

Stories of Great
Statesmen and Leaders

GREAT LIVES SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Selected Authors

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Stories of Geat Statesmen and Leaders

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Julius Cæsar

100 B.C. – 44 B.C. Rome

Once in a great while a man is born with such a temper of brain and will that he seems like a bright star among other men and can do things easily that are impossible for others to accomplish. One hundred years before the birth of Christ such a man was born in the city of Rome. His name was Julius Cæsar and he came from a long line of Roman noblemen which ran back so far into history that it not only reached beyond the beginning of Rome itself, but was believed to have sprung from the goddess, Venus. Cæsar's father died when he was little more than a boy and his mother was partly responsible for the greatness that he later maintained, for she strove constantly to develop in him those qualities of mind and character that were an inheritance from his family, although they were brought to far greater light in Cæsar himself. Little is known of Cæsar's boyhood. It is probable that it was not very different from that of other young Romans who belonged to the nobility, or, as it was then called, the patrician class. He had a tutor named Gnipho who was not a Roman by birth, but a Gaul—that is a man who came from one of the less civilized tribes that lived to the north of Italy in the country that is now called modern France—and received from him the usual education.

Apparently Cæsar was not a prodigy when a young man, and there seemed little to distinguish him from any

other young nobleman who went about the city in dandified apparel with hair oiled and perfumed,—but Cæsar had quietly made up his mind to be the first man in Rome and to surpass all others in greatness. Occasionally he showed this resolution. And once on his birthday, when passing the statue of the great conqueror, Alexander, he wept because he had reached an age when Alexander had conquered the entire world, while he, Cæsar, as yet had done nothing.

Rome, in Cæsar's boyhood, was embroiled in civil war, and the leaders of the Roman armies were constantly fighting among themselves. There had been a great public man named Marius who championed the rights of the common people, or the plebeians, and who was greatly loved by the more humble men of Rome, but Marius had been overthrown by a fierce, cruel nobleman named Sulla, who made himself the head of the Roman State and slew every one who stood in his way.

Here appeared the first sign that Cæsar possessed the qualities of greatness—for while still a young man, he dared to defy the terrible Sulla. Cæsar had just married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, and was ordered by Sulla to divorce her. But he resolutely refused to allow the word of the dictator to come between him and his wife, and was obliged to leave Rome by night to escape Sulla's vengeance. He fled into Samnium, but was followed there by Sulla's soldiers, taken prisoner and brought back to Rome. And Sulla would certainly have put him to death if

some powerful men had not interceded for him and asked for his life. "I will grant this boon," said Sulla, with a glance that made them quail, "but take heed for this young man who wears his belt so loosely," meaning that he saw in Cæsar dangerous qualities that might one day threaten the elaborate machine of Roman government.

As all young Romans were obliged to serve in the army, and as Cæsar was not safe in Rome where Sulla at any time might send assassins to murder him, he went to the far east where a Roman army was waging war against a king named Mithridates. At the siege of a town called Mytelene Cæsar so distinguished himself for bravery that he won the civic crown, for saving the life of a fellow soldier in the face of the enemy.

When Sulla died, Cæsar returned to Rome, and became one of the leaders of the party that had been against Sulla and his government. And Cæsar did everything that he could think of to win power for himself and damage Sulla's adherents. He became an orator and a lawyer and prosecuted certain men who had misused the money of the people. But although it was clearly proved by Cæsar that these men were no better than common thieves, the Roman senators and judges were so corrupt that it was impossible for Cæsar to have them punished as they deserved.

Cæsar was not discouraged, however. He believed that if he had been a better orator the men would have

been brought to justice in spite of all the obstacles that stood in his path; so, on the advice of a friend named Cicero, who was the greatest orator in the world at that time, he started on a journey to Rhodes to study rhetoric under a great teacher of that art named Appollonius Molo.

Travel from Rome was as dangerous as going to war, for there were bandits everywhere and the seas swarmed with pirates. And when Cæsar took ship to go to Rhodes, the pirates swarmed about his vessel and took him prisoner. Because he was a nobleman and an important person the pirates did not put him to death but demanded ransom for him. They told Cæsar the sum of money they had asked and he agreed to obtain it for them, and haughtily told them that he was even greater than they had supposed and worth three times the money they had demanded. So the pirates trebled the amount called for, and told Cæsar that if they did not receive it he would be put to a cruel death, but he waited unconcernedly; and while in the hands of the pirates he treated them almost as companions and shared in their games and exercises.

At times he even read to them poems and compositions of his own. But the pirates did not understand the high-flown Roman phrases and did not give Cæsar the applause that he believed his work had merited.

"By the Gods," he said laughing, "you are ignorant barbarians, unfit to live. When I am freed you had best

look to yourselves, for I shall return and nail you to the cross."

The pirates were angered by these words, but they did not slay their bold-tongued captive on account of the money they expected, and when Cæsar's ransom came he was set free. But, true to his word, the first thing he did when set ashore was to gather some men and ships and pursue them. Setting upon them with the swiftness of lightning he killed a great number and took many prisoners. And the pirates then found to their cost that he was a man of his word, for Cæsar had every prisoner crucified, as he had warned them he would do.

He then continued his journey to Rhodes as if nothing had happened and studied rhetoric under Molo; and so apt a pupil was he that in a very short time he became an orator second only to Cicero himself.

Rome was in great turmoil and confusion at this time, and the vice of the men that ruled had weakened her power. There was a great revolt of slaves not only at Rome but throughout Italy, and the slaves formed into an army strong enough to defeat the Roman legions.

The slaves barred the roads from Rome, captured their former masters and made them fight as gladiators in the arena. They set towns afire, killed women and children, plundered, murdered and cruelly ravaged the country, until they were defeated in battle by two military leaders who were sent against them—a rich man named

Crassus, who was one of the most powerful men in Rome, and a soldier named Pompey, who was considered by the Romans to be one of the greatest generals that their city had ever seen.

While these things were being accomplished Cæsar had finished his course in rhetoric and returned to Rome, and made his plans to win a glory greater than that of Pompey and Crassus, who were high in public favor through their victory over the slaves.

To succeed in Rome without money was impossible in those days, for large sums had to be expended in bribery and in gaining the favor of the idle and dissolute Roman people, who refused to work but demanded to be amused at the expense of others, and would always follow the man who treated them with the greatest display of liberality. So Cæsar borrowed huge sums of money which he planned to repay from the sums he could gain when once he was elected to public offices. It is not to be thought that Cæsar always was honest and just, and it has already been shown that sometimes he was heartless and cruel—but in his favor it must be said that he never wantonly injured anybody, as so many others did in the cruel times in which he lived—and that in all things, except where his own power and future were concerned, he was merciful and temperate.

Cæsar became an official known as quæstor, going to Spain in charge of certain affairs pertaining to Roman government, and later on he was made a curule ædile.

In this office his generosity delighted the people. Cæsar, with borrowed riches, made a lavish display to ensure future political favor at their hands, and was more magnificent than any of the ædiles who had preceded him. At one time he displayed in the arena three hundred and twenty pairs of gladiators who fought with swords and spears and with the net and trident,—and he would have brought in a greater number had not the Senate feared to allow so many armed men in Rome at one time. But Cæsar did something else that delighted the people even more than the show of the gladiators. One morning they beheld the statues of Marius, that had been overthrown by Sulla, set up once more in their old places, bright with gold and ornaments. Marius had been the people's idol, and Cæsar by this bold stroke gained much of the popularity that had formerly been attached to that beloved leader.

Another office that Cæsar attempted to win was that of Pontifex Maximus—that is, the High Priest and leader in all of the religious ceremonies of the Romans, an office with great power and prestige and the stepping stone to greater things by far.

Cæsar staked everything on winning this office and he increased his debts, which were already enormous, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars in our

money, to bribe and flatter and make sure of enough votes to win the election. He was so deeply in debt, he told his mother, that in case he did not win the office he would be obliged to leave Rome, never to return. But luck was on his side and he succeeded, making his term as Pontifex Maximus notable by revising the Roman calendar so thoroughly that, with only slight changes, it is used to-day.

Later on he was made Prætor, and by means of these various offices he succeeded in becoming one of the leading men in Rome—although his greatness was not yet as bright as that of Pompey, who had, as he said, only to stamp his foot to fill Italy with soldiers.

Then there befell in Rome what was known as the conspiracy of Catiline, in which Cæsar had a narrow escape from the intrigue and malice of the noblemen who hated him because he was a foe of Sulla's and a champion of the people. Catiline was a nobleman of violent temper and bad reputation. With many companions he strove to win public office in Rome, and plotted, if unsuccessful, to raise an army, set fire to the city and place his party in power by rioting and violence. And under Catiline's government Cæsar, who probably knew nothing of the affair, was to be elected to public office in the new government.

The conspiracy was discovered, chiefly through the vigilance of Cicero, who was Consul at the time. Catiline had fled from Rome and was raising an army, but a

number of the other plotters were arrested. The noblemen who hated Cæsar did everything in their power to have his name included in the list of the conspirators, but Cicero resolutely refused to believe that Cæsar had been in league with them and would not press the charges against him. Through the gifted oratory of Cicero, however, a sentence of death was brought against all the prisoners, who were promptly put to death in Cicero's presence.

Cæsar's wife, Cornelia, had died sometime before these events took place, and Cæsar had then married a relative of Pompey. At the festival of Bona Dea, where only women were admitted, and which was held at Cæsar's house because he was Pontifex Maximus, a great scandal took place owing to the fact that a young man, dressed in woman's clothes was discovered hiding in the house while the festival was going on. This bade fair to injure Cæsar's name in the city, and partly on this account he divorced his wife, Pompeia, saying that while nothing evil had been proved against her, yet Cæsar's wife must be above even the breath of suspicion.

After this Cæsar went to Spain to govern that land for the Romans. While there he had much military experience that helped him to become one of the mightiest generals the world has ever seen, and in his struggles against the wild, hill tribes he laid the seeds of success for his later wars in Gaul,—wars in which he was to carry the Roman

eagles into lands that had only been known by hearsay and legend.

When Cæsar returned from Spain he did his utmost to cement the bonds of friendship between himself and Pompey and Crassus—with Pompey, because he was the greatest man in Rome and because Cæsar hoped to rise through his patronage,—with Crassus because he was possessed of fabulous riches, that Cæsar would have great need of in fulfilling his ambitious designs. To strengthen his friendship with Pompey he forced his own daughter to marry him. The alliance of these three men is called the First Triumvirate.

Cæsar was eager at this time to be elected Consul, an office that would give him great power in the Roman state, and with his usual success and some luck he succeeded in doing so. With him was elected another Consul named Bibulus, who was put into office by the noblemen to check Cæsar and limit his ambitious designs, which included doing all that he could to better the condition of the common people. But Cæsar soon had the upper hand in all the affairs of the consulship, so that the people said jokingly that the two consuls for the year were Julius and Cæsar, instead of Cæsar and Bibulus.

Among other things that Cæsar accomplished was the passing of a land law that provided land for all of Pompey's old soldiers, and was also designed to give land to the people at Rome who were without occupation and often

on the verge of starvation. Naturally this law made Cæsar even more popular with Pompey, as for the people they cheered him lustily and said among themselves that this Julius Cæsar was certainly a most noble and generous leader. Had he not been the follower of Marius and replaced his statues which were overthrown by tyranny? Had he not provided games the like of which the people had never seen before? And now, by his land law, had he not shown that he was devoted to the poor, ready at all times to fight their battles and to provide generously for them?

Such were the means by which Cæsar endeared himself to the Romans. And now was to come the opportunity by which at a single leap he placed himself above all others. The province of Gaul which lay to the northwest of Italy, and included most of what is now modern France, was an extremely rich and fertile country, occupied by wild tribes that were hardly friendly to the Romans. Through his political power, and much scheming, Cæsar had himself made governor of all Gaul for five years. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, for he could not only make himself famous as a conqueror by subduing the Gaulish tribes, but could raise an enormous army, devoted to his interests, by which he could take by force the entire control of the Roman State as Sulla had done before him.

Naturally Cæsar did not voice these designs, but he entertained them just the same, and began a series of wars

in Gaul in which over a million of his enemies are said to have perished on the battlefield.

When Cæsar entered upon his duties in governing Gaul, certain tribes came to him with complaints of a people called the Helvetii, who were leaving their own country, or what is now Switzerland, to enter upon the more fertile and less mountainous lands of their neighbors. Cæsar mustered his soldiers and marched against the Helvetii, meeting them at a place called Bibracte. Here he showed how skilfully he could direct the Roman legions, for in a comparatively short battle the Helvetii were entirely overthrown, and a terrible slaughter followed. Cæsar himself, in writing of this battle, says that out of three hundred and sixty-eight thousand men, women and children, who composed the tribe of the Helvetii, only one hundred and ten thousand were left after the battle. The poor beaten remnant of the tribe he ordered at once to retrace their steps into Switzerland and to enter Gaul no more.

His success in dealing with the Helvetii turned the eyes of all Gaul upon the conqueror. Many tribes then asked his aid against Ariovistus, a German chief who came from across the river Rhine and with his yellow haired followers, clad in the skins of animals, was plundering the Gaulish province. Cæsar, with the quickness that always won him success in battle, advanced against Ariovistus and completely defeated him, driving his men in

confusion back across the Rhine to the lands they had come from.

In the following spring there was great danger that all Gaul would revolt to free itself from the control of the Romans. Of all the tribes that were opposed to him, Cæsar considered that the Belgæ, the people who lived in what is now Belgium, were the bravest and the most dangerous enemies against whom he must fight. So he marched against them and placed his legions behind strong fortifications until he could gain a favorable moment to come forth and attack them. The Belgæ tried all sorts of tricks and ruses to draw Cæsar from his position, but they did not succeed in doing this. Then, perhaps because they had not sufficient food, they commenced a retreat back to their own country, from which they had issued to attack Cæsar. On their heels rode the Roman cavalry, who harassed them constantly, darting in and killing stragglers and attacking the rear guard whenever the opportunity offered.

One night, however, when the Romans were about to encamp in some wooded country on the River Sambre, three tribes of the Belgæ fell upon them in a surprise attack that came so swiftly and so violently that the Roman legions were almost routed. Cæsar's force was not wholly composed of Romans, and all the soldiers under his command except the Romans fled pell mell from the field, but the Roman soldiers, in spite of everything, stood firm, displaying the marvelous discipline that had conquered

the world, and soon had victory in their grasp. But the Roman soldiers were seldom merciful and scarcely a foeman escaped the slaughter that followed.

That winter Cæsar returned to northern Italy, leaving his legions in Gaul under the command of his lieutenants. In his winter retreat he enjoyed himself and spent enormous sums of money, listening eagerly to news of everything that had taken place in Rome since his departure.

In the following spring his friend and political partner, Crassus, was killed while engaging in battle with the Parthians in the east, leaving Pompey and Cæsar the only two men of first importance in Roman affairs. In that year also the Roman Senate prolonged Cæsar's rule of Gaul for five years more.

When spring came Cæsar lead his legions from their winter encampments to battle against their enemies once more, and this time the victims of his skill were two German tribes who had again crossed over the Rhine to invade Gaul.

Cæsar routed them and chased them back across the Rhine, building a bridge to pursue them into Germany. Then he came back to Gaul, destroying his bridge behind him; and made his plans to invade the island of Britain, which is now England, Scotland and Wales.

In Britain there lived tribes that were considered to hold the last extremity of the earth. Beyond them was nothing except mystery and darkness.

Boats were built by the Roman soldiers, who had been trained by Cæsar to turn their hand to any kind of labor, and the Roman army rowed across the English channel to the island where the warlike Britons awaited their coming. The Romans sprang from their boats into water up to their necks and waded ashore to battle, killing and capturing a large number of Britons, many of whom Cæsar took back with him into Gaul to adorn his triumphal entry into Rome when his term as governor of Gaul had come to an end.

The Roman Senate was astonished at Cæsar's success and all Rome rang with his fame. The island of Britain was held to be the last extreme that Roman arms could reach, and hitherto had been nothing but a place of fables and wild sea tales, and the Senate declared a thanksgiving in Cæsar's honor that was to last twenty days.

That winter Cæsar again returned to northern Italy, leaving his army under the command of his lieutenants, for, possessed of a great ambition to become the ruler of Rome, he desired to learn everything that was taking place there. His absence was taken by the Gauls as a sign that his power was weakening, and they considered that they had a splendid chance to revolt successfully and throw off the Roman power. And among them there sprang up a leader

named Vercingetorix, who in his way was almost as great a genius as Cæsar himself, possessed of boundless courage and hardihood.

A revolt in Gaul at that time would endanger all Cæsar's chances for success in Rome. Should his army be overcome he would have no means of enforcing his power there, and a defeat would utterly destroy the prestige that he had built up among the Romans at the cost of so much money and labor. So Cæsar hurried across the Alps and after maneuvering his legions in a manner that showed to the world he was a genius in the art of war, he succeeded in surrounding the greater part of the forces of Vercingetorix.

To save his comrades Vercingetorix gave in to Cæsar, and galloped out of his stronghold to give up his sword. He laid his arms at Cæsar's feet and surrendered himself as a captive. Cæsar kept him as a prisoner for a number of years, after which time he was taken to Rome and forced to walk in the triumph of the conqueror. Then he suffered the fate of the captives of Rome. He was shut up in a dungeon and strangled, and his body was thrown upon one of the refuse heaps of the mighty city.

Continued success in Gaul had by this time made Cæsar's name so great in Rome that the Senate had grown to fear him. Pompey too was jealous of his growing power, and Cæsar was finally ordered by the Senate to disband his army. The two officers of the people, called the tribunes,

whose names were Antony and Cassius, vetoed this act on the part of the Senate, and were hunted from Rome and fled to Cæsar's camp for refuge.

Then the Senate, wildly afraid that Cæsar would return at the head of his troops and become a tyrant like Sulla, declared war against Cæsar and put in Pompey's hands the task of humbling his former friend. Cæsar had no intention of disbanding his troops. His soldiers loved him deeply and would follow wherever he led them. And Cæsar exhorted his men to stand by him, promising them honor and riches if he should succeed in overcoming his enemies at Rome, and the men with wild cheers swore that they would follow him to the death.

At the head of a powerful and well disciplined army that was devoted to him, Cæsar advanced on Rome. When he came to a stream called the Rubicon, which marked the limit of his power as governor of Gaul, he hesitated for a brief time, as there was still time for him to draw back from his tremendous venture had he seen fit to do so—but at length he plunged into the stream with the remark, "The die is cast," and advanced upon the city that he intended to win for himself.

Pompey had been through an exceedingly hard time in getting soldiers to follow his banner, for the reputation of Cæsar was very formidable and his army even more so. Finding that it was impossible to make a stand against Cæsar in Italy, Pompey fled across the Mediterranean Sea,

leaving Cæsar the master of Rome and Italy as well. Cæsar, however, was not in the habit of leaving an enemy to fly unmolested. He pursued Pompey to Thessaly and there fought a battle against him in which Pompey was utterly defeated and his soldiers scattered and routed. Pompey fled to Egypt, where Cæsar followed him—and the first thing that was brought to Cæsar when he arrived was Pompey's head. The once great Roman had been treacherously murdered by the Egyptians, who believed that in so doing they would curry favor with Cæsar.

In Egypt there was a beautiful queen named Cleopatra, who used all her great art to force Cæsar to fall in love with her. She believed that when he loved her he would place her firmly on the Egyptian throne and send the Roman soldiers against her enemies. So completely did she succeed that Cæsar, who never had been averse to the charms of beautiful women, remained at her court for a considerable time and led his armies against a king named Pharnaces at Cleopatra's bidding. After this he returned to Rome, where he was made dictator, with absolute power, and was as great as Sulla had ever been.

But there were still a number of Romans who refused to submit to his power, and Cæsar was compelled to go once more to Africa to vanquish Pompey's friends, Scipio and Cato, who were raising a new army against him. With his usual military genius, he overthrew them easily and returned again to Rome.

Nothing in Roman history equalled his welcome there. He was received as a returning king and the honors that were heaped upon him were greater than had been given to any other Roman in all the long centuries that Rome had been a city. He was called "Father of His Country" and had a bodyguard of Roman noblemen to accompany him wherever he went. His person was considered sacred, and the month of Quintilis was called after his name, July, for Julius, the name it has borne from that far time to the present day.

Now, in his hour of triumph and greatness, Cæsar showed himself of far different metal from any Roman who had previously gained power over the state. He did not mar his success by murdering his enemies as Sulla had done, but rather sought to be the friend of all, and busied himself with good deeds and public works that would benefit the people. And while a royal crown was offered to him many times,—notably by the same Marc Antony who had fled to his camp as a fugitive when the Senate rose against his power—Cæsar refused to accept it, believing that he could govern wisely and temperately without the name of King, which was bitter in the ears of all true Romans.

However, his kindness did not save him, and his glory was short lived. Certain Romans considered that their state had fallen under the power of a tyrant, and believed that Rome could be brought back to its former freedom by Cæsar's death. A conspiracy was hatched against him

among the senators, and one of its leaders was a man named Brutus, to whom Cæsar had shown every kindness. Brutus, with his comrade, Cassius, and some sixty others held secret meetings at night in which they discussed the best way to murder Cæsar, and it was finally decided that they would fall upon him with swords and daggers when he entered the Senate House.

In connection with this evil plot a strange thing happened. Cæsar was approached by an old man who claimed to be a prophet or a soothsayer. This man warned him that on a certain day, which began what was called the Ides of March, he must not stir out of his house or evil would come to him. Cæsar laughed at this prediction, but on the night before this very day, his wife, Calpurnia, had an evil dream in which she beheld specters walking in the streets of Rome; and she begged Cæsar as he loved her to remain at home. Cæsar was about to give in to her request when Brutus called at his house to take him to the Senate, and, knowing of the conspiracy, of which he was one of the leaders, Brutus ridiculed Cæsar for being frightened by the dream of his wife and persuaded him to go, although Calpurnia wept bitterly when he departed, believing that she would never see him again.

On the way to the Senate Cæsar passed the soothsayer, and remembering his prediction called out to him that the Ides of March were come.

"Aye, Cæsar," replied the strange old man, "but not yet past." And Cæsar entered the Senate.

As he took his place he was surrounded by the conspirators who crowded about him with their weapons ready to hand under their cloaks and robes, and while one of their number presented a petition to Cæsar, and drew his cloak aside, Casca, another conspirator, stabbed him from behind. Then, as Cæsar turned and grasped Casca's arm, the whole murderous pack of them set upon him, crowding and jostling each other to drive their weapons into his body. And when Cæsar saw the hand of Brutus, his best friend, treacherously raised against him, he drew his cloak over his face so that he might keep his dignity in the agony of death, and exclaiming "You, too, Brutus?" fell at the base of Pompey's statue, which was stained with the life blood of the man who had conquered him.

So died Julius Cæsar, whose name is even brighter after two thousand years than it was in the time when he lived. As to the conspirators they profited nothing by their deed, for the Romans, inspired by an oration made at Cæsar's bier by Marc Antony, set fire to their dwellings and drove them from the city. Within three years not one of them remained alive. Rome soon proved that she could not live without a master, and the power that Cæsar had won passed into other hands that were not so great or worthy as his own.

Alfred the Great
The Beginning of Old England's History

849 A.D. – 899 A.D. England

When I was very, very little, I hated history more than all my other lessons put together, because I had to learn it out of a horrid little book, called somebody's "Outlines of English History"; and it seemed to be all the names of the kings and dates of battles, and, believing it to be nothing else, I hated it accordingly.

I hope you do not think anything so foolish, because, really, history is a story, a story of things that happened to real live people in England years ago; and the things that are happening here and now, and that are put in the newspapers, will be history for little children one of these days.

The people in those old times were the same kind of people who live now. Mothers loved their children then, and fathers worked for them, just as mothers and fathers do now, and children then were good or bad, as the case might be, just as little children are now. And the people you read about in history were real live people, who were good and bad, and glad and sorry, just as people are now-a-days.

You know that if you were to set out on a journey from one end of England to another, wherever you went,

through fields and woods and lanes, you would still be in the kingdom of King Edward. When you travel through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and then cross the great ocean to Australia, and, perchance, go on to India, and back home by the Suez Canal, you are all the time in the larger Empire of good King Edward.

But once upon a time, hundreds of years ago, if a child had set out to ride on horseback, he might have begun his ride in the morning in one kingdom, and finished it in the evening in another, because England was not one great kingdom then as it is now, but was divided up into seven pieces, with a king to look after each, and these seven kings were always quarreling with each other and trying to take each other's kingdom away, just as you might see seven naughty children, each with a plot of garden, trying to take each other's gardens and spoiling each other's flowers in their wicked quarrels.

But presently (A.D. 827) came one King, named Egbert, who was stronger than all the others; so he managed to put himself at the head of all the kingdoms, and he was the first King of *all* England. But though he had got the other kings to give in to him, he did not have at all a peaceful time. There were some very fierce wild pirates, called Danes, who used to come sailing across the North Sea in ships with carved swans' heads at the prow, and hundreds of fighting men aboard. Their own country was bleak and desolate, and they were greedy and wanted the pleasant English land. So they used to come and land in all

sorts of places along the sea-shore, and then they would march across the fields and kill the peaceful farmers, and set fire to their houses, and take their sheep and cows. Or sometimes they would drive them out, and live in the farmhouses themselves. Of course, the English people were not going to stand this; so they were always fighting to drive the Danes away when they came here.

Egbert's son allowed the Danes to grow very strong in England, and when he died he left several sons like the kings in the fairy tales; and the first of these princes was made King, but he could not beat the Danes, and then the second one was made King, but he could not beat the Danes. In the fairy tales, you know, it is always the youngest prince who has all the good fortune, and in this story the same thing happened. This prince did what none of his brothers could do. He drove out the Danes from England, and gave his people a chance of being quiet and happy and good. His name was Alfred. This happened about A.D., 871.

Like most great men, this King Alfred had a good mother. She used to read to him, when he was little, out of a great book with gold and precious stones on the cover, and inside beautiful songs and poetry. And one day she said to the young princes, who were all very fond of being read to out of this splendid book—

"Since you like the book so much, I will give it to the one who is first able to read it, and to say all the poetry in it by heart."

The eldest prince tried to learn it, but I suppose he did not try hard enough; and the other princes tried, but I fear they were too lazy. But you may be quite sure the youngest prince did the right thing. He learnt to read, and then he set to work to learn the poems by heart; and it was a proud day for him and for the Queen when he was able to say all the beautiful poetry to her. She put the book into his hands for his very own, and they kissed each other with tears of pride and pleasure.

You must not suppose that King Alfred drove out the Danes without much trouble, much thought, and much hard work. Trouble, thought, and hard work are the only three spells the fairies have left us, so of course he had to use them. He was made King just after the Danes had gained a great victory, and for the first eight years of his reign he was fighting them continually. At one time they had conquered almost the whole of England, and they would have killed Alfred if they could have found him.

You know, a wise prince always disguises himself when danger becomes very great. So Alfred disguised himself as a farm laborer, and went to live with a farmer, who used to make him feed the beasts and help about the farm, and had no idea that this laborer was the great King himself.

One day the farmer's wife went out—perhaps she went out to milk the cows; at any rate it was some important business—and she had made some cakes for supper, and she saw Alfred sitting idle in the kitchen, so she asked him to look after the cakes, to see they did not burn. Alfred said he would. But he had just received some news about the Danes, and he was thinking, and thinking and thinking over this, and he forgot all about the cakes, and when the farmer's wife came in she found them burnt black as coal.

"Oh, you silly, greedy fellow," she said, "you can eat cakes fast enough; but you can't even take the trouble to bake them when other people take the trouble to make them for you."

And I have heard that she even slapped his face. He bore it all very patiently. "I am very sorry," he said, "but I was thinking of other things."

Just at that moment her husband came in followed by several strangers, and, to the good woman's astonishment, they all fell on their knees and greeted her husband's laborer as their King.

"We have beaten the Danes," they said, "and everyone is asking where is King Alfred? You must come back with us."

"Forgive me," cried the woman. "I didn't think of your being the King."

"Forgive me," said Alfred, kindly. "I didn't think of your cakes being burnt."

The Danes had more fighting men than Alfred; so he was obliged to be very cautious and wise, or he could never have beaten them at all. In those days very few people could read; and the evenings used to seem very long sometimes, so that anybody who could tell a story or sing a song was made much of, and some people made it their trade to go about singing songs and telling stories and making jokes to amuse people who could not sing songs or tell stories or make jokes themselves. These were called gleemen, and wherever they went they were always welcomed and put at a good place at table, and treated with respect and kindness; and in time of war no one ever killed a gleeman, so they could always feel quite safe whatever was going on.

Now Alfred once wanted to know how many Danes there were in a certain Danish camp, and whether they were too strong for him to beat. So he disguised himself as a gleeman and took a harp, for his mother had taught him to sing and play very prettily, and he went and sang songs to the Danes and told stories to them. But all the time he kept his eyes open, and found out all he wanted to know. And he saw that the Danes were not expecting to be attacked by the English people, so that, instead of keeping watch, they were feasting and drinking and playing all their time. Then he went back to his own soldiers, and they crept up to the Danish camp and fell upon it while the

Danes were feasting and making merry, and as the Danes were not expecting a fight, the English were easily able to get much the best of it.

At last, after many fights, King Alfred managed to make peace with the Danes, and then he settled down to see what he could do for his own people. He saw that if he was to keep out the wicked Danes he must be able to fight them by sea as well as by land. So he learned how to build ships and taught his people how to build them, and that was the beginning of the great English navy, which you ought to be proud of if you are big enough to read this book. Alfred was wise enough to see that knowledge and, as he wanted his people to be strong, he tried to make them learned. He built schools, and at University College, Oxford, there are people that will tell you that that college was founded by Alfred the Great.

He used to divide up his time very carefully, giving part to study and part to settling disputes among his people, and part to his shipbuilding and his other duties. They had no clocks and watches in those days, and he used sometimes to get so interested in his work as to forget that it was time to leave it and go on to something else, just as you do sometimes when you get so interested in a game of rounders that you forget that it is time to go on with your lessons. The idea of a clock never entered into Alfred's head, at least not a clock with wheels, and hands on its face, but he was so clever that he made a clock out of a candle. He painted rings of different colours round the

candle, and when the candle had burnt down to the first ring it was half an hour gone, and when it was burnt to the next ring it was another half-hour, and so on. So he could tell exactly how the time went.

He was called Alfred the Great, and no king has better deserved such a title.

"So long as I have lived," he said, "I have striven to live worthily." And he longed, above all things, to leave "to the men that came after a remembrance of him in good works."

He did many good and wise things, but the best and wisest thing he ever did was to begin to write the History of England. There had been English poems before this, but no English stories that were not written in poetry. So that Alfred's book was the first of all the thousands and thousands of English books that you see on the shelves of the big libraries. His book is generally called the Saxon Chronicle, and was added to by other people after his death.

So many abbeys had been burnt and the monks killed by the Danes, that there were hardly any books to be had, or scholars to read them. King Alfred invited learned men from abroad, and wrote and translated books himself for them; and he had a school in his house, where he made the young nobles learn with his own sons. He built up the churches, and gave also to the poor; and he was always ready to hear the troubles of any poor man. Though he

was always working so hard, he had a disease that used to cause him terrible pain almost every day. His last years were less peaceful than the middle ones of his reign, for the Danes tried to come again; but he beat them off by his ships at sea, and when he died at fifty-two years old, in the year 901, he left England at rest and quiet, and we always think of him as one of the greatest and best kings who ever reigned in England, or in any other country. As long as his children after him and his people went on in the good way he had taught them, all prospered with them, and no enemies hurt them; and this was all through the reigns of his son, his grandson, and great-grandsons. Their council of great men was called by a long word that is in our English, "Wise Men's Meeting," and there they settled the affairs of the kingdom. The king's wife was not called queen, but lady, and what do you think lady means? It means "loaf-giver"—giver of bread to her household and the poor. So a lady's great work is to be charitable.

Alfred made a number of wise laws. It is believed that it was he who first ordained that an Englishman should be tried not only by a judge but also by a jury of people like himself.

Though he had fought bravely when fighting was needed to defend his kingdom, yet he loved peace and all the arts of peace. He loved justice and kindness, and little children; and all folk loved and wept for him when he died, because he was a good King who had always striven to live worthily, that is to say, he had always tried to be good.

His last words to his son, just before he died, were these—"It is just that the English people should be as free as their own thoughts."

You must not think that this means that the English people should be free to think as they like or to do as they like. What it means is, that an Englishman and his descendants should be as free to do good deeds as he is to think good thoughts.

Robert Bruce

1274 A.D. – 1329 A.D. Scotland

If you ask a Scot who is the greatest man that ever lived he will probably say Robert Bruce. It does not matter that Robert Bruce died six hundred years ago—his name is as bright in Scotland as though he had lived yesterday. Songs and stories are told about him there and every school boy hears of him as soon as he is old enough to listen to the tales of his country.

The reason for this is that Robert Bruce made the Scots free from the rule of England, which country they used to hate. Also because he was a great warrior, so strong in body and with such courage that it was almost impossible for any foe to stand against him.

When Edward the First ruled over England he extended his power over the free land of Scotland, where the race and the speech were different from those of the English. A dispute had arisen among the Scottish chiefs as to who was to succeed to the Scottish throne. Many claimants came forward, and as a result of this the chieftains were embroiled among themselves, giving Edward a chance to seize their country which he was not slow to take.

So great had been the jealousy among the Scots that many joined Edward's army to fight against their fellow

countrymen. Among them was a young nobleman named Robert Bruce, whose grandfather had himself been one of the claimants to the Scottish throne.

It was not a noble deed on the part of Robert Bruce to serve under the English banner. Indeed, in his younger years he does not seem to have been a hero at all. While the great Scottish chief, Wallace, was waging bitter war against King Edward, Bruce was content to rest under Edward's protection,—even after Wallace was captured and put to a cruel death in Berwick castle, where he was beheaded at Edward's order.

At last, however, Bruce began to show that he intended to become a champion of the Scottish cause. He did not do this all at once, and, in fact, he acted treacherously both to the Scots and to the English—for he renounced his fealty to Edward on two separate occasions, and each time was won back to him and received gifts and forgiveness from him. At last, however, Bruce was obliged to fly for his life from the English court and trust his fortunes to the Scottish cause.

He had been betrayed to Edward by a nobleman called Lord Comyn, and he now determined that Comyn must be slain. He sent his two brothers as messengers to Comyn, asking this lord to accompany them to a church in Dumfries, where Bruce was waiting for him at the altar. When Comyn approached, Bruce told him that his treachery was discovered. "Be assured you shall have your

reward," he cried loudly, and drawing his dagger he plunged it in Comyn's breast.

Murder was little thought of in those days, but murder in a church, before the altar itself and under the very eyes of the priests who were engaged in their religious offices, was a crime that made the whole civilized world ring with horror. And it blackened the name of Robert Bruce with a stain that has lasted to this day, in spite of his great glory.

