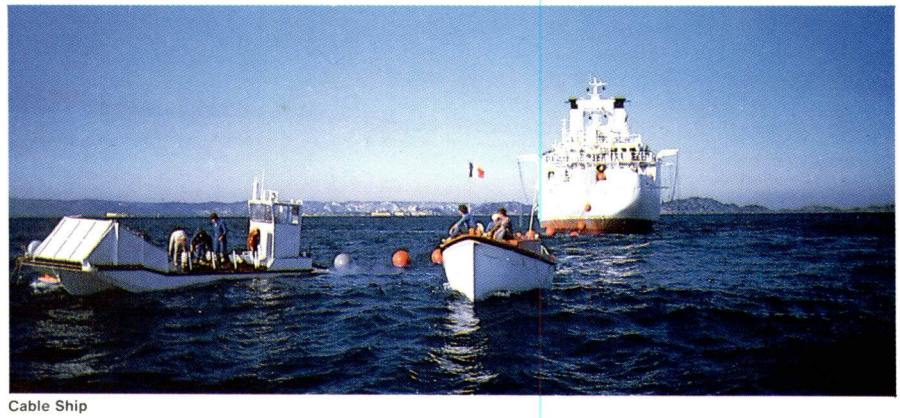
Transpac has taken a 15% stake in the Infonet network of Computer Science Corporation of the U.S. which offers a data transmission service for business users in 32 countries.



Satellite TDF1

INTELMATIQUE S.A. is solidly established in the U.S. through its Minitel USA holding. Based in New York, Minitel USA manages all videotex investment in the U.S. for France Telecom and, in partnership with Infonet, has created Minitel Services Co. to develop French standard videotex systems in North America.

TELESYSTEMES occupies a leading position in managing computer centers. These include Questel, Europe's leading data base host and Questel Inc., its U.S. subsidiary, which has been established in Washington D.C. for more than six years. Its clients use Darc software to access Questel's data banks on chemicals and copyrights. Telesystemes is also active in Brazil and Europe. It has the skills and resources to build and maintain corporate data and electronic fund transfer networks anywhere in the world.



Cable Ship

FRANCE CABLES ET RADIO has unrivalled experience in international telecommunications services, satellite communications and undersea cables. The company markets France's international leased line services under the name "France Telecom International." It also operates international telecommunication services in several countries around the world.

France Cables et Radio frequently uses satellite technology to update and extend these networks. With this objective, it has recently concluded major agreements with countries in the Middle East and South East Asia.

SOFRECOM, a France Cables et Radio subsidiary, offers a complete range of systems engineering and consultancy services. These services are project-oriented and include planning, feasibility studies, networking expertise, consulting, management, coordination, technical assistance and project analysis. Since its creation in 1966, SOFRECOM has handled more than 600 engineering projects in 80 countries on five continents.

With the constant transfer of know-how between the communications, video and audio sectors, FRANCE TELECOM has become a pioneer in the development of audiovisual. The company was swift to discover the advantages of using a common network to convey voice, data, sound and image. COGECOM offers a wide choice of video services. Its videotransmission and videoconferencing technology eases corporate communications.

As a major shareholder in France's direct television satellite, TDF1, which was launched by Europe's Ariane rocket in 1988, COGECOM is spearheading efforts that will lead to the successful introduction of new European television standards and the development of high definition television.

FRANCE TELECOM has made through COGECOM, an important alliance with its West German counterpart, the Deutsche Bundespost, to create EUCOM. This holding company will invest in joint-venture offering value added services at international levels.

TELECOM SYSTEMES MOBILES, another subsidiary, is responsible for the development, operation and marketing of "Alphapage", a city-paging service enabling people on the move to receive alphanumeric or "beep" messages.

With its offshoot EGT, COGECOM is active in marketing terminals such as telephone answering machines, facsimile and teletex. It also supplies terminals for radiocommunications and electronic fund transfer.



MINITEL 12

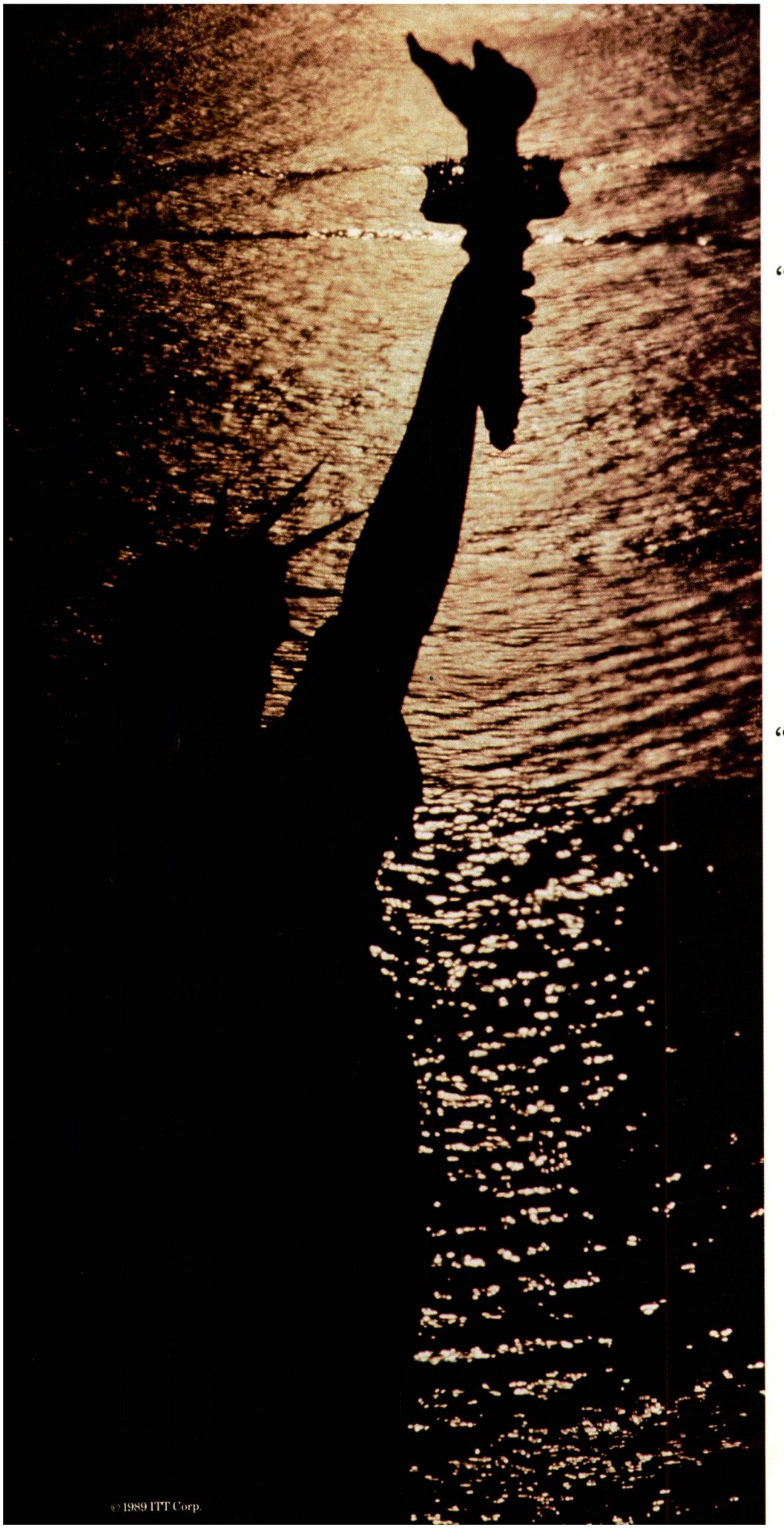
CAT, the venture capital arm of COGECOM, finances innovation by taking minority equity stakes in smaller businesses active in telecommunications, data processing and audiovisual technology.

In 1988, overall consolidated sales of the group totalled $900 million. Capital expenditure amounted to $175 million and net income $37 million. With its financial strength and the dynamism of its subsidiaries, COGECOM is a strong competitor and a valued partner for the international telecommunications industry.

COGECOM

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"Free people
remember
this maxim:
We may acquire
liberty, but it
is never recovered
if it is lost."

—Jean Jacques Rousseau

"The God who gave
us life, gave us liberty
at the same time."

—Thomas Jefferson

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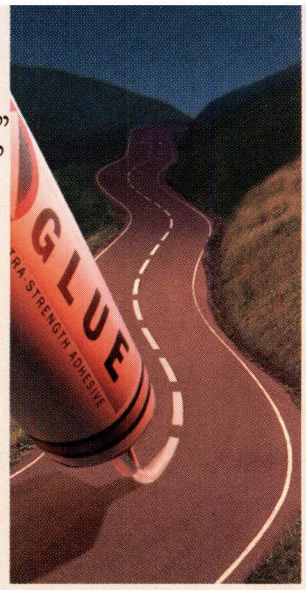


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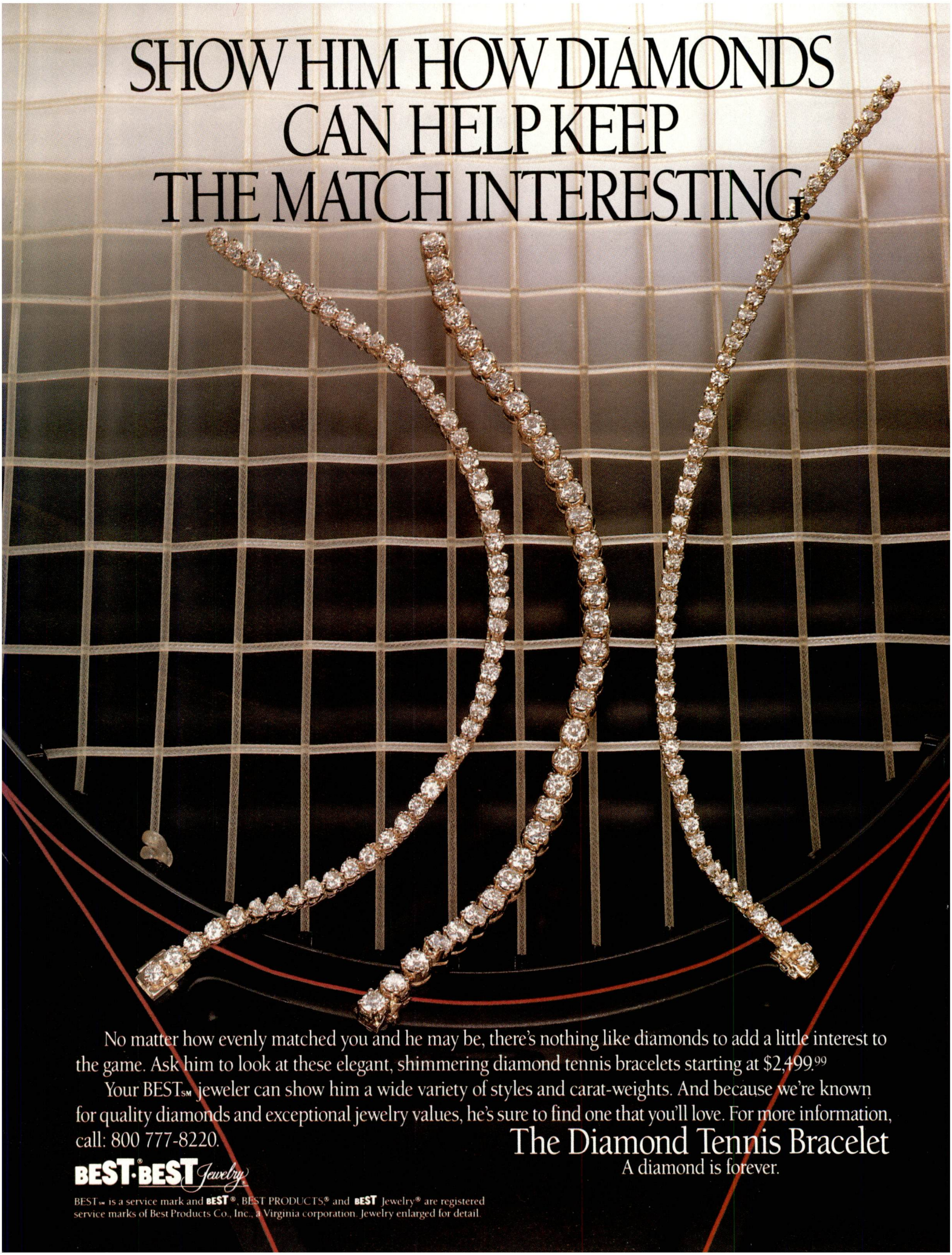
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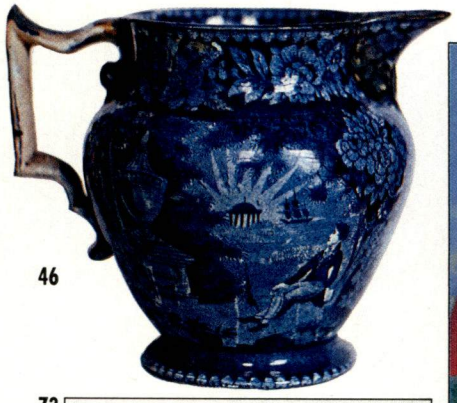

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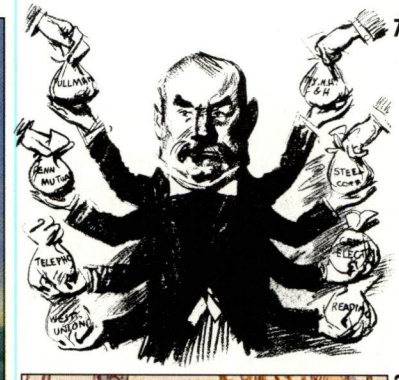
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THE COVER: Columbia salutes Marianne on the bicentennial of the French Revolution in Oscar De Mejo's painting—and we mark the anniversary with a special section.



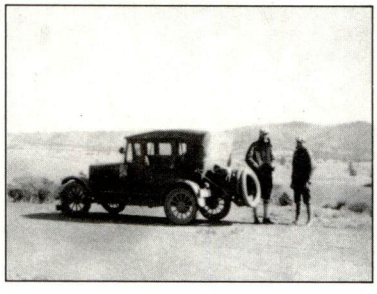
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46 LAFAYETTE, YOU ARE HERE! The ubiquitous legacy of America's favorite Frenchman.

52 BERNHARDT IN AMERICA *by John Kobler.* In the years between the dedication of the Statue of Liberty and the First World War, the Divine Sarah was, for hundreds of thousands of Americans, the single most compelling embodiment of the French Republic.

66 AN AMERICAN COUP IN PARIS *by Mark Jenkins.* Remember the excitement of the 1924 Olympics in *Chariots of Fire*? That was nothing compared with what the U.S. rugby team did to the French at those games.

73 SECRETS OF THE MODEL T *by Albert B. Stephenson.* A veteran driver tells what everybody knew about the Tin Lizzie and nobody bothered to write down.

78 THE MAGNITUDE OF J. P. MORGAN *by John Steele Gordon.* It cannot be measured in dollars alone. It involved a kind of personal power no man of affairs will ever have again.

92 A TOWN THAT LOOKED JUST SO *by Glynne Robinson.* Of the thousands of negatives Marie Kendall took in Norfolk, Connecticut, she saved only a few, but enough to be a fitting photographic memorial to a region and an era.

100 POSTSCRIPTS TO HISTORY *by James Weeks.* The Civil War's greatest scoop.

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FRONTISPIECE



After four years of German occupation, Parisians enthusiastically embrace a U.S. Army unit on August 28, 1944. The liberation of Paris was probably the high point of French-American friendship in this century. In this issue a special section explores a relationship that began when America did.

A Very Great Event

Most of the best colonial minds of the eighteenth century—Benjamin Franklin the most dedicated of them—did what they could to forestall the American Revolution, urging compromise and conciliation with the Crown until all hope was lost. But once the Revolution came, they did not look back with regret. And once the separation from the mother country was accomplished (with the help of French arms, money, and blood), the question of its necessity never arose. Our Revolution was clearly a good thing—a matter of pride and daring that informs the aspirations and achievements of the American people. But the question of whether the French Revolution was good and necessary is one that still divides France as dramatically as the severance of Louis XVI's bewildered head from his torso. For the French, their Revolution remains "a very great event that took a bad turn."

Nevertheless, this year France will momentarily put aside its conflicts of ideology—the unending oscillation between the Party of Order and the Party of Revolution that haunts its political life. On July 14, the bicentenary of the fall of the Bastille, the French will embrace the very great event that defined them as a modern state and changed the nature of Europe forever. And Americans will cheer them on even though we, through most of our history, have been deeply disturbed by a convulsion that resembled ours in many of its words and ideals, but not at all in its actions and consequences. For a full picture of just how troubling the French appeared to their fellow revolutionaries on this side of the Atlantic, we recommend the article by Garry Wills that leads this issue.

For Americans today, of course, the French Revolution is no issue at all. When the Germans defeated France in 1871, we lost our fear of her as a threatening, sometimes intrusive and cruel power. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, indeed, Americans became increasingly enchanted with a French culture that reached astonishing peaks of creativity in the arts and sciences.

In the intervening years, that passion for the culture of France has been fortified by both peacetime and wartime alliances. As in many alliances, there is irritation and condescension on both sides, but the essential friendship prevails. I remember a scene that repeated itself in my home for several nights in a row during the months of May and June 1940. While the Wehrmacht roared toward Paris, my father, a man who knew almost nothing about France apart from the operas he loved, would slam his fist on the kitchen table and say, "France will never fall!" I like to think he spoke unknowingly for all Americans. It was an article of faith, one that was confirmed in fact a few hard years later.



Strong Feelings

As I read your March article "The South's Inner Civil War," I felt as if I were still hearing stories told to me by my family. When one is reared with living history stories, it is surprising to discover that they are now well known.

My family is from Carter County in the upper east corner of Tennessee. My great-grandmother Evie Custer Perry told about the bitter division in her family during the Civil War. Her mother's family was very strongly pro-Union, but her father, Calvin Custer, was a doctor in the Confederate army. When he returned to Carter County after the war, his wife's family refused to allow him to remain. My great-grandmother said that the last thing that she could remember about her father was seeing him as he rode over a hill on his horse, leaving for St. Louis.

Even when I was a child in the 1940s, we still had two Methodist churches in our small town of Elizabethton—one Northern and one Southern. Or as my eighty-five-year-old great-aunt tells me, "Don't call it the Northern Methodist! There was only one real Methodist Church. Those Southern Methodists left it." Strong feelings still exist among families of East Tennessee.

Frances Powers Terry
Kingston, Tenn.

Bach and Brubeck

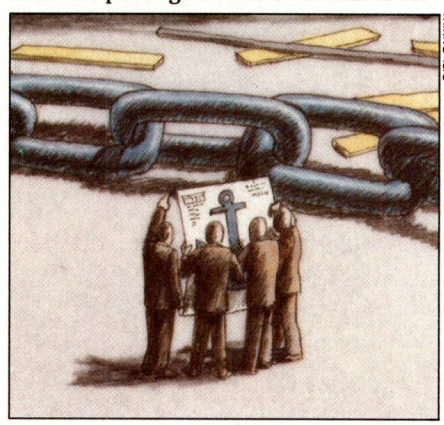
Benjamin McArthur's "The War of the Great Books" (February) illuminates the way the long-standing opposition of the ancients and the moderns (or of their partisans) reveals more about the combatants than about the merits.

Listeners who love Bach today can learn the different delights of Brubeck and the Beatles tomorrow; admirers of Picasso can learn to see the joy of Rembrandt as well. Readers who look for quality wherever they find it, without asking whether it comes from the right side of the tracks, know that both the ancient and the modern writers are with us.

Richard Crowder
Richmond, Va.

American Prestige

As one who has spent his entire adult life either overseas or working on foreign affairs, I subscribe heartily to John Lukacs's thesis as presented in your March issue. Mr. Lukacs correctly points out in "America's True Power" that our prestige overseas remains formidable even as our economic power (temporarily) wanes. My experience as American ambassador here confirms that the symbolism of the American experience is still a subject of fascination and respect. Both the English language and American studies attract steadily growing interest among university students and faculty in this former French colony, which professes Marxism as its prevailing ideology.


MIRKO ILIĆ

American power under scrutiny in a detail from an illustration in our March issue.

In return, I find it disturbing that a majority of Americans either cannot even find the Congo on a world map or confuse it with its neighbor across the river: Zaire, the former Belgian Congo.

L. G. Shurtleff
American Ambassador
People's Republic of the Congo
Brazzaville

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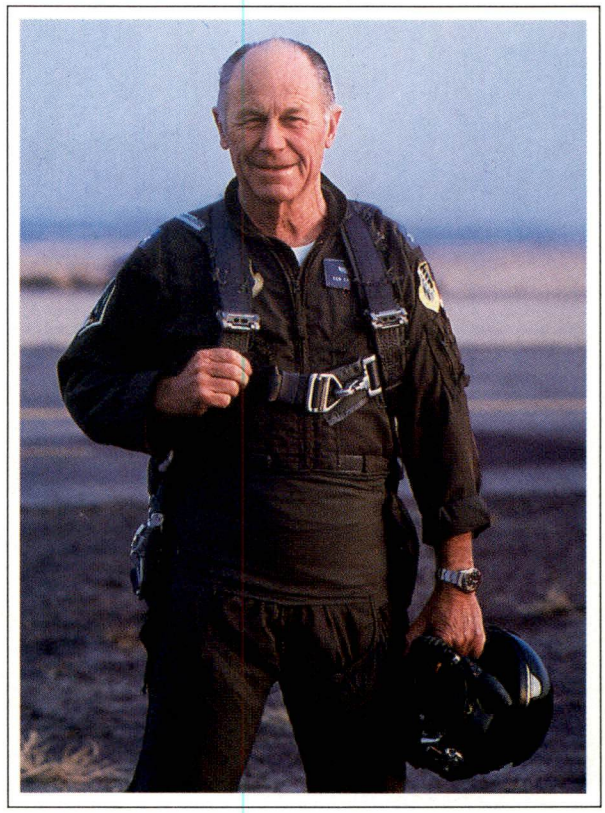
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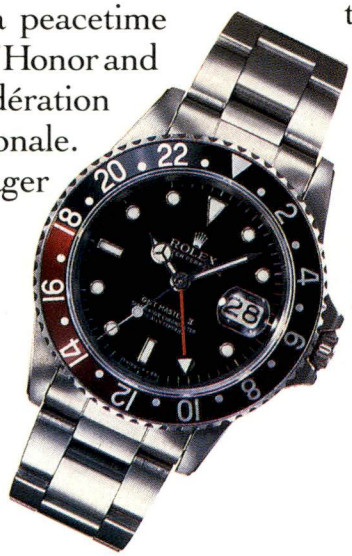
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In the meantime, Honda engineers will keep looking for other innovative ideas.

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HONDA

The Accord LXi



Regarding Professor John Lukacs's article "America's True Power," I will keep his thoughts in mind.

John H. Sununu
Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Carnegie's Daughter

"The Business of America" in your April issue contains an error. Andrew Carnegie had one child, a daughter named Margaret, of whom he was very fond.

A. W. Brewer
Manchester, Mass.

Editors' note: Margaret Carnegie was born on March 30, 1897. Now Mrs. Margaret Miller, she lives in Connecticut.

Western Stories

Montana is celebrating its centennial year in 1989, which serves to heighten the interest in your poignant story "A Message in a Bottle" (April). Thanks.

Stan Stephens
Governor, State of Montana
Helena

I really enjoyed reading "Powder River Country: The Movies, the Wars, and the Teapot Dome" in the April issue of American Heritage. It's so much a part of Wyoming's history.

Mike Sullivan
Governor, State of Wyoming
Cheyenne

As editor of *The Powder River Journal*, the publication of the 91st Infantry Powder River Division Association, I found Oakley Hall's article quite fascinating. The Powder River has been associated with our outfit ever since 1917, when a first sergeant asked a bunch of recruits where they hailed from. They answered in unison, "From Wyoming!" and then cut loose with a thunderous "Powder River, let 'er buck!" That famous cry sounded across many a battlefield in World War I and through the mountains of Italy during World War II, and it is still being sounded by the old-timers who attend our division reunions. Members of the present 91st, stationed at Fort Baker, California, continue the Western traditions of the division begun more than seventy years ago.

Roy Livengood
Salina, Kans.



L. A. JANSEN

The site of Wyoming's Fort Reno, built in 1866 to protect travelers heading west.

Casper, Wyoming, is my birthplace. I was pained that American Heritage spells it *Caspar* in April's article on the Powder River Country, although the accompanying map spells it correctly.

Perhaps Oakley Hall, the writer, spelled it *Caspar* because that is what it should be—but isn't. The town is named for Lt. Caspar Collins of the 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry. He was killed in a skirmish with Indians on July 26, 1865. The military post was renamed Fort Caspar. It was rebuilt in 1936 on the original site. It exists today as Fort Caspar, west of the town.

The town was incorporated in 1889, when it had a population of a few hundred and had eight saloons on five-hundred-foot-long Main Street. Town fathers at their first meeting outlawed the discharge of firearms, but the mayor himself won a pistol duel on Main Street within the following year. Maybe relaxed attitudes had something to do with it, but the town became Casper early in its colorful history, and it remains Casper today.

Jack W. Hauptli
Seattle, Wash.

The Great Swap

I read with considerable interest John Steele Gordon's piece "The Problem of Money and Time" in your May/June issue. By a happy coincidence I gave a lecture recently to a group of visitors on the history of Cartier. In the course of my remarks, I of course told the story of the swap—the house for the pearls—and, in an effort to hammer home the accuracy of the story, I concluded with the comment "If you don't believe me, read page 57 of this month's American Heritage!"

Ralph Destino
Chairman, Cartier
New York, N.Y.

Nothing Improper

Bernard A. Weisberger's article ("In the News") in the May/June issue about former Presidents carelessly omits a number of highly publicized facts about President Nixon and thus misleads your readers about his current activities.

Mr. Weisberger refers to the fact that former Presidents and First Ladies are entitled to lifetime Secret Service protection, but he neglects to note that President and Mrs. Nixon voluntarily gave up their protection in 1985 and 1984, respectively, decisions that already have saved taxpayers twelve million dollars. They now pay for their own security.

He writes that former Presidents receive "Treasury help in compiling the memoir for which [they] will receive a sturdy publisher's advance." As far as President Nixon is concerned, this statement is wrong. President Nixon has always maintained a separate personal budget to ensure that no government funds were ever used to provide editorial or research support for the preparation of the seven books he has written since leaving office.

Mr. Weisberger writes that since 1955 the government "has been staffing and maintaining the special libraries" for former Presidents but neglects to point out that the Richard Nixon Library and Birthplace, now under construction at Yorba Linda, California, will be the first such facility to be both built and operated entirely without taxpayers' funds.

It may also be of interest to your readers that President Nixon does not take speech honoraria and has not done so since becoming Vice-President in 1953. His staff turns down approximately $675,000 a year in offers of fees for speeches. He has also declined offers to serve on corporate boards of directors. In sum, since leaving office President Nixon has conducted himself entirely in keeping with the 1958 congressional statement that Mr. Weisberger quotes: "We expect a former President to engage in no business or occupation which would demean the office he has held or capitalize upon it in any improper way."

John H. Taylor
Assistant to President Nixon
Office of Richard Nixon
Woodcliff Lake, N.J.

More on Marshall

Did our soldiers fight poorly in World War II (March issue)? No, they fought well in every theater of operations—and won!

Marshall is wrong to put a number on trigger pulling. How many men fired their weapons is not relevant, and neither are the arguments advanced in the article. What is relevant—and this is where Marshall is right—is the number of men who forced the action in each battle. *This* number was *small*. I know because I was an infantry squad leader in combat with an armored division in the European theater of operations.

The generals and colonels may have shouted, "Forward march—take this hill," but this did not mean that the lonely squad, out there under the guns, was going to move, unless those few extraordinary men (privates, sergeants, and lieutenants) got up and started moving. They hoped the rest would follow. Thank the Lord we had those few brave men in nearly every action.

Clarke and Gavin and even Leinbaugh should know better than to claim that all men fired their weapons. They did not.

James K. Cullen
Succasunna, N.J.

One of the daily rituals practiced by natives of the mysterious continent of Australia.

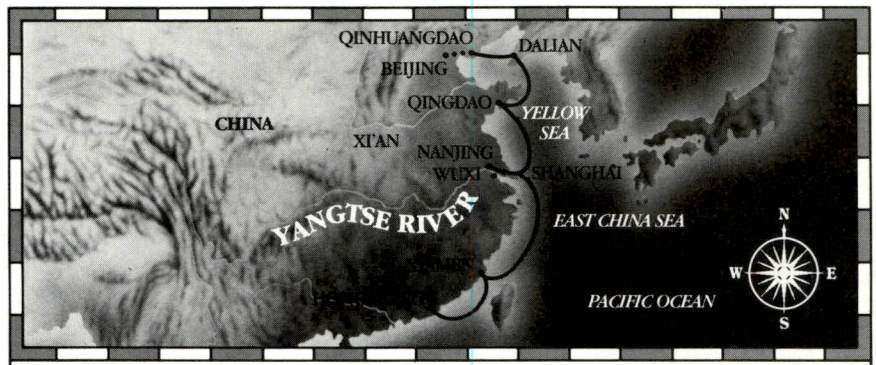


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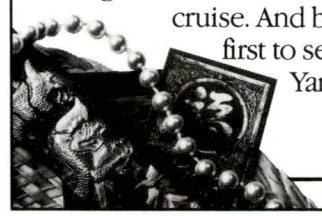
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BY GEOFFREY C. WARD

Solving the Benton Puzzle

When the filmmaker Ken Burns asked me three years ago if I'd like to write a documentary film about the painter Thomas Hart Benton, I signed on with enthusiasm for Burns's work but serious qualms about the subject he had chosen. There really is no accounting for tastes, but Benton's art has never appealed to me much—too broad, too sentimental, too self-consciously heroic. More important, from the viewpoint of a potential scriptwriter, aspects of Benton's personality struck me as both unpleasant and inexplicable: Short and chesty, he insisted loudly on his own "genius," felt compelled to hide his sophistication behind down-home pronouncements about art calculated to appeal to the smallest of small-town minds, and appeared frightened all his adult life of homosexuals, who, he believed, were universally bent on destroying him.

You needn't like your subject to write adequately about him, but it is very nearly impossible to do so when you are utterly baffled, as I was, by what motivates him, and I actually thought briefly of backing out. But in the course of our work—*Thomas Hart Benton* has already aired in the Middle West and will be shown nationally on PBS this November—we were fortunate to have the knowing counsel of Henry Adams, the curator of American art at the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art in Kansas City, Missouri, whose solid, richly illustrated new biography *Thomas Hart Benton: An American Original* has recently been published (Alfred A. Knopf, $60). Adams admires Benton and makes a strong case for the importance of his art, but he never loads the dice, and his careful research offered us fresh evidence, which, while not excusing Benton's most puzzling excesses, helped make them understandable.



GIL EISNER

The outlines of Benton's career are familiar enough. Born in Neosho, Missouri, in 1889 and trained in Chicago and Paris, he was an avid and eclectic modernist in New York during the 1920s, then turned his back on his contemporaries and their enthusiasms in favor of all-American themes and Italian Renaissance techniques and returned to the Midwest, where, with Grant Wood and John Steuart Curry, he led the regionalist movement and became for a time the best-known painter in the country. After World War II his art was eclipsed by a new, no less distinctively American school of painting—abstract expressionism. Benton lived and painted on until 1975, long enough to see representational art return to critical favor. "The human figure is coming back into fashion," he told a reporter not long before his end, "and what are those sons of bitches going to do now? They never learned how to draw."

Benton was as well known for his bombast as he was for his art. He liked to pretend that this public role had been thrust upon him, but in fact he reveled in it and in the headlines it engendered. "Like movie stars, baseball players and loquacious senators," he once exulted, "I was soon a figure recognizable in Pullman cars, hotel lobbies, and night clubs. I became a regular public character." On another occasion he admitted, "I paint sometimes to get people to criticize my work."

Along the way Benton quarreled with just about everybody, spouting off to the newspapers, as one friend said, whenever he had a tumbler of bourbon in his hand and a reporter within earshot. Academicians and abstractionists, clergymen and Communists, critics and collectors, all felt his scattershot wrath, but he reserved his most savage attacks for homosexuals.

In 1912 he did himself out of a teaching job in Kansas City and fled to New York because he complained too noisily about an Art Institute party to which a handful of visiting vaudevillians came in drag. "Now listen," he later explained, "I had been to Paris and I'd never seen anything like that. It shocked the hell out of me. . . . That was something I was absolutely innocent about and I couldn't stay there."

In 1935, before fleeing *back* to Kansas City, he loosed a poisonous farewell blast at the Eastern art world, which had failed to grant him the unmixed accolades he was certain he deserved. Homosexuals, he charged, with their "lisping voice[s] and mincing ways," had fatally perverted the New York art world. "If young gentlemen, or old ones either, wish to wear women's underwear and cultivate extraordinary manners it is all right with me. But it is not all right with the art which they affect and cultivate. It is not all right when, by ingratiation or subtle connivance, precious fairies get into posi-



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tions of power and judge, buy, and exhibit American pictures on a base of nervous whim and under the sway of those overdelicate refinements of taste characteristic of their kind." Kansas City, he was now sure, would be free of their influence: "The people of the West are highly intolerant of aberration. . . . Power, in smaller places, is . . . subject to the scrutiny of strong prejudice."

