

DIME NOVEL MAKERS

IN the first place, the Dime Novel is not yellow. It never was. Many years ago it was salmon-colored, but, literally, the description, "yellow-backed literature," applied to the Dime Novel, is and always has been a misnomer. Perhaps confusion as to the actual colour of the covers may have extended to the supposed deplorable character of the contents, so that the one tinged the other. That is merely a suggestion. No one can deny that a large measure of odium to-day attaches to anything "yellow," whether in literature or journalism.

It was in 1860 that Orville J. Victor, a shrewd student of popular taste, conceived the idea of putting forth original stories of 35,000 or 40,000 words, each in a compact little volume, at ten cents apiece. The publishing house for which Mr. Victor was literary adviser, saw the commercial value of the suggestion and acted on it promptly. It was decided that the stories must be vital, full of adventurous action, and appeal strongly to the emotions. They were designed to sell to the multitude, whose views and understanding of life were largely rudimentary. While it was desired that the scene of each book should be laid in America, it need not be confined to any particular part of the country.

The trackless wilderness beyond the Rockies seemed to offer great romantic possibilities. The winning—or stealing—of the West from the aborigines was at this period being pursued with relentless ferocity, and tales of battles between the pale face and redskin were sure of an eager audience.

It is the pride and boast of Mr. Victor that not a single unwholesome thought or suggestion can be found in all the thousands of stories passing through his hands. Never was villainy allowed to triumph permanently, and in every plot the moral toward which the author aimed from the beginning of the first chapter was kept in view steadily until it was clinched by a denouement whose honesty could not be questioned.

There could be only one crime equal to immorality—or, rather, false morals—

and that was dullness. A dime novel must be full of bustle. The people in it must work, and work hard. The hero must be not only quick on the trigger, have hawklike vision, muscles of steel and indomitable courage, but he must be resourceful. When he finds himself hurled over a Colorado precipice, and is "falling—falling" into a canyon two thousand feet below, at the end of a chapter, he must devise a means in the next to keep himself alive, and logically, too. Your dime novel reader is not to be put off with a bald statement of a feat that is obviously impossible. It is the business of the author to explain how the hero manages to save himself by catching at a shrub conveniently growing from the face of the rock, and thence, by cutting handholds in the sandstone with his trusty hunting-knife, works his way upward to safety, just as the blade is worn down to the very hilt.

Such an exploit would be difficult, of course, but, as it is breathlessly described by the writer, with a gasping thrill at every foot of progress, the reader sees that it *might* be done, and he is content.

As for the characters, they must be sharply outlined with a few strokes. There is no room in a dime novel for slow and laborious psychological development. The work must be impressionistic. Colours must be laid on broadly, like those in a theatrical scene, so that they will "light up well" in the lurid atmosphere surrounding them. As, in a melodrama, the sneering individual, with the black mustache, riding-boots and cigarette, is instantly recognized as the villain, so must the first words or acts of a character in a dime novel stamp him as a detective, ruffian, comic ally of the hero, or what not. Having been placed in congenial environment, what he says and does must indicate what he is. The complex motives actuating him are of no interest to his audience. They care nothing for the soul-struggles which may or may not rend his being. The visible results of those struggles, taking the form of snappy dialogue, dashing deeds or fiendishly ingenious complications, are all that concern the reader, who usually is

imaginative enough to draw a mental picture of the individual whose fortunes he is following. Nine times out of ten he does so unconsciously. Name any personage in a popular story of this class to a boy of fourteen who has read it, and he will tell you his disposition and attributes in a dozen words. It is by this faculty of subjectively drawing a character while rushing the narrative along at express speed that the dime novel maker most surely proves his fitness for his task.

At the beginning, the staff of writers comprised many who had already become well known in other fields. The opening story, for instance, No. 1 of the Dime Novel Series, entitled *Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter*, was by Mrs. Ann Stephens, who had established what was probably the first salon in New York. A woman of unusual attainments and fascinating personality, she had been the centre of a literary coterie including all the prominent writers then in the metropolis. She conducted a magazine which had great vogue, and, before contributing to the Beadle series, had written several ambitious novels, that sold at the regulation price of \$1.50 per volume.

Edward S. Ellis was a school teacher at Trenton, New Jersey, when he submitted the manuscript of a story of singular cleverness, entitled *Seth Jones, or the Captive of the Frontier*. It was accepted, and had an enormous sale both in this country and Great Britain. While this great circulation was due largely to the merit of the tale, much of the credit must be given to an ingenious method of advertising, by which public curiosity was excited to the fever-point weeks before the book appeared. Mr. Ellis wrote for the firm until it went out of existence some seven or eight years ago. Like many dime novel authors, he did not confine himself to that class of work. He has written, and is still writing, in all fields. Educational text-books by him are in use in the schools, and his *History of the United States* is recognised as a standard authority.