Bruce, however, had been greatly provoked to this bloody deed, and was now to prove himself a true champion of the Scottish people. He sought safety in flight for a time, and at last rallied the Scots about him at Lochmaven Castle, from which place he told them that he would make himself King over all Scotland and liberate the land from the English yoke. With his vassals and retainers about him, he issued proclamations for all who would fight against England to join his banner, and at Scone he had placed on his head the Scottish crown.

When King Edward heard of what Bruce had done—how he had murdered Comyn and been crowned king and was inciting all of Scotland to rise against the English rule, he fell in such a rage that he could hardly speak for anger, and swore a great oath that the rest of his life should be devoted to punishing Bruce for his crimes. A strong English army was promptly raised and sent against the new Scottish King.

The English soldiers under the Earl of Pembroke fell on the Scots at night in the woods at a place called Methven, when the followers of Bruce believed themselves to be safe from attack, and had taken off their armor. As the English with shouts and battle cries attacked the unguarded Scots, Bruce leaped to his horse and with his great two-handed sword drove his enemies before him like chaff. But while the English recoiled before the blows of his powerful arm, they succeeded in routing his followers. A large number of Bruce's friends and retainers were captured, and he himself only escaped by killing with his own hand three men who laid hold of his equipment and were trying to drag him from his horse. For the time being the Scots were thoroughly defeated, and were obliged to take shelter wherever they could find it.

With his army scattered and only about five hundred followers remaining faithful to him, Bruce fled into the mountain forests of Athole. His troubles had only begun, for many fierce Scottish noblemen themselves were his bitter enemies on account of wars between the different Scottish clans, and particularly because of the foul murder of Lord Comyn.

Then began a period of wandering and suffering for Bruce and his followers. They made their way across the mountains to Aberdeen, where their wives joined them, preferring to be hunted outlaws with their husbands rather than to remain in safety away from them. And finally the little band of ragged highlanders came to Argyl,

where they were confronted in battle by a Scottish chief called John of Lorn.

Bruce's men were in poor condition on account of the hardships they had undergone and were also outnumbered by their enemies. The result of the battle was a second defeat for Bruce, who now must hide more closely than ever, as his enemies were hunting for him everywhere.

Once more his wife had to part from him, for his state was now so dangerous and the hardships he endured so great that no woman could withstand them. And the lords who remained in his company had likewise to say farewell to their wives and children. No spot in Scotland was safe for them. Nowhere could Bruce rest his head and be sure that his enemies would not attack him before morning. English soldiers and Scots who had become their allies were looking for him everywhere. Moreover, those Scots who fell into the hands of the enemy could not hope for mercy. If they were men of low degree and with no title of nobility they were hanged. If they were of noble birth, they suffered the more aristocratic fate of beheading.

Still further misfortunes were to follow Bruce. The Pope could not forget his desecration of the church and passed on him what is known to all followers of the Catholic faith as the sentence of excommunication. This was a terrible punishment, for it meant that so far as the power of the Church went—and that power was absolute

in those far days—Bruce could never be received In Heaven or even have the privilege of repenting for his sins. He was cast out of the Church into the outer darkness, and the hands of every priest and of all righteous men were turned against him.

He was obliged to flee to a little island off the coast of Ireland, where with a few followers he had a comparatively safe hiding place, although the ships of King Edward were hunting for him high and low. In the meantime his Queen and her ladies, whom he believed he had sent to a safe refuge in a stronghold called Kildrummy Castle, were captured by the English and kept in close confinement, being made to undergo many indignities because Bruce himself had succeeded in eluding vengeance.

But all the time he lay in concealment Bruce considered how he could go back to Scotland, whose shores he could see from his hiding place, and he and his followers were constantly making desperate plans to return. Chief among them was one James Douglas, who was a brave and noble warrior, second only to Bruce himself in the strength of his arm and no way inferior to him in the quality of his courage. After many a talk with Douglas and the rest of his followers as to what would be best for them in their extremity, Bruce decided to send a trusty messenger in a small boat to the Scottish shore to learn if there was any discontent under the British rule, and if the time for a second uprising had not perhaps

arrived. For Bruce knew he had many friends, if he could only reach them and gather them to his side.

The messenger who made this dangerous journey was to signal to Bruce if it was safe for him to return by lighting a beacon fire on the headland that was most visible from the Island of Arran where Bruce was then hiding. If Bruce saw the fire on the following night he and his followers were to embark at once for Scotland. There they would be met by friends and their further course made clear to them.

How great was Bruce's joy when the night fell to see the beacon fire spring up on the distant headland! With a high heart he and his followers embarked and pulled strongly at the oars. They believed that Scotland would be theirs again.

But when Bruce and his small band of followers arrived on the mainland they found the messenger awaiting them. It seemed that some ill chance had befallen, for the beacon had been kindled by accident and for some other purpose than to call Bruce from his hiding place. So far from being prepared for his invasion, Scotland seemed more dangerous than ever for him. Two of his brothers had been captured by the English and both had been beheaded. Bruce learned also that the Queen and her ladies whom he believed to be safe in Kildrummy Castle had fallen into English hands and were pent in dungeons like wild beasts.

Discretion told the little band of adventurers to return to their island retreat, but after consulting together over their bitter fortunes, they decided to make a bold stroke for success and die if it did not succeed. An English garrison lay at Turnberry Castle not far off, and had been divided in two parts, one being billeted in a nearby village, while the other occupied the castle itself. It was decided to attack the English soldiers who were in the village and not to leave a man of them alive.

Silently Bruce and his men stole up to the little town. As the frightened English came running half-clad into the streets they were met by the swords and axes of the Scots. Few escaped the grim vengeance of that attack, and Bruce retaliated heavily for the injuries the English had worked on his wife and his kinsmen in his absence.

The Scots, however, did not rally to Bruce's standard as quickly as he hoped, and he was once more compelled to take shelter in the mountains. To escape the enemies who fell on his little band in far superior numbers and with better arms and equipment he was obliged to flee as swiftly as possible. His enemies, however, had tracked Bruce himself by a bloodhound, and it seemed impossible for him to escape the unerring scent of this terrible animal, which picked up his trail from among those of his followers. At last, with a few men, he separated entirely from his soldiers, telling them of a rendezvous where they were to meet him in case he should escape.

Bruce avoided the bloodhound by wading through a running stream, and then had adventures which have become the subject of legends in his country. At one time he was ambushed and attacked by three traitors of his own force, who hoped to make their fortunes by bringing his head to the English. Instead of this they dug their own graves, for Bruce slew all three with his own hand. On another occasion he took refuge with a single companion in a deserted house where three more enemies endeavored to kill him as he slept. Bruce had a companion at his side, but both were worn out by the hardships they had undergone and were fast asleep as the ruffians with drawn swords and daggers stole upon them.

The good angel of Scotland made one of them tread too heavily. All at once Bruce awoke and leaped to his feet with his mighty two-handed sword in his grasp. His companion was slain, but alone Bruce struck down and killed the three murderers that had set upon him.

There are many stories about Bruce while he lay hiding in the mountain fastnesses of Scotland. We are told that on the day following his victory over the three would-be assassins he went to the house of an old woman and asked for something to eat. And when he begged for food she replied that she would give it to him willingly for the sake of one wanderer that she loved; and Bruce inquired of her who that might be.

"No other than King Robert himself," she responded. "He is hunted now and without friends, but the time will come when he shall rule all Scotland." "Know, then, woman," said Bruce, overjoyed at this evidence of devotion that had followed him in his trouble, "that I am he of whom you speak and have returned for no other purpose than to resume my crown and throne."

When the old woman recovered from her amazement she did him reverence as the rightful King of Scotland and called in her three strong sons to wait on him and join the ranks of his soldiers.

Bruce slowly collected the men that had remained faithful to him, and at Loudon Hill in May he and his followers met an English army. The English leader, whose name was De Valence, had done everything in his power to make Bruce come forth from his mountain retreat and do battle with the English, for he believed that on open ground he could defeat the Scots decisively and do away with the long chase of Bruce that was wearying himself and his followers. So De Valence sent Bruce a letter in which he called him a base coward for refusing to meet him in battle, and challenged Bruce to stand up to him as a soldier at Loudon on the tenth of May. Stung with anger, Bruce accepted the challenge and the crafty English leader rejoiced because his enemy had delivered himself into his hands.

Bruce, however, had no intention of being defeated. He arrived on the appointed spot several days before the English and studied his ground with the eye of a trained general. He knew the route that must be taken by the English and so arranged his forces that it would be impossible for his enemies to outflank him, entrenching himself behind marshes and ditches that the English could not pass.

On the appointed day he saw the gay banners and shining armor of his enemies. They approached recklessly and hurled themselves against his line in a headlong charge. But the Scots held firm. Again and again the English sought to break the Scottish ranks or to take them on the flank, but to no avail. And then when their ranks showed signs of wavering, Bruce himself gave the signal for the charge. With a shout his men rushed forward and the English were routed. Victory had crowned the arms of a tattered and ragged band of outlaws who fought with English halters around their necks.

Then a terrible calamity befell the English and turned the scale still further in favor of Bruce. Old King Edward, embittered because his cherished schemes regarding Scotland had failed, died, and with his last breath he asked his son, the Prince of Wales, to see his bones were carried in their coffin at the head of the English army invading Scotland.

The Prince of Wales who succeeded him was called Edward the Second and was a hollow echo of his father's greatness. While Edward had been the finest general of his time either in England or in Europe, the new king knew little of military art and was idle and of a pleasure loving nature. He knew nothing of generalship and cared less, being content to leave the leading of his armies in the field to the nobles who served him.

At once it was seen that the death of the strong King Edward the First was a great stroke of good fortune for his equally strong opponent. In the two years that followed King Edward's death nearly the whole country of Scotland rose against the English and threw off the foreign yoke, acclaiming Bruce as their rightful king. Border warfare was constant and raids and skirmishes were carried on both by the Scots and the English, with varying success on either side.

In these raids, sieges and forays one of Bruce's followers particularly distinguished himself. This was James Douglas, who had shared all his leader's hardships.

While most of Scotland was now under Bruce's banner, the English still held many important strongholds which were thorns in the side of Bruce and his followers. Chief among these fortresses were those of Stirling and Berwick.

Realizing that the overthrow of these strong fortresses was necessary to the success of the Scottish cause, King

Robert in the autumn of 1313 sent his brother, Edward Bruce, to lay siege to Stirling Castle. So well did the Scots succeed and so ruthlessly did they beset the strong walls of Stirling that at last the English commander, one Sir Philip Mowbray, agreed to surrender, providing the besieged soldiers were not relieved by the English before the twenty-fourth of June of the following year. This was a strange agreement and showed that the old laws of chivalry which bound all noblemen to certain forms of warfare and certain conditions of fighting were still in operation.

But the English had no intention of allowing Stirling Castle to fall into the hands of the Scots and before the stipulated date a strong army advanced into Scotland, led by King Edward the Second in person. It numbered, we are told, about one hundred thousand men, while the total number that Bruce was able to muster was thirty thousand, so that his force of seasoned veterans was compelled to fight at odds of more than three to one.

Bruce sent out scouts to keep close watch of all the English movements, and on the twenty-second of June they brought him word that the English were advancing on Stirling Castle by way of a place called Falkirk.

This information enabled Bruce to know exactly how his enemies must travel, for to reach Stirling after passing Falkirk they would have to cross a stream called Bannock

Burn, and Bruce was thoroughly acquainted with the country in the vicinity of this stream.

He assembled his army on its bank and strengthened his position with hundreds of pits in which sharp stakes were planted to trip and impale the English cavalry. When these pits were prepared they were covered up again with turf in such a way that they were practically invisible. Bruce also took his position at a ford in the river, knowing that his flanks would be protected by deep water and high banks so that the enemy could not get around him.

When his men had taken their positions he spoke to them. He told them that the hour had come when they were to make Scotland free or die as they faced the foe. If the men did not like his conditions, he continued, they were free to depart before the battle began. But the Scots stood firm. Although they had an idea of the odds against which they must fight, their confidence in their leader was so great that they had no doubt in their minds that victory would be theirs. Behind their rude fortifications, with sharpened pikes and swords, they awaited grimly the coming of Edward's horsemen.

The battle opened in a curious manner. While Sir Thomas Randolph, one of Bruce's kinsmen, was fighting with a body of English cavalry that sought to outflank Bruce and make its way to Stirling Castle, Bruce himself engaged in single combat with an English knight named Sir Henry de Bohun. This knight had recognized Bruce as

the latter rode up and down in front of the line of Scottish warriors and spurring his horse with lance in rest he charged at the Scotch King. Bruce was only mounted on a small pony, while the Englishman rode a heavy charger—but when the knight was upon him, Bruce, by a deft twist of the bridle, avoided the deadly lance, and in another second had driven his battle axe through the skull of his enemy with so mighty a blow that the handle broke in his hand.

A great cheer rose from the Scottish ranks as they beheld this deed, and with the greatest bravery they routed the English as they charged. The English had not reckoned on such stubborn resistance from a force far inferior to their own, both in size and equipment, and as the day was waning they withdrew in good order, planning to hold a council of war and gain the battle on the following day.

Early in the morning the Scots were in position, and with a great rush of horses and men the English surged upon them. It was to no avail. Again and again the flower of the English nobility charged the squares of Scottish infantry and were driven back in confusion.

At last the English lines wavered and with a deafening cheer the Scots rushed upon them. Pell mell the English retreated and the battle was won. It is said that thirty thousand Englishmen were slain in this encounter—a number equal to the total number of the Scottish army.

The victory that Bruce won at the battle of Bannockburn changed the entire course of English history. Instead of being a hunted fugitive he was now acknowledged as king and openly received the fealty of his subjects. The English strongholds in Scotland were overthrown, and Scotland became a kingdom in fact as well as in name. Moreover, Bruce's wife and daughter, who had been imprisoned in England, were set at liberty. Fighting was not yet over, however, and border warfare for a time continued with varying success on either side. Edward Bruce, the brother of King Robert, was killed when fighting in Ireland.

In 1328 a treaty was signed with England in which the English recognized that Scotland was now fairly entitled to her independence and that Bruce was her rightful ruler.

But the great king was not to enjoy for long the fruits of his victory. His hardships in the wilderness when flying from his enemies, and his great suffering and lack of food when he fled in the Scotch heather like a hunted animal, had made him fall prey to a terrible malady—the disease of leprosy. So great was the love in which the Scots held him that even this did not make them shun him with the fear that is shown toward ordinary sufferers from this disease. Surrounded by friends, Bruce gradually wasted away and died in 1329. His noble follower, Douglas, who had won the name from the English of "the black Douglas," took the heart of the dead king and placed it in a silver box, planning to carry it to Jerusalem. But Douglas

himself did not live to place it there, for he was killed in a battle with the Moors.

In all history there have been great soldiers and chiefs of Scottish birth. How great the Scots are as soldiers has been shown in the recent war, where they rendered the most distinguished service for Great Britain, fighting under the British flag, their former quarrels with England reconciled, if not forgotten. But of all none was more glorious than Robert Bruce, and his name is a household word to-day through the whole of Scotland.

Jeanne d'Arc

1412 A.D. – 1431 A.D. France

In northern France the river Meuse runs through broad meadowlands, where the sun shines dimly for many months each year, and cold, rolling mists sweep down upon the earth in winter, coating each twig with silver. There, in the little village of Domremy, in the year 1412, was born a girl named Jeanne d'Arc, whose father, Jacques d'Arc, was a simple peasant.

When Jeanne d'Arc was born life was hard and dangerous in Domremy. The villagers were hard put to it to protect themselves against fierce knights and noblemen who rode at the head of marauding bands to steal and plunder at will. The peasants had to look on sadly, with no hope of redress, when brutal men at arms drove off their sheep, or tossed the torch into their cottages—and as there was little to choose between friend and foe, the villagers stood guard in the tower of a nearby monastery, and gave the alarm when any soldiers approached the town.

Domremy, however, was no worse off in these respects than other towns and villages in that far time. And it must not be thought that the village folk were wholly without pleasures. Roses grew along the walls of their cottages, wine flowed from their vineyards, and there were

village festivals and dances in which they loved to take part. Although they could not read or write, their priests instructed them in the history of the Church and its mighty power, and in the lives of the Saints and Martyrs and their teachings—how those that obeyed the Church and its priests were blessed, while those that broke its laws must surely enter the dismal fires of Hell. There were also bands of players who acted the religious stories taught by the priests in so vivid a manner that the peasants were thrilled and delighted; and while their cottages were bare and poor, their church was glorious with gold, rich with embroidery and bright with candle light that gleamed upon the carven, painted figures of the Saints that they adored.

It had been prophesied in France that from a forest near Domremy there would come a maid who would deliver the country from the perils that beset it—and when Jeanne d'Arc was a little girl the times seemed ripe indeed for the appearance of such deliverer. A great war had been raging between France and England; the English had captured many French towns and laid claim to the crown itself; the French King, Charles the Sixth, was quite mad; his Queen had leagued herself with the enemies of France, and her son, Prince Charles, who was called the Dauphin, had been compelled to flee to escape the English and the Burgundians.

Perhaps Jeanne d'Arc had heard the prophesy about the maid,—certainly she had listened to many beautiful

tales about the lives of the Saints. In those days the Saints were believed to take sides in war with the countries that were dearest to them. The English believed in St. George, who slew the dragon; but the patron Saint of France was the Archangel Michael. He was portrayed in the churches as a knight in shining armor with a crown above his helmet, and sometimes he bore scales in which he weighed the souls of men. Jeanne had listened to many stories about him, and to tales of other Saints as well—legends of St. Margaret, whose soul escaped from her persecutors in the shape of a white dove, and stories of the gracious St. Catherine, who died by the sword because she was a Christian.

These tales made a great impression upon her—all the more because she did not know one letter of the alphabet from another. She was a serious child, with something about her that marked her as being different from the other children of the village, and as she grew older she grew apart from them and did not share their games and dances. Often, when her father believed her to be tending his sheep, she was kneeling at prayer. Her girl friends, Mengette and Hauviette, urged her to share their pleasures and to give less heed to the dreams that seemed to hold her in their spell, but Jeanne persisted in her way of life, and gained a reputation for piety that passed beyond her village into the neighboring countryside.

When a mere child, something happened to Jeanne that was destined to shake the entire Kingdom of France.

When she listened to the church bells as they rang out over the meadows, she believed that she heard heavenly voices calling her name. She was only thirteen years old when she began hearing them and they seemed to come from the direction of the church that was near her cottage. The first time was at noon and a bright light appeared to her, while a grave, sweet voice said, "I come from Heaven to help you to lead a pure and holy life. Be good, Jeannette, and God will aid you." Badly frightened, she ran into the cottage and said nothing of what had happened; but a few days later the same voice called out to her again. In amazement she knew it to be the voice of an angel—and then—Saint Michael himself appeared to her in the light!

From that time on the visions and the voices came more frequently. And it seemed to Jeanne that not only St. Michael came, but St. Margaret and St. Catherine appeared to her also, coming with a bright light, and speaking with sweet and musical words. And they were so real that she believed she had actually touched their garments and tasted the sweet scents their robes emitted.

They began to urge her to take a strange course of action far removed from her birth and station and marvelous to think of, telling her that she must alter her way of life, put on armor and become a captain in the wars, for she was chosen by the King of Heaven to save France from its enemies. And they called her "Daughter of God." But Jeanne was filled with fear and grave misgiving, for

how was she, a poor, unlettered girl and the daughter of peasants, to lead armies and wield the sword of war?

In the meantime the mad Charles the Sixth died and left his throne to be fought for by the Dauphin, who was destined to be Charles the Seventh—but this prince found his dominions so harried by war, so divided against themselves, and his path beset by so many enemies that he was unable to go to the city of Rheims, where all French kings must be anointed with sacred oil before they could be considered as the rightful sovereigns of France. His failure to do this gave added power to the English and better reason for them to claim the French crown for their young King, Henry the Sixth, whose armies had joined the Duke of Burgundy. And it became more plain each day that France would be ruled by whichever king was the first to be crowned at Rheims.

In the meantime the heavenly voices that spoke to Jeanne grew more and more insistent, telling her that she must go forth to the wars and lead the Dauphin Charles to the Cathedral at Rheims to be crowned and anointed. And at last she could no longer disobey, but prepared to fulfil the strange destiny that they pointed out to her.

Clad in her poor best dress, Jeanne visited a garrison of French soldiers, and told their captain that Heaven had called on her to lead the French to victory and see that the Dauphin Charles was duly crowned at Rheims. For a week she remained, imploring the captain to listen to her, but

gaining nothing but insults and mockery that drove her at last to return to her home. But the Archangel Michael and Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret continued to appear to her, and she had no choice except to listen to their words.

Again she went to the French stronghold and told the captain, whose name was Robert de Baudricourt, that if the Dauphin Charles would give her men at arms she would deliver the city of Orleans, which was being besieged by the English, and drive the English enemy from their strongholds in all France. And this time the captain gave heed to her and wrote to the French Court, telling the Dauphin of what she had said; and after many days of weary waiting he received a reply ordering that Jeanne be taken to Chinon where the Dauphin was awaiting her.

This was not accomplished all at once, and Jeanne had to answer many tedious and wearisome questions; for wise men and clergymen from all over the land desired to know if she were inspired by angels or devils, and they feared that the visions she had seen might be the work of Satan himself. But they decided at last that there was great virtue in what she had beheld and that perhaps after all she was to be the deliverer of France that prophets had told of. And they decided that, as travel was dangerous and there were many rough characters on the road, Jeanne should go to the French Court dressed as a boy, and a jerkin, a doublet, hose and gaiters were given to her.

Attired in these garments and accompanied by men at arms Jeanne set forth on her journey, and traveled for more than seventy leagues through a hostile country with enemies on every hand. At length she came to Chinon and sent the Dauphin a letter, telling him that she was sent by God to crown him as King of France.

Charles was suspicious of Jeanne and desired to see for himself if she was inspired by angels; and when he summoned her to the Court he prepared a trick to deceive her. He had one of his courtiers wear the royal robes and seat himself on the throne, while the Dauphin, disguised in humble garments, stood quietly in the group of courtiers and servants that crowded the room.

When Jeanne entered she stopped for a minute and glanced about her. Then, instead of going to the throne where the supposed Prince was sitting, she went straight to Charles where he stood among his courtiers, and falling on her knees before him she told him that the King of Heaven had called upon her to deliver the city of Orleans from the hands of the English and to take him to Rheims to be crowned.

All who beheld this were amazed, for Jeanne had never seen Charles before,—nor had she so much as looked upon his portrait—and Charles and his noblemen believed that this was indeed a sign that Jeanne was guided by heavenly powers.

Before they went any further, however, they put her to further tests and she was questioned again by learned doctors and ministers. Messengers were even sent to the village of Domremy to learn about her early life. They asked her to give signs and to perform miracles—but Jeanne told them that it was not in her power to do these things. Her deeds, she declared, should answer for themselves and before the walls of Orleans all should receive the sign that they required in the rout of the English army. And she begged them to make haste and let her go there, for the English were battering at the walls and the besieged garrison was suffering.

In Tours Jeanne was fitted out with plain white armor and received a sword that was believed to have belonged to the great Charles Martel, who had saved France and all Christendom from the invader several hundred years before her time. She also had a banner painted for her, snowy white, with fleur de lis upon it and a picture of God holding up the world, with angels on each side. And then, in company with skilled captains and men of war, and with her two brothers, Jean and Pierre, riding behind her, Jeanne went to the city of Blois, where the army to relieve Orleans was awaiting her arrival.

With priests marching at the head of the column, chanting in Latin, accompanied by captains decked in all the panoply of war, and followed by men at arms, Jeanne left Blois for Orleans. She was in command of a convoy of supplies and provisions and the larger part of her army was

to come up later. There were two roads to Orleans, which was built on the margin of the river Loire—one road leading directly past the English camp, the other running down to the river, where entrance to the town was to be gained only by bridges and boats.

Jeanne had desired to march directly past the English, and so strike fear into their hearts, but her captains deemed that the other road was the safer and without her knowledge guided her upon it, so that when she beheld Orleans the river was between. And she spoke bitterly to the captains for deceiving her.

"In God's name," she cried in anger, "you deceive yourselves, not me, for I bring you more certain aid than ever before was brought to a town or city. It is the aid of the King of Heaven," and in truth the way that the captains had chosen in their timidity was more dangerous and uncertain than the one that Jeanne had chosen.

The English, however, were so negligent, that they allowed the entire army to enter the city in safety, and the people of Orleans rejoiced beyond words when Jeanne in her shining armor appeared within the ramparts of the beleaguered town. They beat upon the door of the house where she was lodged and clamored to see her, and they crowded so closely about her as she rode through the streets that a torch set fire to her white standard, and the Maid, wheeling her horse, was obliged to put it out with her own hands.

On the following day Jeanne sent two heralds with a letter to the English leaders, bidding them to depart and save their lives while there was time, for otherwise the French would fall upon them and slay them all—but the English laughed greatly at the letter pretending to scorn it and really believing it to be the work of a witch who was led by evil spirits; and they answered her with vile taunts and insults, and one of their captains named Glasdale shook his fist in her direction and shouted in a voice that reached her ears: "Witch, if ever we lay our hands upon you, you shall be burned alive."

None the less the English were more frightened by the sight of this young girl in white armor than they cared to admit, for they believed they were now fighting the powers of darkness; and in this way Jeanne's presence did the French army more good than the thousands of soldiers she brought with her.

It came to pass that soon after Jeanne's arrival in the city, although she was now considered the real leader of the French rather than the captains, an attack was made by the French against one of the English forts that rose without the city walls. And things went badly for the French, for the English repulsed them with great slaughter.

Jeanne had not been told of the attack and was asleep at the time it took place, but the Saints that watched over her appeared to her in a dream and told her that she must

rise instantly and go forth against the English; and when she rose she heard the hearty shouts of the English soldiers and the screams of the French who were being slaughtered.

She put on her armor as quickly as possible and galloped to the scene of the fight with her white standard in her hand. The French were in full flight when she appeared, but their courage returned when they saw her and they ran to gather around her banner. She cried out to them that they must return to the charge and take the English fort, and although the English hurled great stones upon them and fired with crossbows and cannon, the French soldiers swarmed over the English ramparts and gained the victory. And through the fight the Maid stood unmoved beneath the hail of missiles that the English showered down upon her followers, and she led the attack in person when the French climbed over the walls.

This was only the commencement of the fighting, for the French with Jeanne to lead them, now commenced a determined series of attacks against the English forts that lay about the city. And everywhere Jeanne and her white standard were in the front rank of the battle, and she risked her life a thousand times each day.

At last the French attacked one of the strongest of all the English forts, the bastille of Les Tourelles. Before the fight began Jeanne told the men-at-arms who were detailed to accompany her on the field to stay particularly

close to her that day—"For," said she, "I have much work to do, and blood will flow from my body—above the breast."

As the French approached the stronghold they were met with showers of stones and arrows. The English crossbowmen did deadly work and the English cannon fired stone balls into the ranks of the French soldiers. The French brought scaling ladders to mount the walls, but above them the English stood ready with boiling pitch and melted lead to hurl into the faces of those who succeeded in mounting.

In spite of all these dangers Jeanne was constantly close to the English walls and her white standard always rose where the fighting was hottest. When a scaling ladder was placed against the wall she was the first to mount and was half way to the top when an English crossbowman, taking careful aim, fired an arrow with such force that it pierced right through her steel coat of mail and stood out behind her shoulder. Her grip relaxed from the ladder and she fell.

A mighty cheer went up from the English who believed that in drawing the blood of the witch they had drawn her power too. And for a time it seemed as if this really were so, for Jeanne's wound was very painful and she seemed no longer a warrior, but a pitiful little girl, overcome with tears and faintness. At last, however, when her steel shirt had been removed, she grasped the arrow

with her own hands and drew it from the wound. And after this she rose and insisted on donning her armor once more.

The French had seen her fall and their courage had left them, and they were in full retreat when Jeanne returned to the battle.

"In God's name," she cried, riding toward them, "forward once more. Do not fly when the place is almost ours. One more brave charge and I promise you shall succeed."

The English were still rejoicing at what they had accomplished when to their dismay the French trumpets blew the charge again and they beheld the Maid with her white standard directly beneath their walls. And they considered that her return to the fight was nothing less than magical and fear gripped their hearts. Then the French swarmed up the scaling ladders like monkeys, leaped over the ramparts, and a horrible din arose from the interior of the fort, where, amid oaths and outcries and the clangor and crash of axes and meeting shields, the English were savagely slaughtered.

Glasdale, the same leader who had threatened Jeanne from the English camp, was guarding the retreat of his men as they ran across a bridge over the Loire, but the French brought up and set fire to an old barge piled high with straw, tar, sulphur and all kinds of inflammable

material, and the only escape for the English lay directly through the flames.

Jeanne, on seeing this, was smitten with great pity for her enemies.

"Yield, Glasdale, yield!" she cried. "Thou hast called me witch, thou hast basely insulted me, but I have great pity on your soul." But the brave English captain refused to give in and continued to guard the escape of his comrades. When all had passed through the smoke and flame he tried himself to rush across—but the planks were now eaten through with fire and would not hold him. With a crash of breaking timbers he plunged into the river beneath, where the weight of his armor pulled him down and he was drowned.

With the capture of this English stronghold the siege of Orleans came to an end. The English saw that they were beaten and that their months of fighting to gain the city had availed them nothing. On the following day the French beheld them marching away in good order, and Jeanne cried out for joy.

"Let them go," she said to her captains who wished to pursue them. "It is Sunday and God does not will that you shall fight to-day, but you shall have them another time." And the French held a solemn mass in thanksgiving for their victory.

Jeanne had made good her word and Orleans was saved. And now the Maid returned to Tours to meet the

Dauphin, who had been so faint hearted that he stayed out of harm's way while a girl had gone forth and fought his battles for him. But he was very glad to see the Maid and he gave her a royal welcome and Jeanne told him that no time was to be lost but that he must come to Rheims and be crowned.

At last the tardy prince yielded to her request, and Jeanne with the army set forth once more to capture the towns that still were held by the English—and with the Maid at the head of the French army the towns of Jargeau, Meuny and Beaugency were soon taken. The English were so frightened by the marvelous feats performed by Jeanne that it was not long before their entire army was in full retreat toward the city of Paris. But Jeanne pursued them and defeated them in the battle of Pathay, where the mighty English leader, Talbot, was taken prisoner.

And then Jeanne took matters into her own hands, for Charles continued to delay. She issued a proclamation to the people to come to Rheims to the King's Coronation, and she left the Court again to join the army, where Charles was compelled to follow her. And at last through the efforts of this simple peasant girl, the sluggard Charles was crowned with divine pomp and glory in the Rheims cathedral, and Jeanne in her white armor and with her white banner floating over her stood beside him all through the ceremony. The holy oil was poured on his head and all the people shouted in rejoicing, because they now had a king.

Among the spectators was Jeanne's father who had journeyed to Rheims to see his famous daughter. All the old man's expenses were paid by the King, and when it was time for him to depart he was given a horse to carry him back to his native village.

Jeanne now desired to besiege and capture Paris which was held by Charles' enemies, but since he had been crowned he was reluctant to make any further effort to secure his kingdom. Paris was besieged, to be sure, but only half heartedly, for the King did not send up the necessary reinforcements, and the siege was unsuccessful.

Then came months when Jeanne was forced to wait at Court, where the laggard King did nothing whatever, quite content with what had already been accomplished in his behalf. It is true that he gave Jeanne many presents, among other things a mantle of cloth of gold; and that many sick persons believed her to be a saint and came to touch her, in order to be cured of illness and suffering. But when Jeanne was asked to lay her hands upon some sufferer and cure him, she replied that his own touch would be as healing as her own, for that no extraordinary power lay in her.

The English and the Burgundians sought to retrieve their fortunes by capturing Compiegne, a town that was important in its relation to Paris and as large and strong as Orleans itself. Word of this was brought to Jeanne, and she

learned also that her enemies had already appeared before the city walls.

With her usual swift decision she went to help the beleaguered garrison. She arrived before the city by secret forest paths and succeeded in gaining an entrance to it. And one morning with about five hundred followers she rode through the city gates to do battle with the besiegers. Her force drove the Burgundians before them like chaff, and the attack would have been wholly successful if a company of English men at arms had not come up at the gallop and attacked the French from the flank and from the rear.

All of the French fled except a small band in the immediate vicinity of the Maid. They were driven back into the town with the English and Burgundians so close on their heels that the archers on the walls of the town could not shoot for fear of wounding their own comrades. Then the drawbridge was raised to keep the English from forcing an entrance—and Jeanne and her few followers were surrounded by the enemy. The Maid was dressed in a scarlet and gold cloak which covered her armor, and more attention was drawn to her than usual on account of the richness of her apparel. A Burgundian archer laid hands on her and dragged her from her horse. She was a prisoner.

A great shout of triumph went up from the Burgundians when they saw that it was indeed Jeanne the

Maid whom they had taken, and she was brought before the Duke of Burgundy, who, with great joy, sent many letters abroad informing the heads of the Church and the English of his good fortune.

The English were determined to get Jeanne in their power, for they had planned a cruel death for her. The Holy Inquisition likewise demanded her "to receive justice at the hands of the Church."

And now must be recorded the black and shameful fact that Charles made no effort to ransom Jeanne or do anything to relieve her misfortune, as might well have been possible, for the French held important English prisoners. And not content with leaving her to die, he proceeded to slight the name of the girl that had won him his throne. For in official accounts of how he had been crowned he made no reference to Jeanne at all. Orleans was won "by the grace of God." His enemies were routed "by the will of Providence." Of Jeanne and her efforts in his behalf he said not one single word.

Jeanne was sent from castle to castle and confined in one prison after another. On one occasion she was jailed in a high tower and she tried to escape by leaping from a window more than sixty feet above the ground, only to be picked up insensible and bleeding as she lay at the foot of the castle wall.

Then her worst enemy appeared before her. This was Pierre Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais. He persuaded

the English to buy her from her captors so that they might try her and punish her, and the sum of six thousand francs was paid by them as blood money.

Jeanne was then taken to the town of Rouen and imprisoned in a grim and ancient castle, which was already centuries old. Not content with lodging her in a damp cell, the English placed fetters on her leg and chained her to a great log so that she must needs drag the chain about whenever she moved. And instead of allowing her women to be her attendants, her only jailers were rough men at arms, who were constantly with her.

To try this simple girl came the greatest dignitaries of the realm—men aged in experience and the law, grave doctors and wise bishops, all with the single purpose of accomplishing her death. With every advantage on their side they did not even allow a counsel for their prisoner, and when they saw that in spite of this she might be able skilfully to defend herself, they had her answers set aside as being of no importance and having no bearing on the trial. And they were right, for nothing that Jeanne said could possibly effect an issue where the stake and the executioner were already decided upon. And when some of the spectators showed signs of pity for her youth and innocence they had the trial continued secretly in her cell.

