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Our Last War With Mexico

How It Started, How It Was Fought; What It Cost in Lives and Money and What We Gained By It

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

(This concise history will be completed in six installments, to be published consecutively.)

CHAPTER I.

I am to write for The Omaha Bee a complete story of the Mexican war of 1846-47—its causes, conduct and results—a true and faithful account of the things that led up to it; its battles and battle losses; and the consequences of the memorable conflict, as summed up in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; so that the readers of this newspaper may have a thorough understanding of that most important page of our American history.



Let it be understood, however, that no intelligible account can be given of the Mexican war without first telling the story of Texas. It was largely on account of Texas that the United States had its battle-clash with Mexico and the Lone Star state must first of all receive our attention.

So far as we know, the first white to gaze upon the broad prairies of Texas was the Spaniard Alonso Alvarez de Pineda, in the year 1519. Between 1540 and 1545 Coronado and De Soto may possibly have visited the region, but the earliest attempt at a permanent stay was not made until 1684, when the famous La Salle of France effected a temporary settlement near what is now Matamoros bay.

After La Salle's "flash in the pan" thirty-two years passed before the Spaniards planted themselves at San Antonio and St. Miguel de los Adalos. But these so-called settlements were little better than mission points, and when President Jefferson purchased the great province of Louisiana from Napoleon white men of any nationality were few and far between from Texas to California.

When Jefferson made his stupendous real estate deal with the great emperor it was understood by the United States authorities that Texas was included in the deal, but after long and acrimonious discussion the United States, in 1819, in the treaty by which it acquired Florida, ceded to Spain and renounced for ever its "rights, claims and pretensions" to Texas.

In the fall of the year 1820 Martinez, governor of the province of Texas, was greatly surprised and shocked when a Connecticut Yankee rode into San Antonio and coolly requested that a tract of land be given him as the site of a colony of Americans. The Yankee was Moses Austin, the "Father of Texas." While Austin was in the midst of his dickering with the royal governor, Mexico suddenly declared its independence of Spain, and from the "Emperor" Iturbide, Austin got permission to settle with his brother Americans.

Slowly the Americans began to drift across the border and by 1835 they numbered approximately 35,000. They were always ready to obey the laws which they themselves had made and which they understood, for that had been their custom and the custom of their fathers for many generations. But there was one thing they would never submit to—a race that regarded an inferior. They were industrious and brave and their morality on the whole stood high. "The political conditions of their existence," says Rivers, "were already difficult and were certain to become more and more so, as the disproportion increased between the numbers and wealth of the colonists on the one hand and of the Mexicans on the other. On the side of the Mexicans was legal authority, backed up by the distant government in the City of Mexico; on the side of the newcomers were industry, frugality, intelligence, courage. The struggle was inevitable.

Immediately the men of American blood resolved to rise against the mock gov-

ernment, and on November 7, 1835, a unanimous declaration was adopted setting forth that the people of Texas had taken up arms in defense of their rights and liberties which were "threatened by encroachments of military despotism," and in defense of the "republican principles" of the constitution of 1824.

Of course, the central government got busy at once, a Mexican army was sent into Texas, its commander, Ramirez, receiving from Santa Anna the significant hint: "You know that this is war; there are no prisoners."

The battle was on, and there was about to be written the story that will thrill men's souls forever.

In all the annals of all the ages there is no name more glorious than that of the "Alamo," a name that is forevermore to be the watchword of lovers of liberty the world over and the ages through. Human valor and courage never mounted higher than they did in that Alamo fight, and in the very forefront of the real heroes of history will always stand Crockett, Travis, Bowie and the less known, but equally brave men who died with them in that hallowed pile.

For a long time the 180 Texans held their own against the 4,000 Mexicans. Finally, well high dejected, the bleeding remnant consented to surrender, under the solemn promise that they should be treated according to the usages of civilized warfare; and seeing, after they had made ready to lay down their arms, that the agreement was not to be kept, they fought till they died, and they died to a man.

The massacre of the Alamo only put fresh courage into the heart of the Texans, and with "Remember the Alamo" as their slogan, they met Santa Anna and his Mexicans upon the immortal field of San Jacinto, close by the present enterprising city of Houston, and gave them the worst thrashing that any army ever received on a battlefield.

