

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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 II

In this chapter I will set forth the reasons, events and other facts that led up to the Mexican war of 1846-47. Like every other war that has happened in the world, that momentous struggle came about because of certain other things that had happened before it, and without which it would never have taken place.



In the enumeration of the propelling causes of the war must come, first of all, the fact of the difference of race, the irreconcilable opposition of blood, the uncomprehending friction that has always existed everywhere between the independent, progressive, self-reliant Saxon and the docile, reactionary Latin.

Occupying the same continent, with nothing but an imaginary line, or a narrow stream, between them, it was inevitable that there should be misunderstandings, disagreements, clashing convictions—in a word, all sorts of trouble. Here, then, in this basic fact of blood, we have the primary cause of the Mexican war. It made trouble from the start, it is making trouble today and it will keep on making trouble until the "struggle for life" the "fittest" holds the helm and guides the ship.

Just now it was intimated that among the other differences between the Saxon and the Latin was the moral one, and it was in this difference that we are to find another of the causes that brought on our armed conflict with Mexico.

The population of Mexico in 1846 was approximately 5,000,000, and of the 5,000,000 at least 95 per cent were peons and half-breeds of various descriptions, without social standing or political influence, mere human merchandise, leaving the government and its policies to be shaped by the million or so of pure Latins, and what those policies were is well known to all men.

Mexico had from the beginning proven itself to be an unjust and wicked neighbor. It was such under the imperial government of the mother country. It was even worse under its own so-called republican rule.

Always fighting among themselves, they were always impoverished, and they did not hesitate to replenish their ever-depleted treasury by plundering American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico or wherever else they could find them, and by confiscating the property of American merchants within its borders.

Robberies were frequent. Brigandage was of common occurrence. The murder of American citizens living in the country, or of Americans journeying through it, were a matter that provoked slight comment by the authorities or the people.

The United States government remonstrated, but remonstrated in vain. The robbery, murder and confiscation went right on regardless of the protests of our government. In 1851 a treaty was made between the two countries and promises of redress were given, but the pledged faith of Mexico was never fulfilled.

By 1860 the aggregate value of property belonging to Americans that had been appropriated by the Mexicans amounted to over \$7,000,000. This claim was still unsatisfied when the annexation of Texas took place in the above-mentioned year.

The annexation of Texas! Here we have one of the big causes of the war with our southern neighbor. When Texas

joined the union, Mexico became frantic. It is true Texas, driven to desperation by Mexican atrocities and Mexican misrule in general, had appealed to the arbitrament of arms, and in a fair fight had won her independence, and along with it the right to remain independent or cast her lot with the slitherhood of American states; but Mexico did not seem to realize the fact; and her action was like that of a very bad and very foolish child.

Of course, events moved on quite regardless of Mexican quibbling, and the United States and not the Mexicans was decided to be the Lone Star state's western territory.

Still, like the bad, foolish child that she was, Mexico refused to recognize either the independence of Texas or its annexation to the United States, and to make matters still worse, offered a direct affront to our government by refusing to receive the envoy, Mr. Sidel, arriving in the City of Mexico on the 6th of December, 1845. Sidel, while the usual formal note to the Mexican minister of foreign relations, enclosing a copy of his credentials, and asking that a date might be fixed at which he might be received by the president.

To this very proper action on the part of Sidel, the Mexican government in the shape of a letter from the minister which read as follows: "The supreme government is advised that the agreement which it entered into to admit a plenipotentiary of the United States with special powers to treat of the affairs of Texas does not compel it to receive an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to reside near the government, in which character Mr. Sidel comes, according to his credentials."

The action of the Mexican government in refusing to receive the American minister ended, of course, all further discussion, and as there was nothing else for Sidel to do, he asked for his passports, and returned home, to report to the president the supreme indignity that had been offered his nation.

The foregoing facts are sufficient of themselves to explain the reason of our war with Mexico in 1846-47.

But there is another fact to be taken into consideration—the fact that to which we have very properly given the name of "Manifest Destiny."

That self-preservation is the first law of life holds for nations even to a greater extent than it does for individuals.