They played with her as a cat plays with a mouse and tortured her in mind as well as in body. And under the guise of compassion they pretended to spare her life, only

in the end to tell her that the stake had been made ready and that she must come at once to the market place to be burned.

On the thirtieth of May, 1431, Jeanne was taken from her cell by two priests and escorted by men at arms to the market place of Rouen, where three scaffolds had been prepared. On one sat the priests who had been her judges, on another Jeanne must stand and hear a sermon before she died, and on the third was a grim stake with fagots piled high for her burning, and at the top of the stake was nailed a placard that bore these words:

"Jeanne, who hath caused herself to be called the maid, a liar, pernicious, deceiver of the people, soothsayer, superstitious, a blasphemer against God, presumptuous, miscreant, boaster, idolatress, cruel, dissolute, an invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic."

Then, with the learned doctors and churchmen drinking in the words, a sermon was read for the benefit of her soul. After it was ended the Bishop of Beauvais read the sentence which concluded by abandoning her to the arm of the law, for the Church itself could not pronounce sentence of death, but must leave that to the civil magistrates. Neither could the clergymen behold the infliction of the sentence, and they all came down from their seats and left the market place. What followed was supposed to be too dreadful for them to see.

So Jeanne was burned, and even in her death there took place something approaching a miracle, for when the fire was extinguished her brave heart was found intact among the embers, and the frightened English threw it into the river.

But the end did not come here. The enemies of Jeanne were so afraid of her power that they followed her with persecution after she was dead and made various attempts to darken her reputation, and give her memory an evil name. But they defeated their own ends, for twenty-five years later another trial was held in which the Maid was pronounced to be innocent. And nearly five hundred years later, in 1909, Pope Leo the Thirteenth took the first step toward making her a Saint by pronouncing her "venerable." Her canonization followed in 1920.

The marvels wrought by Jeanne still continue,—for without her there might be a different France from that which we know to-day. In Domremy the house of Jacques d'Arc still stands, much the same, in many ways, as it was when she beheld her visions there. In addition a splendid church has been built to her memory not far from the village she loved. And her name and fame grow greater as time passes.

William the Silent

1533 A.D. – 1584 A.D. Holland

In the year 1560 two horsemen were riding in the Forest of Vincennes in France, followed by a splendid retinue. It could be seen from their costume and bearing that they were officials of high rank and large following—and indeed they were no less personages than Henry the Second, the King of France, and a Prince from the Netherlands named William of Orange, a powerfully built young man of commanding appearance and great nobility of demeanor.

The Netherlands which were ruled by the King of Spain, had been at war with France and William had been sent to the French court as a hostage while peace was being arranged. He was brave, generous, handsome and wealthy, and gained the respect and liking of all that knew him, wherever he happened to be. But his heart was as heavy as lead while the French King was talking to him, for Henry the Second was telling him of a secret scheme by which all people in the Netherlands who did not believe in the Catholic religion were to be wiped out by fire and sword.

"Everything has been arranged," said Henry triumphantly, "and the King of Spain has agreed with me to carry out the affair in the Low Countries as shall be

done in France. The ancient edicts are to be brought forth again. The Holy Inquisition is to be revived in its greatest severity, and before long there will be no place in Spain, France or the Low Countries where a heretic may lay his head in safety."

Now Henry of France was very foolish when he spoke this way to Prince William of Orange. He believed that because the Prince had been commander of the army of King Philip of Spain that he was in the complete confidence of the Spanish King—but this was not the case. Although William had been brought up in the Catholic faith he was a Protestant at heart, and came from a Protestant family. He had only turned to the Catholic religion because it had been necessary for him to be of that faith to become the ruler of the Principality of Orange,—and even if his own father and mother had not been Protestants, William would never have consented to the hanging and burning of innocent people because they happened to believe in a religion that was slightly different from his own. His blood ran cold with horror when he heard what the King of France and the King of Spain were planning—but in spite of what he heard he had presence of mind enough to listen quietly without showing any sign of the rebellion and anger that were in his heart. He knew that he could aid the Protestants and the Netherlands far more if the powerful monarchs who were in league against them did not realize that they would have him to reckon with as one of their enemies, but from that time on Prince

William determined not to rest until the last Spanish soldier had been driven from his country and the people were allowed to worship God in their own way.

Still William said nothing. He pretended to be greatly interested in the measures that he had learned of and expressed no disapproval of their severity. The King of France never learned what an error he had made. But William, from his attitude on this matter and the way that he conducted himself, gained the nickname of "William the Silent" which clung to him throughout his life and has been attached to him in history ever since.

William was well liked in the Netherlands or the "Low Countries" as they were then called. He was the son of a nobleman. Count William of Nassau, and succeeded to the principality of Orange on the death of his cousin Réné of Nassau who was killed in battle. Réné was an ardent Catholic, and stipulated that to gain the principality William would have to be brought up in the Catholic faith. So young William went to the Court of Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Spain and Germany, and became a page in Charles' establishment in the city of Brussels.

When a youth of eighteen William married a girl of high birth named Anne of Edgemont and lived happily with her until he went to the wars with the Spanish army. He did not like military life, but none the less he did so well that before he was twenty-one he was made a General. His record was creditable to the utmost, but

through all his life William never showed any great military ability. He was slow to come to decisions and too deliberate to make a military leader of the highest order.

When William returned to the Netherlands after his sojourn in the French court he was made Governor of the principalities of Zeeland, Utrecht and Holland. And here, in his efforts to help the Protestants from the harsh decrees that were being carried out against them, he first came in collision with the cruel and cold-blooded Philip of Spain.

Philip believed in the instrument of justice called the Holy Inquisition and for years this had been in operation in his own kingdom of Spain. It was a body of Priests and wise men who judged and condemned all persons who were accused of heresy, as any difference from the Catholic religion was called. The punishments dealt out by the Holy Inquisition were most severe and brought great suffering. For the Inquisition employed the most inhuman tortures, not only for those who were convicted of guilt, but also for unfortunate people who were accused, maintaining that under torture nobody could refrain from telling the truth, nor conceal any wickedness that he had ever committed. As a result of this, confessions were often wrung from innocent people, who could not support the agony of torture, preferring to be punished for crimes they had not committed than to bear it. And this punishment was almost invariably to be hanged or burned alive at the stake.

At the time when William was put in control of the three small states that we have spoken of, Philip had left the Low Countries for Spain, and had placed the government of his dominions in the Netherlands in the hands of his half sister, Margaret the Duchess of Parma, and under her rule the cruel measures enacted by Philip against the Protestants were ruthlessly carried out.

As Governor under Philip, William was expected to apply these measures himself, and on one occasion was ordered to put to death certain people who were accused of heresy. Being unwilling to do this he sent them private warning, suffering them to escape before his men came to arrest them; and from this time on he followed a course of action that soon brought him into disfavor with the Duchess of Parma who suspected him of treachery and wrote to the King of Spain accusing William of many crimes.

Greater and greater grew the unrest and dissatisfaction throughout the Netherlands. And one curious sign of this was in the formation of a society of noblemen who called themselves "The Beggars." This organization had come about in the following manner. Three hundred or more noblemen had presented to Margaret a request that the Inquisition be abolished and the edicts against the Protestants revoked. Some of her advisors laughed at the request of the Flemish nobles, referring to them scornfully as "beggars," and the term came to their ears. At once they took the word for their

watch cry and dressed themselves in the costume of beggars with wallets and begging bowls, declaring that they would not resume their ordinary dress until their requests had been granted. And this organization did a great deal to fan the opposition to Spain, which was increasing every day throughout the Netherlands, into a flame of rebellion.

Another disturbance soon took place that made the King of Spain more bitterly angry against the Low Countries than any other thing that could have happened. A storm against the Catholic faith swept through the country and churches were sacked and the holy images destroyed in every province. Mobs marched through the streets attired in the sacred vestments of the priests that they had torn from the altar. Stained glass windows were broken with stones; entire churches were ransacked and plundered of everything of value that they contained. The people at last had turned in revolt, and "the image breaking" as this rioting was called, was the first sign of it. And then, or shortly after, William the Silent became a Protestant.

Frightened by the signs of revolt Margaret pretended to consent to the wishes of the nobles and stated that the Inquisition should be abolished in the Netherlands and the edicts against the Protestant religion revoked. And she sent a secret letter to the King of Spain, informing him of what she had done.

Philip was determined on the most bitter vengeance, but until he could bring a powerful army into the Low Countries it suited him to have his subjects there believe that he had actually consented to their demands. So he pretended to agree to what Margaret had granted, and all through the Low Countries the bells rang and the bonfires burned in rejoicing that freedom from persecution had at last been gained.

But Philip had put a nobleman named the Duke of Alva in charge of the army that was to subdue the Netherlands, and could not have chosen a better or surer man to carry out his dark ends. The Duke of Alva was a monster of cruelty, implacable as iron, and possessed of a skill in warfare that few could equal. He had been ordered to seize William of Orange as well as other leaders and bring them to instant execution, and then so to punish the Netherlands that not a trace of the recent rioting or rebellion should remain.

The Netherlands were not then in a position to offer a strong resistance to such a highly organized well trained army as the Duke of Alva's, but secret preparations were going through the country for a great struggle of which the recent rioting was only the smallest beginning. The Duke of Alva, proud soldier that he was, did not estimate the strength of the Lowlanders at its proper value. He boasted that he had tamed men of iron in his time and could easily tame the men of butter who were now opposed to him. And his first act was to carry out King Philip's demands

against the noblemen who were chiefly implicated in the recent uprisings.

These were the Counts Egmont and Horn and rightly or wrongly William of Orange. William himself had been shrewd enough to fly to Germany. He knew Philip and he urged Counts Egmont and Horn to fly with him. But they, foolishly feeling secure in their own country, decided to remain where they were.

For a very brief time they thought they had decided rightly, for the Duke of Alva was courteous to them. He invited them to his house to dinner and made them his guests—but while they were eating his bread and drinking his wine, an armed guard surrounded his house and the two unfortunate nobles were arrested by the treacherous Spaniard and promptly thrown into prison. They never regained their liberty. After being held as captives for the better part of a year they met their fate courageously on the public scaffold where so many of the bravest and best heads of the Netherlands were falling by the Duke of Alva's orders.

A reign of terror then swept over the Netherlands that has had practically no equal in history. Alva was relentless as flint in every dealing with the people under his charge. To meet the numerous trials that were necessary under his regime he appointed what was called the Council of Troubles—a name that was quickly changed by the people themselves to the Council of Blood, for it never

acquitted, never showed mercy. Prisoners were led before it and condemned in batches of a hundred or more at a time, and sometimes prisoners were delivered to the executioners without even the poor formality of a trial that this council afforded.

Nor was this all—for to fill his coffers the Duke of Alva established a system of taxation that if carried out would reduce to beggary every man, woman and child in the Low Countries.

William the Silent was not idle in Germany, where he had fled on the coming of this Spanish tyrant; he was engaged in raising money and enlisting the sympathy of German princes in the cause of his oppressed people. Aided by his brother Louis, who was a fine soldier, he worked day and night to raise an army to march against the Spaniards, and at last was able to send his forces into the Netherlands, while he himself remained with a small reserve ready to support them when necessary.

But although William's brother and the other leaders of his new army were fine soldiers, they failed against the brilliant military genius of the Duke of Alva. At first they seemed partly successful and won a minor victory at a place called Heiliger Lee,—but then the Duke of Alva himself marched against them at the head of a splendid army, and wiped out the forces of his adversary at Jemmingen, killing the wounded and taking no prisoners, but exterminating his foes wherever he met them. And

among the dead was William's youngest brother, Adolphus, who had distinguished himself for his bravery.

Then William had to raise another force to supplant the one that had just been destroyed. The German princes were discouraged by his failure and were reluctant about giving their aid; and in his distress he turned to Queen Elizabeth of England, who sympathized with his cause, but could not do anything for him at that time.

At last, however, William succeeded in gathering another army that was even larger than the first one, and placing himself at its head he entered the Netherlands. He was, however, in great straits, for his soldiers were only German mercenaries and William lacked money to pay them. The Duke of Alva knew this and refused to fight, but constantly retreated, knowing well that mutiny would soon break out in William's forces and weaken him far more than any battle. And this proved to be the case. Serious trouble broke out among the German soldiers, and William at last had to disband the army and take refuge in France without money, credit or prestige. He had sold all his personal possessions to support the army and all was lost.

Where he had once been one of the richest noblemen in Europe, he was now so poor that he hardly knew where the next day's dinner was to come from. Alva had confiscated all his Netherland estates, and William had gone heavily into debt to raise his armies. Failure and

poverty stared him in the face, and other misfortunes followed him. His first wife had died several years before, and his second wife, a German princess, now went insane.

Crushed on land, there was yet the possibility for William to do something for his oppressed country by attacking his enemies on the sea. It was not long before privateers in his name were harrying the Spanish vessels and swooping down upon the ports held by the Spaniards. These daring seamen took their name from the society that had been formed years before called the "Beggars." And William's sailors now called themselves "The Beggars of the Sea."

They found help and protection in the English ports, for Queen Elizabeth hated the Duke of Alva, and while not willing just then to go to war openly with Spain, she did all in her power to give assistance to Spain's enemies. She allowed the Beggars to obtain men and supplies from England, and did not hesitate to give them ammunition when they required it.

Then a first success came to William's cause like a faint ray of sunlight through heavy clouds, for the Beggars of the Sea captured the fortified town of Brill. And almost immediately after, encouraged by this initial success, the whole of the Netherlands which had been groaning under the Spanish rule rose in rebellion and claimed as their rightful ruler the Prince of Orange. Almost in a night the cities rose and cast off their Spanish yoke, and all through

the Low Countries the flag of the Prince of Orange was uplifted.

Alva sent his troops to lay siege to the towns and recapture them, and there followed one of the most terrible periods of warfare that the world has ever known—certainly the most terrible that ever engulfed Belgium until the World War of our own day.

And now for the first time since his former defeat, the Prince of Orange was able to raise troops to fight once more against the Spaniards. He sent repeated appeals to the cities of the Low Countries, and prepared an army of some twenty thousand German mercenaries that was to be further strengthened by a French force under the French Admiral Coligny. William counted on Coligny's aid to defeat Alva, for Coligny was an ardent Protestant and had many men at his command.

But there befel another check to William's fortunes, and one that was almost fatal to his plans, for under the wicked Catherine de Medici the French Catholics in two days massacred almost every Protestant in France in a slaughter that was called the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Admiral Coligny was among the victims, and all hope of support from that quarter was at an end.

Louis, the brother of William, was being besieged by the Duke of Alva in the city of Mons, and William marched to the relief of the town. He did not strike promptly enough, however, and was routed by a

strategem on the part of the Spaniards. In the night a considerable force of the Spanish soldiers stole up to William's camp and fell upon his army, taking it completely by surprise. William himself barely escaped with his life, being awakened by a pet dog in the nick of time, and when the Spaniards were almost in his tent. Leaping to his horse, he galloped madly from the burning camp and escaped, but his army was cut to pieces. Then Alva continued the siege of Mons until Louis had to surrender. The Spaniards, however, for some strange reason allowed Louis to evacuate the town without interference and Louis fled to Dillenburg in Germany, the home of the Nassau family. But in spite of this new defeat and disappointment, the Lowland cities continued their resistance, and nowhere was this stronger than in the province of Holland.

The sieges that followed were among the most terrible in history for the beleaguered towns knew well they could expect no mercy if they were conquered, and held out to the last breath. Their inhabitants ate horses, dogs, old shoes—anything to fill their stomachs and stay the inroads of starvation. Plague broke out among them and in the Spanish forces as well. When the Spaniards captured a town they left not one stone upon another, and the burghers who had opposed them were massacred to a man.

But the Duke of Alva was growing old and suffering from ill health. The universal hatred in which he was held

weighed on his spirit. He had written several times asking his recall from the Netherlands, and at last King Philip consented to his request and sent out a Governor named Requesens to take his place. All the Netherlands went wild with joy when the news spread that Alva was leaving and bells were rung and bonfires lit as for some national holiday.

In the meantime William had made his headquarters in the province of Holland and was conducting the war against the Spaniards from that point. The Spaniards were besieging the city of Leyden, which it was necessary for them to capture, but the Netherlanders cut the dykes that restrained the ocean and let the sea sweep over the land, for Leyden was reduced to starvation, and every day people were dying by hundreds within its walls. The rescuers sailed up to the town in ships as the Spaniards fled, bringing bread to the famished people.

William was now the ruler of Holland and had triumphed over the Spaniards. The war dragged after these terrible sieges and both sides would gladly have seen it ended; but the Lowlanders were in no temper to accept half measures. And in the Union of Utrecht, in which a number of the Lowland provinces united against Philip, an important step was taken toward throwing off the Spanish yoke.

William's life was in great danger, for King Philip had offered a reward of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold

to any assassin who should strike him down. And although he was under fifty, he appeared like an old man, so great were the troubles with which he had been beset in the course of his life. He was the constant target for the bullet or the dagger of the assassin, and many dogged his tracks as a result of the Spanish proclamation against him.

The end that might have been expected came in the spring of 1584. Already William had once been severely wounded by a would-be murderer, and he was now to receive his death blow. A young man, who claimed to be a Protestant orphaned in the religious persecutions, sought aid from William's secretary, and William himself ordered that twelve crowns be given him. With this money the perfidious assassin bought firearms and ammunition, and gaining entrance to William's home fired three shots into his body. A few minutes later the "father of his country" lay dead.

The work that William had done was far reaching and had a permanent effect on the fortunes of his country. And to-day a song that was sung at the time in his honor is still the national anthem of the Kingdom of Holland. He was a man of a great heart and a great character; and his fame has lived and grown more lustrous up to the present day.

Queen Elizabeth of England

1533 A.D. – 1602 A.D. England

We will now tell the story of a young girl who became the most famous Queen that the world has ever known and laid the real foundations for the modern greatness of the English nation. The name of this girl was Elizabeth, and the time in which she lived has since been called the Elizabethan Era. For England at that time was rich in the bravest soldiers, the most daring sailors and the greatest men of genius, and Elizabeth knew well how to surround herself with these men and use their great talents to benefit her country.

Elizabeth was the daughter of King Henry the Eighth, and his wife, Anne Boleyn. Her childhood was far from being a happy one, for Henry was a cruel tyrant and showed harshness to the princess in many ways. When Elizabeth was only three years old her mother was imprisoned in the Tower of London and then beheaded at King Henry's order, and her own right to succeed him on the throne of England was taken away from her. Then she was sent into the country to be brought up by servants and attendants, and seldom was allowed at the Royal Court.

King Henry married a lady named Catherine Parr and Elizabeth became a favorite with her step-mother. For the

first time in her life she received a little affection and kindness. Catherine saw that she had the attention she needed and brought her back to Court, but although she was still only a child something she said or did once more awakened her father's anger, and Elizabeth was sent away in disgrace and not permitted to return until after his death.

A son had been born to Henry the Eighth by another wife named Jane Seymour; and this boy, who was christened Edward, succeeded his father on the throne of England. Elizabeth, who was noted for her demure bearing, was then thirteen years old and became a great favorite with her brother, the boy king, who called her "sweet sister Temperance," and gave many signs of his regard for her. But Edward the Sixth did not live very long. He had a serious disease that wasted him away, and Elizabeth's half sister named Mary, became Queen.

Now Mary was an ardent Catholic, and desired that all England should come under the power of the Catholic Church. To bring this about she persecuted the Protestants in her kingdom mercilessly until anybody who professed to the Protestant faith was in danger of being burned at the stake. Mary, moreover, had married the dismal Spanish King, Philip the Second, who tried to have her treat her subjects as he had done with the people of the Low Countries, until through the efforts of William the Silent, they won their freedom. And Mary was surrounded

with advisors who were even more fanatical and cruel than the Queen herself.

One of Mary's first acts when she became Queen was to send for her sister Elizabeth and command her to become a Catholic. Elizabeth had been brought up as a Protestant and believed in the Protestant religion, but to save her life she decided to pretend to obey her sister's order and to adopt the outward forms of the Catholic faith. And then more trouble befel Elizabeth, for due to her sister's harsh rule which had won her the name of "Bloody Mary," a revolt broke out among a number of the English people to place Elizabeth upon the throne. For the Protestants had not been deceived by Elizabeth's pretended conversion. They knew that she was Protestant at heart, and that if she were only Queen the cruel persecutions would straightway be ended. And a young man named Wyatt began a rebellion in Elizabeth's name that was only put down after severe rioting.

Wyatt was captured and stated that the Princess Elizabeth had known of the plot; and Elizabeth was summoned to Mary to explain the accusations against her and prove if possible that she had no share in the undertaking. Elizabeth was very much frightened, and in fact she had every reason to be. She dressed herself all in white as a symbol of her innocence and went through the streets of London on her way to the Queen; and the people gazed at her sadly and shook their heads, for they were afraid that she was going to her death. Mary, who was

influenced by her advisers, refused to see her sister and would not listen to her assurances of innocence, and finally an armed guard came before Elizabeth and told her that she must go at once to the Tower of London, where she was to be held a prisoner.

The Tower of London, which is standing to-day, is a gloomy fortress that was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and since that time had been the scene of many tragedies and executions, for the most dangerous political prisoners were confined there. Elizabeth's own mother had been put to death within its solid walls, and Elizabeth had every reason to fear that a similar fate was intended for her by her sister Mary. Guarded by soldiers, the Princess was taken on a boat down the Thames River; but instead of stopping at the usual entrance to the Tower, the boat drew towards a portal known as "Traitor's Gate," where many of the worst prisoners entered, only to meet the axe of the executioner.

"I am no traitor," Elizabeth cried out angrily when she saw where she was, "I will not pass in by way of the gate of Traitors."

And when she was sternly told that she must obey, she added:

"Here lands as true an English subject as ever set foot on these stairs!"

That she was near death she knew very well; and whenever she heard any unusual bustle or stir in the prison

courtyard, she tried anxiously to see what was going on there, for she feared that they might be building a scaffold for her execution. And her fears were only too well founded, for the Queen's advisors hated Elizabeth and did not think that Catholic rule in England was safe as long as the Princess was alive. This, rather than the charge of treason that had been trumped up against her, was the real reason for her imprisonment.

On one occasion, we are told, Mary fell ill; and her counselors took the opportunity to have Elizabeth put to death. A warrant for her execution was prepared, and an order was sent to the keeper of the Tower to carry out the punishment at once.

"Where is the Queen's signature?" demanded that official.

"The Queen is too ill to sign it, but it is sent in her name," was the reply.

"Then I will wait until she is well enough to send her order in person," said the keeper,—and Elizabeth's life was saved. For Mary was furious when she learned how her counselors had tried to take the law into their own hands, and in spite of their remonstrances Elizabeth was soon afterward taken from the Tower and set at liberty.

Queen Mary died in 1558, when Elizabeth was twenty-five years old, and as it was known that Elizabeth would now come to the throne, there was great rejoicing throughout England. Bonfires blazed and bells were rung;

and in joy at the accession of Elizabeth the people forgot to mourn for the dead Queen, whose gloomy reign and religious cruelties had caused her to be feared and hated everywhere.

From the first day of her reign Queen Elizabeth showed that she was a Protestant at heart and she put an immediate end to religious persecution. But Elizabeth was too shrewd to take any steps that would cause the Catholics to hate her. She wanted the love and respect of her entire people, and always shaped her course in such a way that she could gain the good will of the greatest number of her subjects.

Elizabeth hated war and carried on her rule in such a way that she could avoid it as far as possible. She encouraged trade and commerce and learning and the sciences, and had in her possession long lists of her subjects who had shown great ability, either as soldiers or sailors, or in the fields of art and scholarship. As she rewarded such men richly, the ambition of all Englishmen was to make themselves worthy of being placed on one of these lists.

As a result of this policy, which was almost unparalleled in the history of the world, England began steadily to forge ahead in the occupations of peace, and a number of great and illustrious men sprang into fame. The poet Shakespeare commenced to write his immortal plays, and Spenser and Bacon both made deathless

contributions to English literature. The great explorers, Martin Frobisher and Sir Francis Drake, brought back from their voyages priceless knowledge of geography, and many treasures and discoveries to enrich England. The English statesmen Cecil and Walsingham followed a shrewd and far-sighted policy, allowing England to grow strong through the wars of other nations without engaging in them herself, and put a stop to the former extravagant proceedings in which the public money had been wasted.

But in spite of her desire to keep out of war, many troubles beset Elizabeth. In Scotland there was a young queen called Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth's cousin, who claimed the throne of England in addition to her own. Mary had always been the center of trouble and turmoil and had frequently been embroiled with England; and being a Catholic there were many among Ehzabeth's subjects who would have been rejoiced to see her on the throne in place of Elizabeth. On one occasion, however, when Mary had been engaged in civil war in Scotland, she was compelled to fly across the Scottish border and throw herself on the protection of the English Queen.

Elizabeth did not dare leave Mary at liberty in England, for she feared the plots that might arise as a result, so Mary was promptly put in prison and kept there for eighteen years, with considerable pomp and state as befitted her high birth, but a captive for all that and one that was closely watched.

Holding Mary a prisoner was, however, a very foolish thing for Elizabeth to do, for at once the Scottish Queen became the subject of conspiracies among the English Catholics. Many of these were detected, and Elizabeth's statesmen urged the Queen to sign Mary's death warrant and put an end once and for all to the cause for internal trouble in England that would continue as long as Mary lived. But Elizabeth was most unwilling to take the life of her own cousin, who had come to England of her own accord for safety, and she continued to keep Mary under lock and key.

At last, however, a plot was discovered in which Mary was not only to be rescued, but placed on the throne of England; and the plot went so far as to plan the murder of Queen Elizabeth. And there was evidence that Mary had actually shared in this conspiracy and to some extent had directed it from her prison. The Scottish Queen was taken to Fotheringay Castle, where she was tried for high treason and sentenced to death, and Elizabeth very reluctantly signed the warrant. So Mary was beheaded, going to her death with a dignity and firmness that have added to her fame throughout the centuries.

These internal troubles were not the only ones that Elizabeth had to contend with. Philip of Spain had tried to marry her after the death of her sister, because he wanted to continue to influence English politics. Elizabeth had refused him and the King of Spain had long been her enemy, and was seeking to bring England back under the

Catholic rule. Although outwardly professing friendship, Philip was preparing for war with England. And his ships captured English vessels on the high seas and their crews were sent to torture or death because they were Protestants. England did not sit meekly by and watch these depredations on her seamen. English sailors were as good as any, and often captured Spanish ships in their turn; and Spanish gold frequently found its way to the English treasury, instead of into the coffers of Philip.

England was poor, and had not then come to her full power as a great nation, and Elizabeth did not feel able openly to go to war with Spain, much as she desired to do so. But while she would not give orders for her sailors to attack Spanish ships, she was not a little pleased to have her share of the Spanish gold. Chief among her sailors who brought home treasure in this way were Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake. The last of these was a great friend of Elizabeth's on account of his bold deeds and his great discoveries. For he not only took many rich ships from Spain, but sailed around the world, bringing back with him great knowledge and gold and gems of priceless value. And although Elizabeth had warned Drake to "see that he did no harm to her good friend, Philip of Spain," she rewarded him richly for his deeds.

The death of Mary Queen of Scots had greatly angered Philip, and the deeds of the English buccaneers filled him with rage. He labored for years collecting a great fleet to invade England, and crowded the decks of his

vessels with soldiers. This fleet was called *The Invincible Armada* and set sail for England in 1588.

Elizabeth rallied her countrymen, and with the utmost coolness and bravery made her preparations for defense. Every Englishman who could wield a sword was called to the defense of his country. Boys of eighteen were enlisted and men of sixty once more became men at arms. For Elizabeth knew that if Philip ever gained a foothold in England, the same terrible scenes would be enacted there that had taken place in the Low Countries.

But the Spanish army never landed in England. When its sails appeared, and it seemed as though it must overwhelm the small English fleet that was opposed to it, Queen Elizabeth on horseback rode among her soldiers, encouraging and cheering them, and urging them to fight to their last drop of blood in defense of their country. But the English fleet, under Sir Francis Drake, put the Spanish ships to flight and sunk a great number of them. And a gale of wind did the rest, wrecking the unwieldy Spanish boats and drowning thousands of Spanish soldiers and sailors.

Elizabeth's courage and the loyalty with which she had been served by her brave subjects had saved England, and never since that time, with the exception of a raid by the American sailor, Paul Jones, have British shores been reached by a foreign foeman. The English nation was changing in Elizabeth's reign more than in any former period, and many blessings were being given to the

Queen's subjects that they had never hitherto known. Her reign saw the last vestige of bondage and servitude die out; and men were now allowed to practise the Protestant religion without the constant fear of death. They became, moreover, used to a better manner of living and enjoyed luxuries that their fathers had never known. Of course, from our standards their lives would have seemed poor and rough, but none the less they were a distinct advance over all that had gone before.

The brilliant court kept by Elizabeth was surpassed by no other in all Europe, and the magnificence of her dress had never been equaled. In this respect the Queen resembled her father, Henry the Eighth, who always had loved display. She had a thousand gowns of silk and rich materials, all richly decorated with gold and precious stones. Her hair was bright with gold and gems and in her Palace gold and rare jewels were seen on every side.

The Queen was very fond of traveling in state through England, and on her way would arrange to visit different noblemen in their castles, where they had to provide for her entertainment. These trips were called her "Progresses." And the noblemen selected to entertain her considered themselves unlucky enough, for they had to go to enormous expense to satisfy her whims, and were never sure of her gratitude,—while on the other hand, they were always certain to hear from her if anything displeased her. The most costly banquets, the richest wines, the most brilliant pageants, the most extravagant novelties and

flatteries were expected, if not demanded, by the Queen in the course of these entertainments.

Among her courtiers Queen Elizabeth had many favorites and perhaps the worthiest of them was Sir Walter Raleigh. This gentleman was famous for his courtly speech and gentle manners—things that delighted the Queen—as well as for the richness of his apparel. On one occasion in the course of a trip the Queen had to cross a muddy place in the road and hesitated before soiling her delicate slippers, but Sir Walter Raleigh slipped off the rich blue velvet cloak that he wore and cast it in the mud in front of the Queen for her to walk upon. He well knew that she would return the value of the cloak twenty times over in the benefits she would confer on him, and this proved to be the case.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an explorer as well as a courtier, and had been interested in the establishing of a colony in the New World, calling the lands there "Virginia" in honor of the virgin Queen—a name that has lasted to the present day. And from Virginia the potato and tobacco were first brought into England—and Sir Walter Raleigh used to smoke tobacco in a silver pipe, sometimes in the Queen's presence.

The Queen had other favorites beside Sir Walter Raleigh, and chief of these was the Earl of Leicester. It was believed for a time that she would marry him—but this did not come to pass. Another of her favorites was the Earl

of Essex, a self-willed and spoiled young man, who frequently had difficulties with the Queen. On one occasion he rudely turned his back on her, and Elizabeth retorted by boxing his ears. Almost always after these affairs Essex left or was sent from Court, but ultimately was pardoned and returned. The Earl of Essex was put in command of troops in Ireland, and word of his mismanagement was soon brought to Elizabeth. When he was recalled and punished he believed that a great wrong had been put upon him and engaged in a conspiracy against the Queen. For this he was imprisoned in the Tower and beheaded.

Elizabeth reigned over England until she was seventy years old. As she grew older she was troubled with ill-health, but her indomitable spirit never failed her. She continued to ride until she had to be lifted to her horse, and she ruled with a firm hand long after her health had failed and she had grown ill and feeble.

But the end of her life was not happy. The throngs of courtiers who had offered her the flattery and homage that were so dear to her, found some excuse or other to go elsewhere and to bow themselves before the feet of James of Scotland, the son of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, for James was now the recognized heir to the English throne. One after one Elizabeth's followers deserted her and at times she was found alone and in tears by the few faithful attendants that remained. She could, of course, command attendance, but not the love that she

had formerly known—for there was now little to be gained from serving her, and she had, moreover, been made unpopular by the execution of the Earl of Essex, who was loved by the common people.

Elizabeth died in her sleep in 1603, passing away without pain. And we are told that when her coffin was borne to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried, that all the former love of her subjects returned and she was mourned as no sovereign has been mourned before or since her time. And this was only fitting, for in spite of her many faults, her like has seldom been seen upon a throne or in the course of history.

Peter the Great
The Boy of the Kremlin

1672 A.D. – 1725 A.D. Russia

The halls of the Kremlin, the Czar's palace in Moscow, were filled with a wild rabble of soldiers on a winter afternoon near the end of the seventeenth century. The guards of the late Czar Alexis were storming through the maze of corridors and state apartments, breaking statues, tearing down tapestries, and piercing and cutting to pieces invaluable paintings with their spears and swords.

They were big, savage-faced men, pets of the half-civilized Russian rulers, and were called the Streltsi Guard.

They had broken into the Kremlin in order to see the boy who was now Czar, so that they might be sure that his stepmother had not hidden him away, as the rumor went, in order that her own son Peter might have the throne for himself. But once inside the Kremlin many of the soldiers devoted themselves to pillage, until the ringleaders raised the cry, "Where is the Czar Ivan? Show him to us! Show the boy Ivan to us! Where is he?"

In a small room on one of the higher floors a little group of women and noblemen, all thoroughly frightened, were gathered about two boys. The noise of the attack on the palace had come to their ears some time before; they had seen from the windows the mutinous soldiers

climbing the walls and beating down the few loyal servants who had withstood them. The din was growing more terrific every instant. It was the matter of only a few minutes before the rioters would break into the room.

"We must decide at once, friends," said the Czarina Natalia. "If they enter this room they'll not stop at killing any of us."

The smaller of the two boys, a sturdy lad of eleven years, spoke up: "Let me go out on to the Red Staircase with Ivan, mother. When they see that we are both here they'll be satisfied."

A dozen objections were raised by the frightened men and women of the court. It was much too dangerous to trust the lives of the two boys to the whim of such a maddened mob.

"Nevertheless Peter is right," said Natalia. "It's the only chance left to us. They think I have done some harm to Ivan. The only way to prove that false is for him to stand before them, and my son must go with him."

The small boy who had spoken before took these words as final. "Come, Ivan," said he, and took the other's hand in his. Ivan, a tall, delicate boy, whose face was white with fear, gripped Peter's hand hard. He was used to trusting implicitly to his half-brother, although the latter was two years younger than he.

One of the noblemen opened the door, and the two boys went out of the room and crossed the hall to the top

of the great Red Staircase. They looked down on the mob of soldiers who were gradually surging up the stairs, brandishing swords and halberds, fighting among each other for the possession of some treasure, and calling continually, "The Czar! Where are the boys Ivan and Peter? Where are they?"