But in Benton's fevered imagination there was apparently no hiding place even there. Six years later—and at the height of his fame—he gratuitously attacked the staff of the museum where he taught as members of "the third sex . . . even in Missouri we're full of them. . . . pretty boys . . . ballet dancers . . . who hate my pictures and talk against them." Not surprisingly, he got himself fired.

Even those closest to him knew something was odd about this obsession. "Tom did a lot of quite unnecessary talking about fairies taking over the art world," his sister, Mildred, remembered. "He had this violent hatred of homosexuals. There must have been some terrible urge in him that made him do it. His hatred wasn't natural."

Now Henry Adams has traced the roots of Benton's homophobia—and of the crusty belligerence with which he often greeted his admirers—back to the troubled Missouri boyhood his paintings made appear idyllic.

His father, Maecenas Eason Benton—"M.E." to his cronies—was a squat, combative, hard-drinking populist lawyer who billed himself as the "Little Giant of the Ozarks" and served four noisy terms in Congress. To him, artists were "mincing, bootlicking" pantywaists. "That I should even think of becoming an artist gave him a sense of outrage," his son remembered. "Such a thing was unthinkable. It would never do for a Benton to descend so low." Young Tom was meant for politics and the law, like his father and Missouri's first senator, the swaggering great-uncle after whom the boy was named.

His mother, Lizzie Wise Benton, was eighteen years younger than M.E., a pious, handsome, high-strung woman with lofty social and artistic ambitions who swooned when crossed and came both to loathe her husband's touch and to scorn his countrified constituents. In Washington the Bentons were known as "Beauty and the Beast."

Their marriage was soon a war, with young Tom as the prize. "The hopes of both parents," Adams writes, "were centered on . . . Tom . . . Three [other] children were born to the couple . . . but for both Tom and his parents they were just afterthoughts." M.E. found he could annoy his wife satisfactorily by taking the boy hunting and fishing and speechmaking among his backwoods friends; his mother got hers back by encouraging young Tom to draw and paint, nurturing the remarkable gift for sketching he first displayed at six.

> As well known for his bombast as he was for his art, Thomas Hart Benton reveled in his fame and the headlines it engendered.

The boy came to see all the attention lavished upon him as somehow his due. "Tom was very sure that he was always right," his sister remembered, "and he was very talkative. At meals, my father would sometimes send him away from the table because he insisted on 'What I think,' and 'What I do,' and 'What I will do,' and it was always, as my father said, 'I,' 'I,' 'I.' My father called him 'Big I.'"

Torn between his parents, he fought to establish an identity of his own. Always small and slight for his age—as an adult he stood less than five feet three and still sometimes bought his clothes in the boys' department—he was frequently forced to prove his toughness against small-town boys who ridiculed his girlish hobby and the sissified big-city clothes his mother insisted he wear. "It don't pay me no mind," he would say, no matter how hard he was hit.

Lizzie Benton eventually won the war for her son's loyalty. Tom came to see himself as her protector within the household; he became an artist; and when his parents eventually separated, he sided with his mother. But the battle left lasting scars that dangerously distorted his perception of the world. The father's contempt for art and artists as somehow unmanly remained stubbornly alive within the son and was further reinforced when Tom discovered that all three of the older men who did the most to encourage him to stick with art in the face of his father's opposition had been homosexuals. (One of them made a drunken attempt to seduce him while he was still an art student—an event that Benton recounted in *The Intimate Story*, a fragmentary, unpublished autobiography upon which Adams draws for the first time. The offhand tone in which the artist describes this betrayal is belied by his compulsion to include every harrowing detail; clearly it deeply affected him.)

If M.E. Benton's boy were ever to feel comfortable in the world his father despised, he had to prove himself utterly different from his fellow artists, to expunge every remotely feminine trait from his own makeup, and to deride anyone else who weakly let his softer side show. "He had a great persona of a hard-drinking tough guy who happened to be an artist . . . ," his friend the novelist Dan James remembered. "His pride was to be able to drink with anybody and fight with anybody . . . and so forth. A real *he-man*."

There was a good deal that was desperate in that lifelong performance but, newly armed by Henry Adams with the sad facts of Benton's youth, it is now possible for us to see in the leathery, boastful old man who inhabits our film something of the confused little boy who struggled to find his own way between the contrasting worlds of his mismatched parents. ★

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BY JOHN STEELE GORDON

Woolworth's Cathedral

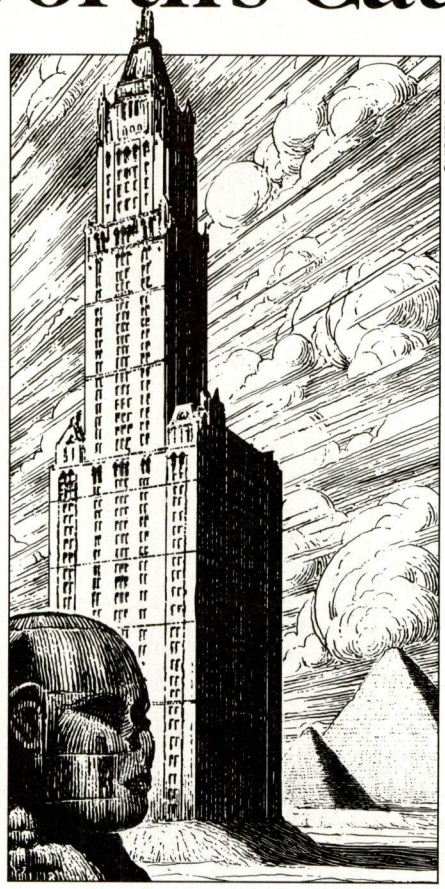
Ever since technology began to permit it, men of power have sought immortality in stone. Knowing that their deeds, however important, were ephemeral in the nature of things, they hoped that their tombs and statues and palaces might remind the world of their greatness. Shelley, in his haunting sonnet on Ozymandias, showed the essential barrenness of this idea, but that hasn't stopped men in the least from erecting monuments to their own memories.

Before the Industrial Revolution, politics and military conquest were the main roads to power. With the advent of the steam engine the instruments of choice by which men sought power began to change, as did the means by which they displayed it. The opportunities for military conquest shrank nearly to the vanishing point, but the opportunities to make a great fortune in business vastly expanded.

As early as 1868 James Gordon Bennett noted in the New York *Herald* how much things had changed and yet stayed the same. "Men no longer attempt to rule by the sword," he wrote in an editorial, "but they find in money a weapon as sharp and more effective; and having lost none of the old lust for power they seek to establish over their fellows the despotism of dollars."

If the vast wealth created by the Industrial Revolution never quite amounted to a "despotism of dollars," it certainly allowed the building of an unprecedented number of monuments to the glory of the creators of the new fortunes. The building of a suitable palace was usually the first step. The parade of mansions that slowly marched up New York's Fifth Avenue in the nineteenth century, each grander and more elaborate than the last, was a fantastic and now largely lost example.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was, in his day, the king of kings of American railroading and the richest self-made man in



CHRISTOPHER BING

the world. He was quite comfortable living downtown in his relatively modest house on Washington Place and left Fifth Avenue to his children and grandchildren. But he couldn't entirely resist the temptation to immortalize himself. In 1869 he built a new freight warehouse in lower Manhattan for his New York and Hudson River Railroad, and he arranged for a grand monument to himself to be part of it. It amounted to nothing less than his autobiography, written in one hundred thousand pounds of bronze. The pediment of the building, thirty feet high and one hundred fifty feet long, was filled with depictions, in high relief, of Vanderbilt's career in ships and railroads. These flanked a central statue of the Commodore himself, fully twelve feet high and weighing four tons.

Even before it was unveiled, the astonished observer from the *Herald* noted that "it is not so prodigious as the Pyramid of Cheops, nor so lofty as the Colossus of Rhodes, but it will do." (Vanderbilt's monument, alas, has also suffered the fate of Ozymandias's. Today only the central statue survives, placed high on the south facade of Grand Central Terminal.)

Happily for ordinary mortals, Vanderbilt's expression of his egotism in bronze was an exception among nineteenth-century plutocrats. Instead of erecting statues to themselves, these men of fortune largely sought to attach their names to things that were both grand and useful, serving the public as well as the vanity of their creators. New York City alone is filled with these efforts. Carnegie Hall, Cooper Union, Rockefeller University, Paley Park, and the Whitney and Guggenheim museums are just a few.

But Frank Winfield Woolworth, the greatest merchant of his day, was, like Vanderbilt, an exception among the monument builders of the Gilded Age. And like Vanderbilt, he was not much given to charity. He had made a great fortune a nickel at a time, and he was accustomed to watching those nickels carefully. Worth sixty-five million dollars, he was perfectly willing to keep his office staff late while he tracked down an unaccounted-for quarter missing from his change purse.

For Woolworth it wasn't enough that his monument be grand, like Vanderbilt's bronze, or grand and useful, like Carnegie's concert hall. It wasn't even enough that it be grand and useful and beautiful, like the New York Public Library. Woolworth wanted his monument to be all that and *profitable* too. The man who invented the five-and-dime had every intention of building a moneymaking monument to carry his name down through the ages.

Woolworth's genius had been in seeing the possibilities in the low end of retailing. In 1879 he had set out on his own with $410 and opened a store in



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Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He stocked it with "Yankee notions," the thread and needles and cheap tin cookware that peddlers had carried around rural America before the coming of the railroads. Nothing in Woolworth's store cost more than a nickel, and it was an immediate success. By the end of the next year he had two stores (and had raised his price limit to ten cents, hence the "five-and-dime"). By 1889 he had 12; by 1899, 54. In 1909 he owned 238 stores, and his was the best-known name in American retailing.

While Woolworth was by then an enormously rich man, he was dissatisfied. His name was associated with good value and utility, but it was also, inevitably, associated with cheap goods, and Woolworth was sensitive on the subject. When the company moved into new and luxurious offices in New York in 1905, Woolworth exulted that "the five and ten cent business is no longer a Cheap John affair." But the offices were rented, not owned by the company. Woolworth wanted his own building, one grand enough to proclaim to the world the glory of his name. Although he thought the Houses of Parliament in London to be the most beautiful building complex in the world and wanted his to be likewise in the Gothic style, Woolworth also wanted his building to be one of the new skyscrapers.

By the end of the nineteenth century two technologies, steel construction and the electric elevator, had come together and made the skyscraper possible. Masonry buildings cannot be much more than ten stories high because the necessary thickness of their walls is a function of their height. But steel could soar to the sky. When the electric elevator was introduced in 1889 and made unlimited vertical transportation possible, buildings in New York, in Chicago, and elsewhere began to do exactly that.

At the turn of the century a new world's-tallest-building was going up every few years, and the word *skyline* entered the English language in 1896. By 1910 the world's tallest was the Metropolitan Life Tower on New York's Madison Square, seven hundred feet high and modeled after the campanile in Venice's St. Mark's Square.

Woolworth began to buy land on Broadway, across from the southern tip of City Hall Park, and he hired the architect Cass Gilbert, whose Gothic-style design for a building at 90 West Street he admired. At first Woolworth envisioned a building of moderate height, at least by skyscraper standards, perhaps twenty-five stories. Under Gilbert's prodding, however, Woolworth's ideas began to expand. The architect sent a surveyor out to find out exactly how tall the Metropolitan Life Tower was and then told his employer how high he had to go in order to have the world's tallest building bear the name of Woolworth. Woolworth was aware of the advertising value and soon went along with the idea. Gilbert ended up designing a building 792 feet tall. Completed in 1913, it held the altitude record for fully sixteen years until it was finally surpassed by the Chrysler Building in 1929.

> It wasn't enough for Woolworth that his monument be grand and useful and beautiful —he wanted it to be *profitable* too.

Woolworth, who knew a great deal about retailing but little, if anything, about building skyscrapers, supervised everything closely anyway, making a thorough pest of himself with Gilbert and Louis Horowitz, the contractor. At one point he even suggested that since Gilbert and Horowitz were lucky to be connected with so prestigious a building, they should cut their fees. (Needless to say, they did no such thing.)

Woolworth was especially interested in cost control, perhaps because he owned the building personally, intending to rent space in it to the Woolworth Company, the Irving National Bank, and others. And he paid for the entire project in cash, $13,500,000 in all. The building—unique among New York skyscrapers—has never been mortgaged. But while Woolworth, as always, watched his nickels carefully, he was not afraid to spend as many as necessary to get top quality.

And top quality is exactly what Frank Woolworth got. No sooner was his building finished than he had the satisfaction of having it universally acclaimed a masterpiece. Gilbert had followed Louis Sullivan's dictum that a skyscraper should be "a proud and soaring thing," and Montgomery Schuyler, the leading architecture critic of his day, was dazzled: "How it cleaves the empyrean and makes the welkin ring as it glitters in the sunshine of high noon," he wrote. "How impressively it looms above its fellows in spectral vagueness, in the gray of the dawn or the haze of twilight."

No one has quibbled since. Today's leading architecture critic, Paul Goldberger, says that the Woolworth Building "has an almost Mozartian quality to it, a sense of light, graceful detail applied to a firm and self-assured structure." It is now a New York City landmark, and there can be few New Yorkers who do not hope that the curse of Ozymandias will long pass it by.

Woolworth must also have been delighted that his building immediately became world-famous and one of New York's foremost tourist attractions, depicted on countless postcards. The building was visited by two hundred thousand people a year who paid to see the view from its observation level. (Now atop what is only New York's eleventh-tallest building, the observation deck has been closed for many years.) But I suspect that what made Woolworth happiest of all was that his "Cathedral of Commerce," grand and useful and beautiful as it was, immediately began to yield him a good, solid 6 percent return on his investment. ★

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BY BERNARD A. WEISBERGER

Beef, Pork, and History

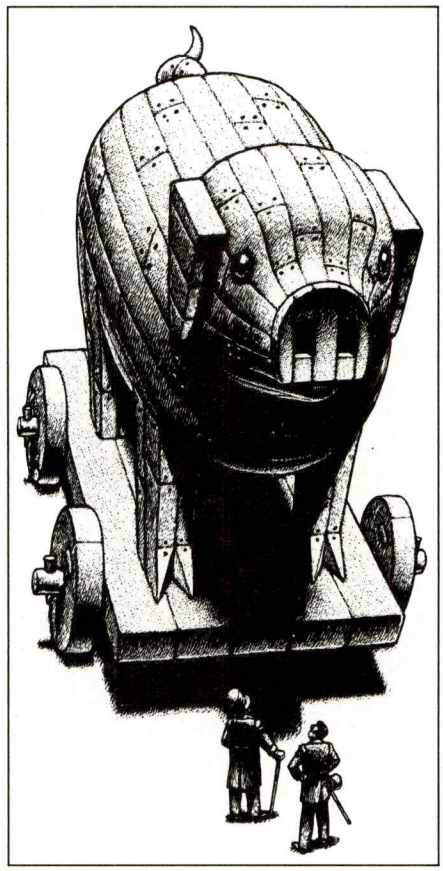
We often hear solemn pronouncements about the need to learn the "lessons of history." But which ones? A single event can offer a variety of lessons.

I was powerfully reminded of this when, around the start of this year, a great battle over beef appeared to be brewing between the United States and the European Community. The member nations of the EC were preparing to halt imports of American beef from animals treated with hormones to speed up and increase their growth. European health authorities forbid the practice to their own farmers, even though it enhances profits.

U.S. officials issued bristling rejoinders. Americans, they said, showed no ill effects from the meat in question. The alleged "health issue" was a shield behind which the EC was wrongfully imposing a protective tariff. The United States could and would strike back. TRADE RETALIATION READIED IF EUROPE BARS MEATS OF U.S., said one headline. Was the United States defending its farmers in a fair fight? Or trying to bully other governments out of their duty to protect their own people as they saw fit?

As I read these stories, a phrase kept ringing in my head: "Pork War." Dimly I remembered that in the 1880s the German government had shut out imports of meat from American hogs, thereby inducing considerable outrage and threats of economic counterattack in Washington. I recalled the story as having vague medical overtones but basically describing a tariff encounter.

Was my memory right? I dialed the number of Walter Nugent, who specializes in late-nineteenth-century U.S. history, and asked. He told me I was wrong—along with the previous writers on the subject on whom I had relied. But no matter. I had hit pay dirt in the form of a new story, far more interesting than what I thought I knew.



Nugent, it turned out, was co-author of an article on the very subject of the Pork War, appearing in the June 1989 issue of the *Bulletin of the History of Medicine*. His collaborator, Suellen Hoy, works in the new field of public history—basically the development of governmental institutions. Dr. Nugent and Dr. Hoy both teach at Notre Dame, are good friends of mine, and are also husband and wife.

Unlike previous researchers, they took seriously Germany's claim that its ban on American pork was not a tariff but a step in disease control. That put an entirely new face on the old saga of the battle of economic giants. As they tracked their way through medical and diplomatic literature, they began to see instead a picture of a modern health-related bureaucracy slowly and clumsily emerging in the two nations.

What the German government feared in 1881 was trichinosis, a disease caused by a tiny parasitic roundworm, trichina (or *Trichinella spiralis*), which lives in the muscle tissue of some swine. The symptoms run from simple abdominal distress to infections that kill. As late as 1942 there was a fatal outbreak in the New York area. Even now 15 percent of America's people and 20 percent of its pigs may harbor the worm.

Trichinosis in humans had been painstakingly studied in the 1850s and 1860s by the German pathologist Rudolf Virchow, a trailblazer in the identification of disease-carrying microorganisms. Virchow became convinced that it was vital to inspect German hog carcasses microscopically at the time of slaughter and to forbid the sale of those with trichinae. A legislator as well as a scientist, he campaigned effectively for laws to that end, which were passed by the various component states of the German Empire in the late 1870s. The inspectors—more than eighteen thousand of them—were not veterinarians but minor officials trained quickly. Despite the incompetence of many of them, the imperial chancellor, Otto von Bismarck, did not hesitate to claim perfect logic when he got the Reichstag to enact the ban on uninspected and possibly death-dealing American pork. It was only a matter of the national government's picking up its protective responsibility.

But to Americans it was not logical at all. For one thing, there was no constitutional or historical precedent for a central government's taking an interest in keeping citizens free of germs. Public health was a local or at most a state affair. And in any case, neither the relatively new germ theory of disease nor the use of the microscope to confirm it had taken much hold among American doctors.

Hence Americans could only conclude that Bismarck's health talk was flimflam. His true motive was to pro-

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tect large German landowners who raised pigs. Such a political maneuver Americans could understand, if not approve of. This view of things especially possessed our minister to Berlin, Aaron Sargent, a former senator from California. He ignored reports from his own consular officials confirming German health concerns and vigorously collected anti-Bismarck opinions for his own dispatches to the State Department. His criticisms and cries for retaliation finally grew so strident that in 1884 Washington had to recall and replace him.

But he had support at home. A statistical study ordered by the State Department insisted that American hogs had a rate of infestation "much less than that . . . in any other country." Any necessary examination could be done at local slaughterers. The blame for cases of trichinosis in Germany probably lay with the Germans themselves, who did not cook their pork long enough to kill the parasites. American newspapers also thundered. A typical New York *Herald* editorial denounced any government that "in an arbitrary spirit cuts off a supply of cheap and nutritious food . . . for reasons related to a ridiculously remote possibility."

U.S. retaliation seemed imminent in 1884, but then cooler voices began to be heard. A few came from enlightened hog breeders who realized that railroads, steamships, and refrigeration had created national and international markets for American meat. Consequently, the time might be ripe for inspection at a national level. The influential *Breeder's Gazette* said that if national inspection procedures were adopted, "every [foreign] port in the world" would "open . . . in a month." In addition, an independent study commission set up by President Arthur looked at the scientific evidence, admitted that trichinae were by no means uncommon in American hogs, and concluded that research rather than retaliation was the right response to Europe's anxieties. To this end a Bureau of Animal Industry was set up in the Department of Agriculture.

Slowly, argumentatively, Congress came along. Inspection bills were introduced and died in the 1886 and 1888 Congresses, even while pork exports to Europe sank from seventy million dollars to forty-three million. The proposed measures foundered on such objections as those of Texas's representative Roger Mills, who saw centralized tyranny lurking behind the federal microscope. "Why, Mr. Speaker, there never was such unlimited power proposed to be given in any free country over the property or the liberties of the people as that which is proposed to be here given. We may as well abandon at once the whole bauble of self-government . . . [as] give to the President or his Secretary of Agriculture the power to control even the appetites of the people."

At last a Presidential commission studied the evidence and admitted that trichinae were not uncommon in American hogs.

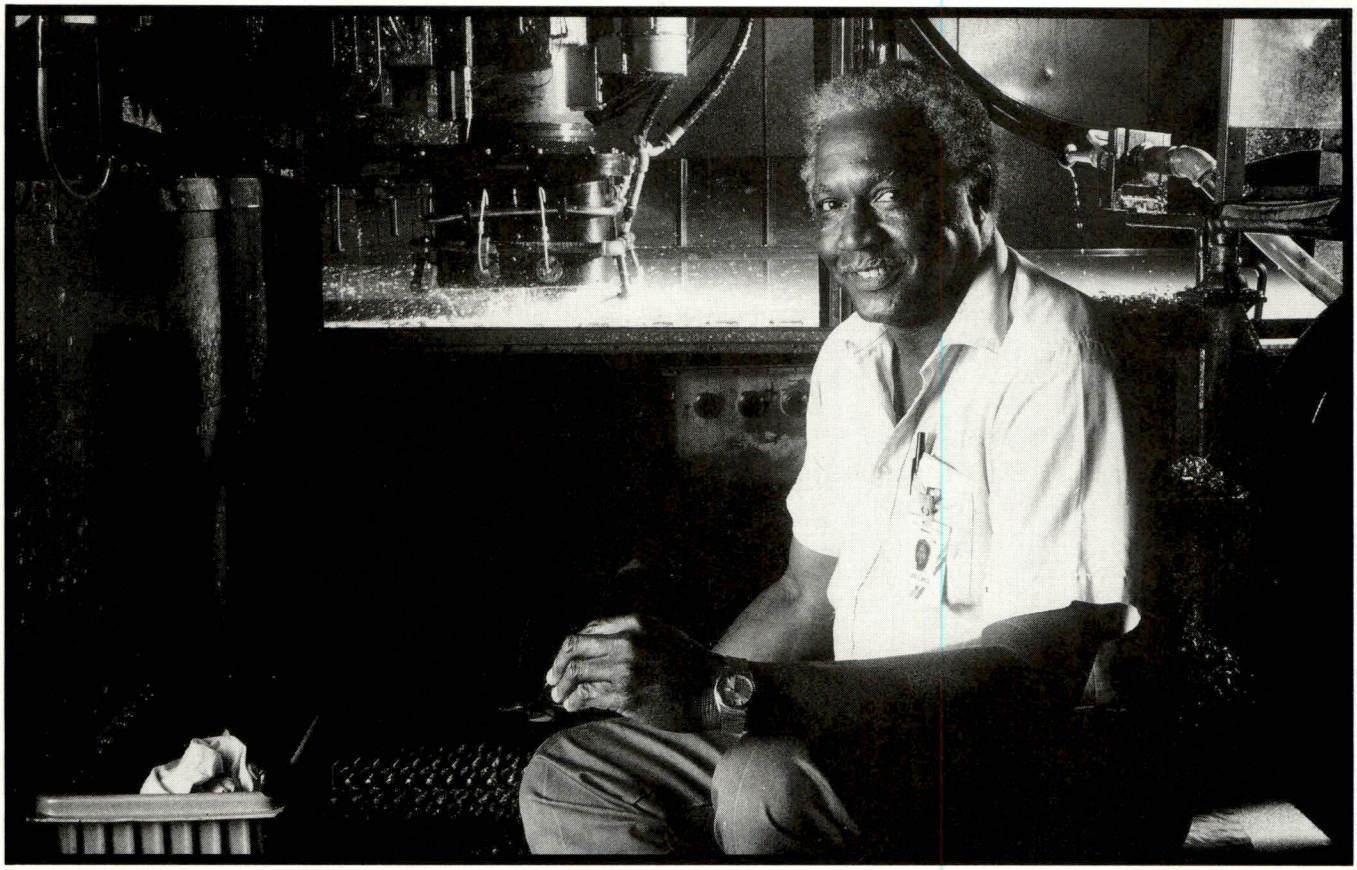
Finally a legislative compromise was reached. In 1890 a two-pronged bill was passed. It authorized the new Bureau of Animal Industry, at federal expense, to inspect and certify pork products for export. If that did not satisfy the Germans, then the President might retaliate by excluding imports from Germany. But President Benjamin Harrison did not need the stick given him. The Germans, in 1891, rescinded all the offensive decrees. They had said all along that the problem was sanitary, and they were, it seemed, as good as their word. The last shot had been fired in the Pork War.

Do Nugent and Hoy therefore conclude that Bismarck had no interest whatever in tariff protection? Not at all. The Iron Chancellor did not mind in the least that the ban helped him out with Germany's farm representatives in the Reichstag. Like any statesman, he had many motives. And one lesson of Nugent and Hoy's article is that in any country political motives cannot be completely separated from such supposedly nonpolitical actions as promulgating public health laws.

And here is another lesson. Old-fashioned progressive historians would see the episode as a happy one in which scientific procedures triumphed over local pride and rooted ignorance. But wait! Microscopic inspection did *not* solve the trichinosis problem. It proved impossible to identify every infected carcass. In 1907, in fact, the Secretary of Agriculture quietly dropped the microscopic examination because as a practical matter "a reliable inspection for trichinae [was] not possible." The Germans continued local inspections of their own, employing up to one hundred thousand inspectors (most part-time), and *still* reported cases of trichinosis.

The fact was that while America then lagged behind Germany in what might be called germ consciousness, Americans had been right in blaming German cooking. The only sure guarantee of safety was to eat pork that was thoroughly roasted or boiled. But Germans often preferred it rare. In the long run Germany eliminated trichinosis only by teaching its citizens to change their eating habits. As Hoy and Nugent note, "The economic nationalism of the late nineteenth century . . . delayed and obscured this straightforward though difficult solution."

The final lesson, then, is that even in something as seemingly self-evident as applying scientific evidence to public health problems, the road of advancement can be booby-trapped with error. How a possible "beef war" of the 1990s might end none can say. But self-righteousness on either side of the ocean is neither warranted nor helpful. What history teaches us best in this instance is a little judicious perspective. And also to make sure our pork is well done before it's eaten. ★



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BY BILL BAROL

The Navajo Blanket

The artisan who wove this beautiful sarape sometime between 1840 and 1860, in the so-called Classic Period of Navajo weaving, would have been shocked by the price it recently brought at auction: $93,500. She probably wouldn't have been surprised, though, that it ended up on the block. Art and commerce have been densely interwoven through the long history of Navajo textiles. That this piece brought such a stiff price only confirms the high standing of Navajo weaving in the history of American decorative arts.

The Navajos learned weaving from their Southwestern neighbors the Pueblos sometime in the mid-seventeenth century. There were obvious similarities between the Pueblo and the Navajo ways of weaving. For both peoples woven objects were, first of all, supremely functional; blankets might be used for wearing, sitting upon, or hanging across the entries of dwellings. And for both peoples weaving itself was a quiet act of faith—a link to the past. (Of course, the distinction between how something is used and what it signifies spiritually is more Western European than Native American. We may look at the basic horizontal patterns of early Southwestern weaving, see in them echoes of the flat Southwestern landscape, and conclude that Indian weavers chose these patterns as an homage to the earth. This fails to take into account the Indian notion that the people and the earth were inextricably bound together. The question isn't why the Navajos chose to weave these patterns. The question is, How could they possibly have chosen to weave anything else?)

The Pueblos having given them the technique, the Navajos quickly established their own style. In the Pueblo tradition it had generally been men who had done the weaving; among the Navajos the task was usually taken up by women. A Pueblo man would weave up from the bottom, invert the piece, and continue; a Navajo woman would weave straight across, joining vertical sections along a characteristic diagonal called the lazy line. Navajo weavers also added the "spirit trail" or "weaver's pathway"—a line running off the edge of the piece that allowed the spirit of the weaver to escape so that she could go on to another.

The Navajos were shrewd traders with a strong commercial sense, and by 1700 they were selling blankets to surrounding Indian groups and to Spanish settlers. By the nineteenth century commerce was well established. The sarape shown on the opposite page is a lovely example of a man's wearing blanket from this period. Dr. Joe Ben Wheat of the University of Colorado has noted that its three colors—indigo blue, white, and crimson—were the three paramount colors of Classic Period weaving. A configuration of the large central diamonds was typical of the later Classic Period. Navajo textiles are notable for their technical perfection, and Dr. Wheat has said that this sarape and others like it reflect "the finest level of achievement in Navajo weaving."

The Navajos were shrewd traders. By 1700 they were weaving to sell to surrounding Indian groups and to Spanish settlers.

The Navajos' commercial bent led them into a natural alliance with white traders in the 1870s. To a large degree the traders determined what would sell in the East Coast and California markets. One, Juan Lorenzo Hubbell, hung watercolors of his favorite patterns on the wall of his Arizona trading post for artisans to copy. Outside influences impinged even further when the railroad came through the Southwest. Literal pictorial designs became fashionable in the 1880s; horses, cows, and the train itself were common figures. But the Navajos never slavishly copied anyone's pattern, and for every collector who claims that quality declined in the 1880s and 1890s there is another to point out examples of magnificent work from the period.

By the early twentieth century fine examples of early Navajo textiles were selling to collectors for as much as five hundred dollars, and authors like U. S. Hollister and George Wharton James were arguing that Native American crafts were worthy of consideration as true American arts. The first formal exhibition of Native American art, the traveling Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, was assembled by John Sloan and Oliver La Farge in 1931. The curator Frederic Douglas's huge San Francisco show of 1939 traveled cross-country the next year and was re-created at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. This gave an ancient art the imprimatur of modernism—one of those paradoxes that underlie the aesthetics of our age.

Weaving continues to be a viable craft and a viable business, taught today in Navajo schools. There will surely always be a demand for Navajo textiles. A 1973 survey by the Navajo Studies Department of Navajo Community College in Many Farms, Arizona, undertook to determine the time involved in creating a textile, from sheep shearing to marketing. Out of a total 345 hours, it took 24 hours to spin the wool, 60 hours to prepare the dye and dye the wool, 215 hours to weave the piece—and one hour to sell it. ★

Navajo blankets are prized for their dense weaving and bold design. This example measures 70½″ by 46″; the diamond motif is typical of the Classic Period (1840–60).



COURTESY OF SOTHEBY'S, NEW YORK CITY

BY THE EDITORS

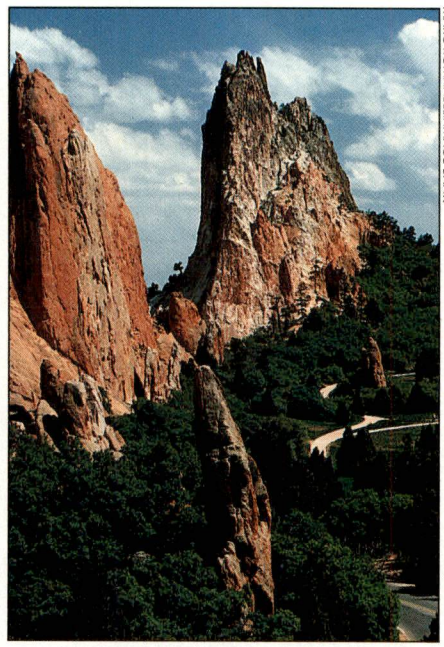
Colorado Springs

Expectations are everything where travel is concerned, and when I set off last July for Colorado Springs, a Victorian-era resort a mile high in the Rocky Mountains, most of mine were wrong. There are no springs in town, for one thing, so no park takes shape around them, no pattern of streets and alleys converges there, no ramshackle hotels or tidy storefronts line the route to and from the waters. The famous Antlers Hotel, which conjures up visions of a shingle-style edifice crammed with hunting trophies, turns out to be a high-rise built in 1962, its two previous incarnations having long ago been destroyed. I drove the city's clean, wide avenues for half an hour before giving up and asking where the center of town was, only to find I was in it.

Within a day or so I'd found the touchstones I was looking for; they just were scattered. I shouldn't have been surprised. Colorado Springs began as that phenomenon we've all read about—a resort created out of thin mountain air by the railroads.

Colorado Springs was founded by William Jackson Palmer, who was engaged in building the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad. Raised in Philadelphia, Palmer in 1870 married an Easterner accustomed to the pleasures of Newport and Saratoga; Colorado Springs, the story goes, grew out of his determination to build a resort rivaling these for his bride.

Palmer bought up some ten thousand acres on a plateau just east of Pikes Peak in 1871 and laid out streets in a grid, naming them for streams and mountain ranges along his rail line. With a developer's reach for the romantic, he named the town itself for some springs in Manitou, five miles away. Today, driving the thoroughfares he platted on the empty plains, you sense both his foresight and his presumption. "What we have out here is sky," said Debbie Kovalik, who works at the tourist bureau, as she showed me around. And she's right. It's no wonder the Air Force decided in 1954 to build its academy here. Its soaring, ultramodern chapel draws more visitors than any nearby natural or historic site.



MARC ROMANELLI/IMAGE BANK

A rock formation in the Garden of the Gods.