Mrs. Metta V. Victor wrote many stories. The fourth of the series, *Alice Wilde, the Raftsmen's Daughter*, was by her, and had a wide sale. Her most successful production, however, was *Maum Guinea and Her Plantation Children*, an anti-slavery tale. Appearing at a period

when the question of abolishing slavery was so vital, it created a tremendous sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. Henry Ward Beecher was so much impressed with it that he declared it to be, "next to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the most precious book I ever read."

Other dime novelists were Clara Augusta, who, at eighty years of age, is still writing, and whose work, in the language of one of her admirers, "is as juicy as ever it was." Judge William Jared Hall, now on the bench in Ohio; William R. Eyster, whose forte was Revolutionary stories, and who to-day is an editor in Denver; N. W. Busted, formerly a prominent member of Tammany Hall; Henry J. Thomas, Mrs. Mary A. Dennison, Colonel A. J. H. Dugan, "the People's Poet," who was killed in the Civil War, and many others of less note.

The breaking out of the war in 1861 gave a great impetus to the sale of Dime Novels. They were sent to the army in the field by cords, like unsawn firewood. Compact in form, they were easily made up into immense bales, and shipped on any kind of freight-car, canal-boat or country wagon. When the salmon-coloured bundles appeared in camp the sutler was obliged to distribute them quickly, or they would be torn from him. Every brigade of both armies had the little books, and when "Yank" and "Reb" pickets used to go down to a stream between battles to swap tobacco, coffee and yarns, there was sure to be an exchange of Dime Novels.

They were small enough to slip into the pocket, and many a tale of black villainy, heroic endeavour and final triumph of virtue was soaked with the life-blood of a poor fellow who intended to finish the half-read book as soon as the engagement should be over. The novel was buried with him, usually. When the "burial party" threw the earth upon him as he lay in the shallow trench with scores of others who would never march or pull trigger again, the little volume of harum-scarum adventure would be still in his breast-pocket.

How many dime novels were sold to soldiers in the four years of the war it would be hard to compute. Their numbers ran into the millions. A newsdealer would take a list of a hundred different stories and order a thousand of each, all

destined for the army. If one dealer thus bought a hundred thousand novels at one order, it is not difficult to believe that many more than a million were sold to the soldiers on both sides in the course of four years.

The salmon-coloured "Dime Novel" went out of existence in 1872. It was then that, with a change of form from a duodecimo to a 32-page folio, the name was altered to "Beadle's Dime Library," and so it remained. The distinction was too subtle for the public, however, and the books continued to be spoken of as dime novels. For convenience sake, the term will be used throughout this article. There was no essential difference between these later stories and those which used to cheer the campaign-worn soldiers in the sixties. Time brought variations in the raw material, but the texture and pattern of the completed product was about the same.

The Indian as a factor dropped out about twenty years ago. The cowboy took his place. It is true that the plainsman, with his mustang, his lariat, and his ready revolver, had been associated with the Indian in the group of picturesque characters gathered together in the old-time novels. But he was of a different type from his successor. Then, as to villains. The Indian used to make a good subject for the white scout, with his unerring rifle. But the white "bad man," with a dozen notches on the butt of his "Colt," and his private cemetery at the edge of the town, was just as useful to the dime novelist, and had the pictorial merit of presenting more light and shade than the stolid savage.

The scenes were still laid on the frontier. Where else could be found the romance, the pulsing primitive life, the opportunities for men to give full sway to their passions, good and bad, in these artificial days? The every-day existence of men who ride fifty miles between dawn and sunset, and who sleep on Mother Earth, with a saddle for a pillow, for months at a stretch, is a romance in itself. Why should the writer of adventure seek any other background for the story he has to tell? Western tales were popular to the very end, although the detective whose victories for law and justice are achieved in the heart of a big city has become a keen rival of the cowboy in recent years.

A Beadle and Adams author one day happened to see outside of a museum a gaudy painting of an enormous horse, with flowing mane and tail. It was "The Wonderful Giant Horse, Nebo, from Colorado—Admission ten cents," as the big-lettered announcement described it.