At first in their excitement no one noticed the two boys on the stairway. Ivan, who was by nature timid, shrank away from their sight as much as he could, but Peter, who was of a different make, stood out in full view, and held fast to his brother's hand. He had inherited the iron nerve of the strongest of his ancestors. He looked at the mutinous rioters with bold, fearless eyes.

Presently a soldier caught sight of the younger boy and raised a cry loud above the general din. "There is the boy Peter, but where is Ivan? The Czar! The Czar!"

A score of voices took up the cry as all eyes were turned on the landing, and many men started up the stairs. "There is Peter, but where is the boy Ivan?" came the deafening chorus.

"Ivan is here with me," said Peter, his voice clear and high. He tried to pull Ivan nearer to him so that the men might see him. "Stand up where they can see you, Ivan!" he begged. "There's nothing to be afraid of. They only want to see their new Czar."

Trembling with fear the older boy, who had inherited all the weakness of his race, and none of its strength, was

finally induced to step close to Peter. So, side by side, their hands clasped, the two looked down on the crowded stairway, and faced the mob of soldiers. They made a strange picture, two small boys, standing quite alone, fronting that sea of passionate, angry faces.

At sight of Ivan another cry arose. "There's the Czar! Hail Ivan! Hail the son of the great Alexis!"

For a moment the onward rush of the mob was checked, but only for a moment. Three or four soldiers started up the stairs, their lances pointed at Peter, shouting, "What shall we do with the son of the false woman Natalia?" They came so close to the boy that their spears almost touched him before they stopped. Had he turned to run no one can say what might have happened, but he did not turn, he did not even draw back nor show a single sign of fear.

"I am the son of the Czar Alexis also, and I am not afraid of any of you!"

The boy's calm eyes fronted the nearest soldiers steadily. The men heard his words and hesitated.

"Peter, the son of Alexis, is not afraid of his own father's guards!" the boy continued. "That is why I came out here when you called me."

In the hush that had followed his first words his voice carried clear to all the crowding men. When he finished there came a silence, and then of a sudden cheer on cheer

rose on the stairs and through the hall. "Peter, the son of Alexis! Hail Peter! Hail the two boy Czars!"

The nearest soldiers dropped the points of their spears and joined in the shouting. A flush came into the younger boy's face and he smiled, and squeezed Ivan's hand tighter. He knew that the danger had passed.

Slowly the soldiers who had climbed nearest to the boys drew back down the stairs. Swords were returned to scabbards, harsh voices grew quieter, and within a quarter of an hour the Red Staircase and the great hall were empty of men.

Then the door of the room from which the two boys had come opened, and Natalia and her women stepped out. The Czarina, a woman of courage herself, took Peter in her arms. "My brave son," she murmured, "thou art worthy of thy father. I would have stood beside thee, but the people hate me, and it would have been worse for us all."

"I needed no one, little mother," said Peter. "If I am ever to be a ruler I must not fear to face my own men." Then his face grew more serious. "But if I ever am Czar they will not break into the Kremlin this way, mother, nor wilt thou need to hide thyself from them."

"God grant it be so, Peter!" answered Natalia. "I think they've learned much from thee this very day."

The Streltsi had indeed learned that the boy Peter was no coward, and their dislike changed to affection; but

there were others in Moscow who plotted and planned against him, because the family of the late Czar's first wife were very powerful in Russia and they hated his second wife Natalia, and her son, who had been his father's favorite.

Everything that conspirators could do to break the boy's spirit was done; he was time and again placed in peril of his life; he was threatened and tempted and slandered to the people, but all to no avail. His mother did her best to shield him from his enemies, but when she found that her care was not enough she trusted to his own remarkable judgment and courage. These never failed either the boy or his mother.

As time passed it grew more and more clear that Peter was as strong as his poor stepbrother Ivan was weak, and in order to satisfy the people the younger boy was made joint-Czar with the elder.

The real power in Russia then, however, was the Princess Sophia, Peter's half-sister, a bitter enemy of both the boy and his mother. She did her best to break her stepbrother's spirit, hoping that he might come to some untimely end, as so many of the royal family had already done. She knew that Ivan was simply a weak tool in her hands, and so bent all her energies to try and ruin the younger Czar by taking away all restraint from over him, and letting him indulge every pleasure and whim.

He was given a palace of his own in a small village outside Moscow, and Sophia selected fifty boys of his own age to be his playmates. She had his former teachers dismissed and chose such comrades for him as she thought would grow up idle, vicious men.

Fortunately Peter's character was not so easily ruined. His mother and his old teachers had given him the beginning of an education and instead of falling into Sophia's snares, he immediately started to turn his playmates into scholars.

He formed a sort of military school, where the boys practiced all the discipline necessary in camp. He himself set to work to learn to use different tools, and in general he studied the trades of his people. He managed to get teachers who could instruct the boys in history and geography, and as a result instead of being good for nothing the circle of boys in the little palace became unusually energetic and active-minded. When he finally left the palace it had become a well-organized military school, and continued to be run as such for a long time afterward.

When the Princess Sophia realized that these plans of hers were failing, she decided on a more desperate measure. On the night of August 7, 1689, Peter was suddenly waked in the middle of night by fugitive soldiers coming from the Kremlin, who warned him that Sophia had gathered a band of soldiers to come out to his palace

and kill him. The boy, realizing his extreme peril, jumped out of bed, and throwing on a few clothes ran to the stables, where he found his favorite horse and set out with some comrades into the neighboring forest.

There they stayed practically in hiding until officers came from the palace bringing him food and clothing, and gradually gathering about him until he had quite a small body-guard. By this time he had made up his mind what to do.

Feeling sufficiently strong with his friends, he finally set out for a monastery, thinking to find safe refuge there until the storm should pass. Here more friends came to join him, and as the news of Sophia's plot to kill the boy Czar was spread through the country, a new enthusiasm for the youthful Peter sprang up, and the very troops that had formerly sided with the Princess now denounced her as a traitor to Russia. Peter wrote to his stepsister asking for explanations about the plot at the Kremlin, but the Princess could make no satisfactory reply.

The monastery was now crowded with officers of the court who had come to realize that Sophia's power was gone and that the boy Czar's strength was rising rapidly. The time had come when he was strong enough to strike. He marched on the Kremlin and captured Sophia and those who had been in the conspiracy with her. Some of the Streltsi Guard who had taken part against him were

tried and executed, and the Princess Sophia was shut up in a convent for the remainder of her life.

Such events did not tend to make the boy a merciful ruler, but surrounded as he was by traitors and spies he was compelled to rule with an iron hand if he was to rule at all.

From this time dates the beginning of his real influence in Russia. The army had been poorly organized. Now the young King set to work to drill it as effectively as he had drilled his playmates. He learned how cannon were built, and studied the manufacture of all kinds of firearms. About the same time he became deeply interested in ship-building, and determined to build a fleet of war-vessels on Lake Plestchéief.

He took some young men of his own age with him to the bank of the lake and there built a one-storied wooden house, a very primitive building, the windows filled with mica instead of glass, and set a double-headed eagle with a gilt wooden crown over the door to show it was the Czar's residence. Here he worked hard all one winter, he himself taking a hand in all the building that was done, laboring like any carpenter and enjoying the work far more than the state ceremonies he was obliged to go through with at the Kremlin.

But even when he was so far from Moscow and so actively engaged, he sent continual messages to the

mother who had so often shielded him from harm. Once he wrote to her as follows:

"To my best beloved, and, while bodily life endures, my dearest little mother, the Lady Czarina and Grand Duchess Natalia Kirílovna. Thy little son, now here at work, Petrúshka, asks thy blessing and wishes news of thy health. We, through thy prayers, are all well, and the lake has been cleared of ice to-day, and all the boats, except the big ship, are finished, only we have to wait for ropes. Therefore I beg thy kindness that these ropes, seven hundred fathoms long, be sent from the artillery department without delay, for our work is waiting for them, and our stay here is so much prolonged."

The Russians of that day knew little about building ships, and so Peter finally went to Amsterdam. Here he dressed like a Dutch sea-captain and spent his time with sailors and ship-builders, and thoroughly enjoyed the difference between this new life and that at home. Many of his native customs he now learned to look upon as uncouth. The Russians had poor taste in dress; the Imperial Guards wore old-fashioned uniforms consisting of a long gown, which made it very difficult for them to move rapidly. Peter saw some French soldiers and at once decided to adopt their smarter and more serviceable style of dress.

In the same way he changed the old Russian military drill to something resembling that of the other European countries. He had new carriages and furniture and foods

imported from France and England, and tried to make Moscow more like a modern city than like the semi-barbarous Asiatic village it had been. The Russian men almost all wore long, flowing beards, and this fashion Peter quickly changed, insisting that the men about him should adopt the fashion of the French court.

It is hard to realize how far behind the rest of the countries of Europe the Russia of those days was; yet it is due almost entirely to the young Czar Peter that this great northern country finally came out from semi-darkness. It must not be supposed that these great changes were at first popular with the court; there was tremendous opposition to almost everything Peter did, but the people gradually realized that he was really working for their benefit and that he was deeply interested in improving their condition. Slowly his popularity grew with the middle and lower classes, until finally they spoke of their "little Czar," as they called him affectionately, almost as though he were really one of themselves.

Few rulers have had a harder task than did Peter. All during his youth the nobles plotted against him, and as he grew to manhood he escaped assassination again and again by the narrowest of chances, but every time he had to face danger he grew more self-reliant and more determined, and gradually his grip on the men of both court and army grew so strong that they realized places had changed, and that they were as absolutely his servants as he was their master.

In time Peter became a great king, a fearless, purposeful ruler who knit his people together as no other Czar had ever been able to do. He led the armies he had himself drilled to many victories. He built a great fleet in the Baltic Sea. He established a new capital near the shores of the Baltic, and named it after his own patron saint, St. Petersburg.

The history of his life is full of tremendous difficulties and dangers, but he fronted each one as he had fronted the riotous Streltsi Guards when he was a boy of eleven, and so history has given him the title of most powerful of all Russian Czars and has called him "Peter the Great."

Benjamin Franklin

1706 A.D. – 1790 A.D. Pennsylvania

"To say that his life is the most interesting, the most uniformly successful, yet lived by any American, is bold. But it is, nevertheless, strictly true." Thus writes John Bach McMaster, in his life of the great statesman.

In the year 1706, January 6 (old style), in the small house of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, on Milk Street, opposite the Old South Church, Boston, was born Benjamin Franklin. Already fourteen children had come into the home of Josiah Franklin, the father, by his two wives, and now this youngest son was added to the struggling family circle. Two daughters were born later.

The home was a busy one, and a merry one withal; for the father, after the day's work, would sing to his large flock the songs he had learned in his boyhood in England, accompanying the words on his violin.

From the mother, the daughter of Peter Folger of Nantucket, "a learned and godly Englishman," Benjamin inherited an attractive face, and much of his hunger for books, which never lessened through his long and eventful life. At eight years of age, he was placed in the Boston Latin School, and in less than a year rose to the head of his class. The father had hoped to educate the boy for the ministry, but probably money was lacking, for at ten his

school-life was ended, and he was in his father's shop tilling candle-moulds and running on errands.

For two years he worked there, but how he hated it! not all labor, for he was always industrious, but soap and candle-making were utterly distasteful to him. So strongly was he inclined to run away to sea, as an older brother had done, that his father obtained a situation for him with a maker of knives, and later he was apprenticed to his brother James as a printer.

Now every spare moment was used in reading. The first book which he owned was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and after reading this over and over, he sold it, and bought Burton's "Historical Collections," forty tiny books of travel, history, biography, and adventure. In his father's small library, there was nothing very soul-stirring to be found. Defoe's "Essays upon Projects," containing hints on banking, friendly societies for the relief of members, colleges for girls, and asylums for idiots, would not be very interesting to most boys of twelve, but Benjamin read every essay, and, strange to say, carried out nearly every "project" in later life. Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," with several leaves torn out, was so eagerly read, and so productive of good, that Franklin wrote, when he was eighty, that this volume "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of

reputation; and, if I have been a useful citizen, the public owe the advantage of it to that book."

As the boy rarely had any money to buy books, he would often borrow from the booksellers' clerks, and read in his little bedroom nearly all night, being obliged to return the books before the shop was opened in the morning. Finally, a Boston merchant, who came to the printing-office, noticed the lad's thirst for knowledge, took him home to see his library, and loaned him some volumes. Blessings on those people who are willing to lend knowledge to help the world upward, despite the fact that book-borrowers proverbially have short memories, and do not always take the most tender care of what they borrow.

When Benjamin was fifteen, he wrote a few ballads, and his brother James sent him about the streets to sell them. This the father wisely checked by telling his son that poets usually are beggars, a statement not literally true, but sufficiently near the truth to produce a wholesome effect upon the young verse-maker.

The boy now devised a novel way to earn money to buy books. He had read somewhere that vegetable food was sufficient for health, and persuaded James, who paid the board of his apprentice, that for half the amount paid he could board himself.

Benjamin therefore attempted living on potatoes, hasty pudding, and rice; doing his own cooking,—not the

life most boys of sixteen would choose. His dinner at the printing-office usually consisted of a biscuit, a handful of raisins, and a glass of water; a meal quickly eaten, and then, precious thought! there was nearly a whole hour for books.

He now read Locke on "Human Understanding," and Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates." In this, as he said in later years, he learned one of the great secrets of success; "never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so,* for such and such reasons; or, *it is so,* if *I am not mistaken*....I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure....To this habit I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens, when I proposed new institutions or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, and yet I generally carried my points." A most valuable lesson to be learned early in life.

Coming across an odd volume of the "Spectator," Benjamin was captivated by the style, and resolved to become master of the production, by rewriting the essays from memory, and increasing his fulness of expression by turning them into verse, and then back again into prose.

James Franklin was now printing the fifth newspaper in America. It was intended to issue the first—*Publick Occurrences*—monthly, or oftener, "if any glut of occurrences happens." When the first number appeared, September 25, 1690, a very important "occurrence happened," which was the immediate suspension of the paper for expressions concerning those in official position. The next newspaper,—the *Boston News-Letter*,—a weekly, was published April 24, 1704; the third was the *Boston Gazette*, which James was engaged to print, but, being disappointed, started one of his own, August 17, 1721, called the *New England Courant*. The *American Weekly Mercury* was printed in Philadelphia six months before the *Courant*.

Benjamin's work was hard and constant. He not only set type, but distributed the paper to customers. "Why," thought he, "can I not write something for the new sheet?" Accordingly, he prepared a manuscript, slipped it under the door of the office, and the next week saw it in print before his eyes. This was joy indeed, and he wrote again and again.

The *Courant* at last gave offence by its plain speaking, and it ostensibly passed into Benjamin's hands, to save his brother from punishment. The position, however, soon became irksome, for the passionate brother often beat Benjamin, till at last he determined to run away. As soon as this became known, James went to every office, told his side of the story, and thus prevented Benjamin from obtaining work. Not discouraged, the boy sold a portion of his precious books, said good-bye to his beloved Boston, and went out into the world to more poverty and struggle.

Three days after this, he stood in New York, asking for work at the only printing-office in the city, owned by William Bradford. Alas! there was no work to be had, and he was advised to go to Philadelphia, nearly one hundred miles away, where Andrew Bradford, a son of the former, had established a paper. The boy could not have been very light-hearted as he started on the journey. After thirty hours by boat, he reached Amboy, and then travelled fifty miles on foot across New Jersey. It rained hard all day, but he plodded on, tired and hungry, buying some gingerbread of a poor woman, and wishing that he had never left Boston. His money was fast disappearing.

Finally he reached Philadelphia.

"I was," he says in his autobiography, "in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with

shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest. I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing, but I insisted on their taking it; a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

"Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the Market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness, nor the names of bread, I bade him give me threepenny-worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

"Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous figure.

Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther."

After this, he joined some Quakers who were on their way to the meeting-house, which he too entered, and, tired and homeless, soon fell asleep. And this was the penniless, runaway lad who was eventually to stand before five kings, to become one of the greatest philosophers, scientists, and statesmen of his time, the admiration of Europe and the idol of America. Surely, truth is stranger than fiction.

The youth hastened to the office of Andrew Bradford, but there was no opening for him. However, Bradford kindly offered him a home till he could find work. This was obtained with Keimer, a printer, who happened to find lodging for the young man in the house of Mr. Read. As the months went by, and the hopeful and earnest lad of eighteen had visions of becoming a master printer, he confided to Mrs. Read that he was in love with, and wished to marry, the pretty daughter, who had first seen him as he walked up Market Street, eating his roll. Mr. Read had died, and the prudent mother advised that these children, both under nineteen, should wait till the printer proved his ability to support a wife.

And now a strange thing happened. Sir William Keith, governor of the province, who knew young Franklin's brother-in-law, offered to establish him in the printing business in Philadelphia, and, better still, to send him to England with a letter of credit with which to buy the necessary outfit.

A mine of gold seemed to open before him. He made ready for the journey, and set sail, disappointed, however, that the letter of credit did not come before he left. When he reached England, he ascertained that Sir William Keith was without credit, a vain man and devoid of principle. Franklin found himself alone in a strange country, doubly unhappy because he had used for himself and some impecunious friends one hundred and seventy-five dollars, collected from a business man. This he paid years afterward, ever considering the use of it one of the serious mistakes of his life.

He and a boy companion found lodgings at eighty-seven cents per week; very inferior lodgings they must have been. There was of course no money to buy type, no money to take passage back to America. He wrote a letter to Miss Read, telling her that he was not likely to return, dropped the correspondence, and found work in a printing-office.

After a year or two, a merchant offered him a position as clerk in America, at five dollars a week. He accepted, and, after a three-months voyage, reached Philadelphia,

"the cords of love," he said, drawing him back. Alas! Deborah Read, persuaded by her mother and other relatives, had married, but was far from happy. The merchant for whom Franklin had engaged to work soon died, and the printer was again looking for a situation, which he found with Keimer. He was now twenty-one, and life had been anything but cheerful or encouraging.

Still, he determined to keep his mind cheerful and active, and so organized a club of eleven young men, the "Junto," composed mostly of mechanics. They came together once a month to discuss questions of morals, politics, and science. As most of these were unable to buy books—a book in those days often costing several dollars—Franklin conceived the idea of a subscription library, raised the funds, and became the librarian. Every day he set apart an hour or two for study, and for twenty years, in the midst of poverty and hard work, the habit was maintained. If Franklin himself did not know that such a young man would succeed, the world around him must have guessed it. Out of this collection of books—the mother of all the subscription libraries of this country—has grown a great library in the city of Philadelphia.

Keimer proved a business failure; but kindness to a fellow-workman, Meredith, a youth of intemperate habits, led Franklin to another open door. The father of Meredith, hoping to save his son, started the young men in business by loaning them five hundred dollars. It was a modest beginning, in a building whose rent was but one

hundred and twenty dollars a year. Their first job of printing brought them one dollar and twenty-five cents. As Meredith was seldom in a condition for labor, Franklin did most of the work, he having started a paper—the *Pennsylvania Gazette.* Some prophesied failure for the new firm, but one prominent man remarked: "The industry of that Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind. I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed."

But starting in business had cost five hundred more than the five hundred loaned them. The young men were sued for debt, and ruin stared them in the face. Was Franklin discouraged? If so at heart, he wisely kept a cheerful face and manner, knowing what poor policy it is to tell our troubles, and made all the friends he could. Several members of the Assembly, who came to have printing done, became fast friends of the intelligent and courteous printer.

In this pecuniary distress, two men offered to loan the necessary funds, and two hundred and fifty dollars were gratefully accepted from each. These two persons Franklin remembered to his dying day. Meredith was finally bought out by his own wish, and Franklin combined with his printing a small stationer's shop, with ink, paper, and a few books. Often he wheeled his paper on a barrow along the streets. Who supposed then that he would some day be President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania?

Franklin was twenty-four. Deborah Read's husband had proved worthless, had run away from his creditors, and was said to have died in the West Indies. She was lonely and desolate, and Franklin rightly felt that he could brighten her heart. They were married September 1, 1730, and for forty years they lived a happy life. He wrote, long afterward, "We are grown old together, and if she has any faults, I am so used to them that I don't perceive them." Beautiful testimony! He used to say to young married people, in later years, "Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it."

The young wife attended the little shop, folded newspapers, and made Franklin's home a resting-place from toil. He says: "Our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. My breakfast was, for a long time, bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon: but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle. Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings! for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

The years went by swiftly, with their hard work and slow but sure accumulation of property. At twenty-seven, having read much and written considerable, he determined to bring out an almanac, after the fashion of the day, "for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other book." "Poor Richard" appeared in December, 1732; price, ten cents. It was full of wit and wisdom, gathered from every source. Three editions were sold in a month. The average annual sale for twenty-five years was ten thousand copies. Who can ever forget the maxims which have become a part of our every-day speech?—"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."—"He that hath a trade, hath an estate."—"One to-day is worth two to-morrows."—"Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day."—"Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour."—"Three removes are as bad as a fire."—"What maintains one vice would bring up two children."—"Many a little makes a mickle."—"Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship."—"If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing."—"Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."—"Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other."

An interesting story is told concerning the proverb, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." John

Paul Jones, one of the bravest men in the Revolutionary War, had become the terror of Britain, by the great number of vessels he had captured. In one cruise he is said to have taken sixteen prizes; burned eight and sent home eight. With the Ranger, on the coast of Scotland, he captured the Drake, a large sloop-of-war, and two hundred prisoners. At one time, Captain Jones waited for many months for a vessel which had been promised him. Eager for action, he chanced to see "Poor Richard's Almanac," and read, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." He went at once to Paris, sought the ministers, and was given command of a vessel, which, in honor of Franklin, he called Bon Homme Richard.

The battle between this ship and the Serapis, when, for three hours and a half, they were lashed together by Jones' own hand, and fought one of the most terrific naval battles ever seen, is well known to all who read history. The Bon Homme Richard sunk after her victory, while her captain received a gold medal from Congress and an appreciative letter from General Washington.

So bravely did Captain Pearson, the opponent, fight, that the King of England made him a knight. "He deserved it," said Jones, "and, should I have the good-fortune to fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him."

No wonder that Franklin's proverbs were copied all over the continent, and translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Bohemian, Greek, and

Portuguese. In all these very busy years, Franklin did not forget to study. When he was twenty-seven, he began French, then Italian, then Spanish, and then to review the Latin of his boyhood. He learned also to play on the harp, guitar, violin, and violoncello.

Into the home of the printer had come two sons, William and Francis. The second was an uncommonly beautiful child, the idol of his father. Small-pox was raging in the city, but Franklin could not bear to put his precious one in the slightest peril by inoculation. The dread disease came into the home, and Francis Folger, named for his grandmother—at the age of four years—went suddenly out of it. "I long regretted him bitterly," Franklin wrote years afterwards to his sister Jane. "My grandson often brings afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky, though now dead thirty-six years; whom I have seldom since seen equalled in every respect, and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh." On a little stone in Christ Church burying-ground, Philadelphia, are the boy's name and age, with the words, "The delight of all that knew him."

This same year, when Franklin was thirty, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, his first promotion. If, as Disraeli said, "the secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes," Franklin had prepared himself, by study, for his opportunity.

The year later, he was made deputy postmaster, and soon became especially helpful in city affairs. He obtained better watch or police regulations, organized the first fire-company, and invented the Franklin stove, which was used far and wide.

At thirty-seven, so interested was he in education that he set on foot a subscription for an academy, which resulted in the noble University of Pennsylvania, of which Franklin was a trustee for over forty years. The following year his only daughter, Sarah, was born, who helped to fill the vacant chair of the lovely boy. The father, Josiah, now died at eighty-seven, already proud of his son Benjamin, for whom in his poverty he had done the best he could.

About this time, the Leyden jar was discovered in Europe by Musschenbroeck, and became the talk of the scientific world. Franklin, always eager for knowledge, began to study electricity, with all the books at his command. Dr. Spence, a gentleman from Great Britain, having come to America to lecture on the subject, Franklin bought all his instruments. So much did he desire to give his entire time to this fascinating subject that he sold his printing-house, proper, and almanac, for ninety thousand dollars, and retired from business. This at forty-two; and at fifteen selling ballads about the streets! Industry, temperance, and economy had paid good wages. He used to say that these virtues, with "sincerity and justice," had won for him "the confidence of his country." And yet Franklin, with all his saving, was generous. The

great preacher Whitefield came to Philadelphia to obtain money for an orphan-house in Georgia. Franklin thought the scheme unwise, and silently resolved not to give when the collection should be taken. Then, as his heart warmed under the preaching, he concluded to give the copper coins in his pocket; then all the silver, several dollars; and finally all his five gold pistoles, so that he emptied his pocket into the collector's plate.

Franklin now constructed electrical batteries, introduced the terms "positive" and "negative" electricity, and published articles on the subject, which his friend in London, Peter Collinson, laid before the Royal Society. When he declared his belief that lightning and electricity were identical, and gave his reasons, and that points would draw off electricity, and therefore lightning-rods be of benefit, learned people ridiculed the ideas. Still, his pamphlets were eagerly read, and Count de Buffon had them translated into French. They soon appeared in German, Latin, and Italian. Louis XV was so deeply interested that he ordered all Franklin's experiments to be performed in his presence, and caused a letter to be written to the Royal Society of London, expressing his admiration of Franklin's learning and skill. Strange indeed that such a scientist should arise in the new world, be a man self-taught, and one so busy in public life.

In 1752, when he was forty-six, he determined to test for himself whether lightning and electricity were one. He made a kite from a large silk handkerchief, attached a

hempen cord to it, with a silk string in his hand, and, with his son, hastened to an old shed in the fields, as the thunder-storm approached.

As the kite flew upward, and a cloud passed over, there was no manifestation of electricity. When he was almost despairing, lo! the fibres of the cord began to loosen; then he applied his knuckle to a key on the cord, and a strong spark passed. How his heart must have throbbed as he realized his immortal discovery!

A Leyden jar was charged, and Franklin went home from the old shed to be made a member of the Royal Society of London, to receive the Copley gold medal, degrees from Harvard and Yale Colleges, and honors from all parts of the world. Ah! if Josiah Franklin could have lived to see his son come to such renown! And Abiah, his mother, had been dead just a month! But she knew he was coming into greatness, for she wrote him near the last: "I am glad to hear you are so well respected in your town for them to choose you an alderman, although I don't know what it means, or what the better you will be of it besides the honor of it. I hope you will look up to God, and thank him for all his good providences towards you." Sweetest of all things is the motherhood that never lets go the hand of the child, and always points Godward!

Lightning-rods became the fashion, though there was great opposition, because many believed that lightning was one of the means of punishing the sins of mankind,

and it was wrong to attempt to prevent the Almighty from doing his will. Some learned men urged that a ball instead of a point be used at the end of the rod, and George III insisted that the president of the Royal Society should favor balls. "But, sire," said Sir John Pringle, "I cannot reverse the laws and operations of nature."

"Then, Sir John, you had perhaps better resign," was the reply, and the obstinate monarch put knobs on his conductors.

Through all the scientific discord, Franklin had the rare good-sense to remain quiet, instead of rushing into print. He said, "I have never entered into any controversy in defence of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are *right*, truth and experience will support them; if *wrong*, they ought to be refuted and rejected. Disputes are apt to sour one's temper and disturb one's quiet."

Franklin was not long permitted to enjoy his life of study. This same year, 1752, he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and reelected every year for ten years, "without," as he says, "ever asking any elector for his vote, or signifying, either directly or indirectly, any desire of being chosen." He was also, with Mr. William Hunter of Virginia, appointed postmaster-general for the colonies, having been the postmaster in Philadelphia for nearly sixteen years. So excellent was his judgment, and so conciliatory his manner, that he rarely made enemies, and

accomplished much for his constituents. He cut down the rates of postage, advertised unclaimed letters, and showed his rare executive ability and tireless energy.

For many years the French and English had been quarrelling over their claims in the New World, till finally the "French and Indian War," or "Seven Years' War," as it was named in Europe, began. Delegates from the various colonies were sent to Albany to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations about the defence of the country. Naturally, Franklin was one of the delegates. Before starting, he drew up a plan of union for the struggling Americans, and printed it in the *Gazette,* with the now well known wood-cut at the bottom; a snake cut into as many pieces as there were colonies, each piece having upon it the first letter of the name of a colony, and underneath the words, "Join or Die." He presented his plan of union to the delegates, who, after a long debate, unanimously adopted it, but it was rejected by some of the colonies because they thought it gave too much power to England, and the king rejected it because he said, "The Americans are trying to make a government of their own."

Franklin joined earnestly in the war, and commanded the forces in his own State, but was soon sent abroad by Pennsylvania, as her agent to bring some troublesome matters before royalty. He reached London, July 27, 1757, with his son William, no longer the friendless lad looking for a position in a printing-house, but the noted scientist, and representative of a rising nation. Members of the

Royal Society hastened to congratulate him; the universities at Oxford and Edinburgh conferred degrees upon him. While he attended to matters of business in connection with his mission, he entertained his friends with his brilliant electrical experiments, and wrote for several magazines on politics and science.

After five years of successful labor, Doctor Franklin went back to Philadelphia to receive the public thanks of the Assembly, and a gift of fifteen thousand dollars for his services. His son was also appointed governor of New Jersey, by the Crown. Franklin was now fifty-seven, and had earned rest and the enjoyment of his honors. But he was to find little rest in the next twenty-five years.

The "Seven Years' War" had been terminated by the Treaty of Paris, February 10, 1763. Of course, great expenses had been incurred. The following year, Mr. Grenville, Prime Minister of England, proposed that a portion of the enormous debt be paid by America through the Stamp Act. The colonies had submitted already to much taxation without any representation in Parliament, and had many grievances. The manufacture of iron and steel had been forbidden. Heavy duties had been laid upon rum, sugar, and molasses, and constables had been authorized to search any place suspected of avoiding the duties.

When the Stamp Act was suggested, the colonies, already heavily in debt by the war, remonstrated in public

meetings, and sent their protests to the king. Franklin, having been reappointed agent for Pennsylvania, used all possible effort to prevent its passage, but to no avail. The bill passed in March, 1765. By this act, deeds and conveyances were taxed from thirty-seven cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece; college degrees, ten dollars; advertisements, fifty cents each, and other printed matter in proportion.

At once, the American heart rebelled. Bells were tolled, and flags hung at half-mast. In New York, the Stamp Act was carried about the streets, with a placard, "The folly of England and the ruin of America." The people resolved to wear no cloth of English manufacture. Agents appointed to collect the hated tax were in peril of their lives. Patrick Henry electrified his country by the well known words, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I had his Cromwell, and George III"—and when the loyalists shouted, "Treason!" he continued, "may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it."

Grenville saw, too late, the storm he had aroused. Franklin was now, as he wrote to a friend, "extremely busy, attending members of both houses, informing, explaining, consulting, disputing, in a continual hurry from morning till night." His examination before the House of Commons filled England with amazement and America with joy. When asked, "If the Stamp Act should be repealed, would it induce the Assemblies of America to acknowledge the rights of Parliament to tax them, and

would they erase their resolutions?" he replied, "No, never!"

"What used to be the pride of the Americans?"

"To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain."

"What is now their pride?"

"To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones," said the fearless Franklin.

The great commoners William Pitt and Edmund Burke were our stanch friends. A cry of distress went up from the manufacturers of England, who needed American markets for their goods, and in 1766 the Stamp Act was repealed.

America was overjoyed, but her joy was of short duration; for in the very next year a duty was placed on glass, tea, and other articles. Then riots ensued. The duty was repealed on all save tea. When the tea arrived in Boston Harbor, the indignant citizens threw three hundred and forty chests overboard; in Charlestown, the people stored it in cellars till it mildewed; and from New York and Philadelphia they sent it home again to Old England.

In 1774, the Boston Port Bill, which declared that no merchandise should be landed or shipped at the wharves of Boston, was received by the colonists with public mourning. September 5 of this year, the First Continental

Congress met at Philadelphia, and again a manly protest was sent to George III. Again the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, poured out his eloquence against what he saw was close at hand—"a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unjust, and diabolical war." But George III was immovable.

The days for Franklin were now bitter in the extreme. Ten thousand more troops had been sent to General Gage in Boston, to compel obedience. Franklin's wife was dying in Philadelphia, longing to see her husband, who had now been absent ten years, each year expecting to return, and each year detained by the necessities of the colonies. At last he started homeward, landing May 5, 1775. His daughter had been happily married to Mr. Richard Bache, a merchant, but his wife was dead, and buried beside Franky. The battles of Lexington and Concord had been fought; the War for Freedom was indeed begun.

Franklin was now almost seventy, but ready for the great work before him. He loved peace. He said: "All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it, even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other." But now war was inevitable. With the eagerness of a boy he wrote to Edmund Burke: "General Gage's troops made a most vigorous retreat,—twenty miles in three hours,—scarce to be paralleled in

history; the feeble Americans, who pelted them all the way, could scarce keep up with them."

He was at once made a member of the Continental Congress, called to meet May 10, at Philadelphia. George Washington and Patrick Henry, John and Samuel Adams, were in the noted assemblage. They came with brave hearts and an earnest purpose. Franklin served upon ten committees: to engrave and print Continental money, to negotiate with the Indians, to send another but useless petition to George III, to find out the source of saltpetre, and other matters. He was made postmaster-general of the United States, and was also full of work for Pennsylvania.

England had voted a million dollars to conquer the colonies, and had hired nearly twenty thousand Hessians to fight against them, besides her own skilled troops. The army under Washington had no proper shelter, little food, little money, and no winter clothing. Franklin was Washington's friend and helper in these early days of discouragement. At first the people had hoped to keep united to the mother country; now the time had arrived for the Declaration of Independence, by which America was to become a great nation. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York were appointed to draw up the document. Jefferson wrote the Declaration, and Franklin and Adams made a few verbal changes. And then, with the feeling so well expressed by

Franklin, "We must hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately," the delegates fearlessly signed their names to what Daniel Webster well called the "title-deed of our liberties."

And now another important work devolved upon Franklin. The colonies believed that the French were friendly and would assist. He was unanimously chosen commissioner to France, to represent and plead the cause of his country. Again the white-haired statesman said good-bye to America, and sailed to Europe. As soon as he arrived, he was welcomed with all possible honor. The learned called upon him; his pictures were hung in the shop-windows, and his bust placed in the Royal Library. When he appeared on the street a crowd gathered about the great American. He was applauded in every public resort.

"Franklin's reputation," said John Adams, "was more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire; and his character more beloved and esteemed than any or all of them. His name was familiar to government and people, to kings, courtiers, nobility, clergy, and philosophers, as well as plebeians, to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a valet de chambre, coachman or footman, a lady's chambermaid or a scullion in a kitchen, who was not familiar with it, and who did not consider him a friend to humankind. When they spoke of him they seemed to think he was to restore the golden age." Royalty made him welcome at court, and

Marie Antoinette treated him with the graciousness which had at first won the hearts of the French to the beautiful Austrian. France made a treaty of alliance with America, and recognized her independence, February 6, 1778, which gave joy and hope to the struggling colonies. Franklin was now made minister plenipotentiary. What a change from the hated work of moulding tallow candles!