Now, in 1846, this nation needed to expand. A law rigid as gravity and high above all the considerations of what may well be called the minor moralities, was urging the American people to grow. To the west of them and to the southwest lay a mighty region that was almost wholly given up to silence and solitude, the inaction and unproductivity of the primeval wilderness. A few small tribes of wild men, a few missions, here and there a scant settlement of Mexicans, made up the human content of a splendid region almost a third the size of Europe.

Why should it not be turned to the service of man? Why should it not be made the instrument of human civilization and progress? The government under whose sovereignty it has been for generations and ages, making no use of it—why not let those have it who would make use of it?

Not only so, but the future—the twentieth century, the twenty-fifth century—was calling to us to provide for the physical solidarity of the nation, to make its boundary lines coincide with the dictates of reason and necessity, as well as of the unmistakable hints of nature itself.

So the flag went forth and the deed was done. That it was a wicked deed, a deed that clashed with the larger moralities, remains to be proven.

And restore it by heat, he tried a similar method with mice and bats. He established the fact that, with the aid of artificial respiration, these animals could be enabled to support the lethargy due to freezing and afterward be brought back to full activity by the application of heat.

He recalled the fact that certain microbes, and particularly the bacillus of consumption, are unable to survive the effects of a temperature a few degrees below the freezing point, if it is continued for two or three weeks. The question immediately arose in his mind:

"Would it be possible to suspend, by cold, the animation of a human body for a sufficient length of time to destroy the bacilli of tuberculosis without destroying the subject of the experiment of the power to recover all his vital functions when revived by the application of heat?"

He decided that it might be possible, and so this bold Russian is credited with the intention to try his method on a human being, if he can find one whose faith and courage are equal to the test, and, in the meantime, it is said, he proposes to make an essay with monkeys. If he finds that they can successfully undergo the experience of being frozen stiff for a few weeks and can be revived by heat and artificial respiration after the expiration of a period sufficiently long to ensure the destruction of the disease germs in their blood, then he will feel more confident in offering the same method of cure to the animal that the monkey most resembles.

Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man
No. 8—Opportunity Sometimes Comes in Strange Guise.

By Stella Flores
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There was no use dodging the fact any longer. He was in love. And Orchid had gone back to New York without seeing or forgiving him. There was only one thing to do; and three days later Bob was in New York, too. He had noticed that young men who owned their own cars were never unpopular. So he bought one. He went to the garage, where it had been sent, to look it over and take it out to do some shopping. Unfortunately something didn't quite work. But the manager happened to be near and, noticing Bob's disappointment, offered him one of the garage cars. "It's only a taxi," he said, "but you can do your day's sightseeing in it. And, by the way, here's a chauffeur's cap and coat. You might as well take the whole outfit." Two hours later, as Bob waited outside a store for some parcels, a trio of pretty girls hailed him. "Taxi, please," said one. Their eyes met. It was Orchid.

Bob could never recall where they went that day. His head was in a whirl. When the girl's shopping tour ended Orchid handed him a bill that he knew was worth a dozen trips. "I'm so sorry you've lost your money, Bob," she sympathized sweetly. "But you can make far more money as a private chauffeur than you can with the taxi people. Our man has just left, and I am sure father will give you his place. I know he'll be glad it will help a— a friend of mine." For a moment he was about to explain. Then he stopped. Hadn't he read wonderful stories of chauffeurs who had made love to their employers' daughters quite, quite successfully? He took the bill gingerly and stuffed it in his pocket. "Thank you," he said. "I'll come."



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON VII.

The Effect of Color on the Skin and Hair.

This lesson must be better styled "The Effect of Color on the Soul," for the relation of colors and the individual in far deeper than their mere reflection on the skin and hair. To some highly sensitive people colors have a marked psychological appeal. The color a woman loves is one generally becoming to her; it appeals to something beyond understanding, and the harmony thus created between color and soul is reflected in the face. Therefore, the first rule in becomingness is to choose the color that appeals the strongest to you.

Many of you may disagree with this on the ground that you have known people who wear red when it is conspicuously unbecoming, or others who cling to blue when it is quite unsuited to cheeks and hair. Such people may have adopted these colors through habit and clung to them because they dislike changing, or, at some period in their life they were told that a certain color suited them and they continued wearing it without further consideration.