A giant horse! What a striking figure for a novel! An idea! Place a man of corresponding hugeness on the animal, and there would be a combination character which could hardly fail to make a sensation. The novelist paid his ten cents and looked Nebo over carefully, so that he would be able to describe him in full detail in the novel he intended to write. Then he went home and began his story of *The Giant Horseman*. He created a cavalier some eight feet high, with muscles, activity and bravery to match, and lifted him into the saddle. The giant horse was endowed with the ability to clear tremendous chasms and obstacles of appalling height. There was little difficulty in writing a dashing story around this Centaur-like hero. *The Giant Horseman* was one of the big sellers of that year.

"Black Bart," a notorious California bandit of twenty years ago, who used to hold up stage-coaches single-handed, spending the proceeds in the character of a private gentleman in San Francisco, was used in a novel, and doubtless accomplished more villainy in print than ever he did in his real person, although actually he served several years in San Quentin prison. He was not the hero of the novel, of course. That rôle was taken by the detective who was ever on Black Bart's trail, both in the canyons where he stopped his coaches and in his magnificent home in San Francisco. This detective was "Sleepless Eye," and he was so much better a man, physically, morally and mentally, than Black Bart, that that rascal's discomfiture was only a matter of so many chapters leading up to his destruction.

Occasionally, Mr. Victor, in revising a manuscript, would come across some striking speech by a character, some bit of description or some twist of the plot, that suggested a catchy title for another story. That meant an order to some one of the two dozen authors on the staff for a "dime" to fit the title. In due time the story would be sent in, and so well-

ined were the writers in the employ of the firm that it was almost sure to be satisfactory. Any one of them could have built up a 70,000-word novel from scratch, if required.

The importance of beginning a novel with a brisk sentence or terse exclamation which would instantly enchain the interest and compel the reader to go on, was one of the articles of faith. Here is the very one "dime" opened—

"Git up!"

"Cr-r-r-ack! sounded the long whip, and the riders of the stage-coach that was flying through a California valley jumped forward, and the lumbering vehicle, with a groan at was almost human, swung to one side in the most alarming manner—to at least one passenger on the roof."

The chapter told of the coach dashing along a narrow path, with a giddy precipice on one side and a steep wall on the other. Then—

"Some yards ahead—so near that they could distinguish it plainly—there was a wash-dip which extended within four feet of the perpendicular rock, and that must, therefore, throw the coach headlong down the awful chasm unless some miracle intervened."

This was serious, but in a dime novel such a dilemma is easily overcome.

"Who-o-o-o! Gi-i-i-it! Who-o-o-o-a-a-a-r-r-r!"

"With these inarticulate sounds, the driver exuberantly turned his team suddenly toward the perpendicular rock; then, tightening his grip on the reins, he yelled again, and the four horses literally leaped over the gap!

"Before anyone could think the coach had rolled half over toward the wall, and the two outer wheels were up in the air, as the vehicle passed over the bottomless rift and righted itself with a thump and a plunge on the other side."

This was the first chapter. There were thirty-eight more of them, and each had its thrill, with a tangled and knotted thread of narrative running through it, to be neatly untied or cleft at a stroke in the last.

The methods pursued by all writers of this kind are about the same. All the characters are brought in as early as convenient—all in the first chapter if possible—and their dispositions are indicated briefly, but clearly. Then the villains begin their nefarious work, plunging the good people into such difficulties at the end of each chapter that it requires the first part of the next to drag them out. Then in they go again for another cli-

max, seesawing from chapter to chapter to the end of the book.

There is a technique in dime novel writing which is acquired unconsciously. Each chapter must end in suspense, and tragedy must be well balanced by comedy. Dialect is used liberally, but it must be conventional. The average reader would resent a dialect to interpret which would give him trouble. The slang of the Bowery is always welcome, because the ordinary boy hears it in a mild form from day to day, and the introduction of a new slang expression of obvious meaning, but quaint ugliness, appeals to him. The colloquial speech of the plains is good, with plenty of "Hyars" and "thars," while an occasional Greaser, with his "Caramba!" and "Maladetta!" gives palatable variety to the dialogue. An Irish brogue—always in the mouth of an ally of the hero—is much enjoyed, and Cockneyisms, uttered by a tenderfoot who is made the butt of the camp, and who is pretty sure to find himself bumping about on the back of a bucking broncho in one chapter, are useful in their way.