The great need of the colonies was money to carry on the war, and, pressed as was France in the days preceding her own revolution, when M. Necker was continually opposing the grants, she loaned our country—part of it a gift—over five million dollars, says James Parton, in his admirable life of Franklin. For this reason, as well as for the noble men like Lafayette who came to our aid, the interests of France should always be dear to America. When the Revolutionary War was over, Franklin helped negotiate the peace, and returned to America at his own request in the fall of 1785, receiving among his farewell presents a portrait of Louis XVI., set with four hundred and eight diamonds. Thomas Jefferson became minister in his stead. When asked if he had replaced Dr. Franklin, he replied, "I *succeed*; no one can ever *replace* him."

He was now seventy-nine years old. He had been absent for nine years. When he landed, cannon were fired, church-bells rung, and crowds greeted him with shouts of welcome. He was at once made President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and at eighty-one a delegate to the convention that framed our Constitution,

where he sat regularly five hours a day for four months. To him is due the happy suggestion, after a heated discussion, of equal representation for every State in the Senate, and representation in proportion to population in the House.

At eighty-four, in reply to a letter to Washington, he received these tender words:—

"If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured that, so long as I retain my memory, you will be recollected with respect, veneration, and affection, by your sincere friend,

George Washington."

The time for the final farewell came, April 17, 1790, near midnight, when the gentle and great statesman, doubly great because so gentle, slept quietly in death. Twenty thousand persons gathered to do honor to the celebrated dead. Not only in this country was there universal mourning, but across the ocean as well. The National Assembly of France paid its highest eulogies.

By his own request, Franklin was buried beside his wife and Franky, under a plain marble slab, in Christ Church Cemetery, Philadelphia, with the words,—

Benjamin and Deborah
Franklin 1790.

He was opposed to ostentation. He used to quote the words of Cotton Mather to him when he was a boy. On leaving the minister's house, he hit his head against a beam. "'Stoop,' said Mather; 'you are young, and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps!' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

Tolerant with all religions, sweet-tempered, with remarkable tact and genuine kindness, honest, and above jealousy, he adopted this as his rule, which we may well follow: "To go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence."

Frederick the Great
The Boy of Potsdam

1712 A.D. –1786 A.D. Germany

A little boy and girl sat playing on a harpsichord in one of the great stiffly-furnished and lofty-ceilinged rooms of the Potsdam Palace, outside Berlin. The boy wore his yellow hair in long curls, his eyes were merry and he laughed often, while his sister, who was a little older, seemed quite as happy. The children were practicing for their music lesson, and only too glad to be free of their teachers for a time, because music was dearest to them both.

Without a word of warning the door of the room was thrown open, and a big, heavy-faced man stood on the threshold.

"What's all this?" he cried, his voice snarling with anger, and his small eyes shot with red. "Haven't I given orders that you're never to touch that thing again?"

At the sound of the man's voice both children had jumped from their chairs and stood, stiff as ramrods, facing the speaker. The boy had raised his hand to the side of his head in salute.

"Please, sir," said the girl, "we're both so very fond of music."

"Silence," commanded the man, who was no other than their father, Frederick William, King of Prussia. "Fritz can speak for himself; he doesn't need a girl to defend him."

"Wilhelmina has told you, sir," said the boy, "how much we both love music. Indeed I'd rather listen to it than do anything else, and I want to learn how to play it for myself. I don't care anything about being a soldier."

The King's face was almost purple with anger. He looked as though he would box the boy's ears on the spot, but he held himself in check.

"You little brat!" he cried. "A soldier you shall be, and nothing else! Do you think the kingdom of Prussia can be ruled by a crazy fool of a musician? Don't talk to me of harpsichords, or books, or pictures. You're not to be a woman, but a king!"

The boy knew his father too well to attempt any answer; there was no one in Prussia who would dare speak freely before King Frederick William.

After scowling at his son in silence for some minutes the man spoke again. "Listen to my orders and see that you obey them. From to-day your music-masters are discharged, every instrument is moved from the palace, and if either of you two is found playing such things I will have you locked in your rooms for a week to live on barley and water. Now, sir, step before me to the hair-dresser. I'll

have those locks of yours shorn so that you'll look less like a girl and more like, a grenadier."

Fritz, keeping back the tears in mingled shame and terror, walked to the door and paced down the hall before his father. He tried to hold himself straight like a soldier, but it was hard when he felt as though he were being marched to execution.

The King handed the boy over to the hair-dresser, and in fifteen minutes the curls were all gone and Fritz's hair was close-cropped like a man's. As soon as he was free he ran to his mother's room, and there the gentle Queen, Sophia Dorothea, took him in her arms and comforted him. She knew how sensitive her little son was, how absolutely different from his father, and she could sympathize with both the children's suffering under the King's cruelty.

For once the mother dared to disobey her husband. The next week she told the two children to go to a distant part of the palace grounds where there was a deep wood, and see what they should find there. They obeyed, and ran eagerly down the path to the forest where they had often played under the trees and in the caves in the rocks. They came to a little greenwood circle completely hidden from the roads and there found their music-master. He led them to a cave, and showed them Wilhelmina's little spinnet, and Fritz's flute lying on it. That was their mother's surprise. She had arranged that the children's

music teacher should meet them out there and give them the lessons they wanted. Boy and girl were happy again; they took up their music eagerly, and were soon playing as of old. Perhaps the very secrecy lent the lessons charm.

The hours spent in the forest and cave were a great success, but one day Fritz found a small drum at the palace, and forgetting the King's orders he started to march about the halls beating it, followed by the admiring Wilhelmina. Suddenly, in the middle of the triumphal procession, the King came upon them. Poor Fritz dropped the drumsticks and stood at attention, while Wilhelmina, behind him, grew white with fear of what should happen.

To their amazement the King's stern face softened; he smiled, then he laughed and clapped his hands. "Ah, Fritz, now you're a soldier! I mistook you for one of my own guard, boy."

The King was delighted. He thought that at last his son was fired with martial fervor. While the boy went back through the halls beating his drum Frederick called the Queen to watch his soldier son, and immediately ordered the court artist to paint a picture of the scene on canvas. A day or two later he told Fritz of a plan he had in store. He would form a military company of boys of his own age for him, build them an arsenal on the palace grounds, and have them drilled by officers of the army.

With the King to speak was to act. A month had not passed before the small boy, dressed in a general's

uniform, found himself in command of about three hundred youths of his own age, all properly equipped with uniforms and arms, and known as "The Crown Prince Cadets." They made a remarkable contrast to that other regiment of which King Frederick William was so proud, which was made up of giants, men all over six feet six inches tall, seized wherever they were found in Prussia and elsewhere and forced into his army.

The boy general and his cadets were drilled hours at a time day after day by the Prussian officers, in the hope of making soldiers of them and nothing else. Fritz hated it; he wanted to read and to learn music, and day by day he found less and less time to steal off to those wonderful meetings in the woods or to romp with Wilhelmina in the schoolroom. The French governess who had taught him was taken away, and he was placed under military tutors who made him learn gunnery and battle tactics at the arsenal which his father had built for him on the grounds.

When the boy was ten the King started to take him to all the military reviews. In going from garrison to garrison the King rode on a hard wagon called a sausage-car, which was simply a padded pole about ten feet long on which the riders sat astride. Ten or more men would jolt over the roads on such cars with the King summer and winter, and he made the boy ride in front of him, through the broiling sun or the winter snow, waking him whenever he fell asleep by pulling his ear and saying, " Too much sleep stupefies a fellow."

In such iron fashion the father did his best to change the sensitive, gentle nature of his son to something like his own.

At the age of ten Fritz's days were marked out hour by hour by Frederick William. Not even Sunday was free. He was marched from teacher to teacher, all sports were denied him, and he was never allowed to read or play. His hair was kept close cut, his clothes were heavy and coarse, he was treated more like a prisoner than a prince. To the boy's masters the King gave one direction: "Teach him to seek all glory in the soldier profession." When his mother or sister dared to interfere the King would turn on them in a rage; Wilhelmina was sent time and again to her room, to be starved until she grew more docile.

The boy's time was divided between Berlin and the Palace of Wusterhausen, a country seat some twenty miles outside of the capital. The palace was a very simple dwelling set in the middle of swampy fields, with a fringe of thickets. In the grounds were many natural fish-ponds, and game of all kinds was plentiful in the woods. The somber old monarch loved this place, and had built there a fountain with stone steps, where he liked to sit in the evening and smoke his long porcelain pipe. He often had his dinner served by the fountain, and afterward would throw himself down on the grass for a nap. Aside from this simple entertainment, the King's only pleasure lay in hunting in the woods.

The children and their mother found Wusterhausen very unattractive. The only pets they were allowed were two black bears, very ugly and vicious. They had no comforts indoors, and were treated as though they were children of the meanest peasant. Some boys might have found sport in the fish-ponds, the groves and the streams about the place, filled as they were with fish and game, but Fritz cared nothing for such things. Their loneliness drew the two children closer and closer together, and their dislike of their father increased with each year that he took them out to Wusterhausen.

The father, on his part, was growing more and more contemptuous of his son. He found Fritz cared nothing for the army, nothing for the chase, that the hardship and exposure of rough life were torture to him. Worse than that, he had discovered some verses in French that Fritz had written, and spoke of him scornfully to the men of his court as "the French flute-player and poet." It would have been very hard for the boy if he had not had a mother and sister who were so devoted to him, and did everything they possibly could to protect him from his father's tyranny.

When he was fourteen, Frederick William appointed Fritz captain of his Grenadier Guards. This was the regiment made up of giants, and was one of the most singular passions of the very singular old King. He sent men through the whole of Europe and Asia to search for very tall men. Some of the regiment were almost nine feet

high. When a foreign monarch wished to curry favor with the King of Prussia he would send him a giant. The King showered favors on these men. He had court painters paint portraits of each one of them. They were the very centre of that great army which was the sole pride of the old warrior, and which he was building up so that it should become the greatest military force in Europe.

Fritz tried to do his duty as captain of the regiment, and gradually acquired something of a military bearing. For a short time his father was pleased, but his pleasure did not last long; for the boy could not keep away from the fascinations of music and of books, and all of the various arts which were constantly coming into Prussia from France.

The flute was Fritz's favorite instrument, and it so happened that a very celebrated teacher of the flute came from Dresden about this time, and gave lessons in the Prussian capital. As soon as Fritz learned that this man was a splendid teacher he arranged to have him come secretly to his room at Potsdam. The boy's mother knew of this plan, and did her best to keep his secret; but it was a very dangerous matter, for the old King was growing more and more suspicious, and also more and more fierce. A friend of Fritz's, who was about his own age, stood guard outside the boy's room, while he was having his lessons on the flute, and another guard was stationed at the entrance to the palace grounds with orders to send word at once if the King should appear.

When Fritz was satisfied of his safety, he would go up to his own room, throw aside the tight, heavy military coat which he hated, and put on a flowing French dressing-gown, scarlet colored, and embroidered with gold. Then, dressed to suit himself, he would take his music lesson, and enjoy every minute of the stolen pleasure.

One day, however, in the middle of his playing, the friend at the door rushed into the room announcing that the King was coming. This boy and the teacher seized the flutes and music books and ran into a wood-closet, where they stood shaking with fear. Fritz threw off his dressing-gown, pulled on his military coat and sat down at a table, opening a book.

Now the old King, his brows bent with anger, burst into the room. The sight of his delicate son reading seemed like fuel to his rage. He never minced his words, and proceeded to heap abuse on the head of the poor Prince, when all of a sudden he caught sight of the end of the scarlet gown sticking out from behind a screen. "What is that?" he cried, and stepping across the room pulled the gown out. Beside himself with rage he crammed it into the fireplace, and threw after it many of the ornaments the boy had used to decorate his room. Then he walked to the bookshelves and swept all the volumes to the floor, saying that he would have a bookseller buy the library next day, because his son was to be a soldier and not a scholar. For an hour he stayed there, pacing up and down the room, lecturing Fritz until the boy was almost sick with shame.

Finally he left, and the two in the wood-closet were able to come out, both of them almost as badly frightened as the Prince himself.

But if the King treated his son so badly, he treated his daughter Wilhelmina none the less so. He could hardly stand the sight of her at times, and her mother had to arrange a series of screens in her room so that when Frederick William came to see her the daughter could escape behind them. After such scenes Fritz and Wilhelmina would try to comfort each other, but the boy was gradually growing more sullen and rebellious.

Again and again the boy thought of escape; he would have been only too glad to give up his position as Prince in exchange for the chance to live simply in some foreign land, free to follow his own tastes as other boys did theirs. He would have made the attempt, but he knew only too well that should he escape his father's hand would fall in terrible wrath on his dear sister Wilhelmina. He decided to stay and bear the burdens of this life the King had planned for him rather than desert his mother and sister. He was not a coward even if he was not made of iron.

At last the boy felt that he must act in self-defense. His father, suffering from the gout, took to flogging Fritz in the very presence of the lords and ladies of the court. The boy had pride, though his father had done his best to kill it. Once, after striking blows at Fritz's head before the assembled court, the King cried, "Had I been so treated by

my father, I would have blown my brains out. But this fellow has no honor. He takes all that comes."

Fritz could stand such treatment no longer. Praying that Wilhelmina might not suffer he planned an escape with a friend.

His father was taking him on a journey to the Rhine in the company of a small guard of soldiers who were told to treat the boy like a prisoner. Three officers were ordered to ride in the same carriage with Fritz, and never to leave him alone. The King was a hard traveler, and seemed positively to wish for extra hardships and fatigues, the party scarcely stopping for food or sleep. At one place, however, a short stay was made, and there Fritz planned to escape.

They had arrived at the town very late, and the boy with his officers slept in a barn, as was not infrequently the case. The usual hour for starting in the morning was three o'clock. A little after midnight Fritz saw that his companions were sound asleep, and rose and crept out into the open air. He had made arrangements with a servant to meet him with horses on the village green. The boy reached the green and found the horses, but at the same moment one of the guards, who had been awakened by the noise Fritz made in leaving the barn, caught up with him, and demanded of the servant who held the horses: "Sirrah! What are you doing with those beasts?"

The man answered, "I am getting the horses ready for the start."

"We do not start till five o'clock. Take them back at once to the stable." The officer pretended not to see Fritz, who had to slink back at his heels to the barn, fully conscious that his chance to escape was gone.

News of this attempt reached the King, and the next day, when he met his son, he said sarcastically, "Ah, you are still here then? I thought that by this time you would have been in Paris."

All the boy's spirit had not been crushed out of him, and he dared to answer, "I certainly would have been there now had I really wished it."

Again he tried to escape, and again he was caught, and this time he was brought directly to the King. The father stared at his son as though he were some wild beast, and then said angrily: "Why did you attempt to desert?"

"I wanted to escape because you never treat me like you son, but like some common slave."

"You're a cowardly deserter," said the King, "without any feelings of honor."

"I have as much honor as you have," answered Fritz, "and I've done only what I've heard you say you would have done if you had been treated as I have."

The King, maddened beyond description, drew his sword, and would have struck the boy had not a general in

attendance thrown himself between them, exclaiming: "Sire, you may kill me, but spare your son."

The boy was taken out of the room and locked in prison, where he was guarded by two sentries with fixed bayonets. The King proclaimed him a deserter from the army, and ordered him tried for that crime. It is small wonder that Fritz declared he would have been glad to exchange his place for that of the poorest serf in Prussia.

Fritz was placed in a strongly barred room like a dungeon, with no furniture in it, and lighted by a single slit in the wall so high that the boy could not look out of it. The coarsest brown clothes were given him to wear. He was allowed only one or two books. His food was bought at a near-by butcher-shop, and was cut for him, for he was not allowed a knife. The door of his prison was opened three times a day for ventilation, and he was provided with a single tallow candle which had to be put out by seven o'clock in the evening. This was the way the Crown Prince of Prussia lived when he was nineteen years old, and if the father did not actually succeed in breaking all the boy's spirit, he was at least changing this lovable, gentle-natured youth into a stern and gloomy young man.

Eventually the boy was released from his prison, but as long as his father lived he was treated with all the harshness the King's mind could devise. His sister Wilhelmina was kept away from him, and finally married to a man for whom she cared little. Fritz was cut off from

all interests save that of the army, but gradually he began to acquire something of his father's interest in creating a splendid fighting machine.

In time he became King of Prussia himself, free at last to do as he would. He sought out men of genius, musicians, poets, and thinkers. He offered Voltaire, the great Frenchman, a home with him, and his happiest hours were spent in his company, or listening to music, or playing the flute he had loved as a boy. But that was only one side of him, and the side which was least seen. On the world's side he was the grasping ruler, the great general who forced war on all his neighbors, and who came to be known as the conqueror of Europe.

The boy Fritz of Prussia might have become one of Europe's greatest sovereigns, for he was naturally endowed with a love of all the finer things of life. Instead he became a despot who plunged Europe for years into the horrors of useless war. For this misfortune his father was responsible. The loving mother and sister could not counterbalance the terrible severity of the cruel King. Gradually Fritz changed from the sunny lad who had played in the gardens of Potsdam with Wilhelmina to a severe and arbitrary monarch.

His father had taught him that a country's greatness depended on its soldiers, and so Fritz made Prussia an army and compelled the world to admit the might of his troops. To Europe he was the ambitious tyrant, Frederick

the Great. It was only to Wilhelmina and a few friends that he showed a little of that softer nature which had been his as the boy of Potsdam.

At the Charlottenburg Palace hangs the famous portrait of him playing upon the drum. It was a long step from that boy to the man Frederick the Great.

The Story of Samuel Adams, of Boston, called "The Father of the Revolution."

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, September 27, 1722.
Died at Boston, Massachusetts, October 2, 1805.

"A man whom Plutarch, if he had only lived late enough, would have delighted to include in his gallery of worthies, a man who, in the history of the American Revolution, is second only to Washington—Samuel Adams."—John Fiske.

The fugitives paused on the crest of a ridge just beyond Granny's hill, and looked back toward the town. In the east the day was just breaking, for the dawn comes early about Lexington in April; through the scant spring foliage they could catch glimpses of the vanishing forms of Sergeant Munroe and his guard of eight minute-men, from Captain Parker's Lexington company, for this escort had left the fugitives on the Woburn road, and had at once hurried back to join their comrades on the Common.

Only a little while the watchers waited; then there came to their ears from the village green the indistinguishable command which all the world has heard now, better than did those listening fugitives on the distant hill: "Disperse, ye rebels! ye cowards, lay down your arms and disperse!" Then followed other indistinguishable shouts, the fatal pistol shot, never yet explained, the rattle of arms, and the historic, unanswered volley that made up the battle of Lexington. And as these

sounds climaxed in the volley of British guns one of the fugitives on the hill turned on the other and made what is set down as "one of the few exultant outbursts of his life."

"What a glorious morning is this for America!" he exclaimed; for he knew that the result he had long foreseen had come at last, and in what he considered the right way. The British soldiers had fired first; the blame and the responsibility were theirs; conciliation was impossible; the conflict had begun. England was in the wrong.

For a brief space they stood, listening intently; then, not knowing what orders concerning them the vindictive Gage had given his redcoats, the two fugitives hurried on to Burlington, and thence to Billerica, where they made a substantial dinner off cold salt pork and boiled potatoes, served in a wooden tray. Then they were up and off again. And so at last they made their risky way to Philadelphia and the Continental Congress.

For those two fugitives on the Lexington hill on that nineteenth day of April, in the year 1775, were two historic Americans—Samuel Adams, the patriot, and John Hancock, whose bold signature we know so well as it heads the signers of the Declaration of Independence. And it was Samuel Adams who made the enthusiastic remark, as upon his ears fell the crack of the British guns at Lexington.

He had long been preparing for that important event. Away back in his college days he had felt it coming. For at Harvard he had made resistance to tyrants the theme of his Commencement oration: "Is it lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be protected?" And the young A.M. distinctly announced that it was not only lawful but imperative. From that day forward the right of Americans to resistance and to liberty had been his chief thought, even when others repudiated the idea of independence, and reiterated their loyalty to the king.

But Samuel Adams educated the people to resistance. To the neglect of his business and his personal comfort and desires he took up the grand idea of personal liberty and direct representation, and drew his fellow-countrymen away from old to new truths.

Samuel Adams was Boston born and bred. Reared in his father's fine old house on Purchase street in that sturdy, democratic old town, he was instructed in its schools, developed amid its influences, and early called to share in its affairs, as a sober-minded, well-balanced, public-spirited young man.

He was an associate of James Otis in all plans that touched the public welfare, distancing even that ardent and impulsive patriot in his opposition to British measures and methods. He made the life of the royal governor Bernard a burden and finally forced him from his

post; he waged a never-ending feud with Hutchinson, chief-justice and later governor; he fought with vigor the kingly attempts to fasten a state church upon Puritan New England; he succeeded to the leadership of the patriot party when Otis had been beaten into insanity; he denounced unsparingly and unceasingly the quartering of British troops in Boston, and, after the Boston massacre, actually succeeded in having the obnoxious regiments removed from the rebellious town; he led and strengthened public opinion through the colony by his advice to the towns and his practical use of the great power of the town-meetings—those assemblies in which New England people freely spoke their minds; he organized the opposition of the people against the hated Stamp Act and advised the action that led to the famous "Boston tea party;" by letters and speeches, by conferences and counsel, he drew his countrymen into a union for mutual protection against the encroachments of the British crown; he helped form the Committees of Correspondence by which the different colonies came into touch and accord with each other on the subject of concerted action; he advocated the Congress of the Colonies which James Otis had first proposed, and he labored to bring it about; he went as a delegate to the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and there took a stand as the uncompromising opponent of all concessions to the British crown and as the open advocate of independence; he recommended and took part in the

Provincial Congress of Massachusetts at Concord, and when, in the Continental Congress, fears were expressed lest the bold stand of the colonies should lead to an open rupture with England, it was Samuel Adams who bravely declared, "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman," he said, "must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; let him propagate his like and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved."

So bold and outspoken an enemy to kingly authority could not but be a marked man, and it is no wonder that the British government wished to silence him, or that Gage, the British commander in Boston, sought to arrest and imprison Samuel Adams as a rebel to the king. That watchful patriot was wary, however, and the general was slow to act. But when Adams saw that more soldiers were coming from England he warned the people to be ready for them and to oppose, if need be, an expedition of troops out of Boston to search for concealed arms or warlike supplies.

It was this warning that led to the active preparations of the New England militia, and especially of the minute-men of Massachusetts; it was this, therefore, that induced the rallying of the minutemen when Paul Revere and his compatriot, William Dawes, galloped out from Boston to

warn the country towns of the coming of the regulars; and it was because of this that we may claim for Samuel Adams the credit and responsibility for the now immortal battle of Lexington.

When that clash came Samuel Adams saw that his determined and persistent efforts had at last borne fruit; he felt that resistance to tyranny had indeed taken form, and that the spirit of the people was aroused for a stand for right, for justice, and for liberty. Do you wonder, then, that, as he and John Hancock, arch-rebels both, and fugitives from British oppression and persecution, stood on Granny hill in Lexington, on the nineteenth of April, 1775, and heard from the Common the sounds of resistance and conflict, he should have exclaimed thankfully and with an enthusiasm not often displayed by one so sober and self-contained, "What a glorious morning is this for America"? In that open act of popular resistance Samuel Adams, patriot and lover of liberty, recognized the dawning of a new day for America—the sunrise of independence.

When the tidings of that bloody day at Lexington and Concord and the tidings of the twenty-mile harrying of the redcoats by the aroused farmers of Middlesex were speeding through the colonies, arousing them to action, Samuel Adams was posting south to Philadelphia to join his associates in the second Continental Congress. That Congress was still slow to act, and while they hesitated and temporized, considering new and useless appeals to king

and Parliament, Samuel Adams stood almost alone as the champion of absolute independence. Gradually, however, men came to his opinion; one after another they joined him in his firm and uncompromising stand, and at last on the fourth of July, 1776, Samuel Adams saw the fulfilment of his hopes and the fruitage of his high desires in the passage and signing of the Declaration of Independence. "For Samuel Adams," so one writer declares, "that was the most triumphant moment of his life."

Even his enemies admitted his great power in this leadership of the forces of revolt. One of them said of him at that time: "Samuel Adams is the Cromwell of New England; to his intriguing arts the Declaration of Independence is in great measure to be attributed;" and Governor Hutchinson, then a fugitive in London, assured King George that Samuel Adams was the arch-rebel of the colonies, for the reason that "he was the first that publicly asserted the independency of the colonies upon the kingdom."

As for Samuel Adams's fellow-countrymen, we are told how they regarded him in those years of his crowning triumph. John Adams, of Massachusetts, his kinsman and associate in Congress, declared that "Sam Adams was born and tempered a wedge of steel to split the knot of *lignum vitæ* that tied America to England." Josiah Quincy, an ardent patriot, seeking health in England, wrote: "I find many here who consider Samuel Adams the first politician in the world. I have found more reason every day to

convince me that he has been right when others supposed him wrong;" and Thomas Jefferson said, "If there was any Palinurus"—that is, pilot—"to the Revolution, Samuel Adams was the man. Indeed, in the Eastern States, for a year or two after it began, he was, truly, the 'Man of the Revolution;' and of his influence in the Continental Congress Jefferson said, "Samuel Adams was so rigorously logical, so clear in his views, abundant in good sense and master always of his subject, that he commanded the most profound attention whenever he rose in an assembly by which the froth of declamation was heard with the most sovereign contempt."

How far he was the "Man of the Revolution" in New England, as Jefferson declared, you have seen in the brief summary of his fearless actions in behalf of independence, and his education of the people of the Massachusetts towns in lessons of liberty. But with the signing of the Declaration of Independence his great life-work practically came to an end. "Had he died then," one of his biographers admits, "his fame would have been as great as it is now. What further he accomplished, though often of value, an ordinary man might have performed." He seems to have been raised up to show the people the only clear path to independence; after that the leadership was taken by others.

Historians tell us that Samuel Adams was what they term "the architect of ruin"—that is, he carefully and persistently planned the overthrow of kingly authority in

America; that was his mission; he was fitted neither to plan nor organize the successful Republic. You can see from the glimpses I have given you of the man and his career that his work was destructive rather than preservative. He was, as you have seen, a rebel against the British throne from boyhood, and this in spite of the fact that both he and his father were, at one time in their lives, tax-collectors for the crown. You have seen that almost his first notable oration at college was a plea for resistance to tyranny, and that his entrance into public life was as the declared opponent of the kingly prerogative. He was the leader and chosen representative of the restless and aggressive people—the "tribune of the yeomanry," as some one called him. He advocated and organized rebellion; he urged on the farmers of Middlesex to stand their ground at Lexington and Concord; and when they had "fired the shot heard round the world," as Emerson puts it, none was more jubilant, none more enthusiastic, than Samuel Adams.

This was all destructive work, you see,—the overthrow of constituted authority in America. When it came to upbuilding, the new nation looked to other hands than those of Samuel Adams. Throughout the Revolution he served in the Congress, but his position was rather that of a critic than a leader. And when the government began to take definite shape, and the plan of departments that was finally adopted as most practical was proposed, Samuel Adams strongly opposed it. He objected to the

establishment of a State Department, of a War Department, and of a Treasury Department—the leading executive branches of our government and the chief presidential helpers. Instead, he advocated the outgrown and cumbersome conduct of those important departments by committees of Congress, as had been the method during the Revolution. It would have been a great mistake had his plan been carried out; but even in this opposition he was the same Samuel Adams fearful of the concentration of authority in the president, fearful lest that office become a "one man power" or tyranny, and desirous of having all government and all direction come from the people, through committees selected from them—the people whose servant and leader, whose advocate and mouthpiece, he had been so long.

He disliked to exchange the old Articles of Confederation of 1781 which he had helped draw up for the Constitution of 1789, under which we live to-day. The Constitution would centralize things, he feared; the independence of the separate and sovereign States would be given up; and so, not liking the new order of things, he went home to Massachusetts.

There he worked in his beloved town-meetings—the people's tribunals—to help the Commonwealth of Massachusetts prepare and adopt a State Constitution; there he served the Commonwealth as lieutenant-governor and governor; and there he outlived the century which he had helped to make both notable and historic,

dying at last on the second of October in the year 1803, in his house on Winter street in his beloved home-town of Boston,—so beloved by him and so much a part of his very existence that one of his associates and fellow-workers declared, in just a bit of good-natured complaining, "Samuel Adams would have the State of Massachusetts govern the Union, the town of Boston govern Massachusetts, and Samuel Adams govern the town of Boston. Then, he believes, the whole would not be ill-governed." Samuel Adams, you see, was a patriot for his own times and generation. The Samuel Adams of the America of 1775 would be out of place, lost, and confounded in the America of 1900.

How much his State and town revered the stout old patriot let me show you.

There had been an election in Massachusetts—the hotly contested State election of 1800. The political opponent of the old ex-governor had been elected, and he himself was rather despairing of the Republic. Inauguration day came, and, up Winter street in Boston town, marched the great procession escorting the governor to the State House on the hill. There were bands of music, flags and banners, parading troops and political clubs, all jubilant over their victory and filling the narrow Boston street with noise and show and color.

As they passed the modest house on the corner of what is to-day Winter street and Winter place and where,

in recent years, a tablet has been erected in honor of "the Father of the Revolution" who once lived on that corner, the old patriot, then nearly eighty years old, was observed by the new governor watching the parade from his window.

"Halt!" commanded the governor-elect, and procession and music alike came to a stop. Then stepping from his carriage, while the troops presented arms and the people waited uncovered, the new governor—political rival and opponent though he was—stood with bared head and extended hands before the door of Samuel Adams, and, in a few brief but tender words, did graceful honor to his political opponent the patriot and leader of the people, whose efforts had freed the colonies and given liberty and independence to the land.

For the times comes the man. Revolution was inevitable, and God raised up Samuel Adams to be its organizer and earliest leader. Beneath the bronze statue of this historic American where it stands amid the rush and bustle of what is now called Adams square in the city of Boston you may read this estimate of the man: "A statesman incorruptible and fearless." And that is strictly true. As rugged and immovable as the great bowlder that, as the century closes, has been placed above his resting-place in the Old Granary burying-ground, in Boston town, Samuel Adams was at once grand and noble,—a fearless, sincere, unyielding, and incorruptible patriot,—a true American.

And free America owes much to Samuel Adams. He proposed the Revolution; he advocated the Continental Congress; he signed the Declaration of Independence; and was so sharp a thorn in the side of the British Government and of the British generals that they tried first to bribe and then to kill him. But they could neither bribe nor kill him. He lived to see the redcoats of King George driven from Boston and, in time, from America; he lived to hail the final triumph of the principles for which he labored and suffered, and to see the people whose welfare he held above all selfish considerations of gain or position free and independent Americans, beginners and designers of a nation whose greatness even he could not comprehend or prophesy.

The Story of John Adams, of Braintree, called "The Colossus of Independence."

Born at Braintree, Massachusetts, October 30, 1735.
Died at Quincy, Massachusetts, July 4, 1826.

"There is not upon the earth a more perfectly honest man then John Adams. Concealment is no part of his character.... I know him well, and I repeat that a man more perfectly honest never issued from the hands of his Creator."

—Thomas Jefferson.

There was worry, uncertainty, and anxiety in the second Continental Congress. In the east room of the ever-famous and ever-precious Independence hall in Philadelphia the members sat or walked and talked, disconcerted and perplexed. They had organized revolution; they had plunged into war; and now they needed a leader for the soldiers they had summoned to fight the battle against British oppression, invasion, and assault. Collisions were frequent; forces were divided; the army lacked unity and leadership, and where could be found the right man for the important post of commander-in-chief?

Boston was beseiged by a patriot army. In New York the Tories "durst not show their heads." In Philadelphia two thousand men were under arms. In Virginia the militia was ready and waiting. Something must be done speedily, but it must be done well, for success in the field

and a systematic conduct of the war depended upon the man to whom should be given the charge and oversight of this enthusiastic spirit of war.

The Congress was divided. Leaders of ability there were, each with his following and supporters, but none had the unanimous approval of the members, who must decide as to selection and authorization. Jealousies and divisions were already apparent and threatening, as each section advocated the claims of its favorite for the chosen head of the army; something, it was seen, must be done speedily if the army of the Congress was to take the initiative and fight the power of Great Britain on the offensive rather than the defensive ground.

Then it was that a Massachusetts man rose to the situation. He had his personal likes and dislikes, for he was a man of strong feelings and pronounced ideas. But he sunk all these for what he esteemed the public good. If a New England army led by a New England general fought the fight it would be, he said, a New England rather than an American quarrel, and, above all things else, John Adams, of Massachusetts, wished to nationalize and not localize the American Revolution.

He made up his mind speedily. On a certain June morning, in 1775, on his way to the session of the Congress in Independence hall, he caught his cousin and colleague, Samuel Adams, by the arm, and said emphatically:

"We must act on this matter at once. We must make the Congress declare for or against something. I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am determined this very morning to make a direct motion that Congress shall adopt the army before Boston, and appoint the Virginian, Colonel Washington, commander of it. What do you say?"

But Samuel Adams would say nothing. He was not yet ready to give the prize to a Southern rather than a Northern soldier, and although he esteemed Colonel Washington he would not agree to waive his preferences for Heath or Ward or Hancock.

So John Adams acted upon his own responsibility. As soon as that day's session of the Congress had opened he took the floor and introduced a motion of precisely the nature confided to his cousin, Samuel Adams. Of course, it would not be like John Adams not to explain his motives, so he made a little speech, in which he reminded Congress of the perilous situation of the colonies, their need of united and systematic military protection, the uncaptained condition of the army at Cambridge, the perfection and discipline of the British soldiers whom the Americans must face in fight, and the absolute necessity, if victory were to be achieved, of bringing this army under the authority of Congress, and the appointment of a commander subject to Congress and trained to service.

"Such a gentleman I have in mind," said honest John Adams, drawing nearer to the plan he had at heart; and, at

the words, those members of Congress who had favorite generals, or those who themselves desired the position of commander-in-chief, became deeply interested, or tried to look unconscious. Those members from New England who wished General Heath or General Ward selected, those others who had already decided that the Irish adventurer Lee was the only fit man for the post, prepared to advance the claims of their favorite, while ambitious and aristocratic John Hancock, the president of the Congress, was confident that he was the man in Mr. Adams's mind, and looked correspondingly pleased and prepared. But the next words of John Adams dispelled all these dreams of leadership:

"I mention no names, but every gentleman here knows him as at once a brave soldier and a man of affairs. He is a gentleman from Virginia, one of this body, and well known to all of us. He is a gentleman of skill and experience as an officer; his independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union."