The Texans, under grand old Sam Houston, numbered 500. The Mexican force was about twice that figure, and what happened is concisely told in Houston's report to the governor of Texas: "Mexican loss, 630 killed, 596 wounded and 730 prisoners—against a Texas loss of 2 killed and 23 wounded."

Notice the wonderful disparity between the killed and wounded on the Mexican side—more than three killed to one wounded; when the ordinary rule, even in hotly contested fights, is five wounded to one killed.

Evidently those Texans "meant business" when they went out to meet Santa Anna that morning. Nearly every Texan killed his man, to say nothing of the wounded and prisoners. Only 32 of the 1,800 Mexicans got away.

If the whole story of war is able to show a smarter battle than the Texans put up at San Jacinto, will some one be kind enough to point out the time and place?

San Jacinto made Texas a free republic, had the "Lone Star flag" took its place among the other banners of the independent nations.

It was already "manifest destiny" that Texas was to become a part of the United States, a member of the great political sisterhood to which, in all essential ways, she was so nearly related.

But politics, especially that part of it which revolves about the exciting subject of slavery, kept the Texas overture to us at arms end for a long time. Almost immediately after the establishment of her independence the young republic knocked for admission to the Union, but time and again the door refused to open.

Finally, however, congress ashamed of its delay, invited her to come in, and on February 18, 1846, J. Pinckney Henderson was elected governor and a month later Sam Houston and Thomas J. Rusk took their seats in the senate of the United States.

It was a prize such as seldom comes to any nation—a magnificent territory of 57,000 square miles larger than the whole German empire, larger than all France, with Sweden, Norway, Holland and Belgium thrown in; an empire, in fact, capable with its magnificent resources of taking care of a population of 500,000,000 souls. Germany already has 50,000,000, and Texas is richer than Germany.

It is no wonder that Mexico got wrothy over what she considered the theft of her splendid province. It was quite human and natural that she should have done so.

New Fashions in Soiree Gowns



Crystal-Embroidered Tulle.
A long tunic with a wide border embroidered in crystal covers the charmuse skirt almost to the ankle; above this is a full panner draping of the tulle. A deep fringe of crystal beads runs round the corsage, while the quantity of hanging tulle which forms the sleeve is gathered into a tassel of the same.

The Greek Tendency.
The great charm of perfect simplicity is well illustrated in this figure. The gown of white mousseline de soie is draped in the Grecian style with no ornament but a floral girde; the coiffure of bands round the hair is an essential finish to this toilette, being after the fashion of the same period.

A Charming Back View.
Showing the clever arrangement of this graceful broche gown, which has the papillon effect of the corsage cut in one piece with the jupe. Round the front is a wide celture of the brocade, finishing a dainty little sleeveless corsage of tulle. This is a particularly becoming example of the pantier style of skirt.

The Right and Wrong Time to Spoon

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
The hungry-hearted woman who haven't heard "I love you" since their wedding day and for a long time. Almost immediately after the establishment of her independence the young republic knocked for admission to the Union, but time and again the door refused to open.

ward token of an overflowing heart; yet these two young people who are engaged to be married, never indoles, and do not approve!
She says it is because she is old-fashioned. It must be a fashion so old that poets, novelists, and historians did not then exist, for the most ancient hieroglyphics tell a story of love and love-making.

at home, and a love story is just as sweet when told sitting on a water plug at a street crossing as when told in a conservatory to the strains of an orchestra. It is the story that makes the environment; never the environment that makes the story.
There will be scoffing by all who behold such a sight, but down at the bottom of every heart there will be a regret for a day to come.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him into Boston, where he has a social engagement, encounters Miss Tabor, whom he has met the previous winter at a social party. They compare notes and find they are bound for the same place, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk to themselves in a casual way, and Crosby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor.