In its early years Colorado Springs prospered or declined with the fortunes of nearby mining camps. But that it would finally thrive seems to have been clear almost from the beginning. Isabella Bird, an Englishwoman who arrived on horseback in 1873, grasped the future even then, although her letters home to her sister dwelt more on the present. "From the top of one of the Foot Hill ridges," she writes in one of them, "I saw the bleak-looking scattered houses of the ambitious watering place of Colorado Springs, the goal of my journey of 150 miles. . . . A queer embryo-looking place it is, out on the bare Plains, yet it is rising and likely to rise, and has some big hotels much resorted to. . . . To me no place could be more unattractive than Colorado Springs, from its utter treelessness."

Palmer addressed the tree problem at once, planting cottonwoods and running irrigation ditches the length of town to keep them watered. He outlawed industry and alcohol (the city would remain dry until the repeal of Prohibition in 1933) and advertised the region's clean air and scenic wonders. Before long tuberculosis patients began arriving. The Colorado Springs Hotel went up in 1872, the Antlers a decade later; theater and opera, golf and polo would follow.

Despite his efforts, Palmer's wife never spent much time in Colorado Springs, but other Easterners and Europeans responded to his vision. And they're still arriving; many of the places we visit today are the very ones he vigorously promoted. Then, as now, tourists could climb Pikes Peak, made more accessible after 1891, when a cog railway began carrying passengers to the summit. A round trip takes three hours and costs seventeen dollars; next time I'd save the money and invest the time in a hike up the Barr Trail, the entrance to which is just beyond the parking lot. You may not make it to the top, but you'll know you're in the mountains.

Only slightly less celebrated than the Peak is the Garden of the Gods, part of a red sandstone rock formation that extends across sections of Colorado and Wyoming. A lawyer from Kansas City christened the place in 1859, and although its high-flown name almost guarantees disappointment, I felt no sense of letdown. The rocks looked to me like great dinosaurs; to the more eloquent Helen Hunt Jackson, a novelist and journalist whose writings in the 1870s helped draw visitors, they appeared "like elephants, like gargoyles . . . all motionless and silent, with a strange look of having been stopped and held back in the very climax of some supernatural catastrophe."

A number of attractions have been



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added to the region since Palmer's day. The best of these is the Colorado Pioneers' Museum, founded in 1937 and located since 1979 in the handsome El Paso County Courthouse. The high ceilings and birdcage elevator of the courthouse, built in 1903, make a fine setting for this miniature Smithsonian of local history. After a tour of the museum, it's not far to Giuseppe's, a restaurant in the old Denver and Rio Grande depot, where you can have lunch overlooking the railroad tracks and watch the freight trains rumble by.

A fine base from which to explore these and other attractions is the luxurious pink terra-cotta Broadmoor Hotel, built in 1918 by Spencer Penrose, the second great champion of Colorado Springs. A generation younger than Palmer but, like him, a Philadelphian, Penrose made his fortune in the gold refineries at Cripple Creek. Before Penrose built the Broadmoor, he constructed a toll road to the top of Pikes Peak, refusing to be discouraged even as each successive mile cost five or ten times what had been estimated. (To ensure a return on his quarter-million-dollar investment, he thought up stunts like sponsoring Barney Oldfield in an auto race to the top.)

Once he had decided to enter the hotel business, Penrose tried to buy the Antlers from Palmer, riding into the lobby, legend has it, on his horse. When the two men couldn't agree on a price, Penrose turned his attention to a site on a man-made lake southwest of town.

Penrose hired the New York architects Warren and Wetmore, designers of Grand Central Terminal and the Commodore and Biltmore hotels, who drew up plans for a Mediterranean-style *palazzo* overlooking the lake. To furnish it, Penrose imported marble for the staircase from Italy, hired European craftsmen to decorate the ceilings, and bought a centuries-old Venetian fountain for the entrance. As a masterstroke, he arranged for John D. Rockefeller to be the first to sign the guest book when the hotel opened. Hours later, when Penrose looked for his guest of honor, he found he had left to check into the Antlers, driven away by the smell of fresh paint.

The fountain still splashes near the front entrance to the Broadmoor, and you climb the marble staircase to the heart of the hotel, which is the terrace facing the lake and Cheyenne Mountain. Shaded by juniper trees and decorated with massive urns spilling over with flowers, the terrace perfectly embodies Penrose's dream of a world-class resort in the American wilderness. There may be no surer way to seize hold of an era than to take up residence, however briefly, in one of its great hotels. In Colorado Springs the Broadmoor is the one.

Shaded by juniper trees, the terrace at the Broadmoor embodies Penrose's dream of a world-class resort in the wilderness.

Over the years the Broadmoor has had to expand, adding wings and golf courses and fitness trails. Guests who used to arrive with their trunks for a summer of rest now come for a day or two of conventioneering or sport, but the hotel is none the less grand for that. From the Broadmoor it's a ten-minute drive to Old Colorado City, so named by its founders in 1859 in the naive hope it would become the state capital. Its main street, once home to the bars and brothels outlawed in Colorado Springs, is given over to shops and restaurants now. Incorporated into Colorado Springs in 1917, it has the feel of a real place that the downtown somehow lacks.

A few miles north is Manitou Springs, where there *are* springs and Victorian hotels with porches, although souvenir shops threaten to overwhelm the landscape. Manitou is also the starting point for the cog railway up Pikes Peak. And on the far side of the peak are two gold-mining towns that make an excellent day trip. The drive there along Route 67 winds through the glorious mountain scenery people come to Colorado for, and when you round the bend onto Cripple Creek's main street, you're smack in the middle of the Old West. The restored and sandblasted brick storefronts now sell T-shirts and ice cream—the get-rich-quick enterprises of a new generation. Six miles farther along is Victor, a half-deserted hillside town of ghostly beauty. Black clouds gathered as I was there, and a sudden hailstorm materialized out of the July afternoon, sending torrents of rain and ice through the streets and driving everyone indoors. For a moment Victor seemed as sodden and godforsaken as these camps must have been most of the time—making the nearby civilized comforts of Colorado Springs all the more pleasurable.

—Jane Colihan

TO PLAN A TRIP

Start by calling the Colorado Springs Convention and Visitors Bureau (1-800-888-4748) for its visitor's guide. Once you arrive, look for Marshall Sprague's *Newport in the Rockies*, a lively local history.

If you stay at the Broadmoor, try to get a room in the main building, which is the older part of the hotel. If you prefer to stay downtown, try the Hearthstone Inn. Each room is furnished with antiques, the baked goods served at breakfast are a specialty, and Dot Williams, the proprietor, is an able guide. "Just remember the mountains are always to the west," she told me my first day in town. That advice and the simple hand-drawn map she gives to guests are just the start you need.

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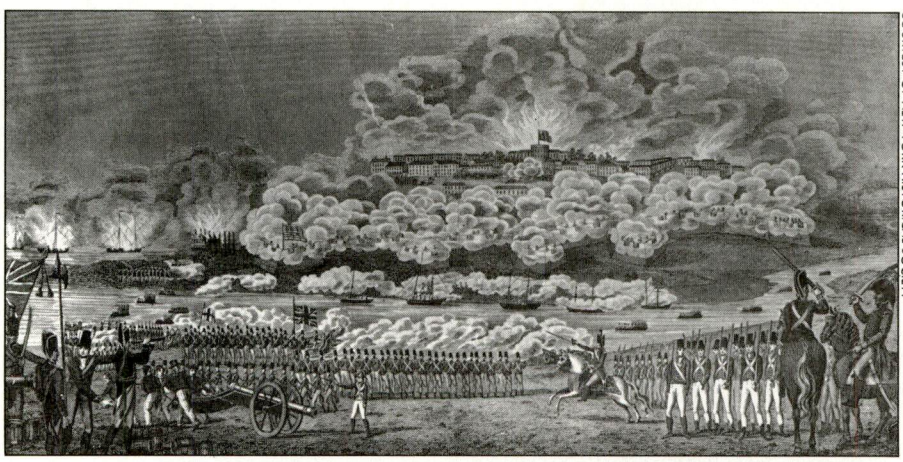
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1814
One Hundred and Seventy-five Years Ago

★ Amid the thunder of British cannon and a Washington mob's cries of "Hang Madison!," Dolley Madison scurried around the White House collecting documents and valuables to save from the advancing British army. Across the Atlantic in the Flemish town of Ghent, British and American diplomats were negotiating an end to the war, but their efforts were of no help to America's capital city on August 24. The President's wife managed to save an embossed copy of the Declaration of Independence and a painting of George Washington attributed to Gilbert Stuart, but the British were satisfied with what she left behind: a lavish banquet that had been prepared for President Madison earlier in the day, and an abandoned city.

As the American Army all but disintegrated in retreat from the Battle of Bladensburg, an advance force of 1,460 British troops marched into Washington, satisfied their hunger at Madison's table, and then burned his mansion to the ground in retaliation for the American burning of York (Toronto) a year earlier. Under strict orders not to damage private property, the British torched only U.S. government buildings and even allowed private citizens to talk them out of burning the bank, the post office, and the patent office. The British abandoned Washington to the looters the next day, leaving the machinery of American government in ruins.



COURTESY OF NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

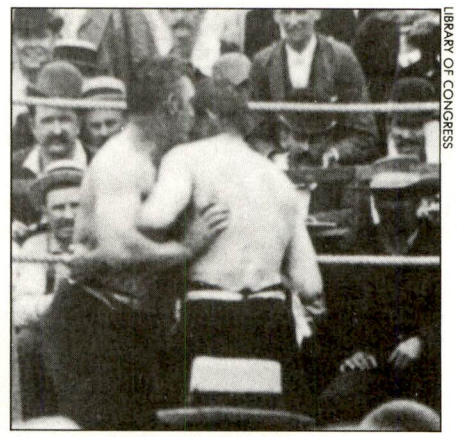
Flames and smoke engulf the abandoned United States capital city in this British engraving.

1889
One Hundred Years Ago

★ By 1889 bareknuckle boxing matches were illegal almost everywhere in the United States, including the rural Mississippi town of Richburg, where on July 8 John L. Sullivan fought Jake Kilrain for twenty thousand dollars in the country's last bareknuckle match. At the age of thirty Sullivan had deteriorated into a flabby parody of his top form, but for this fight he trained hard for several weeks. By the day of the match he had lost more than forty pounds and still outweighed Kilrain by thirty.

Sullivan may have been past his prime, but he had more than enough power left to dismantle Kilrain. Though the challenger drew first blood, he managed to stretch the fight out to seventy-five rounds only by backpedaling and wrestling with Sullivan, who cursed and taunted him to "stand up and fight like a man."

The only moment of suspense for Sullivan's backers came during the forty-fifth round, when the Boston Strong Boy vomited after drinking a mixture of tea and whiskey; ringside experts insisted that Sullivan's body was rejecting the tea. Kilrain offered a draw, to which Sullivan growled, "No, you loafer" and continued battering the challenger. When Kilrain's second ended the fight, the champion invited him to enter the ring and accept a similar thrashing.



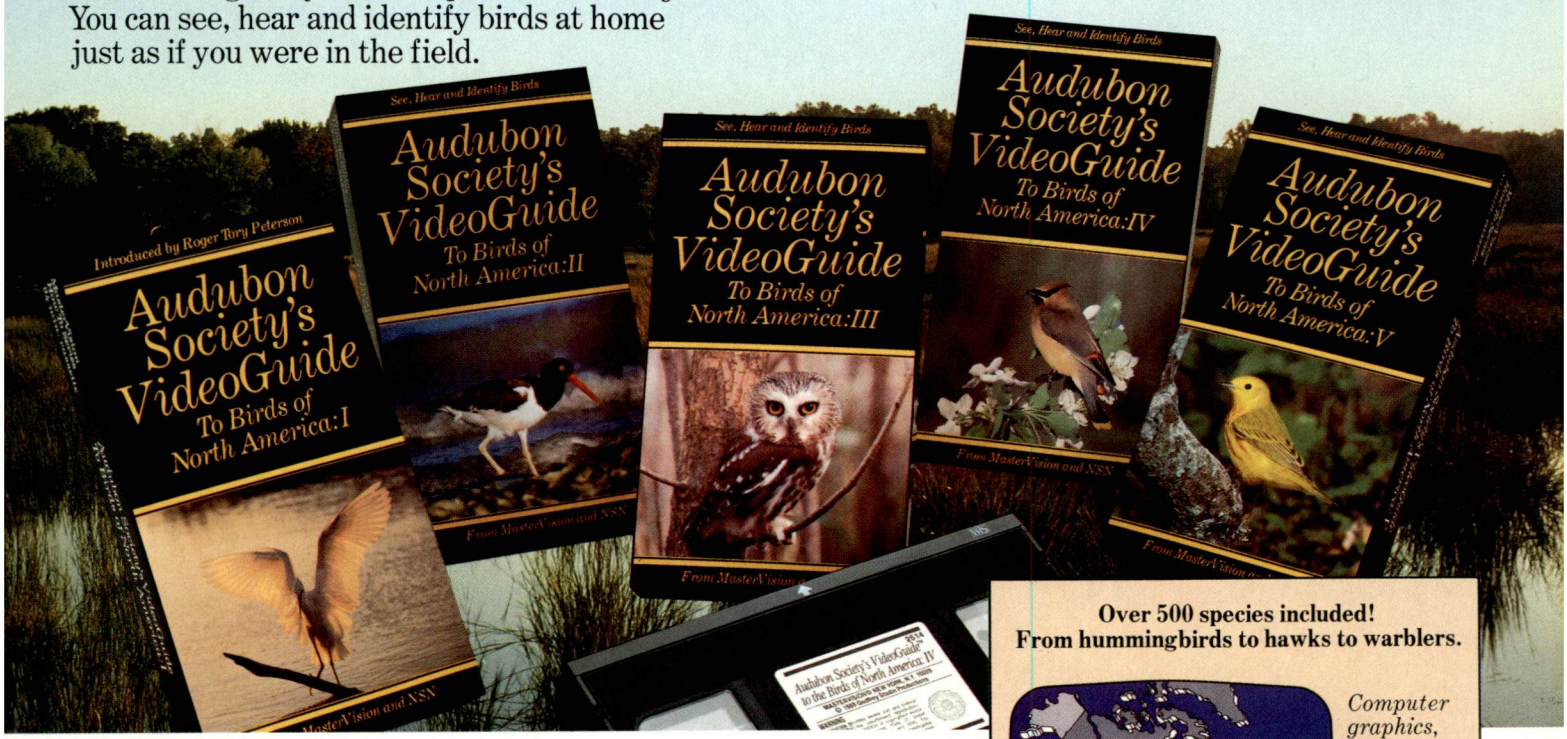
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Jake Kilrain falls into a clinch with John L. Sullivan during the twenty-third round.

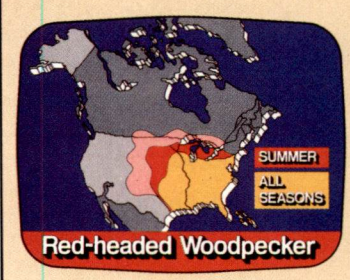
After the fight the state of Mississippi offered a thousand-dollar bounty for Sullivan's return, and the governor of New York had Sullivan extradited to stand trial on the charges of prizefighting and assault and battery. Sullivan beat the charges, but legal and travel expenses cost him more than he earned for beating Kilrain, and he vowed never to appear in another bareknuckle match. Nor would he have to, as this match cemented his legend for-

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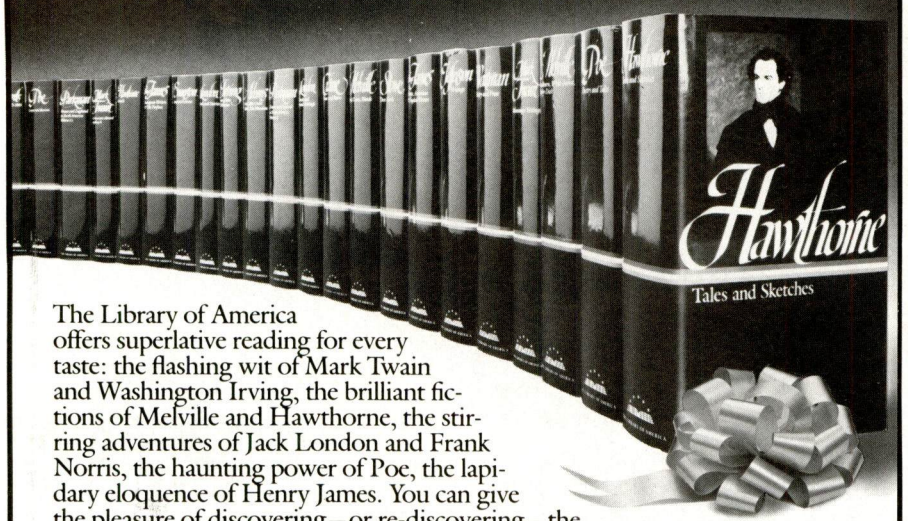
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ever. "Never, during even a Presidential election, has there been so much excitement as there is here now," wrote *The New York Times* of Sullivan's exploits.

1914
Seventy-five Years Ago

★ Woodrow Wilson was pacing the empty corridors of the White House, agonizing over his wife's deepening illness, when war broke out in Europe during the first week of August. Wilson immediately offered to mediate any differences between the European powers but received only complaints from the belligerents about the way the other side was conducting the war.

George Harvey defined the impossible situation Wilson faced in the *North American Review*: "Europe has long been sick—perhaps sick unto death. The forty years' peace has been no peace, only a feverish truce wherein national rivalries and racial hatreds have intensified and deepened until the day of reckoning was bound to come." Helpless to alter the nationalist hysteria that drove the overarmed nations of Europe to war, Wilson would urge Americans to remain neutral in thought as well as in name. Though almost all Americans agreed that the United States should remain neutral, public sentiment generally agreed with the New York *World* that "the Kaiser has plunged his sword into the heart of civilization."

On August 6, the day Wilson issued the formal proclamation of American neutrality, his wife Ellen died. It is impossible to say what effect Wilson's personal tragedy had on his unsuccessful effort to mediate an end to the war.

★ On August 5 the American Traffic Signal Company installed a fifteen-foot device that used red and green lights and a buzzer to control traffic at the corner of Euclid Avenue and 105th Street in Cleveland, Ohio. It was the first appearance of the electric traffic light on American roads.

1939
Fifty Years Ago

★ Louis ("Lepke") Buchalter, the man J. Edgar Hoover called the most dangerous criminal in the United States, surrendered by secret agreement with the FBI chief on August 24 after evading a nationwide manhunt for several months. Lepke had made his fortune controlling unions in the New York garment industry, but his notoriety came from his role as head of a group of underworld assassins known as Murder Inc.

Under intense pressure from the New York County district attorney, Thomas Dewey, Lepke had gone into hiding in 1937, running his crime



CULVER PICTURES

The crime boss Louis Lepke (left) sits impassively as his lawyers plead his case.

empire and ordering contract assassinations from subway platforms, restaurant washrooms, and cheap apartments. By 1939 the federal government was also hounding him, and his entire operation was in jeopardy. Desperate to maintain their own organizations, Lepke's underworld associates convinced him that he would be treated leniently if he gave himself up to Hoover on a lesser narcotics charge. Upon surrendering, though, Lepke quickly learned that his friends had double-crossed him to take the heat off themselves. He was convicted on a narcotics charge and sent to Fort Leavenworth for a fourteen-year term.

While Lepke was in prison, a mob informer broke the story of the hundreds of hits carried out by Murder Inc., giving Dewey enough evidence to convict Lepke again, this time for murder. Though it was rumored that Lepke had offered the district attorney information about New York's underworld that would make Dewey an unbeatable presidential candidate, nothing came of it, and he was sentenced to death. On March 4, 1944, Lepke became the only national crime kingpin to go to the electric chair.

★ On August 23, after failing to convince France or Great Britain to sign a treaty of alliance, the Soviet Union signed a ten-year nonaggression pact with Germany that shocked the rest of the world and cleared the way for the German invasion of Poland that would

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begin World War II the following month. The German chancellor, Adolf Hitler, had long been convinced that if he could secure himself from the threat of war with the Soviet Union, Germany could expand through Western Europe at will. The Soviet leader Joseph Stalin hoped the agreement would delay the war with Germany that he believed was inevitable. The pact did not create a military alliance, but it did obligate each country not to make war with the other or support a third country that did so.

Communists in the West, who had followed Stalin's party line in condemning Hitler, were puzzled by Moscow's



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY PICTURE COLLECTION

The British cartoonist David Low documents the bond between Hitler and Stalin.

new, friendly attitude toward Germany. The French Communist party, based in the Western country most likely to be a target of German aggression, found the pact hard to accept. The French Communist leader Maurice Thorez declared that "if Hitler in spite of everything unleashes war, let him know that he will find before him the united people of France, with the Communists in the front line. . . ." In the instantaneous wave of anti-Communism that swept France, both the party and its newspaper were banned.

The American Communist party waited for instructions from Moscow before deciding that the pact gave "greater opportunities for the people and government of the United States effectively to check Japanese aggression in the Far East." The party's general secretary, Earl Browder, went so far as to declare that there would be no war if all the world's powers signed similar agreements. No one was making that argument two years later, when Germany's three-front invasion of Russia again showed the world the consequences of trusting Adolf Hitler.

1964
Twenty-five Years Ago

★ Two cornerstones of the Johnson administration's Great Society were set in place in July. On July 2 Johnson signed the Civil Rights Act of 1964 during a nationally televised ceremony. The law prohibited racial discrimination in public accommodations, in employment or union membership, and in voter registration.

Though Johnson stated that the goal of the law was "to bring justice and hope to our people—and peace to our land," the Black Muslim leader Malcolm X argued that "you can't legislate good will. . . . by promising that which cannot be delivered." The Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., agreed with the President, predicting that the Civil Rights Act would "bring a cool and serene breeze to an already hot summer." But racial riots later that month in several Eastern cities would demonstrate that the legislation would not solve all the problems that American minority groups faced.

On July 23 the Senate passed the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, Johnson's bill initiating the War on Poverty. The act authorized $947,500,000 for job training, small-business loans, and community-action programs to fight unemployment and illiteracy. Johnson signed the act into law on August 20.

★ The Johnson administration had been looking for a pretext to expand military involvement in Vietnam for several months when, on August 2, three North Vietnamese PT boats attacked the U.S. destroyer *Maddox* as it patrolled the Gulf of Tonkin. The North Vietnamese probably struck on the assumption that *Maddox* had led a South Vietnamese naval attack against Vietcong installations two days earlier.

Though the *Maddox* suffered no casualties, President Johnson immediately ordered military retaliation against strategic targets in North Vietnam, and on August 6 he asked Congress to give him the power to "take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the United States" in Vietnam. His Southeast Asia Resolution would in effect give him the freedom to wage an undeclared war against North Vietnam. "Like grandma's nightgown," Johnson would say later, "it covered everything."



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

The extent of the damage suffered by the USS *Maddox* in the Gulf of Tonkin.

Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon warned that Johnson was misleading Congress about the nature of the attack in the gulf, and Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska stormed that "all Vietnam is not worth the life of a single American boy," but they stood alone. Johnson's so-called Tonkin Gulf Resolution passed the Senate by 88 to 2 and the House of Representatives by 416 to 0. The congressmen apparently had support at home for their vote: A Harris poll conducted that week indicated that 85 percent of the American population supported Johnson's military retaliation against the North Vietnamese.

★ The U.S. Census Bureau reported on August 31 that California had passed New York as America's most populous state. **—Arthur Nielsen**

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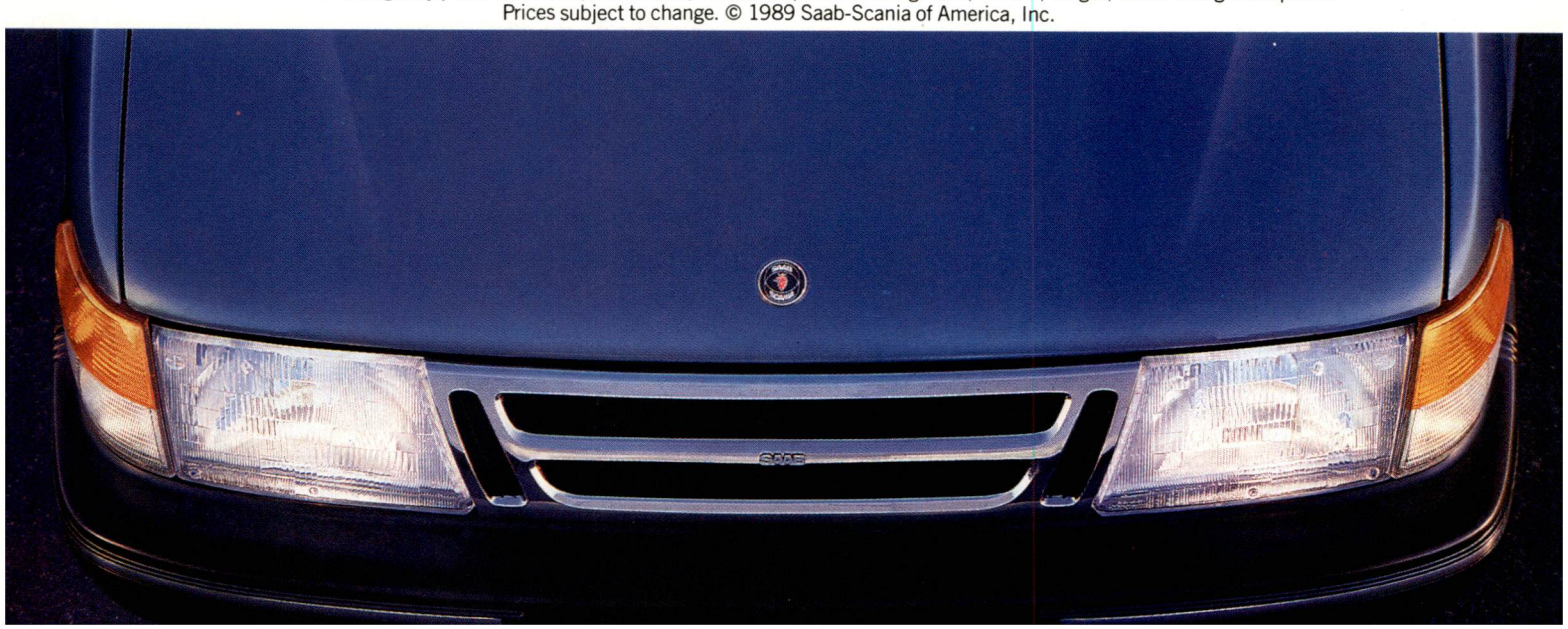
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AMERICAN HERITAGE

LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, ANIMOSITÉ

by Garry Wills

When the French Revolution broke out two hundred years ago this month, Americans greeted it enthusiastically. After all, without the French *we* could never have become free. But the cheers faded as the brutality of the convulsion emerged—and we saw we were still only a feeble newborn facing a giant, intimidating world power.



GERRY MOONEY

There were two great revolutions against European monarchs in the late eighteenth century. In the first, the French nation helped Americans achieve their independence from George III. Without that help our revolution could not have succeeded. Yet when the French rebelled against Louis XVI, Americans hailed their action, then hesitated over it, and finally recoiled from it, causing bitterness in France and among some Americans. Why had the "sister republics" not embraced each other when they had the opportunity? Instead of marching together, the revolutions, so



CHATEAU, VERSAILLES, GIRAUDON/ART RESOURCE.

The Bastille fell on July 14, 1789, but it was not until August 10, 1792, that the Tuileries palace (below) fell to the mob, dooming the king and queen.



The French philosophes hoped the American Revolution would weaken the hold of Louis XVI's repressive establishment.

similar in their ideals, roots, and principles, passed each other at shouting distance. What began in mutual encouragement ended in mutual misapprehension.

The root of the trouble lay in the equivocal nature of the aid France extended to America in the 1770s. The American Revolution wore two different faces in France, and each was one of the many faces of Benjamin Franklin. On the one hand, Louis XVI was using British colonists to discommode his rival, George III, and Franklin was the courtier who pointed out the advantages of such a course to Louis's ministers. A famous contemporary image of Franklin is the porcelain statuette group by Lemire, in which Franklin bows to the French king, who presents him with the Treaty of 1778, which allied us to France (a document that would be the subject of heated controversy just over a decade later).

A more complex picture of the diplomatic forces at work is the allegorical print by Étienne Pallière, which shows Franklin helping unleash the French Hercules, who bashes with his club Britannia and her cowering lion. On the right side of the print, Neptune dispatches the French navy, carrying cannon forged by Vulcan. All the gods of neoclassicism move to accomplish the will of Louis XVI's government. One king rebukes another in the balance of imperial politics. (Although the Declaration of Independence had been specifically crafted to bring France into the conflict, Louis responded only after the first substantial defeat of an English army at Saratoga.)

But to the philosophes of the French Enlightenment, Franklin bore quite another face—himself a neoclassical god now, Prometheus, the tamer of lightning and the scourge of tyrants, the scientist and the philosopher of freedom. That's the way Fragonard drew Franklin and Marguerite Gérard engraved him, adding the heroic hexameter of Turgot, *Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis* ("He tore from heaven lightning, and the scepter from kings"). Turgot, the reforming economist, had to circulate his line of poetry anonymously, since the plural for *kings* (*tyrannis*) showed that French thinkers hoped the American Revolution would effect changes in their own society, weakening the hold of Louis XVI's establishment, which had censored their works. Franklin encouraged this view of America's meaning for the future, joining the Paris-based Masonic lodge of the Nine Sisters, where hopes of a revolution in France were harbored.

Some of the officers who went to serve in the American Revolution—notably Lafayette, Rochambeau, Chastellux, and Admiral d'Estaing—were enlightened critics of their own government as well as supporters of American aspirations, but George Washington never forgot that the motive of King Louis in sending these auxiliaries was not any devotion to antimonarchical principle but a maneuver to regain some of the holdings in the New World he had lost to England after the Seven Years' War.

Washington alone took the measure of French aid in both its aspects. He was a champion of the Enlightenment in areas like his opposition to established churches, but he also had an eye to the practical conditions for exercising freedom. (In the current debates in Congress over Central America, he would definitely agree with those who think free elections mean little to people who cannot feed their own children.) He meant to keep America free from dependence on France as well as from submission to England.

When Lafayette, for example, tried to organize an army to recapture Canada, Washington expressed to Congress his vigorous objections. He wanted to use France, not be used by it. The independence of America could only be maintained by keeping it nonaligned between the great powers. The historian Edmund S. Morgan has convincingly traced Washington's neutrality policy back to the touchiness he felt about accepting French help from a king with his own designs in mind. Washington's caution was justified years



In a 1786 French aquatint that proclaims Louis XVI as America's liberator, Washington's name is misspelled.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

later, at the end of the war over the American colonies, when it came out that Louis was negotiating with George III to grant Spain all American territory across the Alleghenies.

But this was a secret war of wills between Washington and King Louis that went on under a surface of amity. Washington did not even confide his misgivings to Lafayette, despite their friendship. After the war diplomatic relations between the two countries, though strained somewhat by French commercial losses in the war, were cordial as a result of Alexander Hamilton's efforts to repay on a regular basis the debts incurred to France. Meanwhile, the leading thinkers in the two countries seemed to form a single community of rational discourse. French visitors to America—Crèvecoeur and Brissot de Warville—found models for French social reform in American institutions. American visitors to France—Thomas Jefferson and Joel Barlow—saw the stirrings of discontent with the established church and state as natural consequences of the example America had set in its state and federal constitutions. Thomas Paine, having argued for commonsense government in America, went to France to vindicate the rights of man. The French officers who had served with Washington were the only men at Louis XVI's court allowed to wear a foreign decoration—the Order of the Cincinnati eagle, designed by a Frenchman, Pierre Charles L'Enfant.

When the Bastille fell in 1789, Lafayette—recognizing the indebtedness of the French Revolution to Americans, who had shown the way—sent the key of that prison to Washington. Lafayette's face became the first of many that the French Revolution would turn toward America—and a more welcome appearance could not be wished. Jefferson, who had recently returned from France to become Secretary of State—Lafayette was at his farewell dinner in Paris—was actually more enthusiastic about the French Revolution than was France's minister to America, Jean Baptiste de Ternant. Jefferson thought the French experiment would not only confirm the American one but spread irresistibly to all the other enlightened parts of Europe. When the National Assembly in France, conscious of the model offered by the Declaration of Independence, issued a Declaration of the Rights of Man, it was designed to be adaptable to any country.

Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, thought, like Jefferson, that French republicanism would spread to other countries—a prospect he feared as destabilizing. He reminded Washington that all treaties had been made with



The 1778 Treaty of Alliance between France and the United States is commemorated in a porcelain of the king and Franklin.

the regime of Louis XVI and that any new government in France would not have the same claim upon America as had the one that actually supplied help to America in its time of crisis. This was Hamilton's way of turning the revolutionary assistance France had given to America against that country's own revolutionary effort. The equivocal nature of Louis XVI's actions was coming back to haunt Franco-American relations.

Jefferson was not convinced. He argued heatedly in cabinet debate that treaties are made with the people who make up a nation and that any people can alter its form of government without forfeiting prior claims upon other nations. Washington agreed with Jefferson that treaty obligations must be met—that, for instance, payments on the war debt should be continued—but he was no more ready to commit America's fortunes to the giant republic of France than to the giant monarchy of France.