Great care must be exercised in the introduction of feminine personages. The dime novelist looks on this as the most delicate part of his calling. One heroine is more trouble to him than a dozen villains. Preferably she is a young woman who can ride and shoot almost as well as the hero, and in general is a good example of the well-poised athletic American girl. She may fall into the hands of the villains—generally does—but you never have any fear for her. She can take care of herself, and when plans for her rescue are in operation, you can depend on her seconding the efforts in her behalf with pluck, as well as common sense. You never knew of a namby-pamby heroine in a dime novel. She could not exist in its bracing atmosphere through half a chapter.

Aside from the heroine, there may be a "hag," who is so frankly brutal that she is charming. When her parchment skin, chronic strabismus, claw-like fingers and Mother Frochard rags are described, it would be a literary impossibility for her to be anything less than the wicked old creature she is. These two characters, with perhaps a maid or little sister for the heroine, are all the femininity required in

a dime novel. The deeds done therein are essentially tasks for men.

The final disposition of the villains sometimes entails hard thinking. While their quietus may be accomplished in various ways, it is not considered good form for the hero to kill them if it can be avoided. It is true, he cannot always help himself. There are times when it is their lives or his, and, of course, then he has no choice. But it is better to capture them alive or let their destruction be compassed by their own act, as Bill Sykes hanged himself with a snarled rope while trying to escape from a roof in a London slum.

One author, who found himself with an assortment of villains of aggravated depravity on his hands in the last chapter, was able to get rid of them conveniently in an unusual manner. It happened that the scene was in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. The villains had been entrapped in a worked-out mine by the detective-hero, who had left them there while he went for a posse of police. Before he could return, there was an accumulation of firedamp and an explosion that blew all the rascals into eternity at one blast. It was a coup only possible when all conditions were favourable, otherwise it would doubtless have been adopted by many other perplexed story-tellers.

When the "Dime Library" was established in 1872, a new group of authors succeeded the staff which had done the work on the original Dime Novel series. Some of the old writers remained, but others were engaged from time to time, thus keeping the firm well supplied with manuscripts. At this period, Beadle and Adams were publishing a story of one kind or another on every business day of the year. Some were "dimes," of 70,000 words, and others "Half-Dimes," averaging 35,000. It required an enormous mass of fiction to supply the demand, and the large amount of work done by some of the regular authors is almost unbelievable.

The records show that the most industrious of them all was Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, whose name is familiar to youth everywhere. He wrote, all told, the amazing number of six hundred novels, besides several plays and numerous short stories and poems. He was

an officer in the Confederate army, and served both afloat and ashore in the Cuban ten years' war for independence as well as in Mexico, Austria, Greece and Africa. His experience as a naval officer equipped him to write convincing stories, while some years spent in the West brought him into contact with Colonel W. F. Cody, and the two men were long close friends. Beadle and Adams published a great many stories written by Col. Cody under his *nom de guerre* of "Buffalo Bill." When he got tired of making "copy," his friend Colonel Ingraham, wrote in his name.

"The only request I have to make of Ingraham," said Col. Cody, when his biographer was about to begin on his first Buffalo Bill story, "is that you will not depict me with an ax in one hand and a war-club in the other, knocking out the brains of all the people I meet."

Col. Ingraham promised, and his Buffalo Bill tales have shown the famous scout as he is in real life, chivalrous and gentle, but a fury when the bullets are spattering and there is no choice but to kill or be killed. How many Buffalo Bill stories Colonel Ingraham has produced he could hardly tell offhand. How rapidly he wrote can be judged by the fact that a few years ago he turned out a "Half-Dime," thirty-five thousand words, in a day and a night, with a fountain pen.

"It was a hurry order from the firm," he said, in telling of the feat, "and it had to be done. I drew my trusty fountain pen, placed a ream of foolscap on my desk in my room, locked myself in, worked from breakfast to breakfast, and completed my task. I was both tired and hungry when I finished, for I had had only a sandwich or two, eaten as I worked."

If anyone thinks this performance was a joke, he might try writing thirty-five thousand words of an original composition in twenty-four hours. As a matter of fact, several of the writers on Beadle and Adams's staff were good for an average of one thousand words an hour with a pen, and could keep it up day after day, completing a dime novel of seventy thousand words in a week. When the typewriter came into general use, their capacity became much greater.

One of the firm's valuable men was Albert W. Aiken, who was an excellent actor, as well as a novelist. Besides creating melodramas in which he played the principal rôles, he always had a taste for story-writing, and when his first novel was accepted he turned his attention to that kind of work exclusively. The publishing house of Beadle and Adams was a worm-eaten old building at 98 William street—a great modern skyscraper swallowed up the site of that and several other ancient rookeries five or six years ago—and in a little den on an upper floor Aiken used to grind out dime novels day after day with the steadiness of a machine. His stories were excellent, and his name had a distinct commercial value. Mr. Victor knew he could always depend on a "good seller's" coming down from the stuffy little corner of the stock-room where Aiken's desk stood, at least once a week. Detective yarns laid in New York were Albert W. Aiken's forte, and it is to be doubted whether anyone ever has equaled him in facility of invention, picturesqueness of description and clever limning of character along that line.