At these significant words Mr. John Hancock's face dropped suddenly. He thought that, of course, his friend and colleague, Mr. Adams, had meant him. The other advocates of special favorites were disgusted and disappointed; for every member of the Congress knew who the gentleman from Virginia was; but the majority

welcomed the suggestion as settling a hard question, and they were quite ready to support Mr. Adams's motion.

But as all eyes in the room turned in one direction, as they recognized Mr. Adams's description, a modest, sturdy-looking gentleman, in a colonel's uniform of buff and blue, flushed uncomfortably with surprise, hurriedly rose from his seat among the delegates from Virginia, and slipped from the room, seeking refuge in the library.

It was Colonel George Washington, of Virginia. But that motion of John Adams's saved the country; for, two days after, on the fifteenth of June, 1775, after the question had been quietly discussed, the disappointed ones won over and the timid ones brought around, Mr. Johnson, the delegate from Maryland, made a formal motion, based on John Adams's suggestion, and George Washington was unanimously elected, by ballot, commander-in-chief of the Continental army, so called to distinguish it from the British force then besieged in Boston, and usually styled the Ministerial army.

John Adams lived long enough to see what a wise and patriotic thing he had done when, setting aside all local prejudices and colonial selfishness, he had named the Virginian colonel for commander-in-chief. For that action brought into service and developed into greatness America's choicest, noblest, and most efficient man. He lived to see George Washington the saviour of his country, the victor over its foes, and its first president; while he,

John Adams, of Massachusetts, was associated with him as the first vice-president of the Republic, and became his immediate successor in office, as the second president of the United States.

The story of this famous son of Massachusetts is one of constant action, progress, appreciation, and advancement. Born on the thirteenth of October, 1735, he was forty years old when the American Revolution broke out, and was recognized at that time as the clearest mind and wisest head in all the long list of New England patriots. The little old Braintree farmhouse in which the "Father of the Fourth of July" was born still stands, a treasured relic, in what is now known as the city of Quincy, a few miles to the south of Boston.

His father was a thrifty farmer of the thrifty Bay Colony, worth perhaps seventy-five hundred dollars in lands and stock. But he put his son John through Harvard College, from which the boy graduated at twenty, and after that let him strike out for himself as a schoolmaster in Worcester. Then he became a lawyer in Boston and Braintree, heard that famous speech by James Otis in the Old Boston State House against the writs of assistance, and was so moved and stirred by it that he became at once an earnest and active advocate of protest, resistance, and finally of independence for America. His intelligence and ability were speedily recognized by his associates and the people. He was sent by them as a representative to the Legislature—the Great and General Court it was called in

those days; and when Massachusetts decided upon union of action he was one of the five Massachusetts delegates sent to the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia. From that day on, for fully fifty years, he was prominently before the country as one of its best and chosen men, a typical New Englander, a patriotic American.

Bold, outspoken, upright, and true, he was sometimes conceited, opinionated, long-winded, and brusque; but his faults were far outweighed by his virtues; for he always had what is called the courage of his convictions, and no man dared more or was ready to sacrifice more for the cause of independence and the Republic than John Adams, of Braintree. The acts and deeds for which America remembers him are many; but the first was especially significant. This was his manly defence of the British soldiers, unwisely tried for murder after the affray with the street mob known as the "Boston massacre" of 1770,—all the more manly because there was no bolder patriot than John Adams, but there was none more desirous of seeing fair play than he. This stands out as his earliest "act of fame." The others are his demand for a Continental army and his proposing of George Washington as its commander-in-chief, in 1775, of which I have just told you; his speech on the first of July, 1776, which resulted in the adoption of the Declaration of Independence; the recognition, secured by him from Holland, of the United States of America as a nation and the timely loan of money which he obtained from the

thrifty but friendly Dutch when the young American Republic was sorely in need of funds—both accomplished by him in 1782; the great treaty of peace with England which he "put through" in 1783; his patriotic keeping the peace with France when he was President, in 1800, and when every one was shouting for war; and last, but by no means the least, his brave, bold struggle for religious liberty in Massachusetts in 1820, when the rugged old patriot was old in years but young in energy.

In wise and broad humanity, in bold and outspoken loyalty, in practical and helpful patriotism, there is no American who can show a better record as there are few to be held in more lasting remembrance than this same honest, stanch, stout, courageous, fussy, hot-tempered, but always fine old patriot John Adams, of Quincy, second president of the United States.

People have called him the "Father of the Fourth of July," not only because he was instrumental in making that day famous as a proposer and signer of the immortal Declaration of Independence, but because it was John Adams, of Massachusetts, who saw at once the deep and lasting meaning of that great act, and prophesied its celebration by all Americans in later ages. We call it the fourth, but it was really the second of July, 1776, the day on which Congress passed the famous resolution introduced by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, declaring the United Colonies of America to be free and independent States. It was on that day, writing home to

his patriotic wife in Quincy,—Abigail Adams, one of America's noblest and most remarkable women,—that John Adams made his memorable prophecy.

"The second of July, 1776," he wrote, "will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forever more."

The formal Act of Declaration was signed on the fourth day of July, but that was really only a ratification of the work of July second, so that we can fairly allow to John Adams the claim of being the prophet and father of our glorious Fourth of July.

This was by no means John Adams's first bit of prophecy. For when he was quite a young fellow, in 1755, the very year of Braddock's defeat, he declared that if the American and English soldiers succeeded in driving the French power from Canada the American colonists would increase and grow so strong that in another century they would exceed the British, and then, he added significantly, "All England will be unable to subdue us."

That prophecy has indeed come true; and to-day, as the twentieth century opens, the England that John

Adams defied and the America he helped to build are drawing closer together as "brothers-in-blood," rivals and foemen no longer.

It is well to recall the public services of John Adams, who, not liking public life, was yet continually in it for over forty years, always doing his duty honestly and fearlessly, like the honest and fearless man he was. A member of the first and second Continental Congresses, he was also elected chief-justice of Massachusetts, first secretary of war to the Republic,—or war minister, as he called it,—envoy and minister to France, Holland, and England, vice-president of the United States, and then president; he closed his career, as I have told you, as a member of the convention called to prepare a new Constitution for Massachusetts into which he labored hard to introduce a clause permitting absolute religious tolerance in the Bay State. But the home of the wise and bold, though harsh and often bigoted ministers of the Puritan days was not yet ready for this open welcome to all religions—the efforts of the old man of eighty-five were not then successful; but to-day the State he loved so dearly and worked for so unselfishly follows the aged patriot's wise counsel, and opens wide its doors to all who, in different ways, but in a common spirit of toleration, serve the Lord after their own fashion and desire.

The life of John Adams was filled with great purposes and great endeavors; to it were linked many of the grand events that have long since become historic, and, as a

fitting close to so notable a life, he died on the anniversary of the day he had helped to make famous, the Fourth of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the American Republic.

Like Governor John Winthrop, John Adams kept a diary. Indeed, he kept one nearly all of his life, and this diary, with the letters to his gifted wife, have been a never-failing source from which to draw descriptions of events, now historic, of men and manners long since passed away, and of the early, formative, sprouting days of the Republic. Men often write too much and talk too much, so that personalities frequently get them into trouble. This was sometimes the case with John Adams. He loved to gossip; he was careless as to what he said about people, and he frequently got into trouble and turned former friends into enemies, especially men of prominence and patriotism like Jefferson and Hamilton. But we can forgive his eccentricities and indiscretions when we remember how much of good he did in his day and generation; especially may we be lenient when we discover that the cutting things John Adams said about people were very often true, and either led them to change their way or opened their eyes sufficiently to enable them to see the right way to do things.

He had said a great many hard things about George, king of England, and King George had certainly said many hard things about John Adams, chief rebel. In fact, there were points about each of these men that were similar,

though what in King George we are quick to call obstinacy in John Adams we recognize as firmness and loyalty to principle! Both were strictly honest and very plain-spoken, so when they met, at the time John Adams was sent to England as the first minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, people wondered what they would say to one another and who first would lose his temper.

But those who expected an explosion were disappointed. John Adams had gone to school to experience and had learned to keep his temper and how to drape the bare truth with the veil of diplomacy.

We can imagine the meeting. The short and stout American of the Yankee type is presented to the short and stout Englishman of the German type; each hating the other cordially, but both having the courtesy and dignity to treat each other like gentlemen.

They met in the private apartments of the king at St. James palace, known then as the king's closet.

"I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens," said the first minister from the king's revolted colonies now acknowledged a nation, "in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your majesty's presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty's royal benevolence and in restoring an entire

esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in other words, the old good-nature and the old good-humor, between people who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood."

And the king, evidently affected and with a tremor in his voice, replied as honestly as John Adams had spoken.

"I will be very frank with you, sir," he said. "I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made I will be the first to meet the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments as yours prevail and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

This being concluded, the king, who detested the French, intimated that he had understood that Mr. Adams did not like the French as much as some Americans did. Whereupon John Adams, "embarrassed," as he tells us in one of his delightful letters, "but determined not to deny the truth on one hand nor leave him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other," boldly but pleasantly replied: "That opinion, sir, is not mistaken. I must avow to your majesty I have no attachment but to my own country."

"An honest man will never have any other, sir," the king replied with a bow, and the two honest, if obstinate

men separated, not loving each other any better, but with an increased respect for each other's sincerity, courage, and loyalty.

Sincerity, courage, and loyalty were indeed the three things that marked John Adams's life and made him the safe and reliable guide for the Republic in its days of struggle and beginning. It was these that led his fellow-countrymen to place so many responsibilities upon him, to trust in his wisdom and have faith in his ability, and, at last, to raise to the highest position in their gift the strong, truth-loving, devoted patriot, whom, in the days of '76, men had delighted to call "the Colossus of Independence."

The Story of Patrick Henry, of Virginia.

Born at Studley, Virginia, May 29, 1736.
Died at Red Hill, Virginia, June 6, 1799.

"Patrick Henry disdained submission; by him Virginia rang the alarm bell for the continent." George Bancroft.

"A king, by annulling or disallowing acts of so salutary a measure, from being the father of his people degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to his subjects' obedience."

The young lawyer paused for an instant; but in that instant men had sprung to their feet. "Treason! Treason!" came the cry from different parts of the crowded court-room, and Mr. Lyons, the opposing counsel, appealed hotly to the bench where sat the young lawyer's own father as presiding justice. "Treason; the gentleman has spoken treason," he cried. "Will your worships listen to that without showing your disapproval?"

Their worships said nothing. Instead, they sat mute and spellbound under the surprising flow of eloquence from the lips of one whom they had considered neither orator, pleader, nor lawyer, but who now, at one bound and by a sudden burst of eloquence, sprang into popularity, fame, and leadership.

The place was the stuffy little court-house in the county-seat of Hanover, in the Colony of Virginia; the

time was the first day of December, 1763; the man was Patrick Henry.

He was arguing on the wrong side of an important case, in which both law and precedent were absolutely against him. It was a case of taxes, in which the council of the king of England had deliberately and contemptuously set aside a law made by the colony. In this case the king's council was right as to judgment, but wrong as to action. The law it "disallowed" was an unjust one; but the high-handed manner in which king and council overruled and annulled it was not to be borne by the liberty and justice loving colonists who had enacted it.

That was the way in which the matter appeared to Patrick Henry, when, as a forlorn hope, he took up a case which other lawyers would not touch. "The king of England has no right to meddle in the law-making of this colony. Virginia can look out for herself," he said, and in this spirit he defended a losing case and by his eloquence, earnestness, and argument overruled the judgment of the court, turned a defeat into victory, and won the case he had championed for his clients—the people.

This celebrated case—known in American history as "the Parson's Cause" made the name and established the fame of Patrick Henry as a resistless pleader and an impassioned orator. Up to that date he had not been a success. The son of a Virginia gentleman of small means, young Patrick Henry was left to himself for amusement

and education, obtaining a good deal more of the first than of the second. He was a careless, happy-go-lucky country boy of the pleasant region of middle Virginia, loving hunting and fishing more than study and loafing more than books, never succeeding at anything, and sticking to nothing long. He failed as a farmer, failed in business, married a tavern-keeper's daughter when he had nothing on which to support her, and, failing at everything else, hastily concluded to try the law. He failed even in his examinations for that, and was only admitted to the bar through the good-nature of one of the examining lawyers and because of his own success at arguing the other out of a careless indifference. Such a man does not seem fitted to champion a great cause or teach new ideas to an energetic people. But something above the opportunity that lay beneath the Parson's Cause inspired and held young Henry; it gave him an earnestness that surprised and an eloquence that electrified his hearers; and those who hung their heads for shame when Patrick Henry began to speak, lifted him from the floor as he proceeded, and bore him out on their shoulders when he had concluded.

From that day success and fame were his. He sprang into instant popularity as "the people's champion." Practice as a lawyer flowed in upon him; he gained advancement in his own colony and power as a politician. He turned over a new leaf. He was no longer shiftless or unsteady. Popularity brought him business, and business brought him money; as a result he became an influential

country gentleman with an estate of his own, with admirers and supporters throughout Virginia, and with the ability to gratify his leanings towards political preferment that speedily gave him position and importance. He was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, or Legislature; he became a political leader in Virginia, was sent as a delegate to the first and second Continental Congresses, was the first commander of Virginia's Revolutionary army, and was three times governor of Virginia. His fame spread throughout the land, and any office in the gift of the new nation might have been his had he cared to accept it. But he wished for no office. He declined to serve as member of the Constitutional Convention, as United States senator, as secretary of state, as governor of Virginia for the fourth time, as chief-justice of the United States, as ambassador to France, and as vice-president of the United States. He declined, you see, even more than he accepted office.

You know what gave him his greatest fame and led the people of the United States to know, to honor, and to respect him. It was his famous oration in old St. John's Church in Richmond, an oration that has not yet ceased ringing in the ears of Americans, and which, in certain of its impetuous utterances, has become a part of the proverbs and maxims of the Republic. Let me try to draw for you the picture of that remarkable speech in which he urged the arming of the Virginia militia in resistance to the British authorities; for, as Professor Tyler says, "it is

chiefly the tradition of that one speech which to-day keeps alive, in millions of American homes, the name of Patrick Henry, and which lifts him, in the popular faith, almost to the rank of some mythical hero of romance."

It is a plain and unpretending little church today as it stands almost on the summit of one of beautiful Richmond's sightly hills,—Church hill, it is called,—at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth street. Small as it is, the church is to-day much larger than it was on that day in 1775—Thursday, the twenty-third of March—when, rising to his feet, in the pew still shown to visitors and marked by a memorial tablet, Patrick Henry threw down the gauntlet to King George and declared war on the haughty prerogative of Great Britain.

The second Revolutionary convention of Virginia was assembled in that old church on the hill in Richmond. The first convention had met at Williamsburg the year before and had sent to the Continental Congress such representative Virginians as George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, and Patrick Henry, with others of equal ability, if of less prominence. There Patrick Henry, as pronounced an advocate of open resistance and organized protest as Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, had advocated a union of all the colonies for mutual protection and defence against the aggressions of England, with equal representation and equal interests for all, saying grandly, as he pled for unity, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and

New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American!"

And now the second Revolutionary congress of Virginia had met to debate upon the question whether Virginia should declare for peace or war. Everywhere, throughout the colonies, the people were restless; everywhere there was talk of resistance, and from Massachusetts bay to Charleston harbor the local military companies were being organized for possible emergencies, and drilled to the use of arms. But prudence was keeping men back from act or speech that might be deemed aggressive; prudence was still holding men loyal to the king.

So, when the question of arming the militia of Virginia came up in the colonial convention, and Patrick Henry introduced a resolution "that this colony be immediately put into a posture of defence and a committee be appointed to prepare a plan for embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose," prudence interfered to prevent so menacing a move.

"The resolution is premature," objected some of the more conservative members. "War with Great Britain may come," they said; "but it may be prevented."

"May come?" exclaimed Patrick Henry; "may come? It has come!" And then, rising in his place, in that narrow pew in old St. John's, he broke out into that famous speech

which now, as Professor Tyler remarks, "fills so great a space in the traditions of Revolutionary eloquence."

Tall and thin in figure, with stooping shoulders and sallow face, carelessly dressed in his suit of "parson's gray," Patrick Henry faced the president of the convention, who sat in the chancel of the church, and began calmly, courteously, and with dignity.

"No man, Mr. President," he said, "thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism as well as the abilities of the very honorable gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I should speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve."

Then he flung aside courtesy and calmness.

"This is no time for ceremony," he told them hotly. "The question before the house is one of awful moment to the country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery . . . .

"Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself," he declared impressively, "as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty to the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings."

Then he begun his argument with that sentence which is still as a household word in the mouths of men: "Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope;" and, showing how under existing circumstances hope was but a false beacon, and experience was the only safe guide, he called attention to the armament of England, and demanded: "I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission?"

Impressively he showed them that England's display of might was meant for America, "sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging."

He demanded how his associates intended to oppose this British tyranny. Argument had failed, entreaty and supplication were of no avail, compromise was exhausted; petitions and remonstrances, supplications and prostrations, were alike disregarded—"we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne," he said.

"There is no longer," he declared, "any room for hope. If we wish to be free,...if we wish not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged,"—he paused, and then, as one of his hearers said, "with all the calm dignity of Cato addressing the senate; like a voice from heaven uttering the doom of fate," he added solemnly but decisively,—"we must fight! I repeat it, sir,

we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left to us."

Then, his calmness all gone, his voice deepening and his slender form swayed with the passion of his own determination, he flung himself into that fervent appeal for union in resistance that we all know so well:

"Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave...It is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat now but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come. I repeat it, sir,—let it come!"

Can you not almost hear that wonderful voice as it makes that terrible invitation with all the force of confident faith and repressed enthusiasm? Can you not almost see that swaying form, those forcible gestures, that face stern with purpose? Old men there were, years after its utterance, who could not forget that tremendous speech nor how, with their eyes riveted on the speaker, they sat, as one of them expressed it, "sick with excitement."

And then came that ending—one of those immortal bursts of eloquence, a fitting climax to what had gone before:

"It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace, but there is no peace! The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death!"

That wonderful speech has lived in men's memories and hearts for far over a hundred years. For other hundreds it will live as one of the trumpet calls leading men to fight for freedom or to die free men. To stand in that very pew in old St. John's, as I have done, and to recall that notable speech, thrills and inspires any true American. That speech has made Patrick Henry live forever as America's impassioned orator; but better still, it turned Virginia, as in a flash, for independence, and made her stand side by side with Massachusetts, leaders and coworkers in the fight for liberty.

How ready Patrick Henry was to live up to his grand principles of liberty or death we may discover in his story. From the convention he went speedily to the field. He was made commander-in-chief of Virginia's Revolutionary army, as George Washington was of the Continental forces, and almost the first overt act of the war in Virginia, so Thomas Jefferson declared, was committed by Patrick

Henry. With five thousand hurriedly gathered minutemen he marched upon the king's governor, Lord Dunmore, at Williamsburg and demanded the stolen powder of the province or reparation for its loss; and the king's governor wisely judged discretion to be the better part of valor and sent his receiver-general with three hundred and thirty pounds to pay for the stolen powder. Then he issued a proclamation declaring "a certain Patrick Henry" an outlaw and rebel; but the people of Virginia hailed the "outlaw" as their leader, and heaped him with honors, in the way of thanks and addresses.

There are many points of resemblance in the careers of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. Both were "architects of ruin," opponents of prerogative, foes to kingly authority. Both led the attack of the people upon British tyranny and by their matchless labors, with voice or pen, organized revolt, set on foot revolution, and showed the way to liberty and independence. Then, their higher mission accomplished, their work fell into other hands, and they, who had been leaders, became onlookers and critics. Each one was governor of his native State, and each felt alike the sun of popularity and the gloom of misrepresentation and defeat. Both enjoyed a well-merited old age, though Adams outlived his colleague alike in years and honors.

I have told you that Patrick Henry declined more honors than he accepted. One reason was, not that he could not march with the Republic, but because of

continued ill-health, which so often dulls the edge of energy, makes a man critical, and keeps him dissatisfied. Alike the friend and critic of Washington, Patrick Henry was also friend and critic of the Republic he had helped to found, loving it for its liberty, but despairing, sometimes, of its future because things were not done as he would like to see them.

He retired from public life largely because of criticism; for, you see, there was a great deal of criticism in the air in those early days of the Republic, and criticism of his acts was one thing that Patrick Henry could not stand. Impetuous as James Otis, determined as Samuel Adams, like both those fervent patriots Patrick Henry chafed under restraint and hated to have his motives called in question. There are, after all, very few such superbly patient, gloriously self-governed men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

But impetuosity is sometimes inspiration. This, at least, was one cause of Patrick Henry's eloquence. As an orator he had remarkable powers; but as a leader he was often uncertain and sometimes headstrong, to his own detriment and his country's peril.

But after all, it is as one who moves by the magic of his words that Patrick Henry's claims to remembrance as an historic American chiefly rest. Above everything else he was an orator; and it is as the orator of resistance, of liberty, and of patriotism that he has our loving and

grateful reverence and will be remembered by America forever and ever.

His later years were spent in peaceful pursuits upon his beautiful farm at Red hill near historic Appomattox; and there he died on the sixth of June, 1799, surrounded by loving friends and mourned by America as its chief and most effective orator in the stormy days of protest and revolution.

Thomas Jefferson

1743 A.D. – 1826 A.D. Virginia

Five miles east of Charlottesville, Virginia, near where the River Rivanna enters the James, Thomas Jefferson was born, April 13, 1743, the third in a family of eight children.

Peter Jefferson, his father, descended from a Welsh ancestry, was a self-made man. The son of a farmer, with little chance for schooling, he improved every opportunity to read, became, like George Washington, a surveyor, and endured cheerfully all the perils of that pioneer life. Often, in making his survey across the Blue Ridge Mountains, he was obliged to defend himself against the attacks of wild beasts, and to sleep in hollow trees. When the provisions gave out, and his companions fell fainting beside him, he subsisted on raw flesh, and stayed on until his work was completed.

So strong was he physically that when two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing a thousand pounds, were lying on their sides, he could raise them both upright at once. Besides this great strength of body, he developed great strength of mind. Shakespeare and Addison were his favorites. It was not strange that by and by he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses.

When Peter Jefferson was thirty-one, he married into a family much above his own socially—Jane, the daughter

of Isham Randolph, a rich and cultured gentleman. She was but nineteen, of a most cheerful and hopeful temperament, with a passionate love of nature in every flower and tree.

From these two the boy Thomas inherited the two elements that make a man's character beautiful, not less than a woman's—strength and sweetness. With his mother's nature, he found delight in every varying cloud, every rich sunset or sunrise, and in that ever new and ever wonderful change from new moon to full and from full to new again. How tender and responsive such a soul becomes! How it warms toward human nature from its love for the material world!

When Thomas was five years old, he was sent to a school where English only was taught. The hours of confinement doubtless seemed long to a child used to wander at will over the fields, for one day, becoming impatient for school to be dismissed, he went out-of-doors, knelt behind the house, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, thus hoping to expedite matters!

At nine he entered the family of Rev. William Douglas, a Scotch clergyman, where he learned Greek, Latin, and French. So fond did he become of the classics that he said, years later, if he were obliged to decide between the pleasure derived from them and the estate left him by his father, he would have greatly preferred poverty and education.

All these early years at "Shadwell," the Jefferson home,—so named after his mother's home in England, where she was born,—Thomas had an especially dear companion in his oldest sister, Jane. Her mind was like his own, quick and comprehensive, and her especial delight, like his, was in music. Three things, he said, became a passion with him, "Mathematics, music, and architecture." Jane had a charming voice, and her brother became a skilled performer on the violin, often practising three hours a day in his busy student life.

Peter Jefferson, the strong, athletic Assemblyman, died suddenly when Thomas was but fourteen, urging, as his dying request, that this boy be well educated. There was but one other son, and he an infant. The sweet-tempered Mrs. Jefferson, under forty, was left with eight children to care for; but she kept her sunny, hopeful heart.

When Thomas was a little more than sixteen, he entered the college of William and Mary, at Williamsburg. He was a somewhat shy, tall, slight boy, eager for information, and warm-hearted. It was not surprising that he made friends with those superior to himself in mental acquirements. He says, in his Memoirs: "It was my great good-fortune, and what, perhaps, fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small of Scotland was the professor of mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He, most happily for me,

became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science and of the system of things in which we are placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival at college, and he was appointed to fill it *per interim*; and he was the first who ever gave in that college regular lectures in ethics, rhetoric, and belles-lettres. He returned to Europe in 1762, having previously filled up the measure of his goodness to me by procuring for me, from his most intimate friend, George Wythe, a reception as a student of law under his direction, and introduced me to the acquaintance and familiar table of Governor Fauquier, the ablest man who had ever filled that office."

The governor, though an accomplished scholar and great patron of learning, was very fond of card-playing, and of betting in the play. In this direction his influence became most pernicious to Virginia. Strangely enough, young Jefferson never knew one card from another, and never allowed them to be played in his house.

He devoted himself untiringly to his books. He worked fifteen hours a day, allowing himself only time to run out of town for a mile in the twilight, before lighting the candles, as necessary exercise. Though, from the high social position of his mother, he had many acquaintances at Williamsburg, Thomas went little in society, save to dine with the prominent men above mentioned. These

were a constant stimulant to him. A great man, or the written life of a great man, becomes the maker of other great men. The boy had learned early in life one secret, of success; to ally one's self to superior men and women.

Years afterward, he wrote to his eldest grandson, "I had the good-fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties, I would ask myself, what would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph do in this situation? What course in it will insure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers I possessed. Knowing the even and dignified lives they pursued, I could never doubt for a moment which of two courses would be in character for them. From the circumstances of my position, I was often thrown into the society of horse-racers, card-players, fox-hunters, scientific and professional men, and of dignified men; and many a time have I asked myself in the enthusiastic moment of the death of a fox, the victory of a favorite horse, the issue of a question eloquently argued at the bar or in the great council of the nation, well, which of these kinds of reputation should I prefer—that of a horse-jockey, a fox-hunter, an orator, or the honest advocate of my country's rights?"

The very fact that Jefferson thus early in life valued character and patriotism above everything else was a sure

indication of a grand and successful manhood. We usually build for ourselves the kind of house we start to build in early years. If it is an abode of pleasure, we live in the satiety and littleness of soul which such a life brings. If it is an abode of worship of all that is pure and exalted, we walk among high ideals, with the angels for ministering spirits, and become a blessing to ourselves and to mankind.

In these college-days, Jefferson became acquainted with the fun-loving, brilliant Patrick Henry, forming a friendship that became of great value to both. After two years in college, where he had obtained a fair knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian, besides his Latin and Greek, he went home to spend the winter in reading law. But other thoughts continually mingled with Coke. On every page he read the name of a beautiful girl of whom he had become very fond. She had given him a watch-paper, which having become spoiled accidentally, the law-student wrote to his friend John Page, afterward governor of Virginia, "I would fain ask the favor of Miss Becca Burwell to give me another watch-paper of her own cutting, which I should esteem much more, though it were a plain round one, than the nicest in the world, cut by other hands." He asked advice of Page as to whether he had better go to her home and tell her what was in his heart. "Inclination tells me to go, receive my sentence, and be no longer in suspense; but reason says, 'If you go, and your attempt proves unsuccessful, you will be ten times more wretched than ever.'"

He battled with Coke all winter and all the next summer,—a young man in love who can thus bend himself to his work shows a strong will,—going to Williamsburg in October to attend the General Court, and to meet and ask Miss Burwell for her heart and hand. Alas! he found her engaged to another. Possibly, he was "ten times more wretched than ever," but it was wise to know the worst.

A young man of twenty-one usually makes the best of an unfortunate matter, remembering that life is all before him, and he must expect difficulties. The following year, a sister married one of his dearest friends, Dabney Carr; and the same year, 1765, his pet sister, Jane, died. To the end of his life, he never forgot this sorrow; and, even in his extreme old age, said "that often in church some sacred air, which her sweet voice had made familiar to him in youth, recalled to him sweet visions of this sister, whom he had loved so well and buried so young."

After five years spent in law studies, rising at five, even in winter, for his work, he began to practise, with remarkable success. He was not a gifted speaker, but, having been a close student, his knowledge was highly valued. Years afterward, an old gentleman who knew Jefferson, when asked, "What was his power in the court-room?" answered, "He always took the right side."

Parton says, in his valuable life of Jefferson, "He had most of the requisites of a great lawyer; industry, so quiet,

methodical, and sustained that it amounted to a gift; learning, multifarious and exact; skill and rapidity in handling books; the instinct of research, that leads him who has it to the fact he wants, as surely as the hound scents the game; a serenity of temper, which neither the inaptitude of witnesses nor the badgering of counsel could ever disturb; a habit of getting everything upon paper in such a way that all his stores of knowledge could be marshalled and brought into action; a ready sympathy with a client's mind; an intuitive sense of what is due to the opinions, prejudices, and errors of others; a knowledge of the few avenues by which alone unwelcome truth can find access to a human mind; and the power to state a case with the clearness and brevity that often make argument superfluous."

In 1768, when he was only twenty-five years old, he offered himself as a candidate for the Virginia Legislature, and was elected. He entered upon his public life, which lasted for forty years, with the resolution "never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune;" and he kept his resolution.

Two years after he began to practise law, the house at "Shadwell" was burned. He was absent from home, and greatly concerned about his library. When a colored man came to tell him of his loss, Jefferson inquired eagerly for his books. "Oh," replied the servant, carelessly, "they were all burnt, but ah! we saved your fiddle!"

A new house was now begun, two miles from the Shadwell home, on a hill five hundred and eighty feet high, which he called afterwards "Monticello," the Italian for "Little Mountain." This had long been a favorite retreat for Jefferson. He and Dabney Carr had come here day after day, in the summer-time, and made for themselves a rustic seat under a great oak, where they read law together, and planned the rose-colored plans of youth. Sweet, indeed, is it that we have such plans in early years. Those get most out of life who live much in the ideal; who see roses along every pathway, and hear Nature's music in every terrific storm.

Jefferson was building the Monticello home with bright visions for its future. Another face had come into his heart, this time to remain forever. It was a beautiful face; a woman, with a slight, delicate form, a mind remarkably trained for the times, and a soul devoted to music. She had been married, and was a widow at nineteen. Her father was a wealthy lawyer; her own portion was about forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. Although Jefferson had less land, his annual income was about five thousand dollars, from this and his profession.

Martha Skelton was now twenty-three, and Jefferson nearly twenty-nine. So attractive a woman had many suitors. The story is told that two interested gentlemen came one evening to her father's house, with the purpose of having their future definitely settled. When they

arrived, they heard singing in the drawing-room. They listened, and the voices were unmistakably those of Jefferson and Martha Skelton. Making up their minds that "their future was definitely settled," as far as she was concerned, they took their hats and withdrew.

Jefferson was married to the lady January 1, 1772, and after the wedding started for Monticello. The snow had fallen lightly, but soon became so deep that they were obliged to quit the carriage and proceed on horseback. Arriving late at night, the fires were out and the servants in bed; but love keeps hearts warm, and darkness and cold were forgotten in the satisfaction of having won each other. This satisfaction was never clouded. For years, the home life deepened with its joys and sorrows. A little girl, Martha, was first born into the home; then Jane, who died when eighteen months old, and then an only son, who died in seventeen days. Monticello took on new beauty. Trees were set out and flower-beds planted. The man who so loved nature made this a restful and beautiful place for his little group.

The year after Jefferson's marriage, Dabney Carr, the brilliant young member of the Virginia Assembly, a favorite in every household, eloquent and lovable, died in his thirtieth year. His wife, for a time, lost her reason in consequence. Carr was buried at "Shadwell," as Jefferson was away from home; but, upon his return, the boyish promise was kept, and the friend was interred under the

old oak at Monticello, with these words on the stone, written by Jefferson:—

"To his Virtue, Good-Sense, Learning, and Friendship,
this stone is dedicated by Thomas Jefferson, who,
of all men living, loved him most."

At once, Mrs. Carr, with her six little children, came to Jefferson's home, and lived there ever after, he educating the three sons and three daughters of his widowed sister as though they were his own. Thus true and tender was he to those whom he loved.

For some years past, Jefferson had been developing under that British teaching which led America to freedom. When a student of law, he had listened to Patrick Henry's immortal speech in the debate on the Stamp Act. "I attended the debate," said Jefferson in his Memoir, "and heard the splendid display of Mr. Henry's talents as a popular orator. They were indeed great; such as I have never heard from any other man. He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote....I never heard anything that deserved to be called by the same name with what flowed from him; and where he got that torrent of language from is inconceivable. I have frequently shut my eyes while he spoke, and, when he was done, asked myself what he had said, without being able to recollect a word of it. He was no logician. He was truly a great man, however,—one of enlarged views."

The whole country had become aflame over the burning of the Gaspee, in March, 1772,—a royal schooner anchored at Providence, R. I. The schooner came there to watch the commerce of the colonies, and to search vessels. She made herself generally obnoxious. Having run aground in her chase of an American packet, a few Rhode Islanders determined to visit her and burn her. The little company set out in eight boats, muffling their oars, reaching her after midnight. The Gaspee was taken unawares, the hands of the crew tied behind them, and the vessel burned.

At once a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for the detection of any person concerned; but, though everybody knew, nobody would tell. Word came from England "that the persons concerned in the burning of the Gaspee schooner, and in the other violences which attended that daring insult, should be brought to England to be tried." This fired the hearts of the colonists. The Virginia House of Burgesses appointed a committee to correspond with other Legislatures on topics which concerned the common welfare. The royal governor of Virginia had no liking for such free thought and free speech as this, and dissolved the House, which at once repaired to a tavern and continued its deliberations.

Soon a convention was called, before which Jefferson's "Summary View of the Rights of British America" was laid. It was worded as a skilful lawyer and polished writer knew how to word it; and it stated the case so plainly that, when

it was published, and sent to Great Britain, Jefferson, to use his own words, "had the honor of having his name inserted in a long list of proscriptions enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced in one of the Houses of Parliament, but suppressed by the hasty step of events." Remoteness from England doubtless saved his life.

Jefferson went up to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, which opened May 10, 1775, taking his "Summary View" with him. The delegates were waiting to see what Virginia had to say in these important days. She had instructed her men to offer a resolution that "the United Colonies be free and independent States," which was done by Richard Henry Lee, on June 7. Four days later, Congress appointed a committee of five to prepare a Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson, only thirty-two, one of the youngest members of Congress, was made chairman. How well he had become fitted to write this immortal document! It was but a condensation of the "Summary View." He was also, says John T. Morse, in his life of Jefferson, "a man without an enemy. His abstinence from any active share in debate had saved him from giving irritation."