While the cabinet debate was going on in pri-

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY, GIFT OF WILLIAM H. HUNTINGTON, 1883



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Benjamin Franklin is crowned by Liberty in a 1778 allegory that reflects France's hope for its own future.

vate, an international propaganda war broke out in 1790 over the future of the French Revolution. Thomas Paine was at the center of a triangular debate in England, France, and America. The mob's invasion of Versailles, menacing the queen—an attack repulsed by Lafayette—had ruffled the great parliamentarian Edmund Burke's deep sense of historical decorum. Burke wrote his impassioned *Reflections on the Revolution in France* to defend ancient establishments. Paine responded from France with *The Rights of Man*, saying Burke "pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird" of the French nation. Thomas Jefferson indiscreetly recommended Paine's book to its American publisher as an answer to "heresies" that had arisen in America over the French Revolution—an allusion to John Adams's *Discourses on Davila* (1790), in which Adams denounced French experiments with freedom. When Jefferson's letter was published, he had to apologize for this attack by one member of Washington's administration on the Vice-President of the United States.

There was great misunderstanding on all sides because events were moving rapidly in France, though reports of them came slowly to America. In 1792, when news arrived that France had declared war on the alliance of kings that was taking shape in response to the Revolution, Hamilton argued that America's guarantee of French rights in the West Indies was framed in case a *defensive* war should arise, and France had now taken the offensive. Jefferson replied that France was forced to take pre-emptive steps.

But Jefferson's words were being undermined without his knowledge. Lafayette, leading French troops (with Rochambeau) against the Austrians, concluded in 1792 that his home government had reeled out of control. He defected from the army and was soon writing Washington from an Austrian jail, posing delicate problems for the President, who wanted to help his old ally without committing America to either of the two sides Lafayette had already taken. The French Revolution no longer wore a face familiar from America's own fighting days.

Jefferson's hopes shifted to Brissot de Warville, the rising leader of the Girondin faction, a friend of America who spoke of "our" revolutions and republics (Washington deleted a similar "our" from one of Jefferson's documents addressed to France). The summary execution of aristocrats by popular tribunals in France led to some nervous arguments in America over the need to break eggs when making revolutionary omelets. Jefferson had written to Lafayette, before his defection, that "we are not to expect to be translated from despotism to liberty in a feather-bed." After Lafayette's imprisonment Jefferson wrote to his former secretary, William Short: "My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to the cause, but rather than it should have failed, I would have seen half the earth desolated. Were there but an Adam & an Eve left in every country, & left free, it would be better than as it now is."

Jefferson did not know, when he wrote those words, that Louis XVI had been executed on January 21, 1793. Jefferson later wrote that he would have voted, if he were in the French government, for removing the king but not for killing him. That was also Thomas Paine's attitude at the time, and Paine was in a position to do something for the king. Ironically, he tried to arrange to have Louis conducted into exile in America, under the safe-conduct of the new minister about to depart for Philadelphia, Edmond Charles Edouard Genêt. Despite Paine's argu-

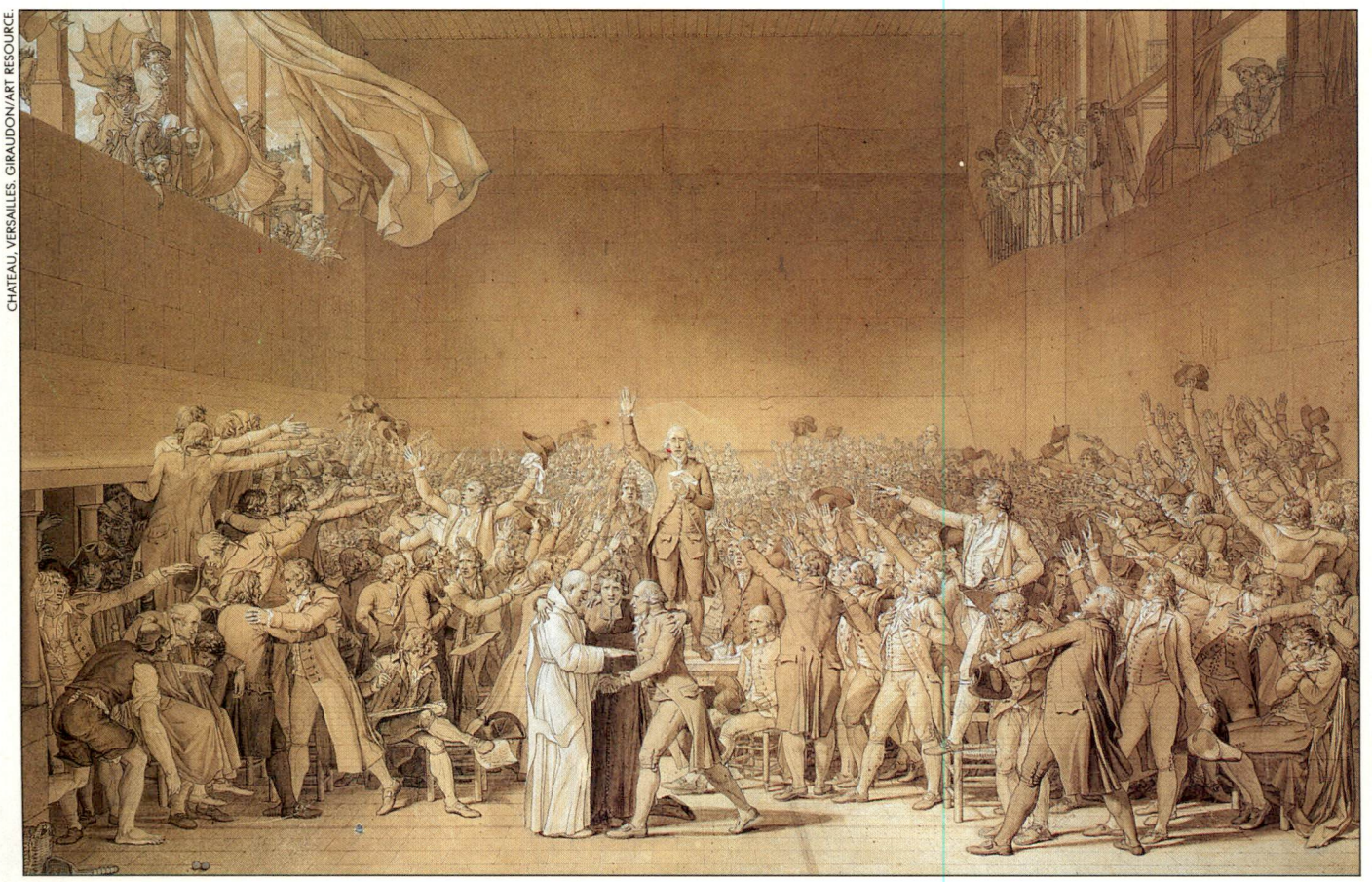
ments, Citizen Louis Capet was condemned, and Americans began to realize that revolution meant one thing in a home country deposing its ruler and another in colonies seceding from an empire. There had been no regicide involved in the American Revolution—not even any executions of Loyalists. The death of the king raised the stakes of this second revolution, for its sympathizers as well as its participants.

"Republicans" in America had to rationalize the violence by a harsher definition of what revolution means. As French philosophes had used the American Revolution to change their society, so Jeffersonians out of government argued that the French Revolution, by its logic of antiaristocratic purity, showed that changes were still to be made in American society. If the French Revolution was different from the American, that only meant that the American Revolution should be made to resemble the French more closely. Democratic-Republican Societies were formed not only to support the French Revolution but to import some of its practices. Some Americans began to address each other as "Citizen" and to wear the liberty cap. Bostonians even decided that the proper term for a woman was "Citess."

The aim of all this activity was to push America into open support of France. To prevent this, Washington decided to proclaim the neutrality he had been observing all along. Jefferson argued that he had no power to do this—that only Congress can declare war and that the state of peace when no such declaration has occurred does not need to be proclaimed by the Executive, the department of government that lacks war powers. But Americans were organizing support for a foreign belligerent, and Washington wanted to prevent that. Jefferson at least succeeded in keeping the actual word *neutrality* out of the so-called neutrality proclamation of 1793.

At the very time Washington was proclaiming neutrality in Philadelphia, the new French minister arrived in Charleston. With him, the French Revolution acquired a particular face in America that would prove fatal to hopes for Franco-American unity—the face of Citizen Genêt. Genêt, a young aristocrat popular with the Girondins, made it his open aim to rally the American citizenry against its own government's stated policy. This was a bracing prospect for people like James Madison, who deplored the President's neutrality in a letter to Jefferson: "The proclamation

Jefferson was more enthusiastic about the French Revolution than was France's minister to America.



CHATEAU, VERSAILLES, GIRAUDON/ART RESOURCE.

David's study of the Tennis Court Oath taken on June 20, 1789, at Versailles, where deputies of the National Assembly swore to support a constitution.

Lafayette takes the oath to the French Constitution during elaborate ceremonies in Paris that marked the first anniversary of the Revolution.

When Lafayette was jailed in 1792, the French Revolution no longer wore a face familiar from America's own fighting days.

was in truth a most unfortunate error. It wounds the national honor, by seeming to disregard the stipulated duties to France. It wounds the popular feelings by a seeming indifference to the cause of liberty. . . . If France triumphs, the ill-fated proclamation will be a millstone which would sink any other character [but Washington's] and will force a struggle even on his."

Unfortunately for Genêt, he listened to similar talk from "true Americans," who felt that he must save the President from his own advisers. Hamilton had argued against receiving Genêt at all. Washington overruled him, but Genêt made matters sticky by not bothering to seek a diplomatic reception before he began rallying opinion and money for the French cause. He made a public tour that brought him in a leisurely fashion to the seat of government in Philadelphia.

Jefferson, for as long as he could, nurtured great hopes for the Genêt mission. He was glad to see Ternant, the royal minister, removed, since he thought that remnant of the old regime had been an obstacle to the natural sympathy that would be expressed between the two republics once they understood each other. Jefferson assured his friends that Genêt "offers everything and asks nothing." Genêt had brought with him a personal letter to Jefferson from his old friend Condorcet, which urged that "our republic, founded like yours on reason, on the rights of nature, on equality, ought to be your true ally . . . [that] we ought in some sort to form one people."

This was Jefferson's hope too, but Genêt took the idea of one people so literally that he acted as a citizen of the world talking to Americans as one of them. The Girondin stage of the French Revolution was the most optimistically proselytizing one, and Genêt felt he could speak to all free men without regard for the ceremonies of established governments. He had replaced his own title with the universal "Citizen." He expected American officials to set aside their titles too.

When they did not, Genêt treated them as betrayers of their own revolution. He threatened to appeal over the head of Washington to the people the President claimed to represent. He even attacked Jefferson for the State Department's implementation of the neutrality policy. Jefferson, in his turn, came to realize that Genêt was doing far more damage to the French cause than Ternant ever had. By July 1793 he was writing Madison: "Never in my opinion was so calamitous an appointment made, as that of the present Minister of F[rance] here. Hotheaded, all imagination, no judgment, passionate, disrespectful and even indecent towards the P[resident] in his written as well as verbal communications, talking of appeals from him to Congress, from them to the people, urging the most unreasonable & groundless propositions, & in the most dictatorial style. . . . He renders my position immensely difficult."

Jefferson's only hope of preventing a public reaction against Genêt (and through him against France) was to keep the insulting record of his dealings from publication. But that was made impossible when Genêt went from propagandizing to active war making: he was in touch with Western leaders like George Rogers Clark, who wanted to seize Louisiana from the Spanish. Genêt, an adjutant general of the French army, offered the support of his nation to such a "filibustering" movement. This was all the more embarrassing for Jefferson since Genêt had extracted a letter of recommendation from him introducing Genêt's emissary in this matter to the governor of Kentucky. Genêt, at first a nuisance, had become a disaster.

Yet by the time his recall was demanded, Genêt had to request asylum in this country (where, indeed, he lived out the rest of his long life). During his absence the Jacobins had replaced the Girondins and instituted the Terror. Friends of America like d'Estaing were sent to the guillotine—to which Genêt would undoubtedly have been conducted had he returned to France. Paine, imprisoned by Robespierre, lived in the shadow of the guillotine until its blade fell on Robespierre himself. The Revolution was devouring its own.

America was now a "sister republic" to France only in its own bitter divisions. The ideal accepted by all sides at the beginning of the Washington administration had been a factionless society, in which partisan appeals were to be submitted to impartial consideration. Early divisions had occurred, in the cabinet and in Congress, over matters like the establishment of a federal banking system. But these had not become matters of widespread popular agitation until Genêt made his appeals to the people and Democratic-Republican Societies began staging rallies in imitation of the Parisian mobs. John Adams was no doubt exaggerating when he remembered, late in his life, a time "when ten thousand people in the streets of Philadelphia, day after day threatened

OPPOSITE PAGE: MUSEE CARNAVALET, PARIS. GIRAUDON/ART RESOURCE.





BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS. GIRAUDON/ART RESOURCE

Revolutionary soldiers and civilians march to Paris in October 1789. Spiked loaves of bread signify a food shortage; the impaled heads of the queen's bodyguards signal the furies that would consume the cause.

to drag Washington out of his house." But there was tumult and disorder of the sort not seen since the demonstrations against George III.

When Washington criticized the Democratic-Republican Societies for introducing faction into American life, he was assailed for suppressing free speech. When Paine published his *Age of Reason* in 1794, it was made the occasion for attacks on the "atheism" of the French Revolution. Jefferson, suffering guilt by association with Paine, would be branded an atheist by his political enemies for the rest of his career. Not only were there public factions now, but one side saw behind the other a despotic foreign conspiracy and the other side saw an anarchic foreign atheism. Each looked through the other at a European specter. Monarchy had had its own odious image before 1789. But after 1794 even republicanism had a horrid aspect when one looked at a France reeling from the Terror.

John Adams's early prediction that force alone would put down the French disruption seemed confirmed by the ascent of Napoleon. The American statesman Stephen Higginson rightly assessed it as something that "drew a red-hot ploughshare through the history of America as well as through that of France. It not merely divided parties, but molded them; gave them their demarcations, their watchwords and their bitterness. The home issues were for a time subordinate, collateral; the real party lines were established on the other side of the Atlantic."

Despite the American Revolution's priority in time, the French Revolution became *the* revolution for all later ages. It is the model, the measure by which other uprisings are judged—the



one used, retrospectively, to belittle or enlarge our own earlier rebellion. The Russian Revolution of 1917 was criticized according to its proximity to or departure from the French Revolution—not by its detractors and defenders only, but even by its participants, who were conscious, despite their emphasis on the future, that they were reenacting various stages of that primordial overturn and who looked among themselves for people to play the roles of Danton, Robespierre, and others.

The French Revolution ideologized the modern world. Its period even gave us the term *ideology*, when followers of the philosopher Condillac's theory of knowledge became known as *idéologues*. It made the champions of unarticulated loyalties, people like Burke, paradoxically articulate a rationale for such loyalties, laying the basis for conservatism to this very day. Burke did not describe himself as a conservative, since the terms *liberal* and *conservative* were not yet in political use as polar terms. But the Revolution gave us the first lasting expression of such a polarity: the use of *left* and *right* in a political sense—taken from the pro-Revolutionary and anti-Revolutionary parties sitting to the left and right of the speaker in the National Constituent Assembly.

A wave of émigrés fleeing the French Revolution brought the establishment (especially the churchly) view of the Revolution to this country, to find allies or enemies for that view. So deeply did reactions to the French Revolution enter into our own attitudes that such a "vernacular" masterpiece as *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* draws heavily on the picture of the Revolution established in the English-speaking world by Carlyle and Dickens. Even the most isolated and parochial reaches of American society reacted to the cardinal event of modern history.

Monarchy had seemed odious before 1789. After 1794 even republicanism seemed horrid as France reeled from the Terror.

Jefferson, looking back years later on the French Revolution, wrote Adams as one old man to another: "Your prophecies to Dr. Price proved truer than mine; and yet fell short of the fact, for instead of a million, the destruction of 8. or 10. millions of human beings has probably been the effect of these convulsions. I did not, in 89, believe they would have lasted so long nor have cost so much blood. But altho' your prophecy has proved true so far, I hope it does not preclude a better final result."

Jefferson sadly concluded that the French people were not yet "virtuous" enough to accept a sudden republicanism after so many years of superstition and despotism; this was the fear that made him want to limit immigration to America from lands where established churches had corrupted men's outlook. The Girondin hope for an early liberation of mankind was obliterated. For Jefferson, the past was destroying the Revolution. For Burke, the Revolution was destroying the past. Each was, in his own way, right. In the end the "twin republics" of the eighteenth century could claim only a bitter sisterhood in disillusionment. ★

Garry Wills is the Henry R. Luce Professor of American Culture and Public Policy at Northwestern University. His most recent article in this magazine was "How Pure Must Our Candidates Be?" (May/June 1988).

Lafayette, You Are Here!

The ubiquitous legacy of America's favorite Frenchman



When the Marquis de Lafayette was buried in Paris in 1834, the dirt that covered his casket came from Bunker Hill. Even in death the dashing nobleman and hero of the American Revolution looked to the United States. Lafayette was a hero of the French Revolution too, but it was America that fascinated him and American statesmen who shaped his ideals. When Lafayette arrived in America to volunteer to fight against the British, he was an impetuous boy of nineteen; when he left, he was a popular and successful military leader and one of the architects of Cornwallis's defeat at Yorktown. Although the zenith of his fame here came after his triumphant return to America in 1824, his image and name have been forever stitched into the fabric of America.

There are today some thirty-six towns in the United States that bear his name, eighteen counties, one college, and countless streets, avenues, and monuments. La Grange, the name of his chateau outside Paris, has also been immortalized in thirteen states. The American Friends of Lafayette, an organization founded in 1932 to promote the memory of the great general and "hero of two countries," has a growing membership. No Frenchman is so well known or loved here, and none has had his impact upon our history.

Many of the reasons for this can be found in the success of his return to America. Lafayette had what Jefferson called "a canine appetite for popularity and fame," and although he was not an arrogant man, he clearly enjoyed the affection shown him by the American populace during his thirteen-month visit. Touring all twenty-four states by steamboat and horse and carriage, the sixty-seven-year-old Frenchman was feted and acclaimed as a friend of liberty and a patron of freedom. He was made a citizen of three states and a freeman of a number of cities. He was the living symbol of the French assistance that had helped win the War of Independence, and his welcome never wore out.

As the following pages suggest, Lafayette was omnipresent at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, his visage emblazoned on everything from bank notes to fine furniture to women's fans. Engulfed in patriotic sentiment, the Marquis, as he was affectionately called, traveled from grand dinner to ball, dedication ceremony to toasts at public taverns.

A decade later his death in Paris on May 20, 1834, nearly paralyzed our nation. (Not so in France, however, where his republican ideals had fallen into disfavor.) The last surviving general officer of the Continental Army was honored in every state; John Quincy Adams, former President of the Republic, delivered a two-and-one-half-hour eulogy before a hushed Congress. Sixty thousand copies of the speech were printed by Congress and distributed nationwide as America mourned the passing of its close friend.

In 1917 American troops arrived in Paris in part to help repay a debt to Lafayette. Tradition has Col. Charles Stanton standing above the Marquis's grave at Picpus Cemetery and saluting the American flag that had long flown there. "Lafayette," he called out, "we are here!" But that was only part of the message; in many ways Lafayette had never left his adoptive republic.

—Samuel Sifton



La Grange, Georgia, takes its name from Lafayette's chateau.

New York City owns this 1826 portrait of the hero, painted by S. F. B. Morse.

LARRY FINCHER; OPPOSITE PAGE: COLLECTION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, COUNCIL CHAMBER SOUTH



Lafayette, You Are Here!



An American glass flask bears a relief portrait of the Marquis, about 1824.



COURTESY OF HILDA DAVIDSON

Staffordshire pitcher with a scene of Lafayette at Franklin's tomb.



Lafayette's portrait appears on this side chair and pier table made for a reception held in his honor in Baltimore in 1824.

BOTH: CHRYSLER MUSEUM, NORFOLK, VA. GIFT OF MRS. C. FREDERIC FLUHMAN.

TOP LEFT: AMERICAN FRIENDS OF LAFAYETTE COLLECTION, DAVID BISHOP SKILLMAN LIBRARY, LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA.





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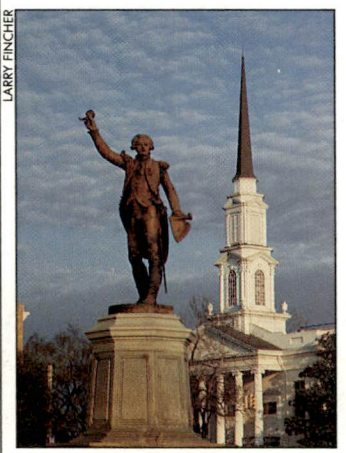
A silk purse imprinted with Lafayette's portrait, from a large collection at Cornell University Library in Ithaca, New York.

Fayetteville, North Carolina, named for the French hero in 1783, put up a statue to Lafayette . . .

KEN COOKE



LARRY FINCHER



. . . as did La Grange, Georgia, which also has a La Fayette Parkway and a La Fayette Square.

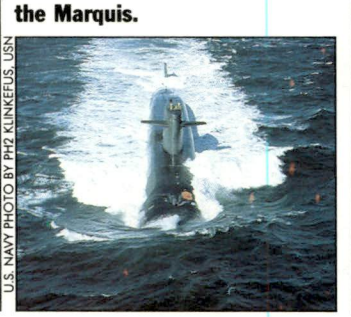
GARY McKEE



A Masonic lodge in La Grange, Texas, named for the Marquis.

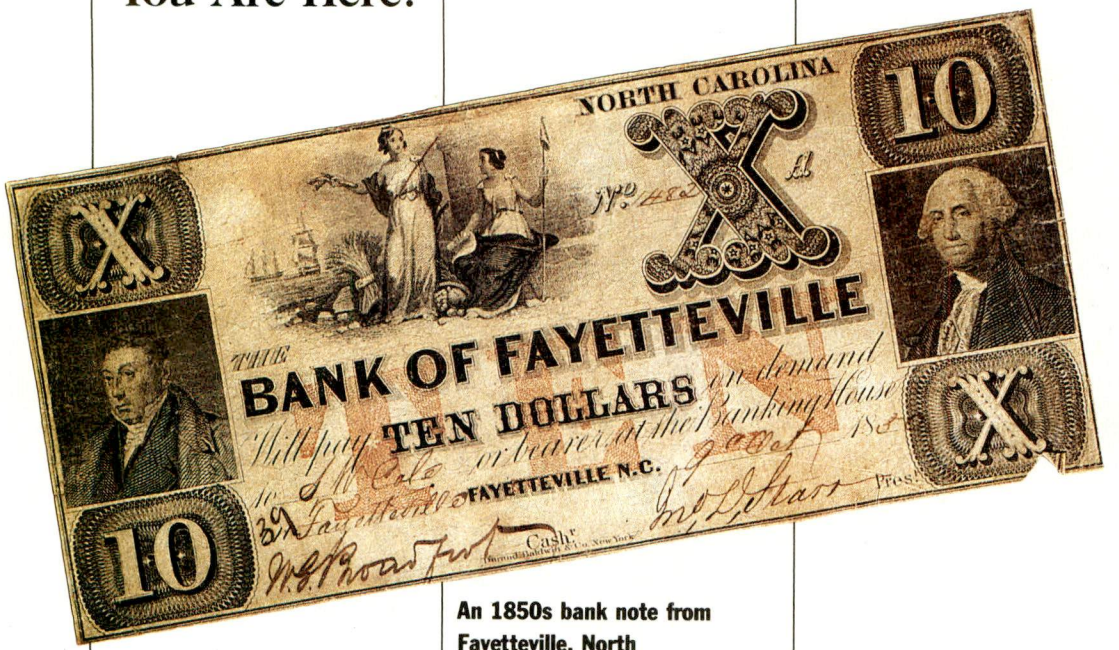


U.S. NAVY PHOTO BY PH2 KLINKEFUS, USN



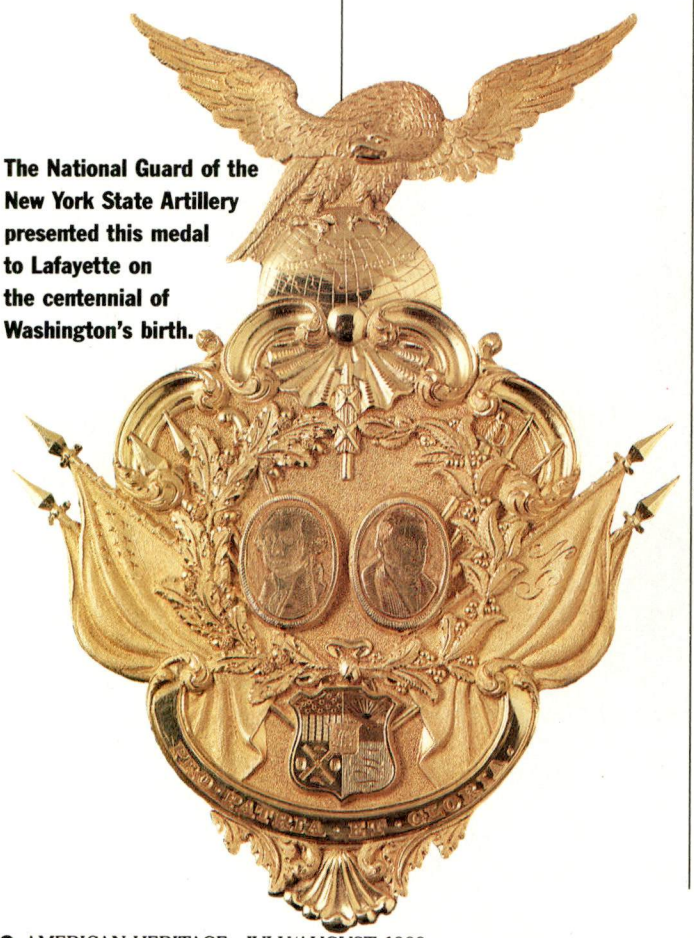
The nuclear-powered submarine USS *Lafayette*, commissioned in 1963.

Lafayette, You Are Here!



An 1850s bank note from Fayetteville, North Carolina, gave Washington and Lafayette equal billing.

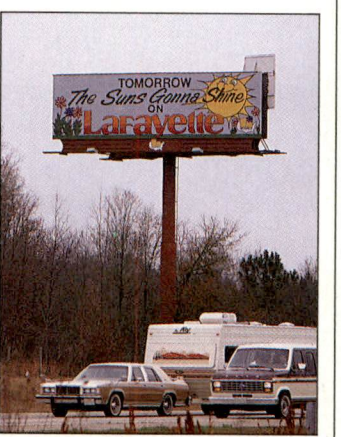
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, NATIONAL NUMISMATIC COLLECTION PHOTOGRAPH



The National Guard of the New York State Artillery presented this medal to Lafayette on the centennial of Washington's birth.

A billboard in Lafayette, Louisiana, predicts a rosy future.

PHILIP GOULD



GARY McKEE



A Texas county courthouse, which handles cases from Fayetteville and La Grange.

OLD STURBRIDGE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY E. PEACH



BOTTOM LEFT: HENRY FRANCIS DU PONT WINTERTHUR MUSEUM, WINTERTHUR, DEL.



A drum used to salute the returning hero on his 1824 tour.



Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania, has a large collection of memorabilia, including this clay pipe made about 1830.

TO FIND OUT MORE

An exhibition of commemorative objects from Lafayette's 1824–25 farewell tour of America will be on view at the Queens Museum in Flushing, New York, from June 9 to August 13, after which it will travel to the Philadelphia Historical Society and the Museum of Our National Heritage in Lexington, Massachusetts. *The Hero of Two Worlds*, a catalogue with essays by Anne C. Loveland, Marc H. Miller, and Stanley Idzerda, published by the University Press of New England, will accompany the exhibition.

TOP RIGHT: AMERICAN FRIENDS OF LAFAYETTE COLLECTION, DAVID BISHOP SKILLMAN LIBRARY, LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

BERNHARDT IN AMERICA

by John Kobler

In the years between the dedication of the Statue of Liberty and the First World War, the Divine Sarah was, for hundreds of thousands of Americans, the single most compelling embodiment of the French Republic



During Sarah Bernhardt's 1912–13 American tour, the souvenir program for *La Dame aux Camélias* quoted Mark Twain: "There are five kinds of actresses: bad actresses, fair actresses, good actresses, great actresses, and Sarah Bernhardt."

In her own country the prestigious *Journal des Débats* pronounced her a national institution, maintaining that "to criticize her is like criticizing the tomb of Napoleon." It was Oscar Wilde who, when she came to England in 1879, cast an armful of lilies at her feet and hailed her as the "Divine Sarah."

Throughout Europe, Russia, and North and South America, Bernhardt received from the public (if not the clergy) the kind of homage usually reserved for royalty. There have doubtless been actresses of subtler artistry, certainly actresses more beautiful, but Bernhardt's sheer presence transcended her art. She possessed an aura of power equaled by no other *monstre sacré* before or since. Her *bizarreries*, her scandalous entanglements, enhanced the legend. Her motto, embroidered on her linens, printed on her visiting cards, and engraved on her richly embossed revolver, was *Quand Même*, which means "in spite of everything" and suggests a defiant "damn the consequences."

When her prodigality brought her close to bankruptcy—as it did throughout her career—she would tour America. All told, she brought some six million dollars home with her. Anyone willing to reconstruct those hegiras must rely in part on her imaginative press agents as well as on her own perfervid memoirs. Nevertheless, through this fog of innuendo and exaggeration, one can see the true outline of an extraordinary personality.

Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris in 1844, the daughter of a Dutch courtesan named Judith van Hard and her lover, Edouard Bernard, a law student. A baby being an impediment to her mother's calling, Sarah was brought up

Sarah Bernhardt as Gismonda (opposite page), one of the roles she played in America in 1896.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE





BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Sarah Bernhardt in the lushness of her Paris salon; the French photographer Nadar made the portrait about 1880.

first in a boarding home and then in a convent. The sickly, temperamental child wanted to become a nun, but one of her mother's lovers, the Duc de Morny, instead had her enter the national school of acting, the Conservatoire. Morny, who was Napoleon III's half-brother, also had the clout to get her into the Comédie Française in 1862. She made no particular impression on the critics and left the national theater after a year.

Bernhardt found the Odéon Theater more to her liking. It was less hidebound, more venturesome. By 1866 she had begun to make herself known, portraying with her "golden voice" and intensity the great classic and romantic roles such as Doña Sol in Victor Hugo's *Hernani* and the title role in Racine's *Phèdre*. During the Franco-Prussian War she won further adulation by setting up a military hospital in the Odéon. In 1879, back with the Comédie Française, she opened in London in *Phèdre*. Her reception was phenomenal, and with an international reputation to buoy her, she became too outspoken about the management for the conservative Comédie. She left in 1880 to form her own company.

Later that same year she set out for America, bringing along her troupe, her domestic staff, some hundred pieces of luggage, and her spirit of *quand même*. She left from Le Havre on October 15 aboard the worn old steam sailer *L'Amérique*. The weather was rough, and the Divine Sarah spent the first three days of the voyage seasick in her cabin, comforted by her leading man and lover of the moment, who billed himself simply as Angélo.

After she had recovered sufficiently to venture on deck, she noticed a stout, sorrowful-looking woman clad in mourning black. As Bernhardt watched, an immense wave sent the lady rolling helplessly across the deck. Bernhardt managed to seize one of her legs before the woman went headfirst down a companionway. They introduced themselves. "I am the widow of Abraham Lincoln," said the woman in black. Bernhardt was horrified. "I had rendered this unhappy woman the one service she did not want," she wrote in her memoirs. "that of saving her from death. Her husband, President Lincoln, had been assassinated by an actor and it was an actress who prevented her from joining him."

In America the advance publicity orchestrated by a canny British impresario, Edward Jarrett, was generating tremendous curiosity. Quite aside from the chance to enjoy a great theatrical experience, everybody, it seemed, wanted to see the eccentric marvel who—Jarrett made sure they knew—kept a tiger cub as a household pet and slept in a satin-lined coffin.

To Jarrett's secret delight, scurrilous anonymous pamphlets—one of them called "The Love Affairs of Sarah Bernhardt"—added piquancy to his client's image. They accused her of bearing four bastards sired by the czar of Russia, Emperor Napoleon III, Pope Pius IX, and a man guillotined for murdering his father. "Absurd," Bernhardt remarked when the canard reached her attention ashore, "but it would be better than to have four husbands and no children, like some women in this country!"







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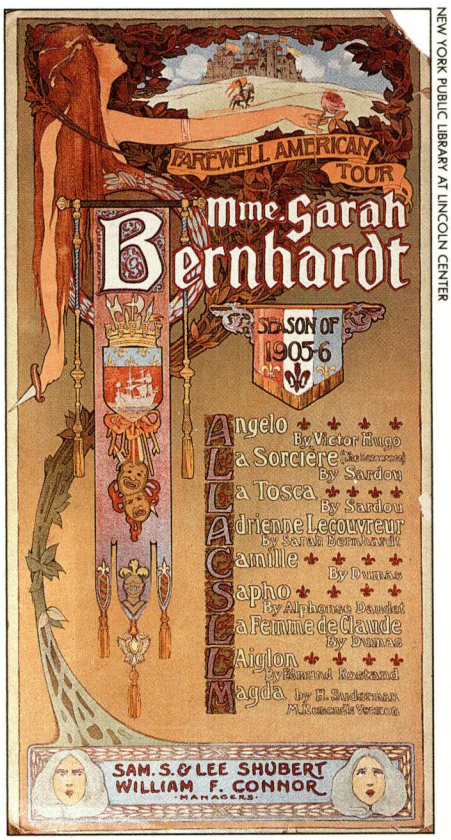
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When prodigality brought her close to bankruptcy—as it did throughout her career—Sarah Bernhardt would tour America.