Edward S. Wheeler was the author of a long series of "Half-Dimes" dealing with the adventures of "Broadway Billy," a typical New York boy. Billy was a detective, and the way in which he ferreted out mysterious crimes and brought the culprits to justice was no less wonderful than his equable good temper and unflinching command of epigram. Up to Mr. Wheeler's death "Broadway Billy" was pursuing an active career, but when his creator passed away he disappeared, too, although his memory will be kept green in the hearts of many thousands of staid men of affairs to whom he was a pet hero throughout all their boyhood.

In view of the interest shown of late in the length of popular novels of a more ambitious class, a natural question is, How long does a dime novel live? Most of them are practically immortal. In the old days enormous numbers were sold of each new story, as it appeared, the standing order of the American News Company, which handled the bulk of the edition, being sixty thousand copies. Often these, sixty thousand would be all sold in a week, with other editions following each other from week to week. Some

novels ran into as many as ten or twelve editions.

The head of a large circulating library was quoted not long ago as saying that "the average novel lasts about six weeks. Then the people do not ask for it any more." He was referring to books of merit put forth by leading publishers, at \$1.50 a copy. The dime novel seldom equals the record of *David Harum*, for instance, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand copies in five years—but, if it is a good specimen of its class, it will sell at the rate of several hundred annually many years after publication, and when most works of fiction, save the classics, would be as dead as *Trilby*, of which a copy is not sold once in two years.

On an upper floor of the old house in William street was a room extending the whole depth of the building, in which were piled up hundreds of thousands of novels—"Dimes," "Half-Dimes," "Boys' Library" and other series—beginning with Number 1, and up to and including the current issue.

This stock was always moving. Now and then a story proved particularly successful, and the demand for it was so great that edition after edition was printed from the always ready plate, but withal keeping barely ahead of the orders.

The common experience of all publishers, of a book falling comparatively flat when first issued, only to become an enormous seller weeks or months afterward, was that of Beadle and Adams. Sometimes a happening in real life, exploited in the newspapers, had the parallel in a novel published simultaneously or before. The real or fancied identity of the actual romance or tragedy with that told in fiction would become widely known, and this particular dime novel would take a sudden jump in circulation that kept the presses running day and night for weeks.

It was seldom that writers for this firm were commissioned to produce tales purporting to narrate the doings of actual people whose names happened to be prominent in the news of the day. Sensational deeds of bandits, thugs or criminals generally were never glorified, and for the excellent reason that the experience of other publishers of low-priced fiction who had tried this line had been disappointing. Your dime novel reader likes

his fare well spiced, but he objects to poison.

On the other hand, many suggestions for dramas have come from dime novels. The hurly-burly of action in the narrative often became the blood-and-thunder success before the footlights. It was to a dime novel story of an oarsman-detective that the stage was indebted for the "tank drama" epidemic which raged so virulently ten or fifteen years ago.

It was a dime novelist who first conceived the possibility of a baseball being made to change its direction at least twice after leaving the hand of the pitcher. A series of stories of which the hero was one "Double-Curve Dan," set forth this principle. When the stories were written, baseball had not materially developed and the exploits of "Double Curve Dan" excited derision.

Sometimes, in his hurry, a dime novelist will make a technical blunder which would hold him up to ridicule, were he not to remedy his mistake before it got into print. An example of this found its way into a sea story one day. The author was describing the cruise of a bark, whose skipper was "a bold smuggler," and sea-wolf generally. The hero had been locked up in a cabin aft, and sought to escape by climbing from a window and down the anchor-chains to a boat in which a friend was awaiting him. The hero reached the boat in safety, and after shaking his fist at the great black hull of the vessel, went on his way with further adventures in triumph. He had plunged along through several chapters when the author happened to read the description of the hero's escape from the ship to a seafaring acquaintance.

"You say he got out of the stern window and slid down the anchor cable to the boat, eh?" observed the mariner,

"Yes, it makes rather a thrilling episode."

"Thrilling enough and funny enough," was the response, "only the anchors, in all the ships I've sailed in, were at the bow. I think I'd let him get out by way of the

fk's'l. It would save you being laughed at."