CHAPTER VI.
A Return to the Original Theme.
After all, I thought, as I reached my room, what business was it of mine? By every canon of custom and good taste I should accept my rebuke and drop quietly out of the lives of the Tabor. By staying I was forcing myself upon them, certainly against the wishes of Dr. Reid and Mr. Tabor, and possibly, even

against those of Miss Tabor, herself. Nevertheless, I made up my mind per- versely. Of course, if Miss Tabor wished it, I should go, but unless she told me to, I should not. I would see the thing to a finish.
CHAPTER VII.
Sentence of Banishment Confirmed with Costly.
I went to bed with my natural pleasure in the unexpected surfeit into a baffled irritation. I was the more annoyed when the morning brought no answer to my note; nor did the arrival of Dr. Reid about the middle of the forenoon tend to improve my state of mind. I found him directing on the veranda, winding his watch and frowning at the furniture.

Nothing more to be said. Nothing at all against your character. I don't know anything about that. Haven't heard a word about it. Nothing against you, Mrs.—Miss Tabor doesn't wish to see you, that's all. Very unpleasant position for me to say so. But you bring it on yourself. Dought to have stayed away. Nothing else to do.
"Do you mean to say," I demanded, "that now that my reputation is cleared that makes no difference?"
"Exactly. No objection to you, what- ever. Must have been all a mistake. Very unfortunate. Very much to be regretted. Simply, you aren't wanted. Very distressing to have to say this. You ought to have seen it. Nothing for you to come back for. Nothing to do but to drop it. Drop it right where it is. Nothing to be done."

was simply no answer. I felt like a fool, and what was worse, like an intrusive fool; and I had a sickening sense that all the delightful kindness of the days at the beach might have been the exaggeration of my telling her of telling you that she can't receive your call. Maid told you yesterday she was not at home. Civil answer. No occasion for carrying the matter any further. Nothing more to be said. Nothing. He looked at his watch again and kicked the head of a feather dandelion.
"Mr. Tabor told me," I said, made deliberately by his jerkiness, "that I was not a fit acquaintance for his family. That was absurd, and by this time he knows it. If I'm forbidden to call, that settles the matter; but there's got to be some sensible reason."
"Certainly that settles the matter. Nothing more to be said. Nothing at all against your character. I don't know anything about that. Haven't heard a word about it. Nothing against you, Mrs.—Miss Tabor doesn't wish to see you, that's all. Very unpleasant position for me to say so. But you bring it on yourself. Dought to have stayed away. Nothing else to do.
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Beauty How to Preserve the Freshness of Youth



By MAUD MILLER.
We are all seeking beauty in some form—every single one of us—and yet Miss Olga Cook says that in her opinion it isn't possible to seek beauty and attain it. The only thing to do is to keep what you have within your grasp, for after all, what most people are thinking about and longing for is nothing in the world but youth.

decidedly. "And people are so afraid of losing youth that they resort to all kinds of beauty preparations in order to hold youth fast within their grasp. But it isn't possible to dabble with face creams, wonderful concoctions for restoring the hair to the natural color, cosmetics of all kinds warranted to do wonderful things, and then sit back and suppose yourself beautiful for all time. Because why? Well, because any amount of applications will do nothing more than show a person's age before its time, and just as beauty itself is youth, so is youth nothing more than that subtle freshness which seems to cling about a girl until it amounts to a fragrance.
"The freshness of youth is the thing that must be retained in order to be beautiful. A girl having once lost that indefinite something which represents girlhood can never hope to gain maternal loveliness in any other way. How then to retain youth to keep beauty ever present in every sense of the word? There is one thing above all others to beware of: Don't merge your personality in the personalities of others, don't see the world through another person's eyes, don't let another person color your life with ideas other than your own, don't act too freely on the advice of others. Of course, all of these don'ts point to one thing, and that is, you must think for yourself. Life is so short, and after all a girl loses her first freshness so quickly that it behooves her to be very chary of what part of her own individual self she is willing to share with others.
"There are too many girls of the plant type, willing to have other people constantly thinking and planning for them, allowing their own freshness to waste away on the desert air or to be entirely appropriated and absorbed by others, while they might be creating for themselves youth and beauty in all their twenty-fringe.
"Don't be too free in taking advice from other people. They frequently know no better how to decide an important problem than you do yourself, and in nearly all cases it is better for a girl's own moral development to take the initiative in deciding things that happen to pertain to her own happiness.
(To Be Continued Monday.)