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER

A poster for yet another of the farewell tours.

Clergymen denounced this "monster of the Apocalypse" and threatened theatergoers who saw her with eternal damnation. In Orange, New Jersey, mothers convened to mount a campaign "against this European *courtisane* who is coming over to corrupt our sons."

L'Amérique dropped anchor in New York Harbor at approximately six-thirty on the balmy, sunny morning of October 27. Thousands were already up and waiting on the pier to catch a glimpse of the legendary actress, while a small steamer, the *Blackbird*, set out, bearing scores of city officials, persons of consequence (including Henry Abbey, Jarrett's American partner and one of the country's foremost producers), and eager newspapermen. Approaching *L'Amérique*, the *Blackbird* hoisted the tricolor flag, and a brass band broke into the "Marseillaise." At the sight of the multitude clambering aboard, threatening to engulf her, the actress retreated to her cabin and locked herself in. Only Jarrett's reminder of how much she needed a friendly press persuaded her to come out, ascend to the salon, and face the crowd.

"The apparition," reported *The New York Times* the next day, ". . . was somewhat ethereal yet womanly. Mlle. Bernhardt is a lady of middle height, erect in carriage, and of girlish, not angular physique. A perfect head, set almost defiantly on a slim and delicate neck, is crowned by a wealth of silken hair with a tint of burnished gold. Wonderful black eyes, which seem as fathomless as they are earnest and dauntless, rivet the beholder's attention. A faultless nose of the best Hebrew type reveals in its delicate chiseling the aesthetic artist and her race. In repose the mouth is large but refined and as firm as the will which won the great actress her place on the stage. . . ."

Bernhardt carried a large velvet handbag. A customs officer who insisted over her protests on looking inside found a pair of baby shoes. They had been worn by her adored son, Maurice, now sixteen and at school in Paris, who had been born of a brief liaison with the witty Belgian prince Henri de Ligne. (Once, when returning from a long voyage, the prince was asked by his wife whether he had been faithful to her; he replied, "Often.")

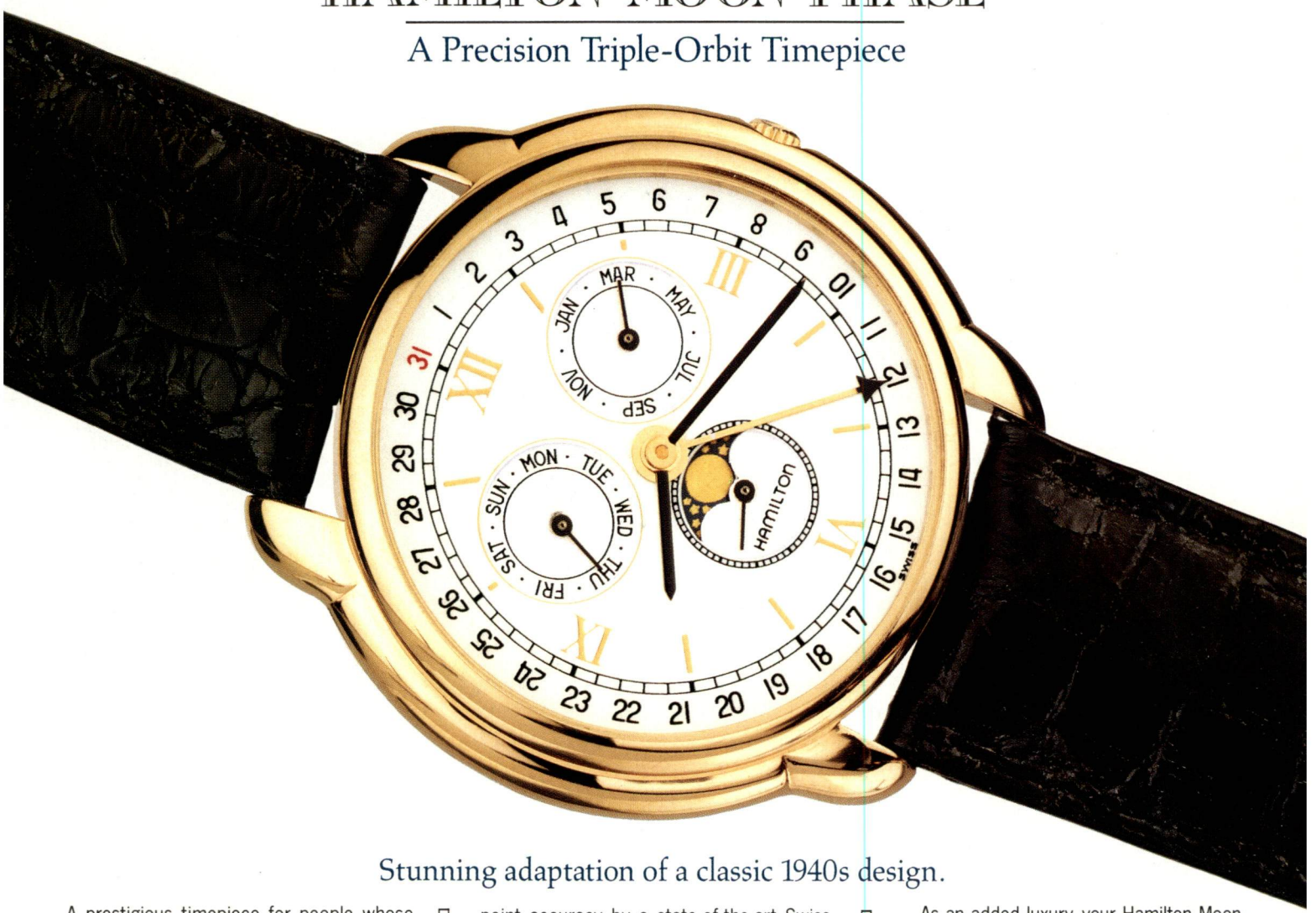
Henry Abbey had booked his prodigy a second-floor suite with balcony (last occupied by Ulysses S. Grant) at the fashionable Albemarle Hotel on lower Fifth Avenue. After slipping into a white robe with a girdle of turquoise and gold, she reluctantly admitted the horde of reporters and submitted to an inquisition, Jarrett serving as interpreter. To most of the questions she replied with indignation, mockery, or both. No, she did not always sleep in a coffin, sometimes dress like a man and smoke cigars, feed live quail to her lions. What dish did she favor? "Mussels."

Her public's anticipatory excitement, meanwhile, had continued to grow. With seats priced at the then outrageous rates of ten, fifteen, and twenty-five dollars, the lines to the Booth Theater at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street circled the block. Long before curtain time on opening night the house was sold out.

On November 8, 1880, the curtain rose on *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, by Eugène Scribe and Ernest Legouvé, a tearjerker about an actress whose rival for the love of a nobleman murders her by sending her a bouquet of violets with a poisonous aroma. With the exception of Racine's *Phèdre* and Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, all the plays that Bernhardt brought to America were lightweight; chosen for audiences of which only a minority understood French and which therefore appreciated a simple plot easy to follow, they also afforded the actress an outlet for the high-flown histrionics at which she excelled. Victorien Sardou tailored four plays to her requirements, the most popular of which was *La Tosca* (like *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, the basis for an opera). But Bernhardt scored her supreme success as the tuberculous courtesan Marguerite Gauthier in Alexandre Dumas *fils*'s *La Dame aux Camélias* (which Verdi borrowed for *La Traviata*). She portrayed Marguerite first in New York on

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Bernhardt and her entourage dine in comfort aboard a train somewhere in Texas during her 1905–06 American tour.

November 16, and thereafter some three thousand times.

From the first word she uttered the audience sat mesmerized. "In Sarah Bernhardt's voice there was more than gold," Lytton Strachey once wrote, "there was thunder and lightning, there was heaven and hell." She could inject feeling and passion, it was said, into a recitation of the alphabet. She was extremely slender, with a shape, as depicted in innumerable posters and paintings, of such sinuosity as to have inspired, so some contended, the Art Nouveau curve. The composer Reynaldo Hahn, a close friend, wrote: "In all her gestures there is something of the spiral. . . . She sits down in a spiral-like movement, her dress twists around her body, clings to it tenderly in a spiral."

The critics too were captivated by Bernhardt's personality, though they had reservations about the depth of her artistry. "That she fell very short of really impressive power in the great scene of the play," the *New York Times* reviewer argued after her opening night, "seems to us unquestionable. . . . She is, in all likelihood, a woman of extraordinary talent, rather than a woman of genius; but she is undoubtedly a positively great artist." According to the New York *Daily Tribune* critic, "She is an extraordinary woman; less, however, in her art . . . than in the constitution of her nature, wherein she stands almost alone."

She took twenty-seven curtain calls. Thousands followed her carriage back to the Albemarle Hotel a block from the theater and stood beneath her balcony, applauding and cheering until she appeared, bowing and throwing kisses. A band serenaded her with the "Marseillaise."

Her four-week New York engagement ended on Saturday, December 4; it had generated receipts of nearly $100,000. Under Bernhardt's contract she received $1,000 per performance plus 50 percent of each performance's gross if it exceeded $4,000. Thus in New York alone she earned more than $46,000.

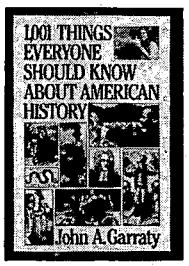
The next stop on the Bernhardt itinerary was Boston, but on Sunday she took a detour in a publicity ploy devised by Jarrett and Abbey and went south to Menlo Park, New Jersey, to visit Thomas Alva Edison. The inventor showed her around his laboratory, then two of his assistants recorded a duet of "John Brown's Body" on a cylinder and Edison himself recorded "Yankee Doodle." The actress declaimed a few alexandrines from *Phèdre*, and the squawky playback sent her into gales of laughter.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 6–19: After a performance of *La Dame aux Camélias*, the Boston *Herald* wrote: "In the presence of such perfection, analysis is impossible."

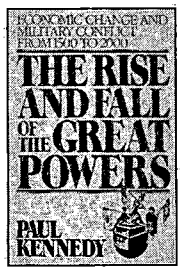
A dock on the Charles River became the scene of one of Bernhardt's most bizarre adventures. Beside the dock floated a whale, with two harpoons in its flanks, which had been sighted at sea in that condition by one Henry Smith, who operated a fleet of codfishing vessels. He approached Sarah Bernhardt with an invitation to view the behemoth. Amused, she accepted, and Jarrett escorted her to the dock, where Smith, a squat, little figure, greeted her, doffing a fur hat. He persuaded

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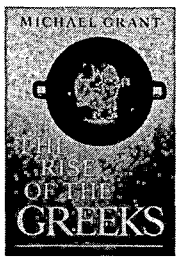
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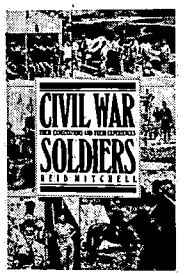
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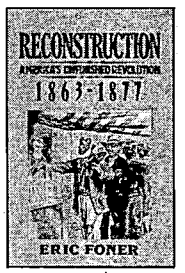
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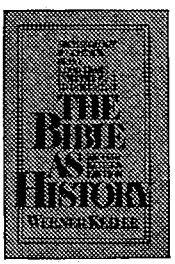
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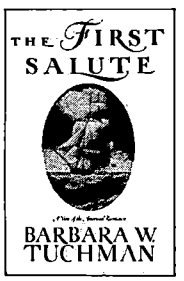
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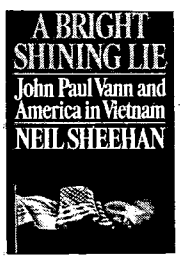
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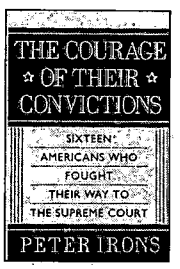
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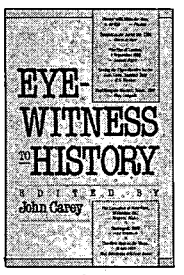
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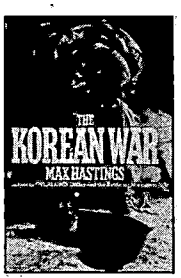
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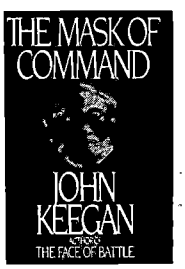
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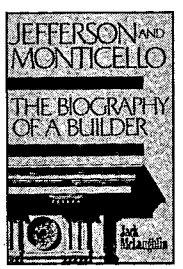
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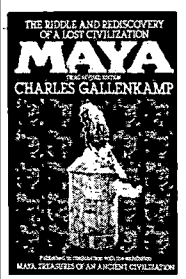
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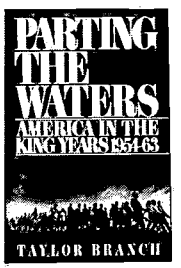
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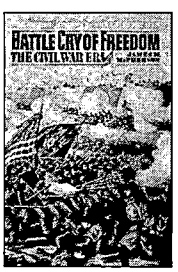
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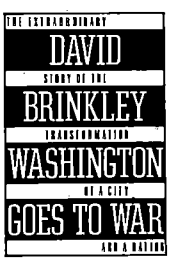
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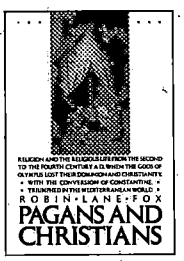
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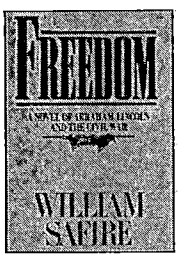
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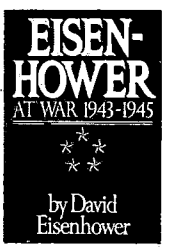
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Bernhardt, said one American critic, was "extraordinary . . . less, however, in her art . . . than in the constitution of her nature."



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Bernhardt, as painted by the great Mucha.

her to climb up onto the whale's back. Supported by Jarrett, she slipped and slid along the icy surface and, at Smith's suggestion, retrieved a sliver of whalebone "for good luck."

New Haven, December 20: As Bernhardt entered her hotel, she found Henry Smith, fur hat in hand and smiling as if he anticipated her appreciation of what she was about to see. A moment later an enormous carriage filled with singing minstrels rolled past the hotel. On the panels of the carriage was a crudely painted depiction of the Divine Sarah atop the whale. Sandwich men followed the carriage bearing on their placards: "Come and see the enormous cetacean killed by Sarah Bernhardt who herself pulled out its fins to be used as whalebones for her corsets, which are made exclusively by Madame Lily Noé, the famous corset maker. . . . Address all orders to Mr. Henry Smith, sole representative of Madame Lily Noé for the entire United States."

Bernhardt spun around and fetched Smith two staggering slaps in the face.

Montreal, December 21–25: From his pulpit the Roman Catholic bishop of Montreal fulminated eloquently against the wicked Frenchwoman and her immoral plays. "My dear colleague," Bernhardt replied, "why attack me so violently? Actors ought not to be hard on one another."

After her last performance, cheering members of the audience unharnessed the horses of her sleigh and hauled it to her hotel.

Chicago, January 15–22, 1881: Another denunciation from a bishop. This time Henry Abbey wrote a rejoinder: "Monseigneur: It is my custom when I come to your city to spend five hundred dollars on publicity. But, as you have done it for me, allow me to send you two hundred and fifty dollars for your poor."

Near New Orleans, February 6: Rising floodwaters had so weakened the piles of a railroad bridge across St. Louis Bay that they threatened to collapse. The Bernhardt troupe occupied a special train consisting of three cars and the engine. Warned of the danger ahead during a station stop near the bridge, the trainmen proposed to backtrack and set out again for New Orleans via another route. But this would cause a day's delay. In the show-must-go-on tradition, Bernhardt was all for taking a chance. *Quand même.* Jarrett conveyed her wishes to the engineer, who finally agreed, with one proviso: He wanted twenty-five hundred dollars, which he would telegraph to his wife, refunding the money if he survived. Bernhardt, who herself demanded payment before each performance in twenty-dollar gold pieces, unhesitatingly handed over the requisite number of coins.

"I had the vision of the responsibility I had taken upon myself," she wrote later, "for it was risking without their consent the lives of twenty-seven persons." The train sped across the bridge, which an instant later collapsed. Bernhardt let the engineer keep the twenty-five hundred dollars "but my conscience was by no means tranquil and for a long time my sleep was disturbed by the most frightful nightmares."

Buffalo, March 20: Bernhardt visited Niagara Falls.

New York, May 3: For the final performance of the tour Bernhardt chose the ever-popular *La Dame aux Camélias*. The next day hundreds of people shouting, "Long live Sarah! Bon voyage!" ran after her carriage to the pier, where she once again boarded *L'Amérique*. Within seven months she had given 156 performances in fifty-one cities and netted $194,000.

And then, six years later, she was back. In March 1887 Bernhardt embarked on a grand tour of South, Central, and North America with a company that included her former paramour Angélo as well as her current one, Philippe Garnier. The men apparently got along fine with each other.

After conquering the major cities of Argentina, Uruguay (where Jarrett died and an associate, Maurice Grau, replaced him), Brazil, Chile, Peru, and Panama, she reentered the United States at Texas, leading on a leash a



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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Bernhardt didn't mind performing under canvas; here she is in front of her tent at Cycle Park in Dallas, 1906.

tiger cub named Ninette, the gift of an Ecuadorean naval officer. Later, in a Chicago restaurant, Ninette sank her teeth in a waiter's arm and attempted to bite the maître d'hôtel.

This was Bernhardt's first "Farewell American Tour," so proclaimed by Henry Abbey and his new partner, Grau, who figured correctly that a last chance to see Bernhardt would bring people to the box office in numbers larger than ever. Actually, Bernhardt made seven more American tours, four of which were billed as farewell tours. During the voyage home in 1887 Bernhardt took a fall, landing on her right knee. The injury led to orthopedic complications that were to torment her for the rest of her life.

On February 2, 1891, the actress began a world tour that lasted almost three years. During the first month, when she played New York, she introduced *La Tosca* to an American audience. She also enacted Sardou's *Cléopâtre*, using a live garter snake to represent the asp with whose venom the Egyptian queen kills herself. Backstage Bernhardt wore the snake around her wrist like a bracelet. Neither on this tour nor on the two that succeeded it—1896 and 1900—did Abbey and Grau resort to the farewell-tour ruse. The great Constant Coquelin accompanied Sarah in 1900, and they appeared together in both Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* and his *L'Aiglon* at New York's Garden Theater. Bernhardt also performed the most daring of her "trousers" roles—*Hamlet*.

During the summer of 1905 Bernhardt (now managed by the Shubert brothers, Sam and Lee, and their partner, William Connor) undertook her second "Farewell American Tour," covering both South and North America. On October 9, the eve of her departure from Rio de Janeiro for New York, she played *La Tosca*. The last act required her to fling herself over the parapet of Rome's prison castle into the Tiber. To cushion her landing, mattresses were piled beneath the parapet out of sight of the audience. But a careless stagehand had misplaced them, and Bernhardt's already weakened knee struck the bare boards. She suffered such pain that she could not take a curtain call, and in minutes the whole leg swelled. Her companions implored her to remain in Rio for treatment, but she would not hear of it. The United States part of her tour was to start in Chicago during early November, and the ocean trip to New York took twenty days.

At sea the ship's doctor tried to examine her. She noticed that his hands were soiled, the fingernails black, and she refused to let him touch her. Left untreated for three weeks, her condition deteriorated, and when she finally was hospitalized in New York, she had to rearrange her itinerary. She was unable to walk until November 15. Five days later she resumed her tour in Chicago, then she moved back east, then south, and then west to California, playing, in all, sixty-two cities.

A cabal of Western theater owners agreed not to book her because when one theater in a city announced her coming appearance, the others could sell no tickets. (Prices for a Bernhardt performance ran high, and people preferred to save their entertainment money for the French star.) Bernhardt

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in the apparel business, we learned early in our life, is an ephemeral thing.

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GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Bernhardt could squeeze the most out of a death scene. Here she shows how in a New York City photographer's studio in 1880.

proposed a simple solution: Let the Shuberts erect a big tent. The brothers complied, and Sarah Bernhardt traveled circus fashion through the West, playing under canvas.

For her third and fourth farewell American tours, 1910–11 and 1912–13, she cast in the dual service of *jeune premier* and inamorato an actor of Dutch origin, Lou Tellegen, who neither onstage nor off exhibited any quality beyond an Apolloesque physique and profile. An artist's model before he tried acting, he had posed for Rodin. Tellegen was an indefatigable lecher who later published an autobiography entitled, in magnificent understatement, *Women Have Been Kind to Me*. At the outset of their liaison Bernhardt was sixty-six, Tellegen twenty-seven. When the novelist and playwright Octave Mirbeau asked Bernhardt at what age she expected to renounce love, she replied, "With my dying breath."

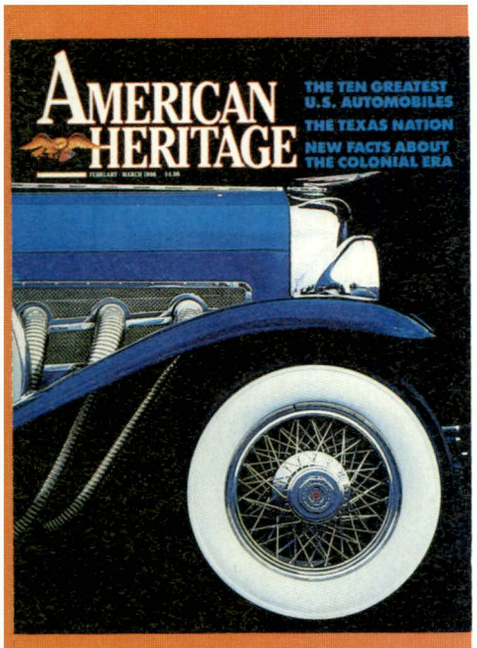
She also loved gambling and hated to lose. On the long trips between cities she would organize an endless game of dominoes, enlisting Tellegen as her partner and two other members of the company as opponents. Her limit was only two cents a game, but if she lost, she would fling the dominoes all over the car and scream at Tellegen, "Assassin!"

On New Year's Day of 1911, in New York, the actress signed the guest register of the library that J. P. Morgan had built to house his collection of rare volumes. Admission then was by appointment only, and it was the curator, Belle Green, who had issued the invitation. When Green informed Morgan of the impending visit, he growled, "Actresses are not welcome," and stalked out. Bernhardt was still there when Morgan returned. She seized him by the necktie and declared, "When I speak, men listen." The old titan melted, and they remained friends until his death two years later.

The Players, an actors' club founded by the great Edwin Booth, facing New York's Gramercy Park, did not welcome women, but for Sarah Bernhardt the taboo was lifted. A reception was held in her honor on June 20, 1911. She wished to view Booth's quarters on the fourth floor, preserved just as he left them. An elevator barely big enough for two passengers normally rose to the suite; the club superintendent, Walter Oettel, who ran the elevator, never forgot the event. "We were obliged to stand very close to each other," he wrote thirty-two years later in his memoirs about the club. "In such delightful juxtaposition, one of Madame's beautiful roses fell from her corsage. I slowly pulled the rope, but the car would not move, our combined weight was too great. I stepped out—but not without the rose—which I picked up from the floor of the elevator. Its recent wearer told me I might keep it, and I have today the fragrant faded flower. . . ."

The elevator never did rise high enough, obliging Bernhardt to walk up three flights. The cage now stands unused between floors, the building having been remodeled around it, with a large poster of Sarah Bernhardt inside, a ghostly memento of her visit.

Bernhardt encountered her most appreciative audience ever during the 1912–13 tour. On February 22, 1913,



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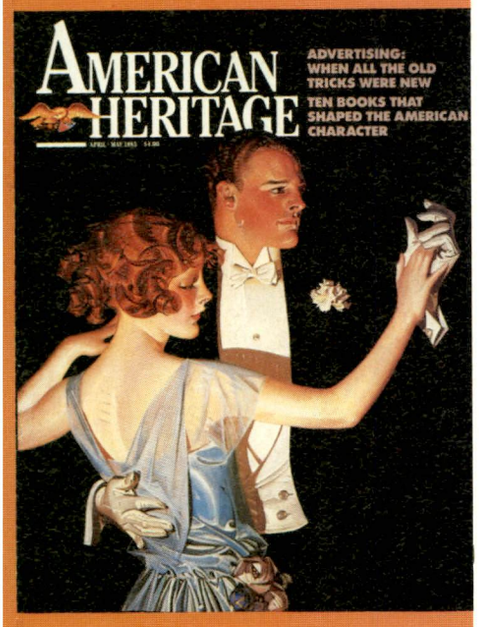
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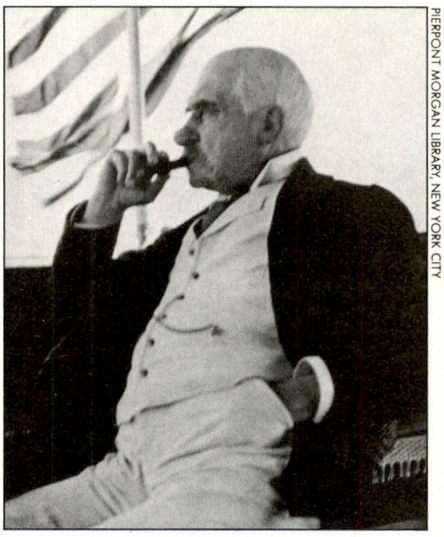
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THE MAGNITUDE OF J. P. MORGAN

by John Steele Gordon

It cannot be measured in dollars alone. It involved a kind of personal power no man of affairs will ever have again.

On the night of Thursday, October 24, 1907, nearly every important banker in New York was meeting in J. P. Morgan's exquisite private library, located next to his house at the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street. In the magnificent East Room, with its three tiers of inlaid wood and glass cabinets containing the printed masterpieces of the world, the bankers sought a way to end the financial panic that held Wall Street, and thus the country, in its grip.



PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY, NEW YORK CITY

Morgan often used his yacht as an office.

Liquidity—the easy flow of money between creditor and borrower—had vanished from the marketplace. Depositors by the thousands were withdrawing their assets from sound and unsound banks alike, forcing the banks to call in loans as fast as they could and to husband their dwindling reserves. That afternoon the call money rate paid by speculators (the cost of borrowing money overnight) had reached 125 percent. The Stock Exchange had managed to stay open until the usual closing hour only because Morgan had flatly forbidden it to close early and had raised twenty-five million dollars in a quarter of an hour to see it through. The American financial system appeared on the brink of collapse.

Everyone knew that something had to be done that very night to restore confidence. "If people will keep their money in the banks," Morgan had told reporters that week, "everything will be all right." He was correct, of course; getting people to cooperate was the trick.

As the other bankers met in the East Room, Morgan sat alone in the equally magnificent West Room, which was his office. Its deep red flocked wallpaper bore the arms of the Chigi family of Renaissance Rome. Masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance hung on the walls in profusion. Sitting in an easy chair before the fire, Morgan played game after game of solitaire, a pastime that he found peculiarly soothing. Now and then one of the other bankers would come in and suggest a plan.

"No, that will not work," he would say, and the banker would return to the East Room to help devise another.

After this had happened several times, Belle da Costa Greene, Morgan's librarian, asked him, "Why don't you tell them what to do, Mr. Morgan?"

"I don't know what to do myself," Morgan replied with characteristic forthrightness, "but sometime someone will come in with a plan that I know *will* work, and then I will tell them what to do." He went back to his solitaire, putting the ten on the jack, the nine on the ten. Constrained by the rules of the game, he sought to bring order to the cards out of the chaos created by the shuffle.



A 1902 impression of the financier's might.

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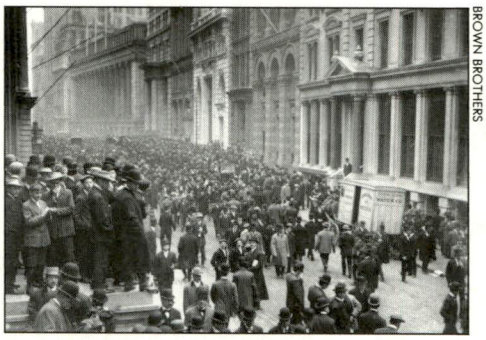
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Bringing order out of chaos, within the rules of the game, had been the abiding passion of Morgan's life. A genius for doing exactly that, combined with a formidable personality, total self-assurance, and a powerful physical presence, had brought him to this moment. Now both Wall Street and Washington looked to him to rescue the situation. He had never held public or military office of any sort, but at this moment John Pierpont Morgan was, perhaps, the most powerful man in the country, and the future prosperity of America lay in his hands. He sat, he played his cards, he waited.


BROWN BROTHERS

Anxious investors crowd Wall Street in 1907.

In retrospect, it might appear that Morgan's whole life had been leading up to this moment. He had been born in Hartford, Connecticut, on April 17, 1837. Unlike so many who rose to great wealth in nineteenth-century America, Morgan was born affluent. His paternal grandfather had moved to Hartford in 1817 and prospered. As the city grew—it was then on the fastest route between New York and Boston—he invested in real estate, steamboat lines, and railroads. Later he was one of the founders of the Aetna Fire Insurance Company.

Morgan's father, Junius Spencer Morgan, was a partner in a dry-goods firm in Hartford for several years, before moving to Boston and becoming a partner of James M. Beebe & Company, which was heavily involved in conducting and financing the burgeoning Atlantic cotton trade. By 1854 his financial reputation had grown to the point where he was invited to join George Peabody's banking house in London, one of the City's leading private banks. Peabody was an American who had lived in London for many years and was widely known on both sides of the ocean for his business integrity and his philanthropies. When Peabody retired in the early 1860s, Morgan's father took over the firm, which he renamed J. S. Morgan and Company.

From his earliest days J. P. Morgan was exposed to two elements that were to dominate and characterize his life: international banking at its highest levels and the idea held by Peabody and his own father that personal integrity was indispensable to success in that field. At the end of his life Morgan was questioned by a congressional committee about the workings of Wall Street. "Is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?" the committee's counsel asked.

"No, sir," Morgan replied. "The first thing is character."

"Before money or property?"

"Before money or anything else. Money cannot buy it. . . . Because a man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom."

Unlike many, Morgan meant exactly what he said in this regard. In 1905 Morgan had purchased on the Erie Railroad's behalf a controlling interest in the small Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. After the firm had turned over the stock to the Erie, Morgan discovered that the figures on which the purchase had been based were fraudulent. Although under no legal obligation to do so, Morgan bought back the stock from the Erie at the price he had originally paid for it and then forced the CH&D into bankruptcy. The loss to J. P. Morgan and Company was about twelve million dollars, and 1905 was the only year, before the Great Depression of the 1930s, when the firm showed a loss.

Morgan never had any doubt what he wanted to do in life. Even as a boy living in Hartford he exhibited a love for the routines of business. At the age of twelve Morgan and his cousin Jim Goodwin organized a show that they called "The Grand Diorama of the Landing of Columbus." Morgan kept precise accounts of all expenses and income from ticket sales and afterward prepared a balance sheet of the whole enterprise headed "Morgan & Goodwin, Grand Diorama Balance Sheet, April 20, 1849." All his life he could read ledgers at a glance, spotting even trivial errors made by the trembling clerks who held them up for his inspection.

Morgan's health was not robust in his childhood. At the age of fifteen he developed a bad case of inflammatory rheumatism, and his family sent him to the Azores, where he spent several months recovering. At the same time, he began to suffer from skin eruptions called acne rosacea that were to plague him through his life. His mother and maternal grandfather also suffered from this mysterious and disfiguring disease, which was the cause of Morgan's famously large and unsightly nose. Physical exercise never interested him, and indeed, as his son-in-law noted, "he never seemed to give any heed to the ordinary rules for good health." When his son converted a stable into a squash court and began to play there every morning before work, Morgan's only comment was: "Rather he than I."

He raised $25 million in fifteen minutes to support the Stock Exchange in 1907.

Morgan was educated on both sides of the Atlantic, first attending school in Hartford and then, after his father's move to Boston, the English High School there, a public school of very high standards. When his father moved to London, Morgan was sent to a private school in Vevey, Switzerland, and then he spent two years studying at the University of Göttingen in Germany. At Göttingen his mathematics professor thought enough of Morgan's abilities to urge him to stay on, offering to make Morgan his assistant. But Morgan had no interest in the academic life other than as preparation for business.

Morgan's family was a religious one in a religious age, and

Unlike most of the other merchant princes, Morgan was born to affluence.

his maternal grandfather, for whom he was named, was a fiery abolitionist clergyman. Morgan seldom pondered theological questions or thought deeply about moral issues (although he faithfully attended and obviously enjoyed Episcopal Church conventions). Instead he accepted without question the tenets of mainstream nineteenth-century Christianity and tried, with no more success than most, to live by them. While he would have been more than welcome in any church in New York, he attended and for many years was the senior warden of St. George's Episcopal Church on no-longer-fashionable Stuyvesant Square. It was a church well known for its work among the poor. The first paragraph of Morgan's will, written by Morgan personally, was a thundering affirmation of his belief in Christianity and its power to redeem his soul.