The author protested that sometimes an anchor was thrown out from the stern in an emergency, and surely this was one.

"Yes, but the skipper was not furnishing an anchor cable to help your hero. Take my advice and let your man get out at the other end."

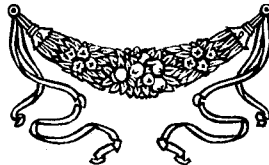
The author took the sailor's advice.

Once a dime novel hero, who had been dropped through a trap in the sub-cellar of a thieves' dive in New York, found himself in a sewer main, making his way toward the East River. He had been fighting big gray rats, whose soft bodies had thumped against his face from time to time, and who had bitten his hands over and over again, despite his vigorous attacks with the heavy stick he had been fortunate enough to find. At last he reached a place where it seemed that he must give up indeed. The tide was at flood, and the water had backed into the sewer so that it nearly reached the roof. He was swimming, but soon the water would quite fill the noisome space, and then what could he do? The river was ahead of him, but he did not know how far. What was he to do?

The author asked this question at the end of a chapter, and went out for a walk in the hope of finding an answer. It was a hard nut to crack, and he had strolled about for half an hour without reaching a conclusion. Then he met a cheerful friend, who smilingly asked him the reason of his worried look. The situation was explained. At one stroke the cheerful idiot cut the knot: "Make the Johnny dive."

The solution was majestic in its very simplicity. The hero *did* dive, and being a deep-chested young man, and a strong swimmer, he contrived to reach the open river before he arose to the surface, and appeared in the next chapter, in good health and dry clothes, for the further discomfiture of the villains.

George C. Jenks.



CAMPAIGN SONGS AND BALLADS

"Pa! Pa! please tell Ma
Hayes is in the White House!
Ha! Ha! Ha!"

SUCH were the words of the first campaign "song" we who were children two decades ago seem to remember. We have good cause to remember it, for we not only whooped it up" from June till November, 1876, but until the following March 10th, two days previous to which the Electoral Commission decided that Hayes was equally entitled to the presidency. Then the Hayes' faction of children, forgetting all Sunday School admonitions against calling one's brother a fool began to shout cross at the Tilden "gang"—

"Hayes rides a white horse,
Tilden strides a mule;
Hayes is a gentleman,
Tilden is a fool!"

Now, for the sake of the preservation of the dignity of the adults of 1876-77, we would like to believe that these rhymes originated with the children and were used by them alone, and yet, research reveals to us the fact that even more personal songs were shouted in other campaigns by grown up men, long before we little partisans of Hayes came into existence. And yet, strange to say, the origin of the custom of composing verse relating to the candidates for the presidency was rooted in reverence. It started in a eulogy and ended in a tirade. Songs in praise of Washington were composed by the score and many of them were popular for fifty years after Washington had departed this earth. In June, 1799, Robert Treat Paine composed a lengthy song in his honour, the following verse of which shows how the people depended on him, even at that time of his life to be their leader, and this verse was sung with fervour by the people who, as yet, were undisturbed by national politics, for at that time political parties had not grown to the aggressive proportions they assumed before another decade passed.

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our
land
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple
asunder;

For unmoved at its portals would Washington
stand

And repulse with his breast the assaults of
the thunder.

His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap

And conduct with its point every flash to the
deep!

For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be
slaves,

While the earth bears a plant or the sea
rolls its waves."

Until 1804 the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes was elected, and the one receiving the next greatest was declared vice-president. From that time rival parties with rival verses sprang into existence. A favourite song of the Jeffersonians was composed about the year 1800. From it one may gather that there were many rival factions in those early days of the republic.

"The Federalists are down at last.
The Monarchists completely cast!
The Aristocrats are stripped of power.
Storms o'er the British faction lower.
Soon we Republicans shall see
Columbia's sons from bondage free!
Lord! How the Federalists will stare
At Jefferson in Adams' chair!"

During the campaign of 1828 the following song, "The Hunters of Kentucky" was a prime favourite with Jackson's followers—

"You've heard, I s'pose, of New Orleans,
It's famed for youth and beauty;
There are girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty!
Now, Pakenham had made his brags
If he that day was lucky,
He'd have the girls and cotton bags
In spite of Old Kentucky!"

"But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles,
For well he knew Kentucky's boys,
With their death-dealing rifles!
He led them down to cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here stood Old Kentucky!"

It is hardly necessary to state that when Jackson, with aid of Old Kentucky, gained the White House, "the Kentuck-