The Declaration still exists in Jefferson's clear handwriting. For three days the paper was hotly debated, "John Adams being the colossus of the debate." Jefferson did not speak a word, though Franklin cheered him as he saw him "writhing under the acrimonious criticism of some of its parts."

When it was adopted, the country was wild with joy. It was publicly read from a platform in Independence Square. Military companies gathered to listen to its words, fired salutes, and lighted bonfires in the evenings. The step, dreaded, yet for years longed for, had been taken—separation and freedom, or union and slavery. Jefferson came to that Congress an educated, true-hearted lover of his country; he went back to Martha Jefferson famous as long as America shall endure. He was reelected to Congress, but declined to serve, as he wished to do important work in his own State, in the changing of her laws.

But now, October 8, 1776, came a most tempting offer; that of joint commissioner with Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane to represent America at the court of France. He had always longed for European travel; he was a fine French scholar, and could make himself most useful to his new country, but his wife was too frail to undertake the long journey. She was more to him than the French mission, and he stayed at home.

Born with a belief in human brotherhood and a love for human freedom, he turned his attention in the Virginia Legislature to the repeal of the laws of entail and primogeniture, derived from England. He believed the repeal of these, and the adoption of his bill "for establishing religious freedom," would, as he said, form a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy. "The repeal of the laws of

entail would prevent the accumulation and perpetuation of wealth in select families….The abolition of primogeniture, and equal partition of inheritances, removed the feudal and unnatural distinctions which made one member of every family rich and all the rest poor….The restoration of the rights of conscience relieved the people from taxation for the support of a religion not theirs."

There was much persecution of Dissenters by the Established Church. Baptists were often thrown into prison for preaching, as Patrick Henry declared, "the Gospel of the Saviour to Adam's fallen race." For nine years the matter of freedom of conscience was wrestled with, before Virginia could concede to her people the right to worship God as they pleased.

Jefferson was averse to slavery, worked for the colonization of the slaves, and in 1778 carried through a bill against their further importation.

He wrote later, in his "Notes on Virginia": "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism, on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other….I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situations, is among possible events; that it

may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest." When his State could not bring itself to adopt his plan of freeing the slaves, he wrote in his autobiography, in 1821, "The day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." How great indeed was the man who could look beyond his own personal interests for the well-being of the race!

He worked earnestly for common schools and the establishment of a university in his native State, believing that it is the right and duty of a nation to make its people intelligent and capable of self-government.

In June, 1779, Jefferson was made governor of Virginia, to succeed Patrick Henry, her first governor. The Revolutionary War had been going forward, with some victories and some defeats. Virginia had given generously of men, money, and provisions. The war was being transferred to the South, as its battle-ground. British fleets had laid waste the Atlantic coast. Benedict Arnold and Cornwallis had ravaged Virginia. When General Tarlton was ordered to Charlottesville, in 1781, and it seemed probable that Monticello would fall into his hands, Jefferson moved his family to a place of safety.

When the British arrived, and found that the governor was not to be captured, they retired without committing

the slightest injury to the place. This was in return for kindness shown by Jefferson to four thousand English prisoners, who had been sent from near New York, to be in camp at Charlottesville, where it seemed cheaper to provide for them. Jefferson rightly said: "It is for the benefit of mankind to mitigate the horrors of war as much as possible. The practice, therefore, of modern nations, of treating captive enemies with politeness and generosity, is not only delightful in contemplation, but really interesting to all the world—friends, foes, and neutrals."

Two faithful servants at Monticello, fearful that the silver might be stolen by the red-coats, concealed it under a floor a few feet from the ground; Cæsar, removing a plank, and slipping through the cavity, received it from the hands of Martin. The soldiers came just as the last piece was handed to Cæsar; the plank was immediately restored to its place, and for nearly three days and nights the poor colored man remained in the dark, without food, guarding his master's treasures. When a soldier put his gun to the breast of Martin and threatened to fire unless Jefferson's whereabouts was disclosed, the brave fellow answered, "Fire away, then!" A man or woman who wins and holds such loyalty from dependents is no ordinary character.

After holding the office of governor for two years, Jefferson resigned, feeling that a military man would give greater satisfaction. Such a one followed him, but with no better success among the half-despairing patriots, destitute of money and supplies. Jefferson, with his

sensitive spirit, felt keenly the criticisms of some of the people, saying, "They have inflicted a wound on my spirit which will only be cured by the all-healing grave." He refused to return to public life, and looked forward to happy years of quiet study at Monticello.

How little we know the way which lies before us. We long for sunlight, and perchance have only storms. We love to be as children who must be carried over the swamps and rough places, not knowing that strength of manhood and womanhood comes generally through struggling. The "happy years" at Monticello were already numbered. Another little girl had come to gladden the heart of the man who so loved children, and had quickly taken her departure. And now Martha Jefferson, at thirty-four, the sweet, gentle woman who had lived with him only ten short years, was also going away. She talked with him calmly about the journey; she said she could not die content if she thought their children would have a stepmother. The young governor, without a moment's thought as to his future happiness, taking her hand, solemnly promised that he would never marry again, and he kept his word. It is not known that any person ever entered the place left vacant in his heart by Martha Jefferson's death.

For four months he had watched by her bedside, or had his books so near her that he could work without being separated from her. When she died he fainted, and remained so long insensible that the attendants thought

he could never be restored to consciousness. For three weeks he kept his room, ministered to by his little daughter Martha, who wound her arms about his neck, with that inexpressible consolation that only a pure, sweet child-nature can give. She said years later, "I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly, night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted....When, at last, he left his room, he rode out; and from that time he was on horseback rambling about the mountain, in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods. In those melancholy rambles I was his constant companion, a solitary witness to many a burst of grief."

He longed now for a change of scene; Monticello was no more a place of peace and rest. Being elected to Congress, he took his seat in November, 1783. To him we owe, after much heated discussion, the adoption of the present system of dollars and cents, instead of pounds and shillings. In May, 1784, he was appointed minister to France, to join Dr. Franklin and John Adams in negotiating commercial treaties. He sailed in July, taking with him his eldest child, Martha, leaving Mary and an infant daughter with an aunt.

The educated governor and congressman of course found a cordial welcome in Parisian society, for was he not the author of the Declaration of Independence, endeared to all lovers of liberty, in whatever country. He was charmed with French courtesy, thrift, and neatness, but he

was always an American in sentiment and affection. He wrote to his young friend, James Monroe, afterwards President: "The pleasure of the trip to Europe will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country,—its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners. How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy!" More and more he loved, and believed in, a republic. He wrote to a friend: "If all the evils which can arise among us from the republican form of government, from this day to the day of judgment, could be put into scale against what this country suffers from its monarchical form in a week, or England in a month, the latter would preponderate. No race of kings has ever presented above one man of common-sense in twenty generations. The best they can do is to leave things to their ministers; and what are their ministers but a committee badly chosen?"

Jefferson spent much time in looking up the manufacturing and agricultural interests of the country, and kept four colleges—Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and the College of Philadelphia—advised of new inventions, new books, and new phases of the approaching Revolution.

He had placed his daughter Martha in a leading school. His letters to her in the midst of his busy life show the beautiful spirit of the man, who was too great ever to rise above his affectional nature. "The more you learn the

more I love you," he wrote her; "and I rest the happiness of my life on seeing you beloved by all the world, which you will be sure to be if to a good heart you join those accomplishments so peculiarly pleasing in your sex. Adieu, my dear child; lose no moment in improving your head, nor any opportunity of exercising your heart in benevolence."

His baby-girl, Lucy, died two years after her mother, and now only little Mary was left in America. He could not rest until this child was with him in France. She came, with a breaking heart on leaving the old Virginia home and her aunt. On board the vessel she became so attached to the captain that it was almost impossible to take her from him. She spent some weeks with Mrs. John Adams in London, who wrote: "A finer child I never saw. I grew so fond of her, and she was so much attached to me, that, when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away."

Once in Paris, the affectionate child was placed at school with her sister Martha, to whom Jefferson wrote: "She will become a precious charge upon your hands....Teach her, above all things, to be good, because without that we can neither be valued by others nor set any value on ourselves. Teach her to be always true; no vice is so mean as the want of truth, and at the same time so useless. Teach her never to be angry; anger only serves to torment ourselves, to divert others, and alienate their esteem."

The love of truth was a strong characteristic of Jefferson's nature, one of the most beautiful characteristics of any life. There is no other foundation-stone so strong and enduring on which to build a granite character as the granite rock of truth. Jefferson wrote to his children and nephews: "If you ever find yourself in any difficulty, and doubt how to extricate yourself, *do what is right*, and you will find it the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty….Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that, in any possible situation or any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing." Again he wrote: "Determine never to be idle. No person will have occasion to complain of the want of time, who never loses any. It is wonderful how much may be done if we are always doing."

After five years spent in France, most of which time he was minister plenipotentiary, Dr. Franklin having returned home, and John Adams having gone to England, Jefferson set sail for America, with his two beloved children, Martha, seventeen, and Mary, eleven. He had done his work well, and been honored for his wisdom and his peace-loving nature. Daniel Webster said of him: "No court in Europe had at that time a representative in Paris commanding or enjoying higher regard, for political knowledge or for general attainments, than the minister of this then infant republic."

Even before Jefferson reached home he had been appointed Secretary of State by President Washington. He accepted with a sense of dread, and his subsequent difficulties with Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, realized his worst fears. The one believed in centralization of power—a stronger national government; the other believed in a pure democracy—the will of the people, with the least possible governing power. The two men were opposite in character, opposite in financial plans, opposite in views of national polity. Jefferson took sides with the French, and Hamilton with the English in the French Revolution. The press grew bitter over these differences, and the noble heart of George Washington was troubled. Finally Jefferson resigned, and retired to Monticello. "I return to farming," he said, "with an ardor which I scarcely knew in my youth."

Three years later, he was again called into public life. As Washington declined a reelection, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson became the two Presidential candidates. The one receiving the most votes of the electors became President, and the second on the list, Vice-President. John Adams received three more votes than Jefferson, and was made President.

On March 4, 1797, Jefferson, as Vice-President, became the leader of the Senate, delivering a short but able address. Much of the next four years he spent at Monticello, watching closely the progress of events.

Matters with the French republic grew more complicated. She demanded an alliance with the United States against England, which was refused, and war became imminent. At the last moment, John Adams rose above the tempest of the hour, went quite half-way in bringing about a reconciliation, and the country was saved from a useless and disastrous war.

The Federalists had passed some unwise measures, such as the "Alien Law," whereby the President was authorized to send foreigners out of the country; and the "Sedition Law," which punished with fine and imprisonment freedom of speech and of the press. Therefore, at the next presidential election, when Adams and Jefferson were again candidates, the latter was made President of the United States, the Federalists having lost their power, and the Republicans—afterwards called Democrats—having gained the ascendancy.

The contest had been bitter. Jefferson's religious belief had been strongly assailed. Through it all he had the common-sense to know that the cool-headed, good-natured man, who has only words of kindness, and who rarely or never makes an enemy, is the man who wins in the end. He controlled himself, and therefore his party, in a manner almost unexampled.

March 4, 1801, at the age of fifty-eight, in a plain suit of clothes, the great leader of Democracy rode to the Capitol, hitched his horse to the fence, entered the Senate

Chamber, and delivered his inaugural address. Thus simple was the man, who wished ever to be known as "the friend of the people." Alas! that sweet Martha Jefferson could not have lived to see this glad day! To what a proud height had come the hardworking college boy and the tender-hearted, tolerant man!

As President, he was the idol of his party, and, in the main, a wise leader. He made few removals from office, chiefly those appointed by John Adams just as he was leaving the Presidency. Jefferson said removals "must be as few as possible, done gradually, and bottomed on some malversation or inherent disqualification." One of the chief acts was the purchase from France of a great tract of land, called the Territory of Louisiana, for fifteen million dollars.

During his second four years in office, there were more perplexities. Aaron Burr, Vice-President during Jefferson's first term, was tried on the charge of raising an army to place himself on the throne of Mexico, or at the head of a South-western confederacy. England, usually at war with France, had issued orders prohibiting all trade with that country and her allies; Napoleon had retorted by a like measure. Both nations claimed the right to take seamen out of United States vessels. The British frigate Leopard took four seamen by force from the American frigate Chesapeake. The nation seemed on the verge of war, but it was postponed, only to come later, in 1812, under James Madison.

Congress passed the Embargo Act, by which all American vessels were detained in our own ports. It had strong advocates and strong opponents, but was repealed as soon as Jefferson retired from office. Owing to these measures our commerce was well-nigh destroyed.

At the age of sixty-five years, Jefferson retired to Monticello, "with a reputation and popularity," says Mr. Morse, "hardly inferior to that of Washington." He had had the wisdom never to assume the bearing of a leader. He had been careful to avoid disputes. Once, when riding, he met a stranger, with whom engaging in conversation, he found him bitterly opposed to the President. Upon being asked if he knew Mr. Jefferson personally, he replied, "No, nor do I wish to."

"But do you think it fair to repeat such stories about a man, and condemn one whom you do not dare to face?"

"I shall never shrink from meeting him if he ever comes in my way."

"Will you, then, go to his house to-morrow, and be introduced to him, if I promise to meet you there?"

"Yes, I will."

The stranger came, to his astonishment found that the man he had talked with was the President himself, dined with him, and became his firm friend and supporter ever afterward.

For the next seventeen years, Jefferson lived at Monticello, honored and visited by celebrities from all the world. Sometimes as many as fifty persons stayed at his home over night. One family of six came from abroad, and remained with him for ten months. His daughter Martha, married to Thomas Mann Randolph, presided over his hospitable home, and with her eleven children made the place a delight, for she had "the Jefferson temperament—all music and sunshine." The beautiful Mary, who married her cousin, John W. Eppes, had died at twenty-six, leaving two small children, who, like all the rest, found a home with Jefferson.

In the midst of this loving company, the great man led a busy life, carrying on an immense correspondence, by means of which he exerted a commanding influence on the questions of the day as well as on all social matters. To a child named for him, he wrote a letter which the boy might read after the statesman's death. In it are these helpful words: "Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence."

To his daughter Mary he wrote these lines, which well might be hung up in every household:—

"Harmony in the married state is the very first object to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the

other as of more value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life. And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has his pouch into which all these little oppositions are put. While that is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affections wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles.

"Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross-purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says; a desire always to demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong, and especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his view. What is the use of rectifying him, if the thing be unimportant, and, if important, let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of revising the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence."

Jefferson rose early; the sun, he said, had not for fifty years caught him in bed. But he bore great heart-sorrow in these declining years, and bore it bravely. His estate had diminished in value, and he had lost heavily by indorsements for others. His household expenses were necessarily great. Finally, debts pressed so heavily that he sold to Congress the dearly prized library, which he had been gathering for fifty years. He received nearly twenty-four thousand dollars for it, about half its original value. But this amount brought only temporary relief.

Then he attempted to dispose of some of his land by lottery, as was somewhat the fashion of the times. The Legislature reluctantly gave permission, but as soon as his friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore heard of his pecuniary condition, they raised about eighteen thousand dollars for him, and the lottery plan was abandoned. He was touched by this proof of esteem, and said: "No cent of this is wrung from the tax-payer; it is the pure and unsolicited offering of love."

Jefferson was now, as he said, "like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here and a wheel there, until it can go no longer." On July 3, 1826, after a brief illness, he seemed near the end. He desired to live till the next day, and frequently asked if it were the Fourth. He lingered till forty minutes past the noon of July 4, and then slept in death. That same day, John Adams, at ninety-one, was dying at Quincy, Mass. His last words were, as he went out at sunset, the booming of cannon sounding pleasant to his

patriotic heart, "Thomas Jefferson still lives." He did not know that his great co-laborer had gone home at midday. "The two aged men," says T. W. Higginson, "floated on, like two ships becalmed at nightfall, that drift together into port, and cast anchor side by side." Beautiful words!

The death of two Presidents at this memorable time has given an additional sacredness to our national Independence Day.

Among Jefferson's papers were found, carefully laid away, "some of my dear, dear wife's handwriting," and locks of hair of herself and children. Also a sketch of the granite stone he desired for his monument, with these words to be inscribed upon it.

Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson,
Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

He was buried by his family and servants, on the spot selected by himself and Dabney Carr in boyhood, his wife on one side and his loving Mary on the other.

The beloved Monticello passed into other hands. Martha Jefferson and her children would have been left penniless had not the Legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana each voted her ten thousand dollars. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the grandson, with the assistance of his daughters, who established a noted school, paid all the

remaining debts, many thousand dollars, to save the honor of their famous ancestor.

To the last, Jefferson kept his sublime faith in human nature and in the eternal justice of republican principles, saying it is "my conviction that should things go wrong at any time, the people will set them to rights by the peaceable exercise of their elective rights." Whatever his religious belief in its details of creed, he said, "I am a Christian in the only sense in which Jesus wished any one to be—sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others." He compiled a little book of the words of Christ, saying, "A more precious morsel of ethics was never seen."

In his public life he was honest, in his domestic life lovable, and he died, as he had lived, tolerant of the opinions of others, even-tempered, believing in the grandeur and beauty of human nature. What though we occasionally trust too much! Far better that than to go through life doubting and murmuring! That he believed too broadly in States' Rights for the perpetuity of the Union, our late Civil War plainly showed, and his views on Free Trade are, of course, shared by a portion only of our citizens. However, he gave grandly of the affection of his heart and the power of his intellect, and he received, as he deserved, the love and honor of thousands, the world over.

Toussaint L'ouverture
Commander-in-Chief of an Army
President of Hayti
1743-1803

Many years ago a keen-faced little boy with protruding lips, Toussaint by name, was busy, day by day, tending a great herd of cattle on the Island of Hayti in the West Indies. He started out early every morning, cracking his whip as loudly as he could and getting his cows in line. Often he ran upon one, gave her a cut and called out, "Gee, there, Sally; ha, ha, get in line there, Buck! Come on now! Get up, I say!"

That great herd of cattle marched out at his bidding and began to graze in the deep valleys or on the high mountains. Even the most unruly ones ate around and around in the high grass. All of them ate and ate, and many lay down about noon and chewed their cuds. Toussaint kept his eye on them and at the same time busied himself with other things.

One day he climbed an orange tree, sat in the fork of it and ate oranges until his stomach looked like a little stuffed pouch. Another day he sat lazily under a banana tree, reached up and pulled bananas and ate and ate, and pulled more and ate until he almost fell asleep. Still another day, he hammered away on a hard coconut shell trying to burst it with his fist. Later, he joined the natives

for a few minutes as they washed gold from the sands of a stream of water.

While many of the cows were resting from the heat one day, Toussaint ran across to the two great hills of pure salt. "Oh, isn't that beautiful", he said in French. "And do we really eat that salt in our food? And is one of those salt hills two miles long? Well, there must be enough salt there to salt down everything and everybody on the island. I guess we'll be salting down the trees next", he added. The next day at noon he ran away to the blue copper mines and the sulphur mines and gathered a handful of flowers along the way.

As the time passed, he settled down to get out his reading, arithmetic, geometry and Latin. Toussaint's teacher, who was an older slave, had in some way learned quite a little of these subjects and was teaching him secretly at night.

Years passed, and Toussaint continued to tend the cattle as though nothing terrible would ever happen to him. Cattle-tending days finally ceased, and he was promoted to the position of coachman and horse doctor.

Some of the boys eyed him jealously as his carriage dashed by them. They said, "Eh, Mr. Horse Doctor! Drenching old horses, ha, ha!"

Toussaint reared back and held the lines tightly with his arms outstretched. With his horses all sleek and his carriage polished like a looking-glass, he sat back like the

grandson of an African king, as he was, and drove with a steady hand.

Apparently happy now in his new position, he married an African young woman whose parents, like his own, had been brought from Africa to Hayti many years before. Many other Africans had been brought over as slaves to this island to work the land because the natives of Hayti had died out. There were also on the island French men, Spaniards and free Negroes.

Trouble arose among these people and war broke out. For days fires raged, houses were burned and thousands of people fell dead and mortally wounded by bullets. Toussaint looked on, but took no part in the war at first. When his master's home was about to be burned to the ground he broke into it, rescued very valuable articles for his master, and helped his master's family to escape from the island. Then he became a free man, joined the army of slaves and soon rose to the rank of colonel. His army joined with the Spaniards, but when the French gave freedom to all the slaves, his army joined the French and drove the Spaniards from the island.

Before the close of the war, the French made Toussaint brigadier-general. As brigadier-general he made charts of the island and studied them so closely that he knew the course of every stream and the location of every hill.

He fought the Spanish so hard that one after another of their towns fell into the hands of the French. One day a French soldier exclaimed, *"Cet homme fait ouverture partout"* (this man makes an opening everywhere). This saying was passed along by the soldiers, and ever after this Toussaint was called "Toussaint L' Ouverture" (Toussaint, the opening). 'Tis true he had been in battles and made openings, but nothing terrible had happened to him yet.

For a long time the French general seemed to have very little confidence in Toussaint, but once this general was thrown into prison on the island. Toussaint marched at the head of an army of 10,000 men, had him released and restored him to his office. For this act Toussaint was appointed lieutenant-governor of the island. Later on he became commander-in-chief of the French army in Santo Domingo. This was the most important position on the island where Toussaint had been a slave for nearly fifty years. Everywhere people gladly co-operated with him in his administration.

Now that things were going well, he sent his two sons to Paris to be educated. The French rulers publicly praised him and called him the deliverer of Santo Domingo. The French Government presented him with a richly embroidered dress and a suit of superb armor.

Finally Toussaint became president of Hayti for life. It is said that his generals were as obedient to him as

children. His soldiers looked upon him as a wonder, and the people generally worshipped him as their deliverer. English officers who fought against him said that he never broke his word.

He was plain in his dress and in all his manners. His dinner often consisted of cakes, fruit and a glass of water. He often jumped on his horse and rode one hundred and fifty miles without rest. Then he would rest for two hours and start out again.

During the last two years of Toussaint's life, a terrible thing happened to him. Napoleon Bonaparte, the ruler of France, because of jealousy, it is said, sent against Toussaint twenty-six war ships and a number of transports. On board these vessels there were twenty-five thousand French soldiers. When Toussaint looked out upon the ocean and caught a glimpse of this great fleet, he said in his native tongue, "All France is coming to Santo Domingo". The soldiers landed and began to slaughter the natives.

Toussaint's two sons, whom he had not seen for several years, were on one of the ships. When they saw their father they ran to meet him. Toussaint could not speak, but he and his sons threw themselves into each other's arms and wept bitterly. The French general, it is said, saw that he could not use these boys to play a trick on their father and thus make him yield to the French. He then said that the boys must be taken back to France.

Toussaint stood before his sons with folded arms, saying in the French language, "My children, choose your duty; whatever it be, I shall always love and bless you".

One of the boys said, "I am done with France. I shall fight by your side, Father." The other boy left his father and returned to France. The cruel war continued. Toussaint and his generals with a small body of troops fortified themselves in a mountainous retreat. The French soldiers tried hard for a long time to dislodge them but they could not. Finally Toussaint sent two of his prisoners with a letter to the French General saying that he would make peace.

A few days later, when Toussaint came forth to greet the French general, guns were fired in Toussaint's honor and all heads were bowed as he passed by. Three hundred horsemen with their sabres drawn followed Toussaint to protect him. He and the French General agreed on a plan, but Napoleon Bonaparte declared that Toussaint must be sent as a prisoner to France.

It was difficult to take him as a prisoner and so a trick was played on him. At the giving of a signal, French soldiers sprang upon his guards and disarmed them. Then they bade Toussaint give up his sword. He yielded it in silence and was taken to his own home. A band of French soldiers came during the night and forced him and his wife to go aboard a French vessel.

On their way to France Toussaint's cabin door was guarded by soldiers. His wrists were chained together. He was not even permitted to talk with his wife. When his vessel landed at Brest, France, a detachment of soldiers took him to Paris and placed him in prison. Winter soon came on and he was taken to an old castle away up in the Jura Mountains. In this old castle there was a cold, wet dungeon partly under ground. He was plunged into this and there he remained for ten months, neglected, humiliated and starved. On the 27th of April, 1803, he was found dead in his dungeon.

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den,
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee—thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

—William Wordsworth.

The Story of James Madison, of Montpellier, called "The Father of the Constitution."

Born at Port Conway, Virginia, March 16, 1751.
Died at Montpellier, Virginia, June 28, 1836.

"He was not the sort of hero for whom people throw up their caps and shout themselves hoarse; but his work was of a kind that will long be powerful for good in the world."

—John Fiske.

There was excitement on the college campus and within the college walls. From out the plain building that was at once dormitory, chapel, and school-room, where the great portrait of King George the Second frowned down upon the protesting students, black-robed figures streamed out upon the college green, where already a fire was crackling and climbing as if anxious for some accepted sacrifice.

The sacrifice was evidently ready. For as the young collegians in their black robes formed, two and two, and winding out from Nassau hall serpentined over the college green to the tolling of the bell and gathered about the fire, out from the ranks stepped two young fellows, one of whom held in his hand a copy of one of the abbreviated and unattractive looking newspapers of that day.

It was a July night in the year 1770. The college windows were open, the college bell was tolling, the

college spirit was aroused, and while from the doorway the well-recognized form of the college president, good Doctor Witherspoon, the patriot of Princeton, looked down in unacknowledged but very evident sympathy upon the scene, the black-gowned student with the paper shook it aloft and with the sentiment, "So perish all foes to liberty!" thrust the newspaper into the fire.

It was a *suttee* of a copy of "Rivington's Gazette," in which had been published a letter from certain weak-kneed and unpatriotic merchants of New York who had proved false to their pledge under the non-importation agreement and had written to the merchants of Philadelphia requesting them to act with them against the Non-Importation Act, which, so these thrifty merchants thought, would be a boon to trade, to profit, and to security.

But the students of Princeton College were "true blue" patriots. Some of them already belonged to the aggressive "Sons of Liberty," and all of them were ready to stand forth as friend and follower of independence, the cause to which their preceptor, good Doctor Witherspoon, was already committed, and for which he taught his students to love and to labor—even to die.

Earnest and enthusiastic in this boyish revenge upon a time-serving and unpatriotic act one young Princetonian was foremost in his groans for the merchants and his

cheers for the Sons of Liberty, President Witherspoon, and non-importation.

He was a slight-built, not over strong, keen-eyed young fellow of nineteen, unused to demonstrations and unskilled in hurrahs. But on this night his enthusiasm mastered him, and quiet, unobtrusive, serious and often solemn James Madison, the Virginia boy, was as vociferous as the rest.

He never was much of a real boy—the restless, impulsive, active, careless college boy most familiar to us. Indeed, one of his biographers declares that he seems never to have been a young man. But such an occasion as this stirred him to enthusiasm as few occurrences did, so that one can scarcely tell, as he reads his letter home, giving an account of the student's bonfire, which stirred and inspired James Madison most—the tolling bell, the solemn march and the parading black robes in the college yard, or the practical and exuberant patriotism of the college boys of that year of 1770, when they were, "all of them, dressed in American cloth."

Indeed, the studious, serious-minded, and sober-faced young Virginian, who seems to have indulged in few laughs and less jokes in all his busy life, interested himself, while little more than a boy, in the great questions that were disturbing America and upsetting the world in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. For we come upon such a letter as this, written from his quiet country home

to a boy friend, left behind at Princeton, when the writer was but a very young man:

"We are very busy at present in raising men and procuring the necessaries for defending ourselves and our friends, in case of a sudden invasion. The extensiveness of the demands of the Congress, and the pride of the British nation, together with the wickedness of the present ministry, seem, in the judgment of all politicians, to require a preparation for extreme events."

When these "extreme events" came at last, young James Madison was not only prepared for them, he bore a part in them. It was not the part of a soldier, for he was weak in body and poor in health; indeed, we find him in a letter to a young friend lamenting that while that friend had "health, youth, fire, and genius to bear you along the high track of public life," he, James Madison, was "too dull and infirm to look for any extraordinary things in this world," and could not "expect a long or healthy life." And yet that "dull and infirm" young invalid lived for more than sixty years after that letter was written, and became one of the most active and foremost men of his day and generation.

But if he could not bear the part of a soldier at the front he did, early in his career, assume the work of the statesman. When but twenty-three years old he was appointed a member of the Virginia Committee of Safety of 1774—the youngest member of that important body,

and in 1776 he was elected a delegate to the Virginia Convention, where he helped prepare the famous "Bill of Rights," which placed Virginia beside Massachusetts in the opening struggle with England, and, what is almost as important in Madison's story, where he first met the man who through very nearly all the years of Madison's life was to him as "guide, philosopher, and friend"—Thomas Jefferson, of Monticello.

The Bill of Rights was, in effect, a declaration of what the proposed State of Virginia meant to do for the comfort and freedom of its people, and in it James Madison proposed and prepared the clause providing for toleration in the free exercise of religion to which all men are equally entitled according to the dictates of conscience—not a bad way for a young statesman to begin his public work.

Before he was thirty years old, in December, 1779, James Madison was elected by the Legislature of Virginia as one of its delegates to the Continental Congress, and thus began his long career of public service of over forty years,—a service that closed only with his retirement from the highest office in the gift of the United States.

His congressional life filled many busy years, and his services were of lasting value to the Republic. It was he who stood out longest and strongest against the encroachments of Spain, and demanded from that procrastinating nation the rights to navigate the Mississippi; it was he who declared in Congress that the

demands and desires of constituents should not be binding upon their representatives in Congress; it was he who declared that "the existing Confederacy is tottering to its foundation," and urged a speedy binding of all the States together in a firm national government—"the Union before the States and for the sake of the States;" it was he who proposed a certain plan of union out of which the Constitution of the United States was finally evolved, and this proposition, linked to his careful report of the proceedings of the convention which made the Constitution, has caused him to divide with Alexander Hamilton the title of "Father of the Constitution." It was James Madison who, joined with Hamilton and Jay, wrote a number of carefully prepared, thoughtful, and exhaustive papers on the nature and meaning of the Federal Constitution, as the great document was often called; these papers were collected in a volume called "The Federalist" a treatise which is, today, according to Professor Channing, "the best commentary on the Constitution and one which should be studied by all who desire to have a through comprehension of its provisions."

It was James Madison who, when elected a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, fought through to adoption the question of accepting and abiding by the Union and the Constitution in the face of the opposition of Patrick Henry and other leading Virginians who did not believe in the Union and would not agree to the Constitution. He won his victory, and Virginia, by a

majority of ten, adopted the Constitution that Constitution of the United States under which we live to-day, and of which James Madison said: "Every man who loves peace, every man who loves his country, every man who loves liberty, ought to have this Constitution ever before his eyes, that he may cherish in his heart a due attachment to the Union of America and be able to set a due value on the means of preserving it."

In this work of suggesting, framing, defending, and establishing the immortal Constitution of the United States James Madison did the best and greatest service of his life. He shaped and set in action the party which advocated, championed, and established the Constitution,—the party of Washington and Hamilton,—the party to which he gave the name of "Federalist," and of which he was esteemed the father. Indeed, if he is not to be reckoned the "Father of the Constitution" itself, he is at least the creator of the Federalist party. In this Madison made his place in the history of the Republic. But after the adoption of the Constitution Madison became more and more influenced by Thomas Jefferson, and gradually went over to his side as one who was the leader in his State, and therefore the one to whom he should be loyal as a Virginian rather than an American. This mistaken loyalty went so far that, at last, James Madison left the party of Washington and Hamilton, became an anti-Federalist, or rather a Jeffersonian,—a follower and ally of the great democrat.

He served in Jefferson's administration as secretary of state, and succeeded him as president of the United States, to which high office he was twice elected.

It was during his service as president, from March 4, 1809, to March 4, 1817, that the Republic went through the strain and stress of the second war with England, called the war of 1812, as unnecessary and as avoidable as the war with Spain in 1898; like that war, too, it scored its greatest glories on the sea. It was a leaderless war both as regards the president who should have controlled and the generals who should have conducted it; for only the brilliant but needless victory of Jackson at New Orleans remains with us as the one military glory of that three-years' war of 1812. But on the sea it was memorable in the naval annals of America. The names of Hull and Perry and Lawrence shed lustre on an otherwise unsatisfactory war, in which those famous sea-fighters were the forerunners in bravery, brilliancy, and success of Farragut and Dewey and Sampson and Schley.

Like President McKinley in 1898, President Madison in 1812 neither desired nor advocated war, but, instead, worked for peace, only to be forced into war by an unfortunate naval disaster, the clamors of the war-shouters, and the action of a belligerent Congress. So far, the story of the two wars runs parallel; but, unlike President McKinley, President Madison was not equal to the situation, nor was he designed by nature or disposition, by training or temperament, to be the

conductor of a war or the commander-in-chief of armies and navies. Able and amiable, designed to make laws rather than to execute them, he found himself plunged into a war which he neither desired nor approved, and was forced, contrary to his own wishes, to conduct it either to failure or success.

Badly advised and poorly served; invading Canada when he should have strengthened his own defences; careless of naval operations and unable to understand those on land, Madison scarcely made a success as a war president. In 1898, too, the whole country was united in action when the necessity for action came; but in 1812, besides an invading enemy, Madison had to face and strive against, within the borders of the Republic, a large, persistent, and influential opposition to what was called "Mr. Madison's War." The New England States, while bearing their share, as required by law, in the conflict with England, regarded the war with absolute disfavor and open discontent. Their harbors were unprotected, their trade was ruined by harsh methods, their men of affairs had no confidence in those in charge of the war, and, finally, the representatives of New England assembled in convention at Hartford, in Connecticut, threatened to take matters into their own hands, and even to set up the authority of the States against that of the government. But before anything could be decided upon the war came to a sudden end, Jackson's victory at New Orleans gave a tinge of success and glory to the close of the strife, and the New

England "objectors" found themselves suddenly in a ridiculous minority. Then James Madison, president, completed the Treaty of Ghent, which brought peace to his country, and, "of all men, had," as Mr. Gay says, "the most reason to be glad for a safe deliverance from the consequences of his own want of foresight and want of firmness."

During the war the British had made a descent upon Washington, burned the public buildings, and sent president, Cabinet, and military "defenders" fleeing for their lives, when proper precautions, taken in time, might have prevented alike the invasion and destruction. But such disasters are the fortunes of war, and Madison should not be made the scapegoat, as he too often has been, for this disgraceful and unnecessary catastrophe.

It was a temporary disgrace, however. President and people soon recovered from its effects, and were made more united, less provincial; more a nation, and less a simple confederation. Indeed, as one historian asserts, "the War of 1812 has been often and truly called the Second War of Independence," an independence not merely of other nations, but of the hampering, old-time condition and traditions of the narrow colonial days. So, after all, like the Spanish war of 1898, it was, if unnecessary, not unproductive of good as part of that Divine plan which permits wars for the sake of national development, progress, humanity, and manliness.