In 1857 Morgan left the University of Göttingen and moved to New York, where he joined the distinguished Wall Street firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co. as a junior accountant. The following year he was sent to New Orleans to study the cotton and shipping business. Inspecting New Orleans's teeming waterfront, he soon found an opportunity to buy a shipload of coffee at a bargain price. He paid for it with a sight draft on Duncan, Sherman, although he had no authorization whatever to incur such an obligation. By the time he received peremptory orders from New York to dispose of the coffee at once, he was able to reply that he had already sold the entire cargo at a profit and was forwarding the checks.

This confident self-assurance and willingness to commit himself at once was a characteristic that only increased as Morgan grew older and richer. When Harvard was seeking funds to enlarge its medical school, the university approached both Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. Rockefeller had a committee study the proposal for six months and only then contributed one million dollars. When Morgan received the delegation from Harvard, he said only, "I am pressed for time and can give you but a moment. Have you any plans to show me?"

The university representatives rolled out a set of blueprints, and Morgan looked them over for a second. "I will build that," he said, stabbing at a building on the plans with his forefinger, "and that—and that. Good morning, gentlemen." He had made a commitment quite as large as the far richer Rockefeller's and had taken no more than thirty seconds to do it.

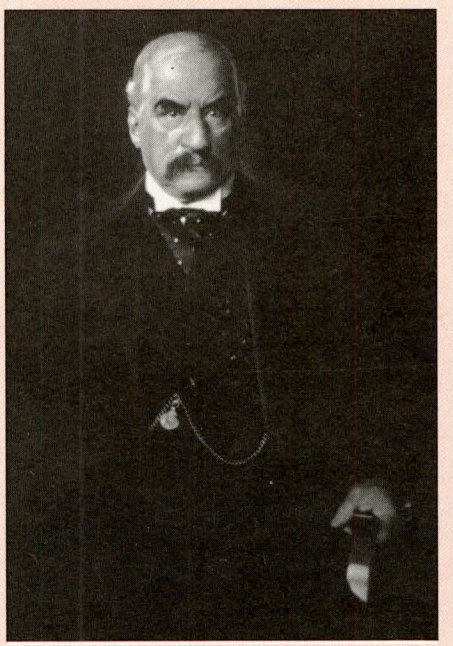
A corollary to Morgan's quickness and decisiveness was a certain willfulness and a stubborn romantic streak that possibly can be traced back to his grandfather Pierpont, not only a preacher but a considerable poet and a fearless crusader for the causes he believed in. This trait often led Morgan to act impulsively when he had been touched in some hu-

The Photographer and the Banker

The best-known photograph of John Pierpont Morgan — indeed, one of the most famous portrait photographs ever taken—was shot, almost casually, by Edward Steichen in 1903.

A painter named Fedor Encke had been commissioned to paint Morgan's portrait, but Morgan, as always, was a reluctant and restless sitter, and Encke was having trouble finishing the picture. So the painter asked Steichen to take a photograph of Morgan for him to use, saying that Steichen could take a photograph for his own use while he was at it.

When Morgan arrived at the studio, Steichen quickly took the photograph Encke wanted and moved on to his own portrait. "I suggested a different position of the hands and a movement of the head," Steichen recalled many years later. "He took the head position, but said, in an irritated tone, that it was uncomfortable, so I suggested he move his head to a position that felt natural. He moved his head several times and ended exactly where it had been 'uncomfortable' before, except that this time he took the pose of his own volition. But his expression had sharpened and his body posture became tense, possibly a reflex of his irritation at the suggestion I had made. I saw a dynamic self-assertion had taken place, whatever its cause, and I quickly made the second exposure."



Morgan first hated and later approved of Edward Steichen's dramatic portrait.

Steichen thanked Morgan, and the banker, astonished, replied, "Is that all?"

"Yes, sir," Steichen answered.

"I like you, young man," said Morgan, delighted that the entire sitting had taken only three minutes. "I think

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF JOANNA T. STEICHEN.

man way. Morgan once went to considerable trouble to concoct a job for an elderly lady that would give her the sense that she was earning her keep and not just living on his charity. More important, when the great New York publishing house of Harper & Brothers was threatened with bankruptcy in the 1890s, it was Morgan who rescued it with loans of more than a million dollars, not because it made business sense but simply because he thought Harper's too important to American culture to lose. It was years later and only after Morgan's death that Harper's managed to repay this debt.

Certainly his most impulsive and romantic act was to marry Amelia Sturges, better known as Mimi. Mimi was a beautiful woman from one of New York's finest families, and Morgan fell in love with her soon after he moved to New York. But in the spring of 1861 she contracted tuberculosis, the Victorians' dreaded, dark disease. She weakened rapidly, and Morgan insisted on abandoning business and marrying her in order to take her to a warmer climate, which was thought the only hope. Although she was too weak to stand, the wedding took place on October 7, 1861. Only four months later she died at Nice. Morgan was a widower at the age of twenty-four.

He recovered quickly and in September of the following year opened the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan and Company. (His father still headed the London firm of J. S. Morgan & Co.) The great boom engendered by the Civil War was in full swing by 1862 and a speculative frenzy had erupted in Wall Street. Huge amounts of money were being made, and as one contemporary described it, "New York never exhibited such wide-spread evidences of prosperity. Broadway was lined with carriages. . . . The pageant of Fifth Avenue . . . was *bizarre*, gorgeous, wonderful! . . . Vanity Fair was no longer a dream." In 1864 Morgan, who turned only twenty-seven that year, had a taxable income of $53,286, fifty times a skilled worker's annual wage.

Business conditions in New York during and immediately after the Civil War were fraught not only with opportunity but with peril too. The government and the courts were sunk in corruption, while the New York Stock Exchange and other Wall Street institutions were only beginning to acquire the power to enforce standards. Those years saw capitalism red in tooth and claw and there were hardly any rules at all beyond caveat emptor.



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The young businessman, 1868.

In two instances during the war Morgan became involved in dubious schemes with men of good family but, it turned out, bad character. Although there is no evidence that Morgan did anything illegal or, in a strict sense,

we'll get along first-rate together." Out in the hall Morgan pulled a wad of money from his pocket and peeled off five $100 bills. "Give this to that young man," he told Encke as he strode into the elevator. Encke duly handed over to Steichen what then amounted to six months' wages for a skilled workman.

When the photographer developed the negatives, he became suddenly aware of Morgan's "huge, more or less deformed, sick, bulbous nose." At the sitting it had been Morgan's flashing eyes that had commanded the photographer's notice, but in the photograph the nose "riveted attention." Not wanting to retouch it too much—for he surmised that Morgan was the warts-and-all type—Steichen only made Morgan's nose "a little more vague and remove[d] spots that were repulsive."

When he showed the photograph to Morgan, however, the banker took one look, pronounced it "terrible," and tore it into shreds. Steichen, much miffed by the subject's reaction, for he liked the picture a great deal, enlarged the negative and carefully produced a print that he gave to his friend and fellow photographer Alfred Stieglitz.

Sometime later Morgan's librarian, Belle da Costa Greene, saw it and borrowed it to show Morgan. Greene, who had worked intimately with Morgan for many years and knew him better than anyone outside his immediate family, thought it the best portrait of him that existed in any medium. Morgan, entirely forgetting his initial reaction, now agreed with her and told her to buy it, authorizing her to pay up to five thousand dollars, an astronomical sum for a photograph in those days. But Stieglitz refused to part with it, and Morgan had to settle for copies, which were only delivered two years later by the still-irked Steichen. Today the original print is in the Metropolitan Museum, the gift of Alfred Stieglitz, not J. P. Morgan. One of the copies is on display on a table in the Morgan Library.

Over the eighty-six years since the portrait was taken, many people have wondered how Steichen got Morgan to pose for him with a dagger in his hand, given all the weighty overtones of cutthroat capitalism that conveyed. In fact, the "dagger" is only the reflection of light off the arm of the chair Morgan was sitting in.

As Steichen explained, "It is not only photographers who read meanings into their photographs." **—J.S.G.**

dishonorable, these events have been used ever since by writers trying to tarnish his name. Oddly, for one who deeply believed that character was the only important consideration in a man, Morgan would admit that he was not always perceptive about it. "I am not a good judge of men," he told his minister. "My first shot is sometimes right. My second never is." Perhaps sensing this, Morgan, in 1864, took on a senior partner, Charles H. Dabney, and the firm's name was changed to Dabney, Morgan and Company.

Although used to the best, Morgan had no interest in show for show's sake.

For a man with a love for both order and the concept of honor, the Civil War era was economic disorder incarnate, and these years could only have had a profound effect upon Morgan's thinking as an investment banker. Having seen at first hand the deep corruption of the New York courts and legislature during the reign of Boss Tweed and the hog wallow of greed that was the Grant administration in Washington, Morgan would never conceive of government as a means of regulating business conduct. To Morgan, government was part of the problem. He thought, quite honestly, that it was up to men like himself, men of good breeding and character (in other words, those he thought of as gentlemen), to put American business on a sound and honorable basis and keep it there.

In this sense J. P. Morgan was a Tory. He believed his own class had a fiduciary obligation to run things for the benefit of all. By the time he died, this was a very old-fashioned idea. But in his younger days it was entirely understandable. And within the scope of his vision, Morgan was a reformer and progressive, seeking always to bring order out of chaos within the rules of the game as he saw them.

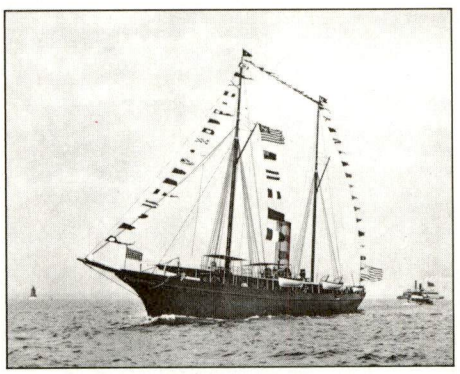
As the war ended, Morgan married a second time. His new wife, Frances Tracy, known as Fanny, was the daughter of a prosperous New York City lawyer. Together they had four children, three daughters and a son. While they often traveled separately and were apart for long periods, their marriage was solid and content.

Certainly Morgan was an enthusiastic and affectionate father. When his children were young, he would dress up as Santa Claus at Christmas, and his son remembered all his life a trip he took with his father to visit Thomas Edison at Menlo Park. (Morgan had invested three hundred thousand dollars in the Edison Electric Light Company even before Edison had perfected his great invention. Morgan's house on Thirty-sixth Street was the first one in the world to be completely wired for electricity, and the Morgan family endured numerous sudden blackouts at the hands of the new and often erratic technology.)

In 1871 Dabney wanted to retire, and Morgan formed a new partnership with the Drexel firm of Philadelphia. The New York firm, known as Drexel, Morgan and Company, had its offices in the newly erected Drexel Building, at the corner of Wall and Broad streets. The offices of the Morgan bank have been there ever since, at the symbolic and actual center of American capitalism. With the new firm's many connections with Philadelphia and with J. S. Morgan and Company in London, it was immediately profitable. Morgan's share of those profits averaged close to half a million dollars a year, even in the depressed economy of the mid-seventies.

That same year he bought Cragston, an ample but unpretentious house on the west shore of the Hudson River. Nine years later he bought his house on Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street. While the house was large and comfortable, it was nowhere near as grand as those being built by dozens of newly minted millionaires a mile uptown on Fifth Avenue. Although Morgan was used to the best of everything and insisted on both luxury and comfort, he had no interest in show for show's sake. In an age when even modest middle-class households had two or three live-in servants, Morgan's staff on Thirty-sixth Street was only twelve. (By way of contrast, the servants at the vast palace of Cornelius Vanderbilt II on Fifty-eighth Street numbered at least fifty-six.) In 1881 Morgan had the *Corsair* built for him, the first of three steam yachts by that name. The first was 165 feet long; the third, ordered in 1898, would be 302.

In 1879 Morgan made his first really big financial deal. William H. Vanderbilt owned no less than 87 percent of the New York Central Railroad and wanted to diversify his holdings. Morgan arranged to sell in England 150,000 shares of Central at $120 a share and managed to do it so quietly that there was no notice taken of it until the deal had been accomplished. Not only was the stock sale very successful, and profitable, but Morgan, holding the proxies of the new English shareholders, now sat on the Central's board. He had become a power in the railroad business, and he intended to use this power to bring order out of the chaos that was American railroading.



The *Corsair II*, sold to the U.S. Navy in 1898.

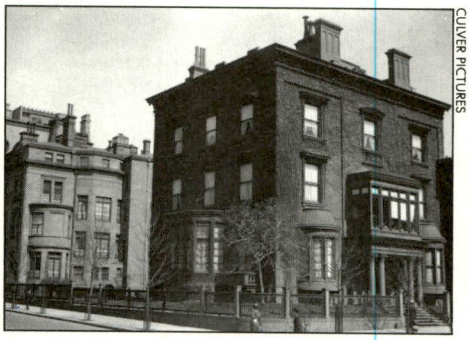
The American railroad system had grown quickly and haphazardly over the previous fifty years. The larger trunk lines had mostly been assembled out of a myriad of small local roads and often had bizarrely complex corporate structures as a result. Railroads had been the first economic enterprises to be managed by people who did not own them, and there were few laws to compel railroad managers to act as fiduciaries for the stockholders. As a result the managers could, and all too frequently did, act as they pleased.

One of the more popular schemes was to build, or at least

Yachts and Yachtsmen of New York, BY HENRY MOTT, 1894

start to build, a line that would compete with an established railroad. The managers would often hire a construction firm that they owned and overcharge their own railroad while coercing the other into buying them out. The managers made a tidy profit whatever happened, and the shareholders of the two railroads were the losers. Morgan felt that these sorts of shenanigans were unspeakable.

By the mid-eighties, a time of great national prosperity, railroad profitability was rapidly declining as ferocious rate wars and overbuilding wracked the industry. Even the splendidly managed New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad were at each other's throats, building competitive lines in each other's territories. Morgan persuaded Vanderbilt to let him work out a peace settlement, and he invited the heads of the Pennsylvania and the Central to cruise the Hudson on *Corsair*. As the yacht sailed up and down the river, Morgan got the two railroad directors to thrash out an agreement ending the war between them.



CULVER PICTURES

Morgan's not-quite-palatial home in New York.

Morgan's prestige soared as a result of the deal, and much profitable business flowed to his firm as a result. Although he was a banker, not a railroader, Morgan was the most influential man in the railroad business in the last two decades of the century, doing much to rationalize corporate structures and routes. In those years he reorganized the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Erie, and many other major railroads.

One of Morgan's greatest assets in this process was his formidable physical presence and personality. He obtained agreement among diverse interests often because those interests were simply afraid not to agree. He looked and acted like a man of supreme authority and wisdom, and most people took this at face value. At six feet tall he was well above average height for his generation. His hearty appetite and lack of regular exercise soon gave him above-average bulk as well. But his most remarkable feature was his flashing, hazel-colored eyes. Edward Steichen, the photographer, said that meeting Morgan's gaze was like confronting the headlights of an express train. As Frederick Lewis Allen paraphrased Steichen, "If one could step off the track, they were merely awe inspiring; if one could not, they were terrifying."

Morgan spoke in a deep, booming voice and often appeared abrupt. He had early learned that most people will not challenge a show of aggression. But when he was challenged, he often backed down quickly. Lincoln Steffens as a young reporter had to ask Morgan to explain the meaning of a statement the firm had issued. He remembered the incident in his autobiography.

" 'Mean!' [Morgan] exclaimed. His eyes glared, his great red nose seemed to me to flash and darken, flash and darken. Then he roared. 'Mean! It means what it says. I wrote it myself and it says what I mean.' . . .

"He sat back there, flashing and rumbling; then he clutched the arms of his chair, and I thought he was going to leap at me. I was so scared that I defied him.

" 'Oh, come now, Mr. Morgan,' I said, 'you may know a lot about figures and finance, but I'm a reporter, and I know as much as you do about English. And that statement isn't English.'

"That was the way to treat him, I was told afterward. And it was in that case. He glared at me a moment more, the fire went out of his face, and he leaned forward over the bit of paper and said very meekly, 'What's the matter with it?' "

Unlike so many men who make a great fortune, Morgan was no slave to business and early developed the habit of taking frequent and often extended vacations, almost always in England or Europe. "I can do a year's work in nine months," he once said, "but not in twelve."

After his father's death in 1890 he began to collect art on a serious scale on these vacations, and it soon turned into what can only be described as an inspired mania. It was not just paintings that interested him but drawings, ceramics, books, manuscripts, jewelry, and sculpture. The lobbies of the hotels he stayed in were soon habitually jammed with art dealers and down-at-the-heel aristocrats hoping to turn family legacies into ready money. Morgan would look at these offerings and decide instantly whether to pay the asking price or refuse it. He never haggled.

So vast were Morgan's art purchases that he is credited with raising the price of old masters generally. The day after he died, *The New York Times* headlined one of the pages of stories it carried ART DEALERS ALARMED.

Morgan was not an expert in art, and he bought so much so quickly that he occasionally got stung and often got overcharged. But he could tap the services of the greatest experts in the world, and he had a fine eye of his own. Certainly he knew what he liked. To J. P. Morgan, art was a gift from the past. He was not the least interested in modern art and indeed collected little done after the 1700s.

His was the first private house to be completely wired for electricity.

Also after his father's death, Morgan reorganized his business connections. J. S. Morgan and Company in London became J. P. Morgan and Company, as did the firm in New York. The Drexel name was used only in Philadelphia. By the mid-1890s Morgan's name was as famous as any in the world. On both sides of the Atlantic, Morgan walked as an

equal with kings and presidents. On Wall Street merely to be seen walking with him down the steps of the Morgan bank was said to make a man's career.

In addition to his houses on the Hudson and on Thirty-sixth Street, he maintained elaborate country and city households in England. He had a camp in the Adirondacks, a fishing box in Newport, and *Corsair*, the equal of any yacht in the world in size and luxury. With his great banking house, his imposing presence, and his swelling, almost imperial art collection, Morgan became the very symbol of Wall Street and its rising power, as it reached equality with London as a money center in the last years of the century.

His name was famous; he walked as an equal with kings and presidents.

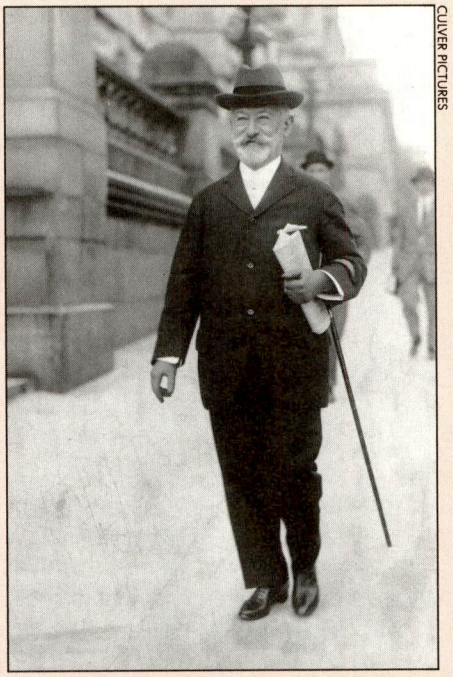
Not only railroads but industrial concerns as well were being created and restructured by Morgan and others on Wall Street at the turn of the century, as the country entered the modern economic era characterized by corporations of national scope. When Morgan had first come to Wall Street, not a single industrial concern was listed on the New York Stock Exchange. But in the ensuing fifty years they came to dominate both Wall Street and the American economy. The shape of corporate America today is still largely the invention of the investment bankers of turn-of-the-century Wall Street.

As Frederick Lewis Allen, Morgan's best biographer, explained it, "In a real sense it was he and the other fabricators of giant industries, and the lawyers and the legislative draftsmen inventing new corporate devices, who were the radicals of the day, changing the face of America; it was those who objected to the results who were conservatives seeking to preserve the individual opportunities and the folkways of an earlier time. You might question the direction in which Morgan was moving; but that he was moving fast, and with a purpose which seemed to him to be to the country's benefit, is certain. In this, the major sphere of his life, he was not a

Jacob Schiff and the Northern Pacific Corner

Because of his imperial lifestyle and personality—and perhaps also because of the herd instincts of journalists—J. P. Morgan in the first decade of this century seemed to many the only important investment banker in the country. Certainly today he is the only one of that era who is still a household name. But of course there were many others of considerable importance on Wall Street, including George F. Baker of the First National Bank and James Stillman of the National City. (In later years these two institutions merged to form today's giant Citibank.)

But most on Wall Street would have agreed that if Morgan had an equal, it was Jacob Schiff, senior partner of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Like Morgan, Schiff came from an old and affluent family, but from a different country and a different religion. Born in Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, on January 10, 1847, Schiff could trace his Jewish ancestry back to the 1370s. Also like Morgan, Schiff never had any doubt what he wanted to do in life. In 1875 he moved permanently to New York and became a partner in Kuhn, Loeb, soon marrying Therese Loeb, the senior partner's daughter. Within a few years he was running the firm and doing much profitable international business with his extensive connections in Europe.



CULVER PICTURES

Jacob Schiff all but bested the unbeatable Morgan during the last great railroad war.

In the 1880s and 1890s he, again like Morgan, was heavily involved in reorganizing railroads, giving them a rational capital structure and seeing that management adhered to the new standards of conduct. Schiff was much more interested in the minutiae of railroading than Morgan, and in 1898 Kuhn, Loeb reorganized the Union Pacific Railroad. Morgan was not involved because he did not trust E. H. Harriman, its leading stockholder, but Schiff thought he discerned a real railroad man, and he was right. Harriman may not have been Morgan's idea of a gentleman, but he was a genius at running railroads and soon turned the nearly derelict Union Pacific into one of the most profitable railroads in the country.

In 1901 James J. Hill, who controlled the Great Northern Railroad and was the largest stockholder in the Northern Pacific, used the latter to seize control of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, a smaller road that threatened the Union Pacific's territory. When Hill refused to address Harriman's concerns, Harriman determined to get control of the Burlington by seizing control of the Northern Pacific. Morgan was Hill's

brake, he was an engine."

To give just one instance of the new business environment that the bankers created, it was they, not government, who, in the last two decades of the century, required that publicly held corporations employ independent accountants to certify their books and issue annual and quarterly reports.

Among Morgan's successful stock underwritings were General Electric, International Harvester, and, of course, U.S. Steel, launched in 1901. It was the largest corporate enterprise the world had ever seen. The companies being combined to create U.S. Steel controlled 60 percent of the American steel market. The new firm was capitalized at no less than $1.4 billion, while all the manufacturing capacity of the United States was capitalized at only $9 billion. Even *The Wall Street Journal* confessed to "uneasiness over the magnitude of the affair" and wondered if the new corporation would mark "the high tide of industrial capitalism."



CULVER PICTURES

The Morgans in London in 1910.

It did not, of course, but more and more people were becoming alarmed at the power of corporations that wielded such immense capital, and they were less and less willing to depend on the honor of men like Morgan to protect the interests of the country as a whole. Morgan, although he accepted the inevitable, never understood it.

In 1902 he was stunned when the government announced it was suing under the Sherman Antitrust Act—long thought a dead letter—to break up Morgan's new Northern Securities Company. He hurried to Washington, wondering why Theodore Roosevelt, as one gentleman to another, had not informed him ahead of time so that a satisfactory agreement could be reached quietly.

"If we have done anything wrong," Morgan told the President, encapsulating fully his idea of how the world should

banker, so an attack on Hill was a direct attack on Morgan. Before long Schiff had quietly purchased a majority of the preferred stock (which had equal voting rights) in Northern Pacific and held enough common stock to have an overall majority. Morgan and Hill had been caught napping.

Morgan was in Europe and received a frantic cable asking for authority to buy 150,000 common shares of Northern Pacific at the opening of the market on Monday morning, May 6, 1901. If Hill could get a majority of the common, he might be able to delay things until he could retire the preferred and retain control. The cost, at the very least, would be well in excess of fifteen million dollars. Morgan cabled his immediate approval, and the battle was joined between the titans. Those caught in the middle would have to look out for themselves.

On Monday morning Harriman and Morgan held between them 630,000 of the 800,000 shares of Northern Pacific common in existence. By the close of the market on Tuesday, the Morgan bank had purchased 124,000 shares more. That left only 46,000 shares unaccounted for. But the volume of Northern Pacific for those two days totaled 539,000 shares. The vast majority of these, of course, had been sold "short." When, too late, the short sellers realized what was really happening, panic swept the Street.

Suddenly the shorts were desperate to close out their positions and willing to pay whatever price was necessary. As they liquidated their other assets to buy Northern Pacific, stocks and bonds plunged. Morgan's new U.S. Steel, which had been at 54¾ only a few days earlier, skidded from 40 to 26 on Thursday morning, while Northern Pacific ratcheted upward minute by minute. One broker hired a special train just to bring a single certificate for 500 shares down from Albany. Another, incautiously admitting he had 10,000 shares to sell, was stripped virtually naked on the floor of the Exchange itself as the shorts clawed at him in their desperation to buy at any price. That morning the firm of Street and Norton sold 300 shares to one of the shorts at one thousand dollars a share, ten times what the price had been a week earlier.

By noon the panic was threatening to engulf in ruin not just the shorts but the Street itself. The Morgan bank and Kuhn, Loeb called a hasty truce. They would buy no more Northern Pacific for their own accounts or for those of their customers and would allow the shorts to settle at $150 a share. Calm began to return to Wall Street.

Kuhn, Loeb had fought the Morgan bank to a standstill. This allowed Harriman to get what he really wanted, which was not control of the Northern Pacific but attention to his interests from the Northern Pacific and its newly acquired subsidiary, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. Harriman was soon on the board.

The New York Times likened the affair to so many "cowboys on a spree, shooting wildly at each other in entire disregard of the safety of the bystanders." It is ironic that Morgan and Schiff, so instrumental in reforming the bad old ways of American business, were among the principal antagonists in Wall Street's last great railroad war, so reminiscent of the wild and woolly days of the Civil War era. **—J.S.G.**

work, "send your man to my man and they can fix it up."

"That can't be done," Roosevelt said.

"We don't want to fix it up," the Attorney General explained, "we want to stop it." Both business and government had left the nineteenth century and entered the twentieth. In some ways Morgan never would.

Still, five years later, in 1907, when the financial crisis hit, Teddy Roosevelt was nowhere to be found. Instead, far beyond the reach of telegraph or telephone, he was happily slaughtering bears somewhere deep in the Louisiana canebrakes. Even if he had been available, there was, probably, little he could have done, for the United States government lacked the needed instrument to deal with the crisis: an effective central bank.



CULVER PICTURES

Morgan erupts at a reporter, 1910.

It is the business of a central bank to monitor commercial banks, regulate the money supply, and act in times of panic as the lender of last resort. A central bank, in other words, is supposed to prevent precisely the sort of liquidity crisis that Morgan and the other New York bankers were trying to deal with in late October of 1907.

Because banks mostly hold deposits that can be withdrawn on demand and lend these deposits out on term loans, they are all, in one sense, perpetually insolvent. If the depositors come to doubt the soundness of a bank and begin to withdraw their deposits, they can drain a bank of cash very quickly, and the bank will be forced to close. A central bank, taking a basically sound bank's loan portfolio as security, can provide it with the cash needed to meet the demand, printing the money, if necessary.

In his last years he spent his time at his library, or abroad on collecting trips.

But Morgan and his allies could not print money, and that was exactly the problem. Because the United States lacked a central bank, its money supply was what economists call "inelastic" and could not be adjusted to meet varying demand. With depositors by the thousands withdrawing money from the banking system and hiding it in mattresses, the panic had caused a huge increase in the demand for money. Late on that Thursday night when this story began, as Morgan played solitaire, the bankers in the other room sought a way to provide it.

Since they could not print it, they developed a plan to do the next best thing. The major banks were members of the New York Clearing House, an institution founded in 1853 to facilitate transactions among New York banks. All checks written on member banks were brought to the Clearing House, allowing banks to settle accounts among themselves quickly and easily. To do this, they all maintained large balances at the Clearing House. The bankers now decided to allow the the settling of accounts to be made by Clearing House Notes, which were to pay 6 percent interest, rather than cash. This freed the banks to lend out their Clearing House balances.

A similar plan had been used before in times of economic crisis, and Morgan was confident that it would work. Before the panic was over, the banks would hold as much as eighty-four million dollars in Clearing House Notes, a major increase in the money supply of that time.

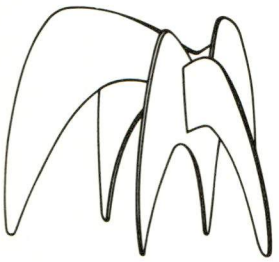
The Secretary of the Treasury had come to New York in the emergency, and he made available ten million dollars in government funds for deposit in national banks. John D. Rockefeller made another ten million available. On Friday Morgan raised thirteen million dollars in additional call money for the Stock Exchange, and he let it be known that anyone selling short to take advantage of the panic would be "properly attended to."

As the sound banks continued to meet their obligations and the Stock Exchange continued to function, the panic began to abate. To be sure, there were many financial brush fires that needed attention over the next ten days, but the worst was over.

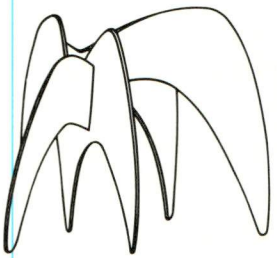
Although many Wall Street bankers, such as George F. Baker and James Stillman, had contributed substantially, it was acknowledged that only Morgan could have held them together and forced them to act in the general good, often at the peril of their own solvency. One of Morgan's partners, George W. Perkins, said, "If there ever was a general in charge of any fight for any people that did more intelligent, courageous work than Mr. Morgan did then, I do not know of it in history." Even Theodore Roosevelt, so fond of railing against "malefactors of wealth," now praised "those influential and splendid business men . . . who have acted with such wisdom and public spirit."

After the crisis was over, many radicals and reformers, such as Upton Sinclair, accused Morgan of having fomented the panic for his own nefarious ends, and these calumnies have been echoed over the years by others. Morgan was too proud to defend himself against such outrageous charges, and it is a measure of the critics' profound financial ignorance that they could think that there might be any truth to it. A man whose own prosperity depends on the continuing prosperity of Wall Street as a whole—as every investment banker's does—would no more precipitate a general panic than a commander would infect his own troops with typhoid.

In the last years of his life Morgan spent less and less time on Wall Street and more at his library or abroad on his endless collecting trips. In 1913 he traveled to Egypt, a country he knew well, to inspect an expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art that he was funding. There he took ill. He re-



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turned to Rome, where better medical treatment was available, but it was to no avail, and he was ravaged by fever. Near the end, as the fever played tricks with his mind, he seemed to be remembering some schoolboy adventure. "I've got to go up the hill," he told his son-in-law, pointing upward with his finger, and then sank into unconsciousness and death on March 31. In the first twelve hours after his death, 3,698 telegrams, from the Pope, from emperors and kings, from bankers and industrialists, from art dealers and curators, poured into the Grand Hotel in Rome, where he had died.

Modern corporate America was shaped by Morgan and his contemporaries.

Two weeks later he was buried in Hartford, where he had been born nearly seventy-six years earlier into a world quite different from the one he lived to see and helped fundamentally to shape, and in which he prospered so mightily. In his will he left his wife and daughters very comfortably fixed and gave a year's salary to every employee of J. P. Morgan and Company. To his son he bequeathed the bulk of his estate and the greatest art collection in private hands the world has ever known. He hoped a way could be found to make it available to the public. Today most of it is at the Metropolitan Museum and the Morgan Library in New York and the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford.

Considering how very large Morgan loomed on the financial landscape in the first years of the twentieth century, many people were astonished at the relatively modest size of Morgan's estate. It amounted to a little less than seventy million dollars plus his art collection, which was valued at an additional sixty million. To John D. Rockefeller—the country's first billionaire—this was not even enough to make Morgan a rich man.

But Morgan had been born rich, and money for him was never a goal in itself. He could well afford to be ignorant of the cost of running his yacht (a standard that Morgan may or may not have coined), and that was quite enough for him. Nor, in a sense, had Morgan sought the immense power that was his, power of the sort money can never buy. That power, and thus Morgan's unique place in American economic history, was his because of both the person he was—a banker of great skill, integrity, and total self-assurance—and the times in which he lived, as the nineteenth-century world of private banking and personally managed capital changed into the twentieth-century world of the national corporation.

In December 1913, eight months after Morgan's death, President Wilson signed into law the Federal Reserve Act, establishing, at last, a true central bank for what had become a fully integrated national economy. Never again would the country have to call on a private banker to rescue its financial system in a crisis. And that is just as well, for never again could there be another J. P. Morgan. ★



CULVER PICTURES

The Almighty Morgan as seen by *McClure's Magazine* in 1913, the year of his death.