Color, we are told by scientists, is the sensation on the retina of the eye made by rays of light. The intensity of the color depending on the density of radiation. There are colors so faint and delicate that the eye cannot distinguish them; neither is the eye always able to perceive just where one color merges into another. The best examples of true, beautiful colors we find in nature, especially in flowers where no two colors placed in juxtaposition seem ever to clash. It is when these colors are translated into textures and effected by means of manufactured dyes that skill is necessary in the combining of them, and care must be taken to choose those that harmonize or form an attractive contrast with the color of the skin and hair.

Note—Lesson VII is divided into four parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject. (Lesson VII to Be Continued.)

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The idea of the thermometer, which the great Galileo hit upon 317 years ago, April 16, has resulted in far more good to mankind than all of his other ideas put together.

Jupiter's moons, first seen by the illustrious Italian, have but little practical concern for us; and many of his other generalizations, while of profound importance to theoretical science, are far removed from the "real everyday" affairs of life while the thermometer comes directly home to men's "business and bosoms" and makes itself essential to the things upon which our very existence depends.

In attempting to estimate the value of "Galileo's glass," as it used to be called, there is but little room for exaggeration. The heat measurer is itself immeasurable when it comes to the point of trying to calculate its worth to us. The little bulb of mercury with its tube and scale has become the unflinching assistant of the manifold experimentation that lies at the bottom of all scientific advancement, and of all progressive material civilization. Correct induction, which is the basic thing in modern science, would be impossible without the thermometer.

By the aid of this little instrument one arrives at facts and laws that would otherwise remain hidden from him. The laboratory, without the thermometer, would be shorn of the major part of its efficiency; and what that means is best known by calling to mind what chemistry has done, and is still doing, for the useful arts—the arts upon which, in many cases, our very life depends.

In meteorology they would be greatly handicapped without the little bulb of quicksilver. In fact, without it there would be no meteorology, and the laws of the weather, as well as of climate, would still be unknown. From the greatest heights of the air to the lowest depths of the earth and the oceans, the thermometer returns to us with the findings that are infallible, and upon which we may fearlessly proceed to formulate our conclusions.

In medicine and surgery the value of the thermometer is incalculable. When assisted by its unerring testimony the physician and surgeon are guided to the successful results which, without it, would be exceedingly difficult, if not downright impossibilities.

All honor then, to the grand old man, who while engaged in the illustrious task of discovering the laws of the heavens, could find time in which to hit upon the idea that should prove to be so valuable to us in all the humble ways of this little earth.

THE OMAHA BEE— THE HOME PAPER.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by HANSON BOOTH
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You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Now Read On

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. They start in the trolley journey, and the car is overturned. When Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unhurt, but with a fair, strange key in his arms. The motorman and the conductor leave Crosby and Miss Tabor in charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she awakes she seems rather annoyed at the conduct of Crosby, who finds his pockets have been emptied, but recovers everything. Miss Tabor finds all her articles but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but on it hangs a wedding ring. The girl suggests they leave her, but they insist on seeing the man in Italian and leaving his in a sailor's Tabor home. Crosby is given a fulsome welcome by Mrs. Tabor, and a somewhat mixed reception by Mr. Tabor. They insist on his remaining over night, and he retires. Before he falls to sleep he hears voices in the hall near his door, and rising hurriedly finds he is locked in the room. Before he could learn the reason, he was asked by Miss Tabor to dress and come downstairs. Then he was asked to leave the house and not to come back. The explanation given him is that the night at the inn, and the next day Mr. Tabor visits him and tells him no man of his past has any right to know the girl like Miss Tabor. Crosby hotly demands to be told what Tabor is talking about, but he gets no satisfaction. Tabor forbids him over to come near his home and leaves. Crosby follows and again sees the stouky Italian who had run after the trolley car, this time in animated debate with Tabor. Crosby talks to the man in Italian and learns he is a sailor, who had defrauded him. Crosby goes on to meet the Annelise. Here he meets Miss Tabor again, she also having come for her visit. In the morning they take a swim together, their boat being under the impression they had met only at the house party on the previous Christmas. Crosby and Miss Tabor rapidly become better acquainted, and just on the verge of explanation, when Dr. Reid, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and carries her off. In his trial to comfort Crosby, who tells the whole story of his adventure.