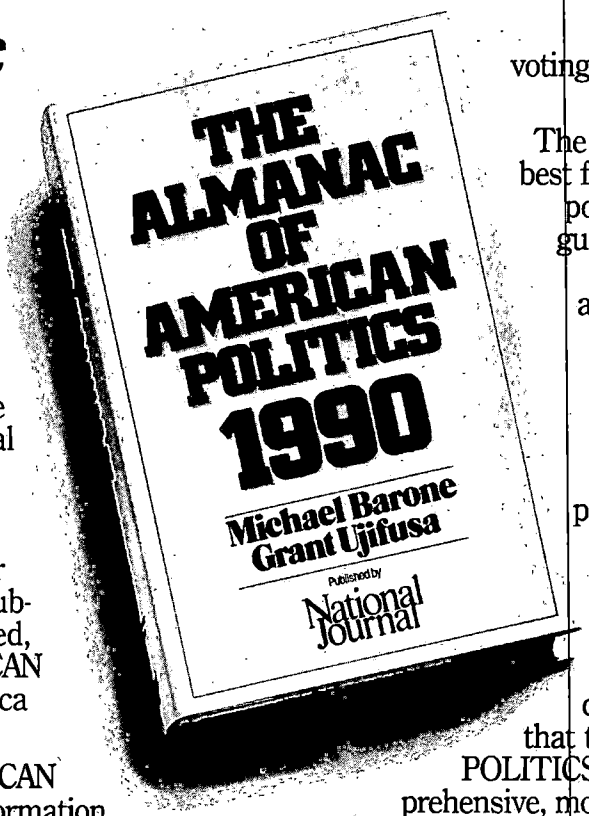
John Steele Gordon writes regularly on the subject of business history for this magazine.

TO FIND OUT MORE

Still the best of the many biographies of J. P. Morgan is Frederick Lewis Allen's *The Great Pierpont Morgan*, published in 1949. Allen's *The Lords of Creation* (1935) remains a vivid and authentic picture of the financial world in which Morgan lived. For a detailed institutional history of the Morgan bank, see Vincent P. Carosso's *The Morgans, Private International Bankers, 1854–1913* (Harvard University Press, 1987). *J. Pierpont Morgan: An Intimate Biography* (1939), by Morgan's son-in-law Herbert L. Satterlee, is exactly that, looking at Morgan close up with no great objectivity. The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York, NY 10016, is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., and on Sundays, from 1:00 to 5:00 P.M. For further information call 212-685-0610.

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A TOWN THAT LOOKED JUST SO



Of the thousands of negatives Marie Kendall took in Norfolk, Connecticut, she saved only a few, but enough to be a fitting memorial to a region and an era



by Glynne Robinson

For most of the inhabitants of the small village of Norfolk in northwestern Connecticut, the blizzard of March 1888 was a disastrous occurrence. For Marie Kendall, a photographer who lived in the town, it was a chance to take uncommonly dramatic pictures. During the three days of the storm, she hauled her clumsy box camera, tripod, and glass plates from one end of the village to the other, recording the wild and frigid scene.

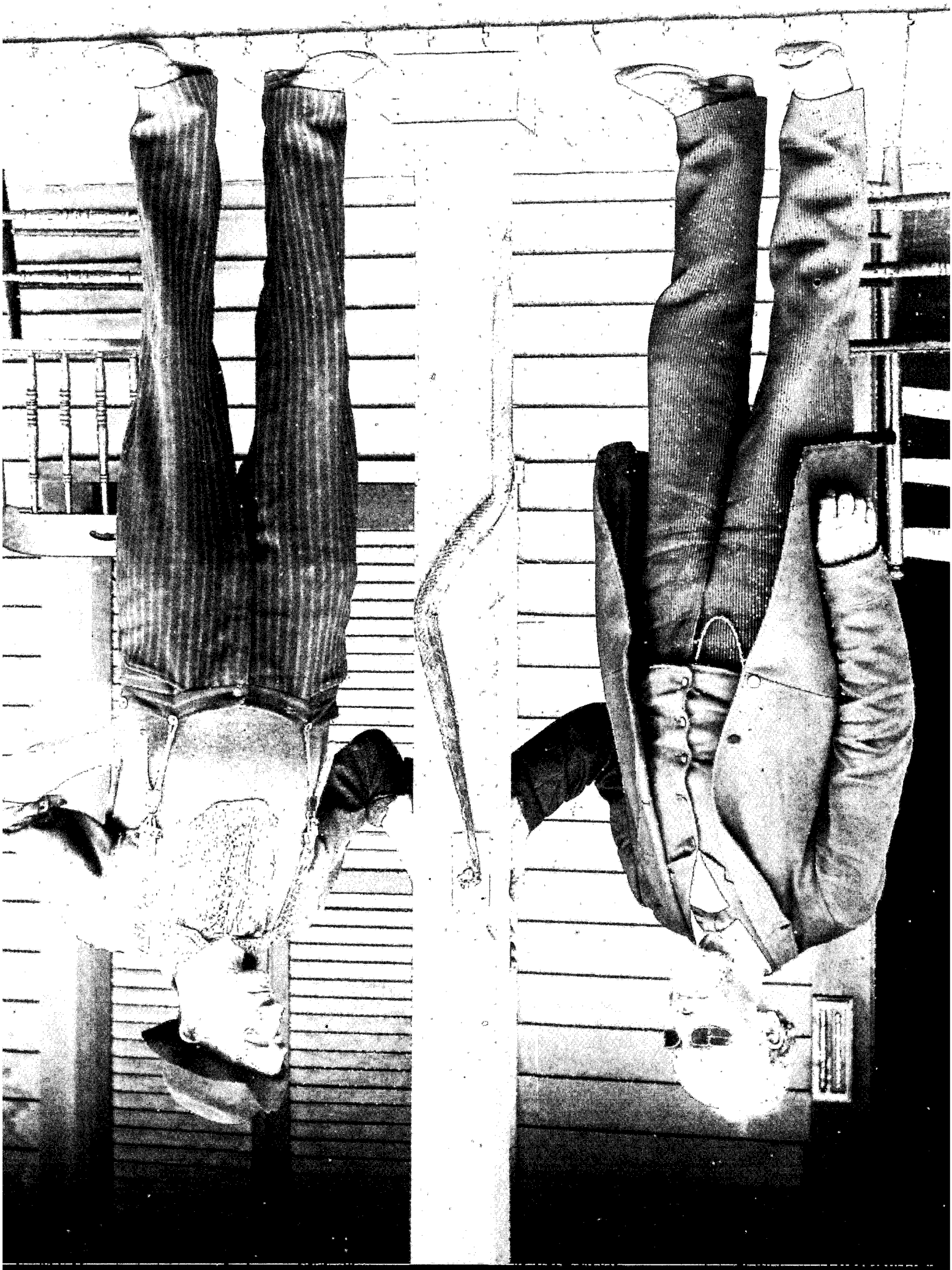
Kendall photographed the stranded railroad train and the teams of workers struggling to shovel the tracks, and she was there to record the arrival of the first locomotive when it finally got through. She climbed the church steeple for bird's-eye views, and she got a picture of a building buried under snow with only its flagpole showing. Her photographs of bowler-topped heads barely visible above white drifts are almost surrealist to a modern eye.

Marie Kendall's relationship with Norfolk began when her physician husband, John C. Kendall, moved his practice there in 1884. The two had met in New York City's Bellevue Hospital, where Marie Hartig, the French-born daughter of Franco-Prussian War refugees, was one of the first students to attend the newly founded nursing school. Dr. Kendall was then finishing his medical residency. The couple became engaged before her graduation from Bellevue, and she was promptly dismissed by the school. Determined to become a nurse, she completed her training at nearby Charity Hospital.

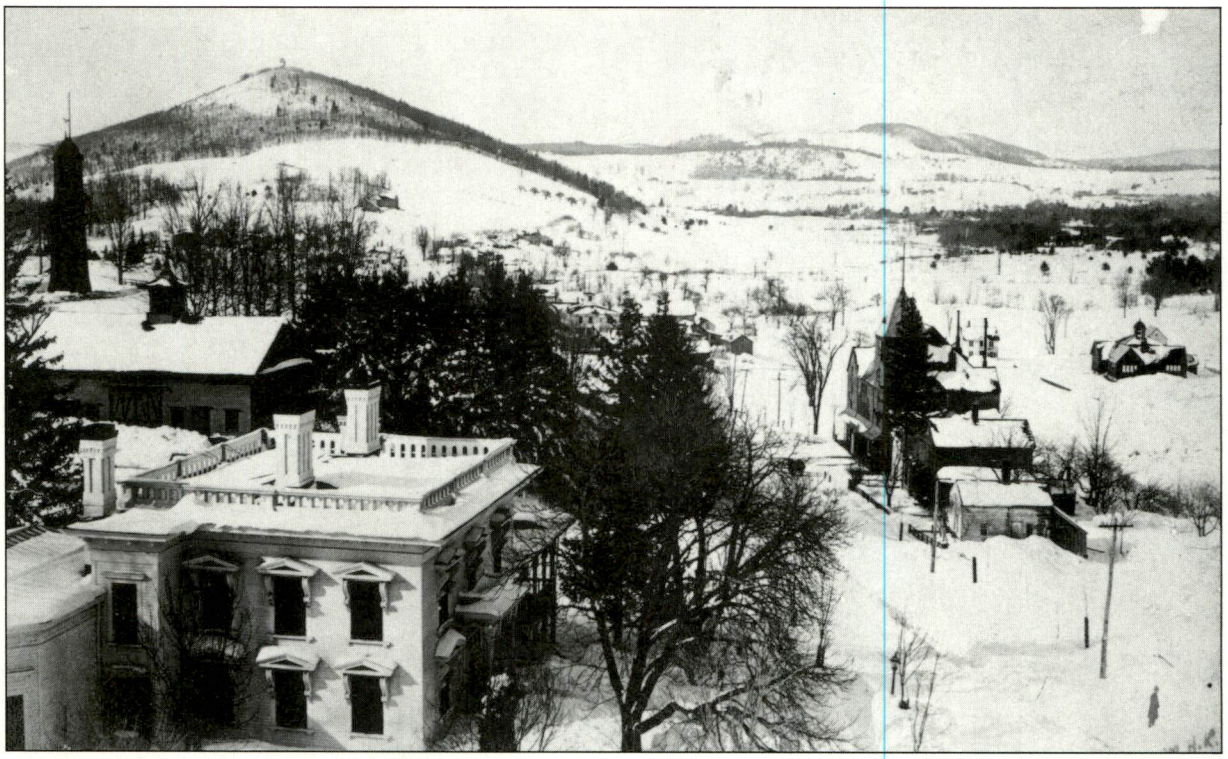
Marie shocked her parents by rejecting the customary church wedding, marrying Kendall in a civil ceremony in 1878 instead. Furthermore, she refused a wedding ring because she felt it was a symbol of women's enslavement. A watch would be more suitable, she said. But she was not a consistent rebel:

Marie Kendall's portrait of her daughter Helen in a field of daisies: it forcefully draws the viewer into another century.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF NORFOLK HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Opposite: Grover Yale (right) displays a four-foot rattlesnake shot near his house in 1884. His neighbor, M. P. Moore, was apparently blind.



Following the great blizzard of March 1888, Marie Kendall made this photograph of Norfolk, Connecticut, the morning after.

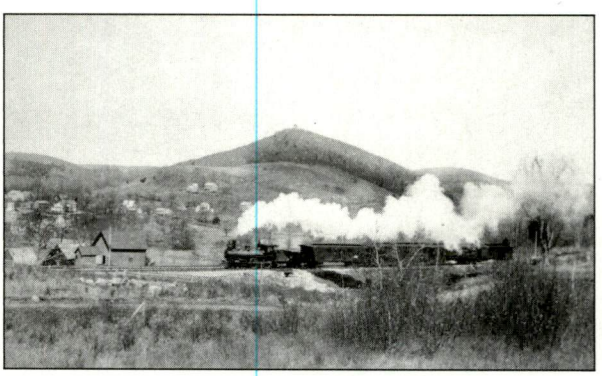
she signed all her photographs "Mrs. J. C. Kendall."

The Connecticut village the Kendalls moved to was surrounded by uninhabited forests and clear lakes. Norfolk's high altitude in the remote northwest corner of the state made it a summer haven for rich industrialists from Hartford and New Haven. The railroad deposited visitors directly on the town green, and fashionable vacationers soon established summer residences there, hiring architects as eminent as Stanford White to design their houses.

It was a time when most prosperous families kept albums of photographs in their drawing rooms, and though there were few female photographers in America in the 1880s, Marie Kendall apparently saw the profession as a way to supplement her husband's small income. To raise money to buy her first camera, Kendall knitted and sewed garments to sell, using skills she had been taught as a child in Europe.

Because she was neither a native nor a summer resident, Kendall's perspective as an outsider in Norfolk may have enhanced her appreciation of the town. After teaching herself to use her new camera and setting up a darkroom, she threw herself into the business of making portraits, souvenir albums, and postcards. Despite unwieldy equipment, which confined most photographers to their studios, Kendall explored every aspect of her village and the surrounding countryside. She climbed high trails to find where the laurel bloomed. When a picture required it, she planted her tripod and stood in the middle of Norfolk's Blackberry River until she got her shot.

Kendall catered to Norfolk's affluent summer population, but the subjects of some of her most memorable photographs were farm families and the children of townspeople. But her seemingly fresh, spontaneous vision of local residents and rustic scenes is always tempered by a perfectionist's sense of how they



Kendall's picture of a train speeding across a landscape won a medal at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago.





The children gazing steadily at the camera in this winter scene are the photographer's own: Helen, Cyrus, and Claude Kendall.

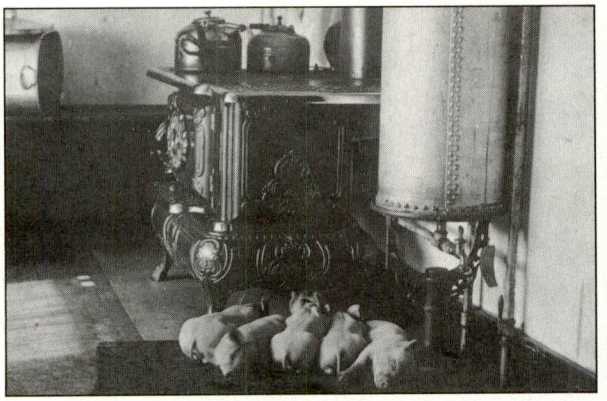
should look. There are no barefoot country children in her photograph of Norfolk's Temperance Band. Instead we see more than a hundred well-scrubbed boys and girls turned out in their Sunday best. The fact that the photographer succeeded in bringing order to such a group and persuading its members to hold still for a long exposure attests to her personal force.

The Connecticut Western Railroad, which played an important role in the development of Norfolk and the nearby Berkshires, was also important to Kendall's work. It used her photographs in its advertising and issued an unlimited pass for Kendall and the two boys enlisted to carry her gear.

By the 1890s Kendall had begun to win national recognition. Her striking image of a speeding train won a medal in 1893 at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago; in 1904 her work received further exposure in St. Louis at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition photographic competition.

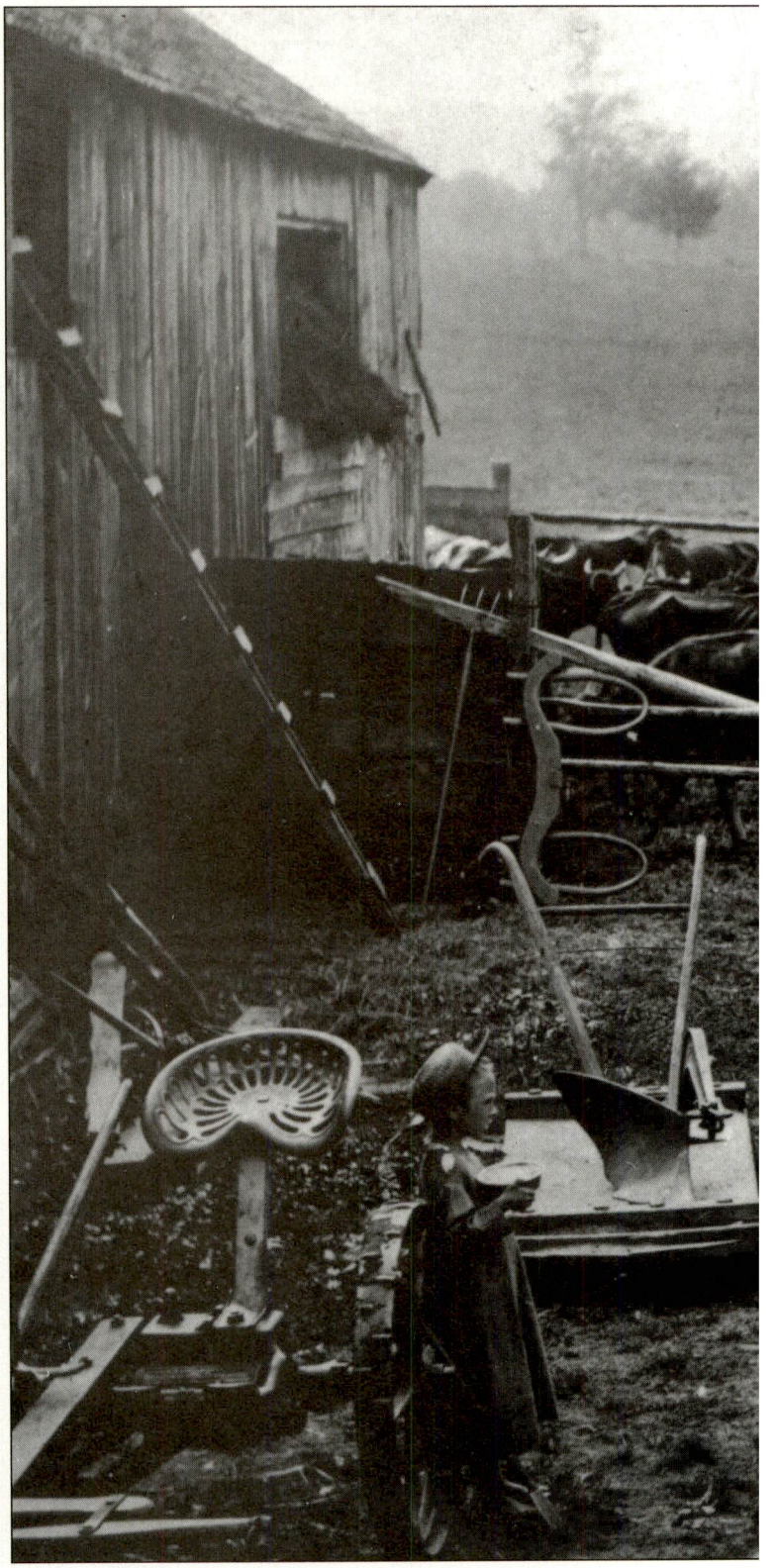
Marie Kendall's professional life spanned more than fifty years, and her perfectionism never faltered. Instead of silver, she insisted on the more permanent—and costly—platinum-coated paper for her prints. Of the more than thirty thousand negatives she made during her lifetime, only a few survive. She died in 1943, and in her last years she sold most of the negatives for one cent apiece, undoubtedly to people who wanted the glass. Those that are now in the Norfolk Historical Society's archives—some of which are published here for the first time—are the only images Marie Kendall judged worthy of posterity. ★

Glynne Robinson is a contributing editor and the co-publisher of the *Lakeville Journal*, in Lakeville, Connecticut, and the *Millerton News*, Millerton, New York.



Many of Kendall's best photographs offer intimate views of farm life, like this scene of a litter of piglets asleep near the warmth of the stove.

In Kendall's photo of a neighbor's equipment-strewn farmyard, ducks and chickens scratch for food and a child grabs a cat by its tail.

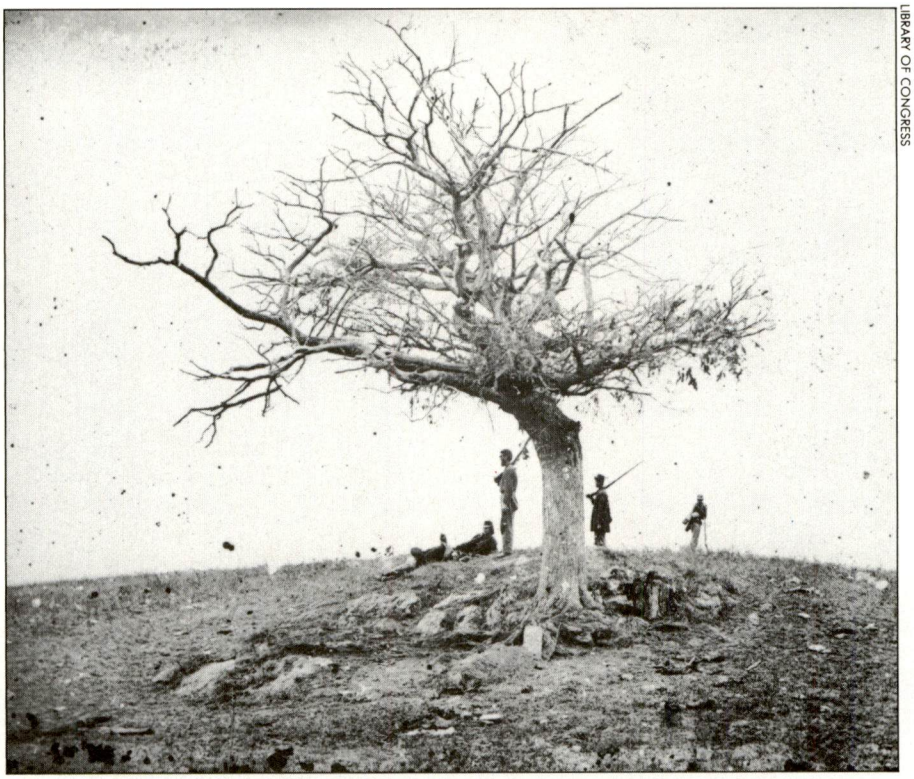




BY JAMES WEEKS

The Civil War's Greatest Scoop

In September 1862 the New York *Tribune* ran a masterly account of the Battle of Antietam. Here were no vague claims of "Great and Glorious Victory" or "Great Slaughter of the Rebels." Instead, the paper offered six columns of accurate, forceful prose—and got it to the readers less than thirty-six hours after the fight.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Union troops posted near a lone grave on the Antietam battlefield not long after the battle.

New York throbbed with the usual breakfast-hour bustle on September 19, 1862, apparently undisturbed by the recent Confederate invasion of Northern soil. But when a bunch of newsboys burst from Park Row's *Tribune* building, barking "Extra!," the response revealed the tension on the streets. Weary of newspaper rumors about a great battle in Maryland, New Yorkers crowded about the newsboys, hoping for some real information. They got it. Here were no vague claims of "Great and Glorious Victory" or "Great Slaughter of the Rebels." Instead, the *Tribune* offered six columns of accurate, forceful prose about the Battle of Antietam, fought two days before.

The same paper that only the previous morning had been forced to admit glumly to its readers that "our latest intelligence from the seat of war . . . is little else than mere rumor" now boasted the first complete account of Antietam to appear in print. Far more than a scoop, however, the story was a masterpiece of battle reporting by any standards. It took the reader on a tour of the terrain; graphically depicted the assaults of Maj. Gens. Joseph Hooker, Edwin Sumner, and Ambrose Burnside; and impartially assessed the struggle's tactics and results. All this in seven thousand words, and in the hands of the public less than thirty-six hours after the fight.

The author's identity remained as mysterious as the story's miraculous appearance in print that Friday morning. No initials or nickname—the by-lines of Civil War journalism—ever accompanied the story when it was eventually reprinted in twelve hundred newspapers across the North. Even when the *Tribune* published a laudatory editorial about its "Special Correspondent," praising "how much ability, how much courage, and how much knowledge are necessary to such a history" and revealing that "the writer . . . had a portion of his coat torn from his shoulders by a fragment of shell, and the horse he rode carried off from the field two Rebel bullets in his body," it omitted the reporter's name. We now know he was George Washburn Smalley, whose adventures as a correspondent during the Maryland campaign were as remarkable as the story he filed.

George Smalley, a Boston barrister turned war correspondent, possessed social credentials impressive enough to even the most discerning Brahmin. A direct descendant of the Pilgrims, son of a Congregational minister, and an antislavery partisan, Smalley, Yale '53, was trained at Harvard Law School. With his Boston accent and friends who included Ralph Waldo Emerson and the abolitionist Wendell Phillips

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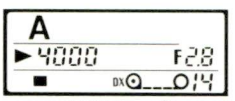
The day started late. Overcast skies cast menacing shadows upon the sand. And then came the rain. She threw her face into its path.

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Ektar 1000. The genius is in the details.

(whose daughter he married), Smalley may have seemed more Beacon Hill than battlefield, but he was no effete aristocrat. Just shy of his thirtieth birthday in 1862 and powerfully built, he was well equipped to handle the knocks of war-correspondent campaigning.

Sheer happenstance allowed Smalley to desert jurisprudence for a new business girding itself to report a war. When he failed to obtain a loan to cover rising debts in mid-1861, his influential future father-in-law wrote a letter to Sydney Howard Gay, a *Tribune* editor, recommending Smalley for a correspondent's job. The letter kicked off the career of perhaps the greatest newspaperman of the Victorian era.

Because of his interest in the slavery question, Smalley first was packed off to federally captured Port Royal, South Carolina, where he covered the black "contrabands" flocking to the Union lines. After idling away a dull winter, Smalley was reassigned to cover Maj. Gen. John C. Frémont's futile Shenandoah Valley campaign. At the Battle of Cross Keys, Smalley displayed his journalistic precocity by soundly scooping rival New York correspondents with his account of the fight. In June 1862 Smalley shifted his beat when Frémont's command merged with the newly formed Army of Virginia, which suffered a bitter defeat in late August under Maj. Gen. John Pope at Second Bull Run.

The War Department had issued an order banning correspondents from the Army, and Pope's successor, the reinstated Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, loathed them. But Smalley's old acquaintance Maj. Gen. "Uncle" John Sedgwick offered him a position as volunteer aide-de-camp and advised him to don military trappings to avoid snooping questions from the brass. Smalley hurriedly scrounged up a blue captain's blouse and joined the Army of the Potomac in early September as it shadowed the triumphant Army of Northern Virginia's northward incursion onto Union soil. It all happened a bit too quickly for Smalley. Expecting to camp out for just one night, he packed himself only a raincoat and a toothbrush. He was gone six weeks.

Smalley discovered that he enjoyed trotting along with the blue columns through the early fall haze. The Army of the Potomac pressed through the South Mountain passes on September 14 in an attempt to destroy the Rebel army piecemeal. As Smalley watched the blue waves progressing up the mountain terrain against weak but stubborn Confederate resistance, he was pleased to meet another *Tribune* staffer, Albert D. Richardson. The two correspondents had never met before but, on chatting a bit, were astonished to discover they both had been born in Franklin, Massachusetts, in 1833.

When the two journalists parted to cover the battle from different perspectives, Smalley risked blowing his cover by selecting a choice vantage point near General McClellan and his staff. At close range Smalley thought "an air of indecision hung about" the highly touted "young Napoleon." He later wrote: "There was in his appearance something prepossessing if not commanding: something rather scholarly than warlike; amiable, well-bred, cold, and yet almost sympathetic. His troops were slowly forcing their way up the steep mountain side upon which we looked. It was, in fact, from a military point of view, a very critical moment, but this general commanding had a singular air of detachment; almost that of a disinterested spectator: or of a general watching manoeuvres. . . . there he stood, an interesting figure; as if star-gazing. Compact, square-chested, his face well-molded."

A lieutenant on the Federal staff sent a reluctant Smalley to ask the wounded Hooker to take command away from McClellan.

After the Union troops had dislodged the gray defenders late on the fourteenth, the newspaperman accompanied the subsequent pursuit to Sharpsburg, Maryland, where, Smalley said, McClellan "in his usual accommodating spirit" wasted two precious days without launching an attack, allowing Robert E. Lee to collect his scattered forces.

On the afternoon of September 16, Smalley, accompanied by Richardson, trotted over to Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker's headquarters on the Union right, where they were tipped off that "Fighting Joe's" I Corps would deliver the initial Federal punch. Because neither reporter knew Hooker nor any of his staff, Smalley thought it odd that their presence was ignored completely by the entourage: "For aught they knew I might have been a Rebel spy."

Smalley and Richardson tagged along with Hooker as the general followed a cavalry contingent he had ordered forward to probe the Rebel left. When artillery fire signaled that the Union cavalry had brushed the Confederate lines, Smalley and Richardson spurred ahead to watch the action. Dozens of blue troopers galloped back to the safety of the Federal lines, and shot and shell showered around Hooker and his staff. Smalley saw that "Hooker's eyes gleamed with the fierce joy of battle" as the general drove forward with his infantry. He "played the game of war as the youngest member of a football team plays football. He had to the full that joy of battle which McClellan never had at all; and showed it."

With nightfall approaching, Hooker decided to break off the action. "If they had let us start earlier, we might have finished tonight," Smalley heard the general mutter. "Tomorrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the Republic." Like the Union boys who slept on their guns that restless night, Smalley curled up under the stars with his horse's bridle wrapped around one arm.

As Hooker's corps bowled into the Confederate left at the crack of dawn, Smalley was off in pursuit of the general, whom he found in an exposed po-

sition. With his staff sent away on assignments, Hooker beckoned to Smalley and asked him to carry an order. "Tell the colonel of that regiment to take his men to the front and keep them there," Hooker said, gesturing toward a Union regiment falling back from a Rebel onslaught.

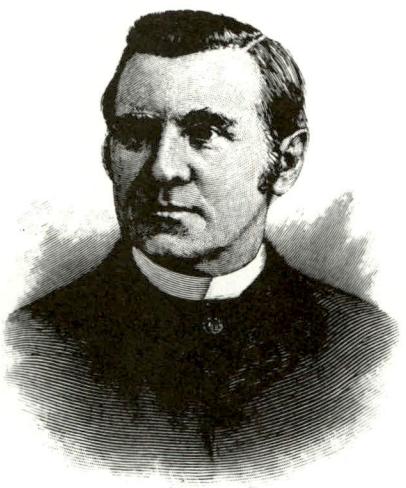
Smalley obliged, but when he delivered the order, the regimental commander refused to accept it. "Very good," Smalley snapped back. "I will report to General Hooker that you decline to obey."

"For God's sake, don't do that!" the colonel cried. "The Rebels are too many for us, but I had rather face them than Hooker."

Returning to Hooker, Smalley received instructions not to "let the next man talk so much" and was sent off again. "Order every regiment you can find to advance," Hooker hollered at him. "It is time to end this business." Smalley found Hooker in the thick of combat when he finished his assignments, and it came as no surprise to the newspaperman when Hooker went down with a wound.

Smalley was disappointed that his new acquaintance had to retire from the field. Antietam was characterized by desperate fighting but uncoordinated, piecemeal attacks by the Federals and a hesitancy on McClellan's part to seize opportunities. As Smalley trotted near McClellan's headquarters in the afternoon, he was hailed by Lt. James Harrison Wilson of the commander's staff. Wilson, who knew Smalley had been with Hooker earlier in the day, asked him to see if the wounded general could take command of the Army of the Potomac. "Most of us think that this battle is only half fought and half won," Wilson said. "There is still time to finish it. But McClellan will do no more." Smalley demurred, reminding Wilson that what he suggested was no less than an act of mutiny. "I know that as well as you do," Wilson replied, but it was "the only way to crush Lee and end the rebellion and save the country."

Smalley told the lieutenant to forget it, that the bearer of the message probably would face arrest and worse. When Wilson backed down, asking Smalley simply to ask Hooker back to the field, Smalley reluctantly accepted. He found Hooker abed, his usual ruddy complexion white with pain. The correspondent chatted for a moment about the day's indecisive combat, at which Hooker exploded with "language of extreme plainness" against McClellan's "excessive caution and systematic inertness." Smalley then put the question to Hooker point-blank: Could the general mount his horse or return to command his corps some other way, in a carriage perhaps? "It is impossible," Hooker answered. "I cannot move. I am perfectly helpless." Why, the general wondered, was Smalley asking him such a question anyway? Who had put him up to this? Smalley explained that some of the general's friends simply were curious about his ability to resume command in case of an emergency. "You see what a wreck I am," Hooker said in agony. "It is impossible." Smalley left.



Smalley at the peak of his career.

Smalley's departure from Hooker's bedside ended the novel relationship that had developed between general and reporter, but the admiration of each man for the other lingered. In his *Tribune* account of the battle, Smalley praised Hooker's "bravery and soldierly ability," while Hooker later said of Smalley, "In all the experience which I have had of war, I never saw the most experienced and veteran soldier exhibit more tranquil fortitude and unshaken valor than was exhibited by that young man." In fact, Smalley was tapped for staff service when Hooker was elevated to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

As nightfall brought an end to the slaughter of September 17, Smalley and his three *Tribune* colleagues met to compare notes in a farmhouse jammed with wounded. Smalley, whose misgivings about McClellan told him the battle would not be renewed the following day, agreed to somehow dispatch an account of the day's action to New York immediately. After pilfering some Army grub and trading his mount for a fresher one, Smalley was in the saddle by 9:00 P.M., headed for Frederick, Maryland, the only town in the vicinity that might have accessible telegraph service. Having dozed in the saddle for most of the thirty-mile journey, Smalley trotted into Frederick in the wee morning hours of September 18. The telegraph office was closed, and Smalley huddled up near the doorway for a much-needed nap.

The telegraph operator who appeared at seven could not promise Smalley his account would go through to New York, because the telegraph wires had been commandeered by the War Department for military use, but he said he'd do his best. Smalley seated himself and began writing: "The greatest battle of the war was fought to-day, lasting from daylight till dark, and closing without decisive result." He handed his scribbled manuscript to the operator sheet by sheet until a full newspaper column had been tapped out. As the telegrapher had predicted, the story was relayed directly to the War Department in Washington, where it became the first news Secretary Edwin M. Stanton had of Antietam, with the exception of McClellan's brief dispatch announcing victory. Stanton passed the story on to President Lincoln, who had it read to the cabinet. That night the *Tribune*'s Washington correspondent wrote that "all that is really known about the battle here is

derived from that dispatch." Finally it was released to New York and appeared in the *Tribune*'s Friday, September 19, edition.

Smalley hoped to draft a longer account on the battle but hesitated wiring any more news from Frederick. He decided to jump an eastbound train and telegraph the story from Baltimore, and he got there just ten minutes before the New York express would leave for Washington. Smalley faced a crucial decision: Should he wire the story from Baltimore or deliver it to the *Tribune* in person? He hopped aboard the New York express.

Smalley found his coach lit by one dim, flickering oil lamp at the end of the car. Sitting, he could barely see at all, but by standing next to the lamp, he found enough light to write. With the stub of a pencil he began scribbling, kicking off his account with a powerful lead: "Fierce and desperate battle between 200,000 men has raged since daylight, yet night closes on an uncertain field. It is the greatest fight since Waterloo—all over the field contested with an obstinacy equal even to Waterloo."

Since he had spent the morning of the battle on the Union left, his account of the savage fighting in the cornfield made particularly provocative copy: "Forward, was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the corn-field, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods which closed around them, went the retreating Rebels.

"Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast. . . . But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent, and broke in a moment that eager front. . . . In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed—it was the Rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the corn field from which their comrades had just fled. . . .

"Every hill-top, ridge and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning, and now this whole magnificent, unequaled scene shone with the splendor of an afternoon September sun. Four miles of battle, its glory all visible, its horrors all veiled, the fate of the Republic hanging on the hour—could any one be insensible of its grandeur. . . ."

Smalley did not, however, spare his readers the cost of that panoply: "The field and its ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. . . . The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you cannot guide your horse's steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are everywhere upturned. They are sad and terrible, but there is nothing which makes one's heart beat so quickly as the imploring look of sorely wounded men who beckon wearily for help which you cannot stay to give." By the time he got off the dawn ferry to New York that had met the train in Jersey City, Smalley had completed his remarkable seven-thousand-word description of Antietam, complete with astute insight into the failure of McClellan's battle plan: "It is impossible not to suppose that the attacks on right and left were meant in a measure to correspond, for otherwise the enemy had only to repel Hooker on the one hand, then transfer his troops, and hurl them against Burnside. . . . Still more unfortunate in its results was the total failure of these separate attacks on the right and left to sustain, or in any manner co-operate with each other."

> Smalley's story came to be regarded as the best piece of reporting to emerge from the Civil War.

Smalley rushed the scrawled pages to the *Tribune*'s Nassau Street headquarters when he got off the ferry. Fortunately, Gay had been notified in advance that an important dispatch was expected, so when Smalley stumbled into the office, he found it crowded with waiting compositors and printers. At 6:00 A.M. the crew began typesetting the most illegible manuscript the oldest hand among them had ever seen. Two hours later the six-column story of Antietam hit the streets.

Smalley's news story completely scooped the *Tribune*'s competition and came to be regarded as the best journalistic battle account to emerge from the Civil War. Its author shortly afterward came down with an illness that ended his career as a field correspondent. With the exception of an 1863 tour of Army camps in the East to assess various Union generals, Smalley spent the remaining war years behind a desk in New York as a *Tribune* editorial writer.

After the war Smalley became a pioneer in the reporting of international news and America's premier foreign correspondent. Probably the first American journalist to wire news via the transatlantic cable, Smalley was in the vanguard of rapid changes in international news reporting for nearly half a century. He ran the London bureau for the *Tribune* from 1867 to 1895, then served as the *Times* of London representative in the United States until 1905. He came, he said, to know "everyone worth knowing on both sides of the Atlantic," and on occasion he played a direct role in diplomacy. Once he was acclaimed as having helped improve Anglo-American relations more than any official United States representative. When he died in 1916, the elder statesman of international news reporting, Smalley was eulogized as having been the greatest of American correspondents. ★

James Weeks's look at the time when football was considered a substitute for the manly virtues of war appeared in the September/October 1988 issue.

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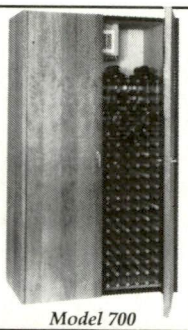
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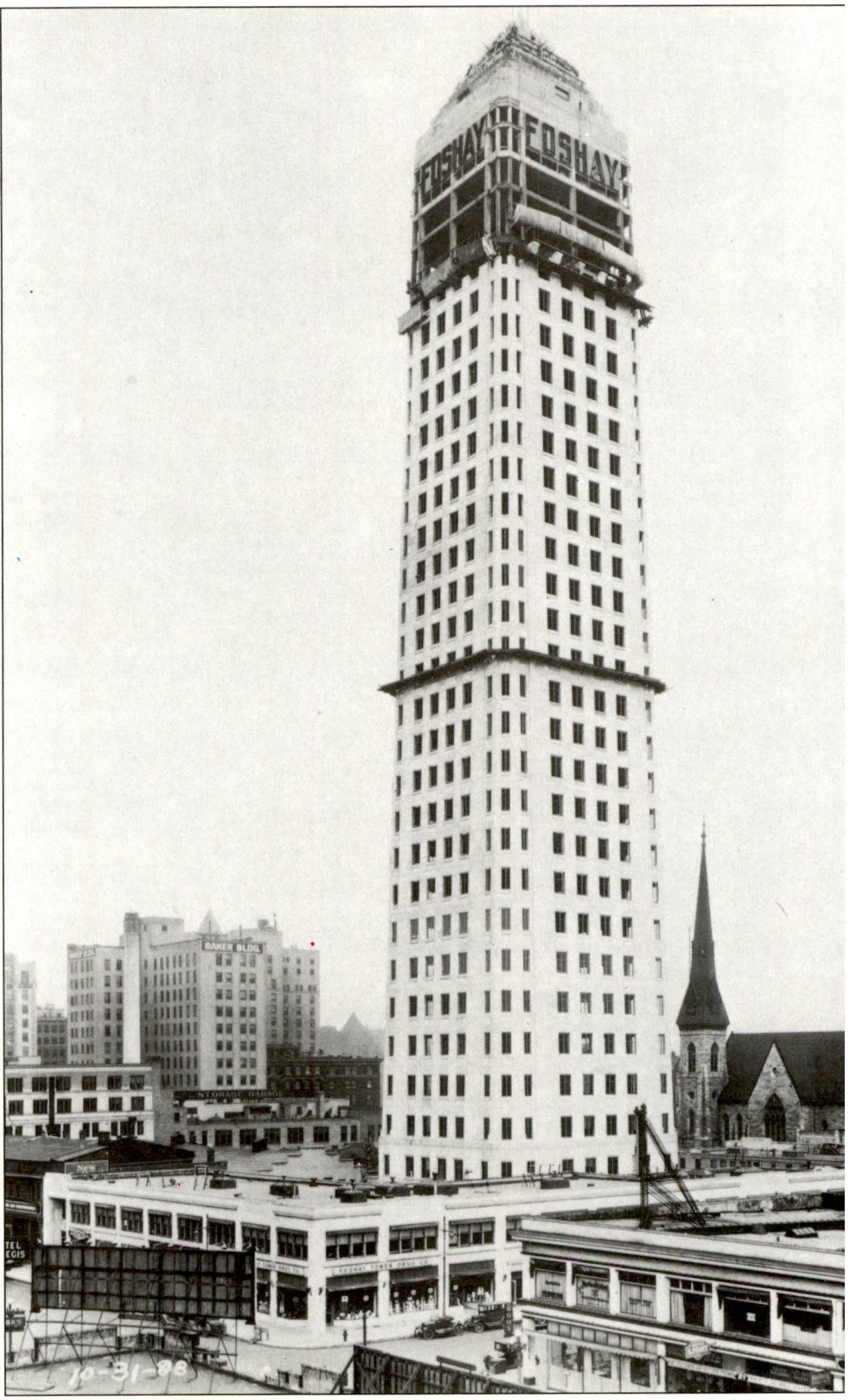
It can be done" was the motto of both the Foshay Company of Minneapolis and its founder, Wilbur B. Foshay. In 1896, as a boy of fifteen, he visited the nation's capital with his father, there to be deeply impressed with the simple but powerful design of the Washington Monument. So moved was Foshay by the sight that when it came to celebrating his success as a founder of a vast empire of public utilities, banks, newspapers, and miscellaneous industries, he decided to erect his own monument in the contemporary mode: that is, an office building.

"It can be done" and it was. Seen at near right, about a year before the building's completion in August of 1929, the tapering walls of the Foshay Building soared 447 feet to become the first skyscraper west of Chicago. Foshay was proud of his name—he traced his ancestry back to Joseph Fouché, minister of police under Napoleon—and it blazed from all four sides of his building in letters ten feet tall.

Opening ceremonies for the building lasted three days, during which John Philip Sousa and his seventy-five-piece band played seven concerts. But even as fireworks exploded into the sky and twenty-five thousand onlookers cheered, trouble was brewing.

It wasn't just the stock-market crash, two months later, that did Foshay in. He was also under investigation for using the mails for the fraudulent sale of securities. His enterprises went into receivership and he spent three years imprisoned in Leavenworth, where he had the opportunity to recall that his company had a slogan as well as a motto: "For Over Eleven Years—All Your Money—All the Time—On Time." He died in 1957.

Foshay may have often promised more than he could deliver, but his building still stands proud—a prime business address—against today's glass-towered Minneapolis skyline. ★

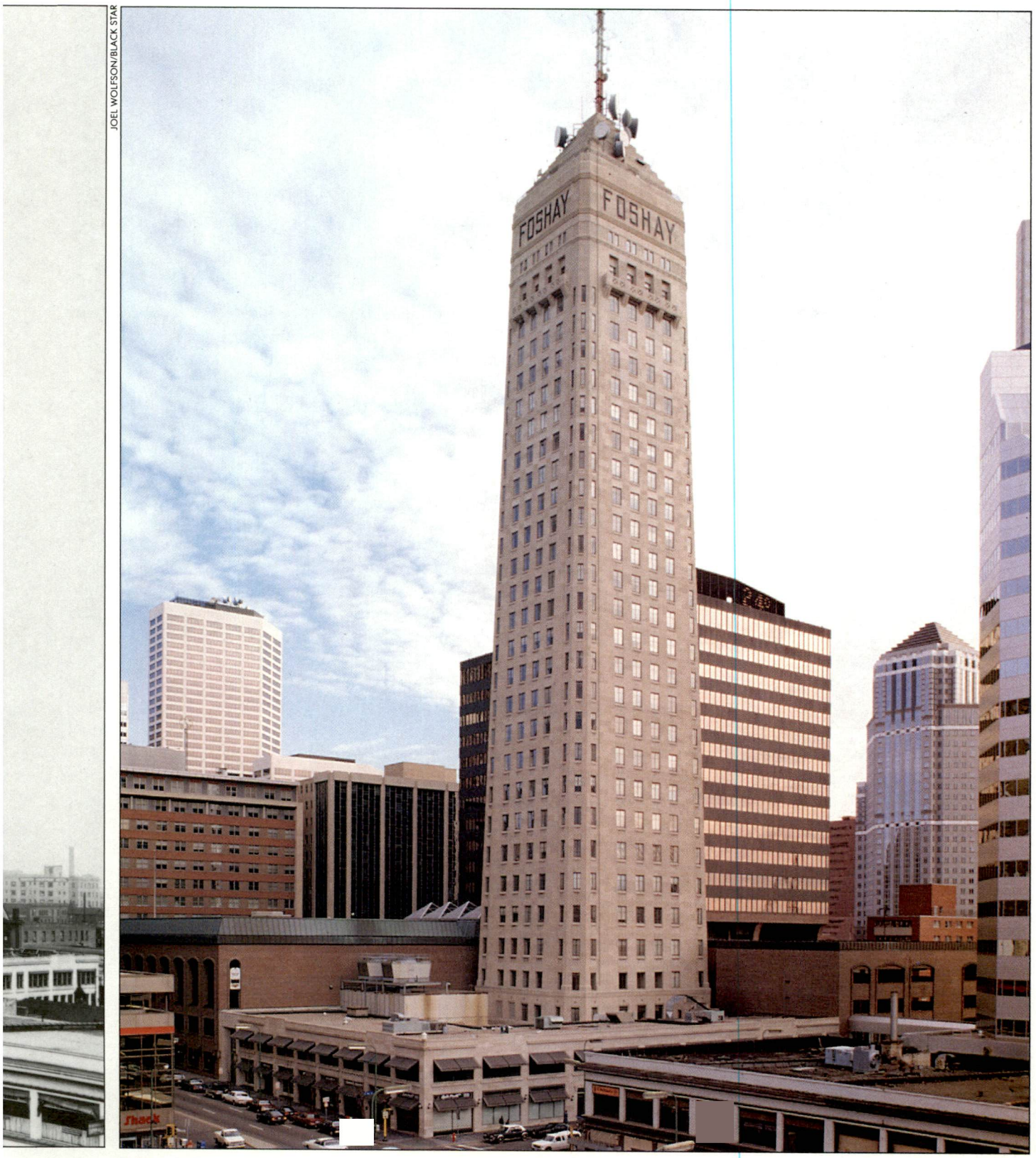


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The Last of the Fathers

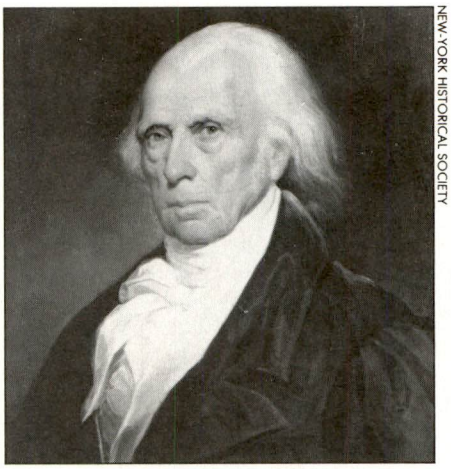
James Madison and the Republican Legacy

by Drew R. McCoy; Cambridge University Press; 376 pages; $29.95.

In 1772, when he was twenty-one, James Madison wrote, "My sensations for many months past have intimated to me not to expect a long or healthy life." He glumly proclaimed himself "too dull and infirm now to look out for any extraordinary things in this world." Yet the morbid young man went on to lead an indisputably extraordinary career as a framer of the Constitution, as a co-author of *The Federalist Papers*, and as a two-term President of the United States. After leaving office in 1817, Madison enjoyed a long and productive retirement until his death in 1836 at the age of eighty-five.

Drew R. McCoy focuses on this final period of Madison's life, when the last surviving constitutional signer endeavored, in McCoy's words, "to convey to a new generation the meaning of a Revolutionary past that was fast receding from memory." The 1787 Constitution represented a bold experiment in government, but lax and self-serving interpretations of the founders' original intent variously threatened to plunge the young republic into either tyranny or anarchy, as in the nullification crisis, which roused Madison from a long public silence in the late 1820s.

The nullifiers, a group contesting the federal government's right to impose tariffs on imported goods, asserted the right of states to nullify federal laws they deemed unconstitutional and, if necessary, withdraw from the Union. Madison was horrified by this loose reading of the framers' legacy, calling it "a preposterous and anarchical pretension" that could render the Constitution as impotent as the Articles of Confederation that had preceded it.



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James Madison in an 1833 portrait by the landscape painter Asher B. Durand.

Using this and other issues, McCoy explores the theoretical framework for the elegant contrivance of checks and balances that Madison had helped put in motion. By the 1830s Madison's undilutedly eighteenth-century political outlook had begun to look a bit antiquated to an industrializing, expanding, railroad-building nation. His nonideological, somewhat mechanistic view of government occasionally put him into unusual positions: Madison detested slavery, but his unwaveringly strict interpretation of state prerogatives prevented him from advocating federal regulations limiting the expansion of slavery into the Western territories. Nevertheless, in his last years Madison played a crucial role in maintaining, in the midst of a period of growth and reassessment, the efficacy of a document that reflected the singular talent of his political mind, of "snatching order from the jaws of chaos."

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Missionary for the Modern

by Alice Goldfarb Marquis; Contemporary Books; 431 pages; $21.95.

When Alfred Knopf asked Alfred H. Barr, Jr., to write his autobiography in 1963, the usually humorless founding father of the Museum of Modern Art

replied that other unfinished projects would "fortify" him against "the folly of autobiography." "Should senility overtake me," he assured the publisher, "I will keep Knopf in mind." Now, eight years after Barr's prolonged struggle with Alzheimer's disease ended in death, Alice Goldfarb Marquis has undertaken the task of telling the fascinating life story Barr refused to recount.

As the guiding spirit behind MOMA for nearly forty years, Barr changed the way Americans thought of art, introducing them to the study of architecture, film, photography, and commercial design as legitimate forms of creative expression. His immensely popular shows helped build the reputations of artists ranging from Vincent van Gogh and Pablo Picasso to Salvador Dali and Andy Warhol.

Barr's groundbreaking work brought him into conflict with political leaders such as Harry S. Truman (who told Barr that viewing modern art put him "in almost the same frame of mind as after I have had a nightmare") and Nikita Khrushchev. Earlier, Barr's travels took him to Hitler's Germany, where he sought to rescue artists from the Nazi onslaught, and to Stalin's Russia, where he warned the movie director Sergei Eisenstein of what he saw as Hollywood's own form of censorship: "timidity, vulgarity, prudery and . . . a severe temptation to cheapen . . . art."

Barr's all-consuming passion for his work had its dark side. Although he enjoyed a fruitful working relationship with his wife, Margaret ("Marga") Scolari-Fitzmaurice, their daughter Victoria received little attention from either of her too-busy parents. On the job Barr became a lightning rod for criticism both of his sloppy managerial style and of his consistent disdain for the work of American, female, and minority artists.

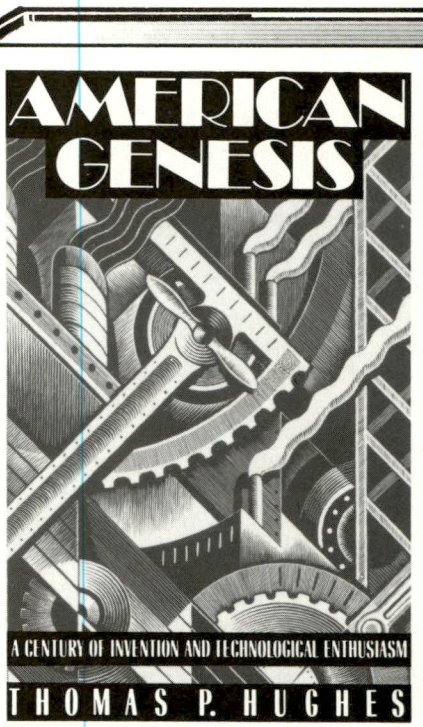
In her narrative Marquis makes much of Barr's strict Protestant upbringing

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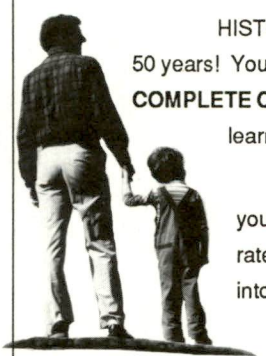
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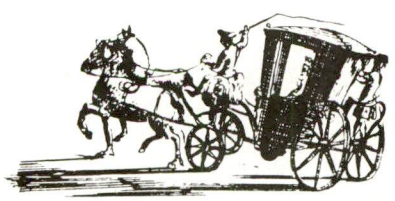
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and family legacy of theological duty. Casting Barr in the role of a proselytizing prophet, she reveals him as both a visionary and a zealot. His pulpit was the Museum of Modern Art, and under his authority it became "a center for all that was new and provocative in the visual arts, a missionary chapel proclaiming the gospel of Modernism, loudly and persistently."

George Washington Slept Here

Colonial Revivals and American Culture, 1876–1986

By Karal Ann Marling; Harvard University Press; 445 pages; $39.95.

George Washington has been the constant figure in American life since the day he became President. In a witty, irreverent look at how Americans have viewed the father of our country, Karal Ann Marling traces Washington in our culture from 1876, the date of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, to the 1980s, when Ronald Reagan recalled erroneously our nation's first leader praying on his knees in the snows of Valley Forge.

Washington is a symbol of unity in an often divided society, and he has been since the Civil War. Marling shows him as a lover and a poet in the 1901 play *Washington and the Lady* and as the very model of the modern man in advertisements from the 1920s. His idealized rural boyhood was the blueprint for a generation of politicians; Herbert Hoover used it in the election of 1928. Following World War II Washington became a pop idol; today he serves both as an automobile salesman and as the benevolent patriarch who beckons us to sales in February.

Marling has pursued Washington from Mount Vernon to the Super Bowl and through flea markets to meetings of the D.A.R. She has found him in historical romances, in Hollywood epics, and on pin trays; his influence extends to furniture design and national pageantry, to flatware and modern art. The remarkable illustrations are varied and well integrated into the text. Combining historical analysis with art history and cultural criticism, Marling has provided a lively new view of a hero turned into an icon.



An early tribute: an 1805 bronze medal showing Washington clad in armor.

Andrew Johnson

A Biography

by Hans L. Trefousse; W. W. Norton & Company; 443 pages; $25.00.

The story of Andrew Johnson's life reads like one of the Grimms' more tragic fairy tales. Born in a log cabin in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1808, Johnson grew up fatherless and without formal education. After drifting into the tailoring business, he embarked in 1829 on a remarkable political career that took him from village alderman to U.S. senator, with terms as U.S. representative and Tennessee governor as intermediate political steppingstones. He was Abraham Lincoln's running mate in 1864, ascending to the Presidency when Lincoln was assassinated the following year. Then, just as dramatically, Johnson lost it all, becoming the only Chief Executive in history to face impeachment proceedings.

Hans L. Trefousse's excellent biography shows that the key to Johnson's startling success—his political cunning—helped lead to his fall. Machiavellian tactics dictated some of the most important political decisions of his career: his alliance with the Democratic party in 1839, his unconditional support of the Union in 1860, and his gutting of Lincoln's plan for Reconstruction beginning in 1865. But effective as

they were, these self-serving maneuvers made Johnson many enemies. When outside pressure mounted during the declining years of his Presidency, he was left without a solid base of political support.

Nowhere was Johnson's duplicitous nature more cruelly evident than on questions of race. The man who in 1844 stated that black suffrage "would place every splay-footed, bandy-shanked, hump-backed, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, wooly-headed, ebon-colored negro in the country upon an equality with the poor white man" promised a group of freedmen during the 1864 election campaign, "I will indeed be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace." As President, Johnson made a mockery of this pledge, writing, "This is a country for white men, and by God, as long as

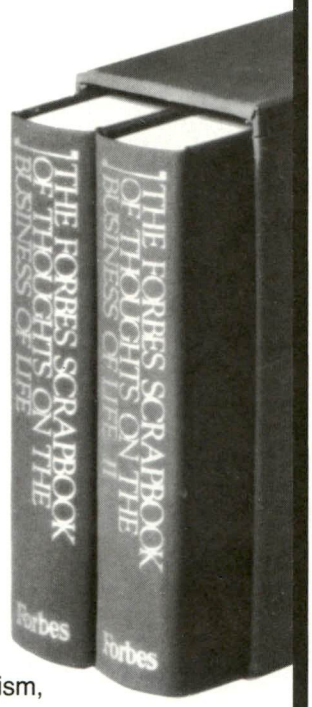


Andrew Johnson, a President who was destroyed by his own political machinations.

I am President, it shall be a government for white men."

Trefousse resists the temptation to moralize. He puts no credence in the rumors of Johnson's alcoholism (despite his drunken speech before Congress on Inauguration Day, 1865) and dismisses stories about Johnson's relationships with women other than his wife, Eliza. Instead, Trefousse lets the facts paint their own unflattering portrait of one of history's least respected Presidents. ★

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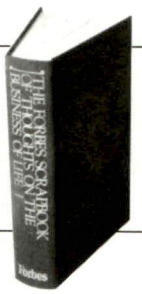
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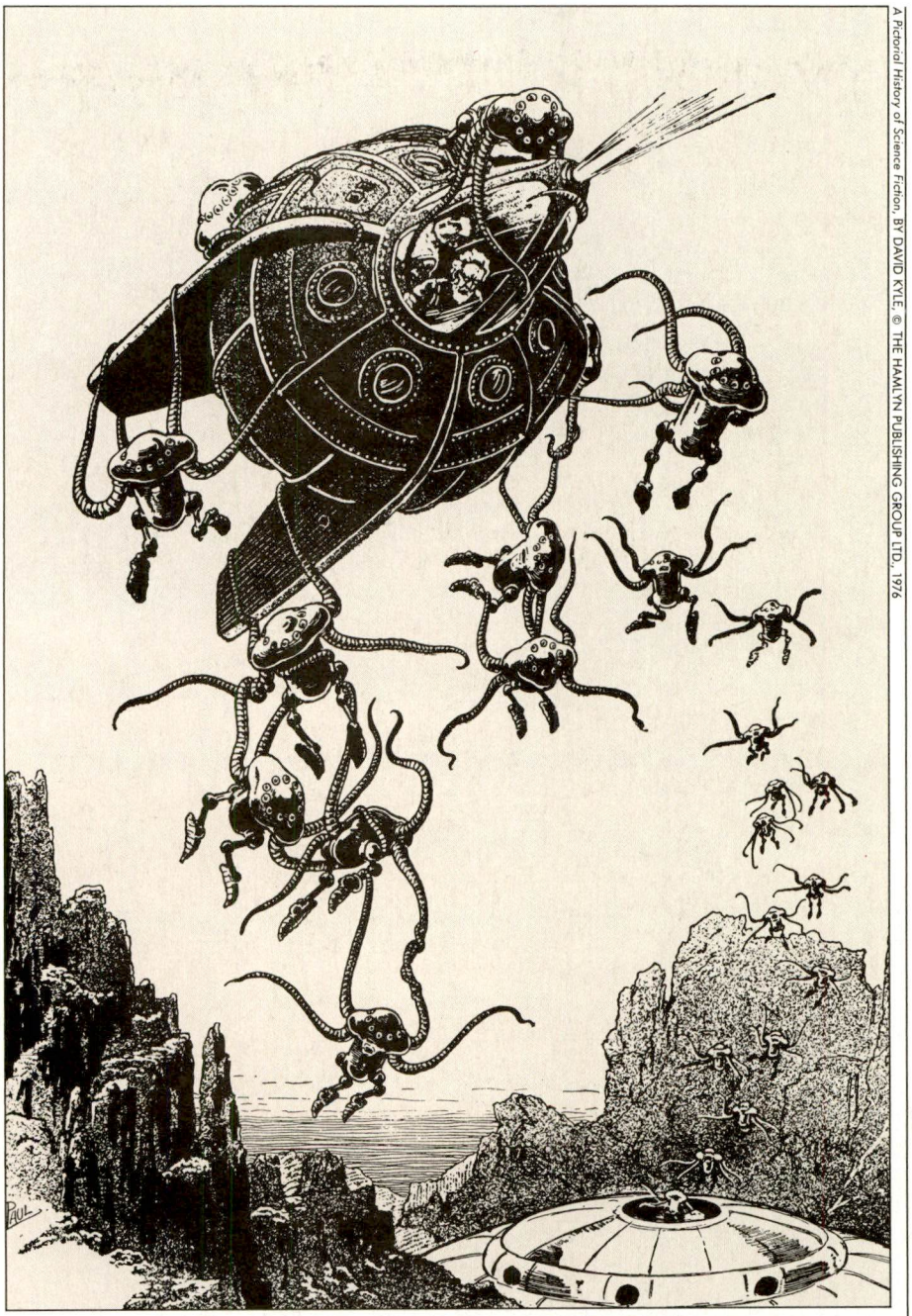
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A Pictorial History of Science Fiction, BY DAVID KYLE. © THE HAMLYN PUBLISHING GROUP LTD., 1976

Extraterrestrials swarm over a spaceship in an illustration from *Wonder Stories*, 1931.

Science fiction: the history

It is as old as the Book of Revelation, but its modern career in the United States began with a bunch of kids getting together in drugstores to talk about spaceships and Martians and time travel. Frederik Pohl was one of those kids, and he grew up to be a chief practitioner of the genre. Now he serves as its historian, tracing the phenomenal growth of sci-fi from the 1930s pulps with their lurid covers to a respected and powerful worldwide literary movement.

The Roosevelts' honeymoon

Like so many of their era's gentry, Franklin and Eleanor began married life with the grand tour. Geoffrey C. Ward follows the young couple through a tranquil Edwardian Europe—and shows how this sunny time in fact foreshadowed an increasingly strained and bitter marriage.

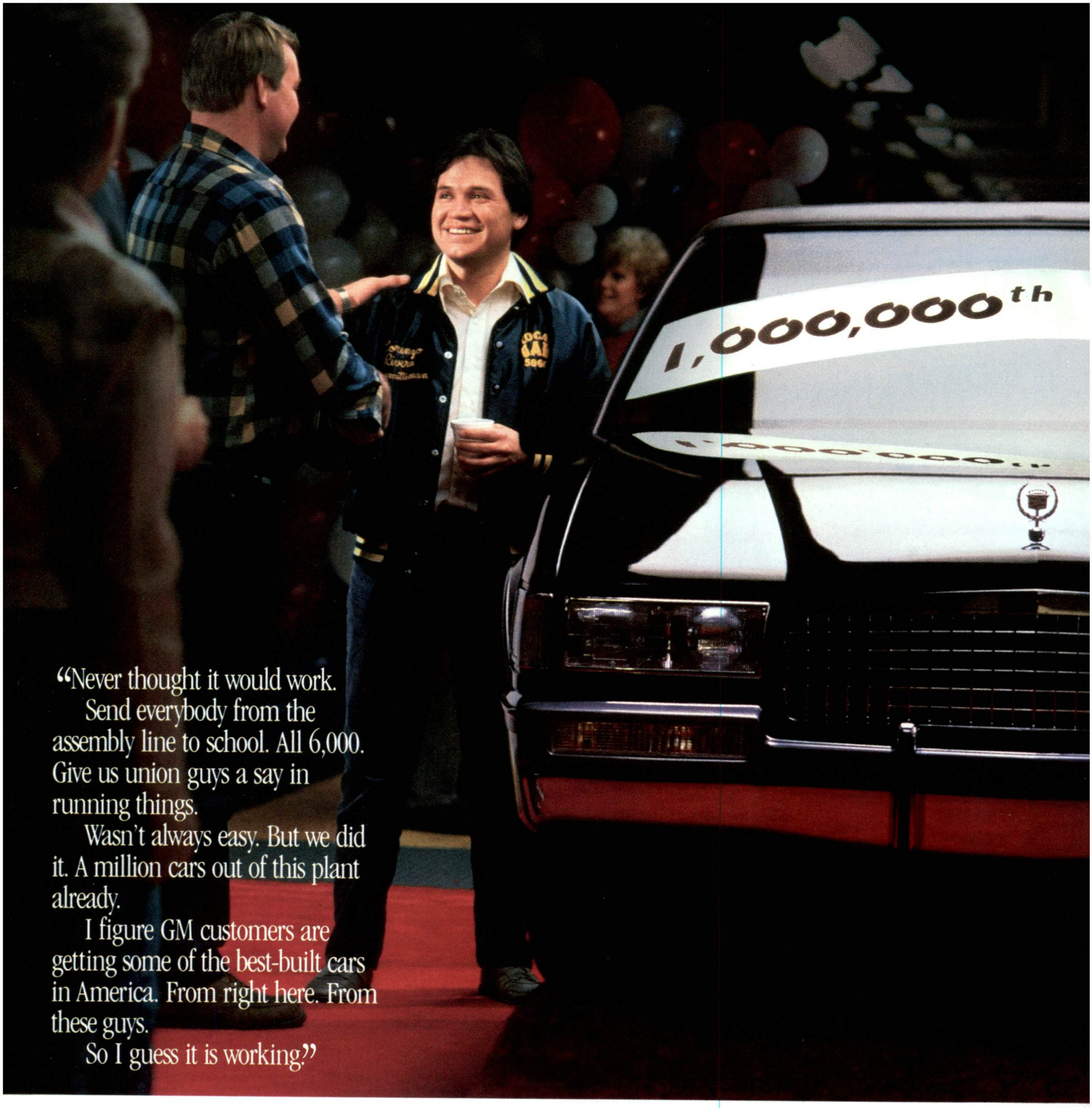
Getting the message—faster

From pony express to fax, Americans have always fretted at the amount of time it has taken to deliver a document. We're doing better now, but we're still not satisfied; Robert L. O'Connell illuminates the quest for speed by showing exactly how—and how fast—a letter could move from New York to San Francisco at various specific moments in history between the 1840s and the 1980s.

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Juliana Force: first she invented herself, then she sold the idea of American art to the world . . . the unbelievable census war of 1890 . . . homage to the Pittsburgh Pirates . . . and, because our only freedom is in your service, more.

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