CHAPTER VII
Sentence of Banishment Confirmed with Costs.

(Continued.)

There was an acid formality about the meaningless little sentence that took the color out of all I had intended to say. There was no answer except that I was very well; and the hollow insanity of that under the circumstances left me standing speechless, defeated from the very beginning. She was standing very straight, and her eyes looked beyond me blankly, as they had on the Annelise's veranda. Now she brought them to mine for an instant, and motioned to a chair that faced hers at a little distance as if it had been placed there beforehand.

"I had better sit down," she said. "I want to talk quietly to you, Mr. Crosby."

"Your brother told me that this would be a good time for me to come," said I unmeaningly.

For a long time she was silent, turning over and over with reflective fingers a little ivory taper cutter. The handle of it was carved to represent a fish with its mouth open grasping the blade. Somewhere in the room a clock ticked twice to every three of my heart beats. Finally she looked up decisively.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Crosby. I suppose it is about something in particular. Please tell me what it is."

"Well," she said, "I tell you now that it is perfectly true."

There was the same formality about it all, the same sense of mechanical arrangement; not as if she were playing a part, but as if she were going through with an unpleasant purpose according to a preconceived plan. I tried to shift the burden of the situation.

"Why?" I asked. "It seems to me that this part of intruder has been made up and put upon me. Except for crossing lines that need never have been drawn, I don't understand what I have done."

"Perhaps not. If you think a little, you will remember that when I asked you to go that night when—when you brought me here, I told you to forget us; that you were not to ask questions, nor try to see me again. I thought I made it very clear at that time. Are you the judge of my right to close my own door?"

For a moment I was too much bewildered to answer. "When we met at the Annelise's," I blurted, "you met me as a friend, as though nothing had broken what we began in the holidays. I can't believe that you were only playing a courteous part. You were your own open self. Everything was all right. I am very sure, until—until this man—this—your brother came for you."

She gave a scornful little laugh, leaning back indolently in her chair.

"Really, Mr. Crosby, aren't you rather oversteering the case? Have we been such very great friends? I have known you ten days—twelve days."

water's edge, who had run childishly hand in hand with me upon the beach, who had walked with me and talked with me, who had shown me unmeasured, her gay and sweet imaginings. These things had been the truth; this was the unreality.

Perhaps she saw something of what was passing in my mind, for she shook her head. "Don't think that because I had no heart to mar your outing, I did not mean what I had said. It was easier to be friends for a little—easier for us both. But surely you should have played your part. At the Annelise's I wanted to treat you as I should have treated anybody. Do you think that you have been fair? Do you think you should have risked following me? For it was a risk. You have come back here where we are the only people you know, and as soon as you come you ask for me. I don't like to say it, Mr. Crosby, but you have acted inconsiderately. I am very anxious that this time you should clearly understand."

I got to my feet in silence. Something had happened that I could not help; and as I stood there, I knew that my first had come to an end, and as in the first shock of a physical injury, felt numbly conscious of the deliberate suffering that was to follow. She had risen too, looking somehow curiously small and frail. Then, of a sudden, my manhood caught at it. The wall was without seam or crevice, darkening the sky; and I knew I could break it with a breath.

"I will go," I said, "when I am sure. Look at me, Lady, for you know that I know."

There was a sharp snap. She glanced at her hands, then dropped the broken paper knife at her feet and faced me haughtily. "Know?" she said, with a dry tension in her voice. "I only know that this is to be goodby." She held out a rigid hand.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Don't make it hard for me. Then her eyes suddenly grew afraid. She caught away her hand and shrank back a step, catching at the chain about her throat.

"Oh, don't, don't," she begged. "Please, please go—you don't understand."

I held myself with all my strength. "I don't understand," I whispered. "She caught her breath with half a sob, forcibly and as a child might.

"You must not understand. You are never to see me again."

I sat stunned, the bulk of my offense looming stark before me. Then, with a great surge, the memory came back of the girl who had stood with me by the