In all of this progress James Madison had a share, and no one welcomed peace with more delight or more strenuously endeavored to heal the cruel wounds of war. His efforts, which were strong, practical, sincere, statesmanlike, and patriotic, were attended with success, and the prestige lost by him through lack of warlike ability was restored to him by his efforts towards the public good; for, as the evils and ill-feeling of the war melted away, the people received with appreciative satisfaction the eighth and last annual message of the president of the United States.

"I can indulge the proud reflection," he said, "that the American people have reached in safety and success their fortieth year as an independent nation; that for nearly an entire generation they have had experience of their present Constitution, the offspring of their undisturbed deliberation and of their free choice; that they have found it to bear the trials of adverse as well as of prosperous circumstances; to contain in its combination of the federate and elective principles a reconcilement of public strength with individual liberty, of national power for the defence of national rights, with a security against wars of injustice, of ambition, and of vainglory, and in the fundamental provision which subjects all questions of war to the will of the nation itself, which is to pay its costs and feel its calamities. Nor is it less a peculiar felicity of this Constitution, so dear to us all, that it is found to be capable, without losing the vital energies, of expanding

itself over a spacious territory with the increase and expansion of the community for whose benefit it was established."

It is natural for a man who has done a fine piece of work to regard it with affection and speak of it with pride. So, on the occasion of his retirement from public life, which came in 1817 at the conclusion of his second term as president, Mr. Madison, in his last annual message, fell back, as you have seen, to the piece of his own handiwork he admired most,—the Constitution,—and begged his fellow-countrymen to look upon it with equal pride and veneration.

May not this remark from "the Father of the Constitution" also be seriously considered by those who to-day affirm that "the Fathers" and the "Constitution" were opposed to American expansion and progress?

And as the old veteran—worn and weakened by his long service and the trials he had undergone—drops out of public life into the happy retirement of his Virginia farm at Montpellier, where he died in 1836, at the age of eighty-five, we can readily give him place as one of those historic Americans who builded even better than he knew when he did so large and so grand a share towards the production of the immortal Constitution of the United States—a paper which Professor Channing calls "the most marvellous political instrument that has ever been formulated. It was designed," he says, "by men familiar

with the mode of life of the eighteenth century, to provide an escape from the intolerable conditions of that time, and to furnish a practicable form of government for four millions of human beings inhabiting the fringe of a continent. It has proved, with exceptions, sufficient for the government of seventy millions, living in forty-five States, covering an area imperial in extent and under circumstances unthought of in 1787." Should Americans question the ability of that immortal document to prove equal to the necessities and emergencies of even wider growth and vaster development?

And for this beneficent, enduring, and world-famous national covenant the Republic has largely to thank its illustrious son and patriotic defender, James Madison, of Montpellier, fourth president of the United States.

The Story of John Marshall, of Richmond, called "The Great Chief-Justice."

Born at Germantown, Virginia, September 24, 1755.
Died at Philadelphia, July 6, 1835.

"The Constitution, since its adoption, owes more to John Marshall than to any other single mind for its true interpretation and vindication." Joseph Story.

The young man in the blanket, standing with his back to the blazing logs, said cheerily as a knock resounded on the outer door of the hut, "Open up, Porterfield. You're butler to-day, and footman too. You've got the clothes of the whole mess."

The officer thus accosted flung open the door and a soldier entered, saluting.

"What is it, orderly?" inquired Porterfield.

"A note from the commander-in-chief, sir," replied the messenger, "for Lieutenant Marshall."

The figure wrapped in the blanket slipped from before the open fire and took the proffered note.

Opening it, he read it, reread it, rubbed his chin thoughtfully while a quizzical sort of smile played about his fine mouth, and then said to the messenger, "My compliments to the general, orderly. Pray say to him that I accept with pleasure."

The orderly saluted and withdrew. Again the lieutenant ran over the note and looked up with a smile of mingled pleasure and perplexity.

"It's my turn to-day, boys," he said. "Hear this: 'General Washington presents his compliments to Lieutenant Marshall and will be glad to have his company to-day at dinner, at headquarters, at the usual hour.'"

"And you're going?" asked Porterfield.

Marshall nodded.

"In that rig?" queried Lieutenant Slaughter, from his home-made bench, where he was carefully tightening a cloth about a very ragged shoe.

"Well, hardly," Marshall replied. "The general likes full dress at dinner, you know, and this is"—

"Undress," suggested Porterfield.

"Precisely. Now, I'm not going to decline, as you fellows do when his Excellency honors you with an invite," Marshall, went on. "Some day you'll be proud to say that you dined with Washington, especially when one has such an appetite as I have, and the Goodevrow Onderdonk's last apple-pies were so hard that we played football with 'em. See here, boys, I'm going to levy on each one of you for contributions. You'll have to lend me a shirt, Slaughter."

"Can't do it, Jack," the lieutenant on the bench replied. "This one isn't fresh enough, and I gave my only other one

this very morning to one of the Rhode Island boys who was mighty nigh frozen."

"Same here with stockings," Porterfield chimed in. "I'd let you have these, Marshall, but I can't go bare-legged in this weather."

"Johnson has a pair of stockings, I know," said Marshall. "I saw them in his kit yesterday. No shirt, eh? I reckon mine will be back from the wash in time. Nice state of affairs for the lieutenant of Taliafero's (he called it Tolliver's) shirt men to be in, isn't it? That's what Dunmore's Tories used to call us, you remember, Porterfield, when we chased 'em out of Suffolk in our green hunting-shirts, home spun, home woven, and home made."

"Oh! you were one of John Randolph's Virginia minute-men, eh?" queried Porterfield. "Raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute, and vanquished in a minute—that's why they called you minute-men, he said."

"Well, I've got to be armed in a minute now, if I'm going to dine at headquarters," said Marshall. "Come, boys, you've just got to fix me up. John Marshall never breaks his word, you know."

So in that snow-covered hut of logs, scantily warmed by the log fire, and less scantily furnished with home-made necessities, the jolly mess of five shivering and scantily clothed but healthy and even-tempered young officers of

the Continental army went to work to make Lieutenant Marshall presentable for the dinner-table of the commander-in-chief at headquarters in Valley Forge.

They had scarcely a complete suit among them; for what was not worn out they had given away to the freezing privates, like the generous-hearted boys they were. But, by careful selection, they managed at last to fit out for the "banquet" their comrade, John Marshall, of Fauquier county,—"the best-tempered fellow I ever knew," so one of them declared.

Captain Johnson's stockings, Captain Porterfield's breeches, Lieutenant Porterfield's waistcoat, with John Marshall's own coat, his own shirt hurried back from the wash, and adorned with the wristbands and collar which Lieutenant Slaughter had made for dress occasions from the bosom of his own well-worn shirt,—these made the young soldier fairly presentable; and thus equipped in borrowed plumage, Lieut. John Marshall ploughed through the snow to headquarters,—the old Potts house at Valley Forge,—to dine with the commander-in-chief, and to receive his promotion as captain for gallant services at Germantown and Brandywine.

As John Marshall was at Valley Forge in that dark and distressing winter so he ever was as a young man. "Nothing discouraged him, nothing disturbed him," said his friend Slaughter, who lent him the collar and cuffs. "If he had only bread to eat, it was just as well; if only meal, it

made no difference. If any of the officers murmured at their deprivations he would shame them by good-natured raillery or encourage them by his own exuberance of spirits."

It is no wonder that the young soldier—he was only twenty-two—was liked by the officers, from Washington down, and by the soldiers in the camp. He was such a pleasant comrade that he made even that dreary camp lively with his fun, his stories, and his continual good-nature, and he was chosen, again and again, to arbitrate the disputes that, in a cramped and snow-bound winter camp, were often breaking out between less adaptable officers. His decisions were always abided by, and so wise and just were his counsels in these camp quarrels that he was, in time, appointed deputy judge-advocate of the army at Valley Forge.

This judicial fairness and ability to counsel and advise had characterized John Marshall from boyhood. His father was a veteran of the French war and a colonel in the Continental army, who, during that terrible winter at Valley Forge, shared all its hardships with three of his seven sons. Of these seven sons John Marshall was the eldest, born at the village of Germantown, in Virginia, on the twenty-fourth of September, 1755.

He was an active and energetic, if sometimes a careless and fun-loving boy, as ready for a game of quoits, a foot race, or a wrestling match as for a drill on the muster field

or a tug at his Latin. Spite of his willingness to play he was a ready student, for at twelve years old he knew Pope by heart and could quote by the hour from Shakespeare, Dryden, or Milton, while at eighteen he was making ready for his own bread-winning by studying to become a lawyer.

But the American Revolution called him from his studies and sent him into the army, first as one of the blue-shirted Virginia minute-men and then as a lieutenant in the Virginia line. He fought under Washington at Germantown and Monmouth; he was in the daring dash of Wayne at Stony Point; he helped drive the traitor Arnold from Virginia and then, the Revolution over, he went quietly back to his law studies to become in time a successful Richmond lawyer, a member of the Virginia Legislature, a member of the governor's council, a general in the State militia, a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, the best-liked Virginian of his day, a defender of the new Constitution of the United States, and an envoy to France, when France seemed bent on blackmailing the United States, but could only force from our envoys, Pinckney and Marshall, the famous declaration that America remembers with pride to this day: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

For the bold stand he then took against the artful Talleyrand the American people gave him great praise. "Of the three envoys to France," said President John Adams, "the conduct of Marshall alone has been entirely

satisfactory and ought to be marked by the most decided approbation of the public. He has raised the American people in their own esteem; and if the influence of truth and justice, reason and argument, is not lost in Europe, he has raised the consideration of the United States in that quarter."

The president would at once have appointed him one of the judges of the Supreme Court, but Marshall declined; the people of Virginia desired to send him to Congress, and although he preferred to devote himself to his large practice as a lawyer he finally accepted the nomination and, in 1799, he was elected and took his seat as a representative from Virginia, in December of that year.

Almost the first duty that devolved upon the new congressman was to notify the House that his friend, and America's deliverer, George Washington, was dead.

It was on the nineteenth of December that Marshall conveyed to his colleagues this melancholy intelligence. Rising in his seat with a voice low and solemn, while his words almost trembled into tears, he said: "The melancholy event, which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more! The hero, the patriot, the sage of America, the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his

own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people."

Then, in a few brief, eloquent words, heavy with sorrow and filled with reverent appreciation, Marshall pronounced his short eulogy on his old commander, leader, and friend, closing with the resolutions, prepared by "Light-horse Harry" Lee, but effectively read by John Marshall, and now known to all the world.

"Resolved," the resolution concluded, "That a committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider the most suitable manner of paying honors to the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

President Adams, who held the abilities and services of Marshall in such high regard, again begged to be allowed to make use of him in the conduct of his own administration, and having secured, at last, a reluctant consent, he appointed John Marshall, upon the adjournment of Congress, in May, 1800, secretary of state.

But even this high honor did not fully satisfy the desires of the Massachusetts statesman, who held the Virginia statesman in such esteem; for, in less than a year after the appointment, President Adams, on the thirty-first of January, 1801, named John Marshall as chief-justice of the United States.

It was one of the last official acts of John Adams, and as has well been said of it, "never was a more correct appreciation of fitness shown."

"If President Adams," says Mr. Magruder, "had left no other claims on the grateful remembrance of his countrymen than in giving to the public service this great magistrate, so pure and so wise, he would always have lived in that act as a great benefactor of his country. The aged patriot survived long enough to see abundant proof of the soundness of his choice, and to rejoice in it."

That this opinion is borne out by the facts every student of American history and American law must agree. "He was born to be chief-justice of any country in which he lived," one lawyer who heard Marshall's masterly decisions enthusiastically exclaimed, and Professor Channing declares that Marshall "proved to be the ablest legal luminary that America has yet produced."

For thirty-five years John Marshall remained at the head of the Supreme Court as chief-justice of the United States. Impartial, judicial, courageous, clear, discriminating, just, and wise, possessing alike what are called the judicial instinct and the constructive faculty, he taught, by his opinions and his decisions, the supreme power of the nation and the supreme position of the Constitution of the United States as the written law of the land. He did this so well, so forcibly, and so decisively that he established, as much as any other American statesman,

the value of the Constitution as a permanent authority, and the position of the nation as the head and controller of the affairs of the Republic.

Through all the changes of parties and presidents he remained the head of the greatest legal body on earth, in a position which he appreciated so highly that he declared he preferred to be chief-justice to being president.

And yet, notwithstanding the dignity of his position and the greatness of the responsibilities it entailed, he remained throughout his long and priceless service the same simple, sweet-tempered, helpful, earnest character that he was when, amid the snow-covered huts of Valley Forge, he kept up the spirits and lightened the depression of his comrades. For more than forty years he was a member of the Richmond Quoit Club, and he was as keen and deft a hand at that athletic sport as when, years and years before, he had challenged his companions to a game on the parade ground where Taliafero's "shirt men" gathered for their muster.

In all things which he believed, his convictions were deep and his loyalty to them lasting. One evening, in a tavern in the town of Winchester, in Northern Virginia, a group of three or four young lawyers were discussing, first, eloquence, and then religion. As they talked, a gig drove up to the tavern and a tall, bright-eyed, venerable man of nearly eighty descended from the gig and came into the room. He wore his hair in a queue, and was plainly

dressed, so plainly, in fact, that the young debaters took him for some travelling farmer, and simply nodding their "How d'ye do?" went on with their discussion.

All the evening the talk continued, each one airing his opinions and advancing his arguments until it seemed as if the advocates of Christianity were getting the worst of the discussion, while near at hand, a silent, modest-appearing listener, the old man still sat, as if deriving alike benefit and information from the words of the heated young disputants.

Suddenly one of the young fellows who had taken the stand against Christianity, as if to see how convincing his arguments had been to an outsider, turned to the old man and asked brusquely and just a bit patronizingly, "Well, old gentleman, what do you think about these things?"

A more surprised group of over-confident young men would have been hard to find when the "old granger," as the boys of to-day might have called the unassuming traveller of the rickety gig, replied directly to the carelessly put question of the young debater; for he entered at once upon a defence of Christianity so clear, so forcible, so simple and energetic, and yet, withal, so direct and convincing, that doubt was conquered and even unbelief was checked.

The young men sat intent and silent, with no arguments to advance in rebuttal and with only delight and admiration for the speaker's words.

Still they sat silent as the stranger rose and bade them a cheery good-night. Then curiosity got the better of appreciation, and they fell to wondering who the "old gentleman" was.

"Must be a parson," one of them remarked.

"Sure," assented another. "He talked just like a preacher. I wonder where he's from?"

Just then the landlord came back from lighting his guest to bed.

"Who was the old party? Where does he come from? Where does he preach?" were the questions that greeted him from all parts of the room.

"Preach? What are you talking about, boys? He's no preacher," said the landlord, with the superiority of knowledge. "Didn't you know who it was? That was Judge Marshall, from down in Fauquier county."

The young fellows looked at each other in dismay.

"Judge Marshall?" they said. "Not"—

"Yes, but it was, though," replied the landlord, answering their unspoken and hesitating inquiry. "That's Judge John Marshall, chief-justice of the United States. Reckon the old gentleman knows more than you thought he did, eh? Oh, yes, I knew him all the time."

But while the landlord laughed aloud at their discomfort more than one of these young men recalled the earnest, convincing, and inspiring words of the speaker,

and never forgot the faith or the fervor of Chief-Justice Marshall.

So with blended humor, pathos, and dignity, with love of sport and strength of belief, with simple tastes and homely manners, but with the courage of his convictions, a strong mind, a masterly grasp, and an intelligence and breadth that lifted him above his fellow-workers, the life of John Marshall, the great chief-justice, kept the tenor of its way unto the end.

No man in all America did so much to teach his countrymen the meaning of the Constitution of the United States or the real scope and limit of the powers granted by the people through the Constitution to their general government. His decisions have been the basis of opinions and arguments for a hundred years, his constructions of intentions and meanings have been adopted without criticism, his exposition of the law as laid down in the Constitution has been accepted without dissent.

Unbiased, logical, fair, and good-tempered, patient through all the intricacies of the law and calm under all its disappointments and delays, loving toward his friends, conciliatory toward his opponents, few American lawyers have been more popular when living or more revered when dead.

To-day his residence in Richmond is still an object of curiosity and regard for the visitor to that beautiful

Virginian capital, while the splendid equestrian statue of Washington that adorns its tree-embowered square bears upon its pedestal the bronze statue of John Marshall as the representative of Justice and as one of the supporters of the great president. And this is right. For of all the men of his day there was no one who earlier saw and appreciated the justice of the cause for which Washington labored; there was none who in later life led his countrymen more truly along the path of national honor and national strength by his wise and unquestioned counsels than did the great chief-justice of the United States, John Marshall, the Virginian and American.

Alexander Hamilton

1757 A.D. – 1804 A.D.

To the quiet and picturesque island of Nevis, one of the West Indies, many years ago, a Scotch merchant came to build for himself a home. He was of a proud and wealthy family, allied centuries before to William the Conqueror.

On this island lived also a Huguenot family, who had settled there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove so many Protestants out of the country. In this family was a beautiful and very intellectual girl, with refined tastes and gentle, cultured manners. Through the ambition of her mother she had contracted a marriage with a Dane of large wealth, followed by the usual unhappiness of marrying simply for money. A divorce resulted, and the attractive young woman married the Scotch merchant, James Hamilton. A son, Alexander, was born to them, January 11, 1757.

But he was born into privation rather than joy and plenty. The generous and kindly father failed in business; the beautiful mother died in his childhood, and he was thrown upon the bounty of her relations.

The opportunities for education on the island were limited. The child read all the books he could lay his hands upon, becoming especially fond of Plutarch's Lives and Pope's works. He was fortunate also in having the friendship of a superior man, Dr. Knox, a Presbyterian

clergyman, who delighted in the boy's quick and comprehensive mind.

At twelve years of age he was obliged to earn money, and was placed in the counting-house of Nicholas Cruger. Probably, like other boys, he wished he were rich, but found later in life that success is usually born of effort and economy. He early chose "Perseverando" for his motto, and it helped to carry him to the summit of power.

That the counting-house was not congenial to him, a letter to a school-fellow in New York plainly shows. "To confess my weakness, Ned, my ambition is prevalent, so that I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity. I'm no philosopher, you see, and may be justly said to build castles in the air; my folly makes me ashamed, and beg you'll conceal it; yet, Neddy, we have seen such schemes successful, when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying, I wish there was a war."

The "projector was constant," and the "schemes became successful." He was indeed "preparing the way for futurity," this lad not yet fourteen. At this time, Mr. Cruger made a visit to New York, and left the precocious boy in charge of his business. Such reliance upon him increased

his self-reliance, and helped to fit him to advise and uphold a nation in later years.

In these early days he began to write both prose and poetry. When he was fifteen, the Leeward Islands were visited by a terrific hurricane. In one town five hundred houses were blown down. So interested was Alexander in this novel occurrence that he wrote a description of it for a newspaper. When the authorship was discovered, it was decided by the relatives that such a boy ought to be educated. The money was raised for this purpose, and he sailed for New York, taking with him some valuable letters of introduction from Dr. Knox.

He was soon attending a grammar-school at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The principal, Francis Barber, was a fine classical scholar, patriotic, entering the Revolutionary War later; the right man to impress his pupils for good. Alexander, with his accustomed energy and ambition, set himself to work. In winter, wrapt in a blanket, he studied till midnight, and in summer, at dawn, resorted to a cemetery near by, where he found the quiet he desired. In a year he was ready to enter college.

Attracted to Princeton, he asked Dr. Witherspoon, the president of the college, the privilege of taking the course in about half the usual time. The good days of election in study had not yet dawned. The dull and the bright must have the same routine; the one urged to his duties, the other tired by the delay. The doctor could not establish so

peculiar a precedent, and Princeton missed the honor of educating the great statesman.

He entered Columbia College, and made an excellent record for himself. In the debating club, say his classmates, "he gave extraordinary displays of richness of genius and energy of mind." He won strong friendships to himself by his generous and unselfish nature, and his ardent love for others. It is only another proof of the old rule, that "Like begets like." Those who give love in this world usually receive it. Selfishness wins nothing—self-sacrifice, all things.

The college-boy was often seen walking under the large trees on what is now Dey Street, New York, talking to himself in an undertone, and apparently in deep thought. The neighbors knew the slight, dark-eyed lad, as the "young West Indian," and wondered concerning his future. When he was seventeen, a "great meeting in the fields" was held in New York, July 6, 1774. While Hamilton was studying, the colonies of America had been looking over into the promised land of freedom, driven thither by some unwise task-masters. Boston had seasoned the waters of the Atlantic with British tea. New York, well filled with Tories, yet had some Patriots, who felt that the hour was approaching when all must stand together in the demand for liberty. Accordingly, the "great meeting" was called, to teach the people the lessons of the past and the duties of the future.

Hamilton had recently returned from a visit to Boston, and was urged to be present and speak at the meeting. He at first refused, being a stranger in the country and unknown. He attended, however; and when several speakers had addressed the eager crowds, thoughts flowed into the youth's mind and pleaded for utterance. He mounted the platform. The audience stared at the stripling. Then, as he depicted the long endured oppression from England, urged the wisdom of resistance, and painted in glowing colors the sure success of the colonies, the hearts of the multitude took fire with courage and hope. When he closed, they shouted, "It is a collegian! it is a collegian!"

Hamilton was no longer a West Indian; he was, heart and soul, an American. Liberty now grew more exciting than college books. Dr. Seabury, afterwards Bishop of Connecticut, wrote two tracts entitled "Free Thoughts on the Proceedings of the Continental Congress," and "Congress Canvassed by a Westchester Farmer." These pamphlets attempted to show the foolishness of opposing a monarchy like England. They were scattered broadcast.

Then tracts appeared in answer; clear, terse, sound, and able. These said, "No reason can be assigned why one man should exercise any power or preeminence over his fellow-creatures more than another, unless they have voluntarily vested him with it. Since, then, Americans have not, by any act of theirs, empowered the British Parliament to make laws for them, it follows they can have

no just authority to do it.... If, by the necessity of the thing, manufactures should once be established, and take root among us, they will pave the way still more to the future grandeur and glory of America; and, by lessening its need of external commerce, will render it still securer against the encroachments of tyranny."

This was rank heterodoxy toward a power which had crippled the manufactures of America in all possible ways, and wished to keep her a great agricultural country. "The sacred rights of mankind," said the writer, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power." The wonder grew as to the authorship of these pamphlets. Some said John Jay wrote them; some said Governor Livingstone. When it was learned that Hamilton, only eighteen, had composed them, the Tories stood aghast, and the Patriots saw that a new star had risen in the heavens.

Hamilton knew that the war was inevitable; that the time must soon come for which he longed when he wrote to his friend Ned, "I wish there was a war." He immediately began to study military affairs. There are always places to be filled by those who make themselves ready. He was learning none too early. His corps, called the "Hearts of Oak" in green uniforms and leathern caps, drilled each morning. While engaged in removing cannon

from the battery, a boat from the Asia, a British ship-of-war, fired into the men, killing the person who stood next to Hamilton. At once the drums were beaten, and the people rushed to arms. The king's store-houses were pillaged, and the "Liberty Boys" marched through the streets, threatening revenge on every Tory.

Young Hamilton, fearless before the Asia, could also be fearless in defence of his friends. Dr. Cooper, the President of Columbia College, was a pronounced Tory. When the mob approached the steps of the institution, Hamilton, nothing daunted, appeared before them, and urged coolness, lest they bring "disgrace on the cause of liberty." Dr. Cooper imagined that his liberal pupil was assisting the mob, and cried out from an upper window, "Don't listen to him, gentlemen! he is crazy, he is crazy!" But the mob did listen, and the president was saved from harm.

The Revolutionary War had begun. Lexington and Bunker Hill were as beacon-fires to the new nation. In 1776, the New York Convention ordered a company of artillery to be raised, and Hamilton applied for the command of it. Only nineteen, and very boyish in looks, his fitness for the position was doubted, till his excellent examination proved his knowledge, and he was appointed captain. He used the last money sent him by his relatives in the West Indies, to equip his company.

College days were now over, and the busy life of the soldier had commenced. For most young men, the stirring events of the times would have filled every moment and every thought. Not so the man born to have a controlling and permanent influence in the republic. He found time to study about money circulation, rates of exchange, commerce, taxes, increase of population, and the like, because he knew that a great work must be done by somebody after the war. How true it is that if we fit ourselves for a great work, the work will find us.

Meantime, Captain Hamilton drilled his troops so well that General Greene observed it, made the acquaintance of the captain, invited him to his headquarters, and spoke of him to Washington. Had not the work been well done, it would not have commanded attention, but this attention was an important stepping-stone to fame and honor. Hamilton was ever after a most loyal friend to General Greene.

The company was soon called into active service. At the disastrous battle of Long Island, Hamilton was in the thickest of the fight, and brought up the rear, losing his baggage and a field-piece. After the retreat up the Hudson, at Harlem Heights, Washington observed the skill used in the construction of some earthworks, and, finding that the engineer was the young man introduced to him by General Greene, invited him to his tent. This was the beginning of a life-long and most devoted friendship between the great commander and the boyish captain.

Later, at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, Hamilton was fearless and heroic. "Well do I recollect the day," said a friend, "when Hamilton's company marched into Princeton. It was a model of discipline; at their head was a boy, and I wondered at his youth; but what was my surprise when, struck with his slight figure, he was pointed out to me as that Hamilton of whom we had already heard so much....A mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, marching beside a piece of artillery, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently lost in thought, with his hand resting on a cannon, and every now and then patting it, as if it were a favorite horse or a pet plaything."

He had so won the esteem and approbation of Washington that he was offered a position upon his staff, which he accepted March 1, 1777, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His work now was constant and absorbing. The correspondence was immense, but all was done with that clearness and elegance of diction which had marked the young collegian. He was popular with old and young, being called the "Little Lion," as a term of endearment, in appreciation of bravery and nobility of character.

When the skies looked darkest, as at Valley Forge, Hamilton was habitually cheerful, seeing always a rainbow among the clouds. His enthusiasm was contagious. He carried men with him by a belief in his own powers, and by deep sympathy with others. Lafayette loved him as a

brother. He wrote Hamilton, "Before this campaign I was your friend and very intimate friend, agreeably to the ideas of the world. Since my second voyage, my sentiment has increased to such a point the world knows nothing about. To show *both*, from want and from scorn of expression, I shall only tell you—Adieu!"

Baron Steuben used to say, in later days, "The Secretary of the Treasury is my banker; my Hamilton takes care of me when he cannot take care of himself."

Hamilton wrote to his dear friend Laurens, "Cold in my professions—warm in my friendships—I wish it were in my power, by actions rather than words, to convince you that I love you.... You know the opinion I entertain of mankind, and how much it is my desire to preserve myself free from particular attachments, and to keep my happiness independent of the caprices of others. You should not have taken advantage of my sensibility to steal into my affections without my consent."

Best of all, Washington confided in him, and loved him, and we usually love those in whom we have confided. When he wanted a calcitrant general, like Gates, brought to terms, he sent the tactful, clear-headed Hamilton on the mission. When he wanted decisive action, he sent the same fearless young officer, who knew no such word as failure. Sometimes he broke down physically, but the power of youth triumphed, and he was soon at work again.

On his expedition to General Gates, in November, 1777, with all his desire to keep himself "free from particular attachments," he laid the foundation for the one lasting attachment of his life. At the house of the wealthy and distinguished General Philip Schuyler, he met and liked the second daughter, Elizabeth. Three years later, in the spring of 1780, when the officers brought their families to Morristown, the acquaintance ripened into love, and December 14, 1780, when Hamilton was twenty-three, he was married to Miss Schuyler. The father of the young lady was proud and happy in her choice. He wrote Hamilton, "You cannot, my dear sir, be more happy at the connection you have made with my family than I am. Until the child of a parent has made a judicious choice, his heart is in continual anxiety; but this anxiety was removed the moment I discovered it was you on whom she placed her affections."

In this year, 1780, the country was shocked by the treason of Benedict Arnold. Hamilton was sent in pursuit, only to find that he had escaped to the British. He ministered to the heart-broken wife of Arnold, as best he could. He wrote to a friend, "Her sufferings were so eloquent that I wished myself her brother, to have a right to become her defender."

For Major André he had the deepest sympathy, and admiration of his manly qualities. He wrote to Miss Schuyler, afterward his wife, "Poor André suffers to-day. Everything that is amiable in virtue, in fortitude, in

delicate sentiment and accomplished manners, pleads for him; but hard-hearted policy calls for a sacrifice. I urged a compliance with André's request to be shot, and I do not think it would have had an ill effect."

A month after his marriage, his only difficulty with General Washington occurred. The commander-in-chief had sent for Hamilton to confer with him, who, meeting Lafayette, was stopped by him for a few moments' conversation on business. When he reached Washington, the general said, "Colonel Hamilton, you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes. I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect." The proud young aid answered, "I am not conscious of it, sir; but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part." He therefore resigned his position, glad to be free to take a more active part in the war. Washington, with his usual magnanimity, made overtures of reconciliation, and they became ever after trusted co-workers.

All these years, Hamilton had shown himself brave and untiring in the interests of his adopted country. At the battle of Monmouth, his horse was shot under him. At Yorktown, at his own earnest request, he led the perilous assault upon the enemy's works, and carried them. When Hamilton saw that the enemy was driven back, he humanely ordered that not a British soldier should be killed after the attack. He says in his report, "Incapable of imitating examples of barbarity, and forgetting recent

provocations, the soldiers spared every man who ceased to resist."

Washington appreciated his heroism, and said, "Few cases have exhibited greater proof of intrepidity, coolness, and firmness than were shown on this occasion."

Letters home to his wife show the warm heart of Hamilton. "I am unhappy—I am unhappy beyond expression. I am unhappy because I am to be so remote from you; because I am to hear from you less frequently than I am accustomed to do. I am miserable, because I know you will be so….Constantly uppermost in my thoughts and affections, I am happy only when my moments are devoted to some office that respects you. I would give the world to be able to tell you all I feel and all I wish; but consult your own heart, and you will know mine….Every day confirms me in the intention of renouncing public life, and devoting myself wholly to you. Let others waste their time and their tranquillity in a vain pursuit of power and glory; be it my object to be happy in a quiet retreat, with my better angel."

At the close of the Revolutionary War, he repaired to Albany, spending the winter at the home of General Schuyler, his wife's father. He had but little money, and his dues in the service of an impoverished country were unpaid; but he had what was far better, ability. He determined to study law. For four months, he bent himself unreservedly to his work, and was admitted to the bar. He

steadily refused offers of pecuniary aid from General Schuyler, preferring to support his wife and infant son by his own exertions. Such a man, of proud spirit and unwavering purpose, would, of course, succeed.

Friends who appreciated the service he had rendered to his country now interceded in his behalf, and he was appointed Continental receiver of taxes for New York. To accept a position meant, to him, persistent labor, and success in it if possible. He at once repaired to Poughkeepsie, where the Legislature was in session; presented his plans of taxation, and prevailed upon that body to pass a resolution asking for a convention of the States that a Union might be effected, stronger than the existing Confederation.

The position as receiver of taxes was sometimes a disagreeable one, but it was another round in the ladder which carried him to fame. He had increased the number of his acquaintances. His energy and his knowledge of public questions had been revealed to the people; and the result was his election to Congress, at the age of twenty-five. Thus rapidly the ambitious, energetic, and intelligent young man had risen in influence.

That his voice would be heard in Congress was a foregone conclusion. General Schuyler wrote his daughter soon after Congress met: "Participate afresh in the satisfaction I experience from the connection you have made with my beloved Hamilton. He affords me

happiness too exquisite for expression. I daily experience the pleasure of hearing encomiums on his virtue and abilities, from those who are capable of distinguishing between real and pretended merit. He is considered, as he certainly is, the ornament of his country, and capable of rendering it the most essential services, if his advice and suggestions are attended to."

The country was deeply in debt from the Revolutionary War. It had no money with which to pay its soldiers; its paper currency was nearly worthless; dissatisfaction was apparent on every hand. There was little unity of interest among the States. Hamilton's plans for raising money, and for a more centralized government, were unheeded; and, after a year in Congress, he returned to the practice of law, saying, "The more I see, the more I find reason for those who love this country to weep over its blindness."

As soon as the war was over, the people began to grow more bitter than ever toward the Tories, or loyalists. Harsh legislative measures were passed. The "Trespass Act" declared that any person who had left his abode in consequence of invasion could collect damages of those who had occupied the premises during his absence. A widow, reduced to poverty by the war, brought suit against a rich Tory merchant, who had lived in her house while the Tories held the city. Hamilton, feeling that a principle of justice was involved, took the part of the merchant, and by a brilliant speech, in which he

contended that "the fruits of immovables belong to the captor so long as he remains in actual possession of them," he gained the case. Of course, he brought upon himself much obloquy; was declared to be a "Britisher," and lover of monarchy, a charge to which he must have grown accustomed in later years.

Hamilton's pen was not idle in this controversy. He wrote a pamphlet, advocating respect for law and justice, which was called "Phocion," from its signature. It was read widely, both in England and America. Among the many replies was one signed "Mentor," which drew from Hamilton a "Second letter of Phocion." So inflamed did public opinion become that in one of the clubs it was decided that one person after another should challenge Hamilton, till he should fall in a duel. This came to the knowledge of "Mentor" and the abhorrent plan was stopped by his timely interference. There are too few men and women great enough to be tolerant of ideas in opposition to their own, or to persons holding those ideas. Tolerance belongs to great souls only.

Matters in the States had so grown from bad to worse, and Congress, with its limited powers, was so helpless, that a convention was finally called at Philadelphia, May 25, 1787, to provide for a more complete and efficient Union. Nine States sent delegates: Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. General Washington was made president of the convention. A

plan of government was submitted, called the "Virginia plan," which provided for a Congress of two branches, one to be elected by the people, the other from names suggested by the State Legislatures. There was to be a President, not eligible for a second term. Then the "New Jersey plan" was submitted; which was simply a revision of the Articles of Confederation.

The debates were earnest, but most intelligent; for men in those times had studied the existing governments of the world, and the fate of previous republics. Hamilton was present as a delegate, and, early in the convention, gave his plan for a new government, in a powerful speech, six hours long. He reviewed the whole domain of history, the present condition of the States, and the reasons for it, and then developed his plan. Those only could vote for President and Senators who owned a certain amount of real estate. These officials were to hold office for life or during good behavior. The President should appoint the Governors of the various States.

Of course, the believers in "States' Rights" could not for a moment concede such power to one man, at the head of a nation. When Hamilton affirmed that the "British government was the best model in existence," he awoke the antagonism of the American heart. He probably knew that his plan could not be adopted but it strengthened the advocates of a central government. Many delegates went home under protest; but the Constitution, brought into

its present form largely by James Madison, was finally adopted, and sent to the different States for ratification.

The opposition to its adoption was very great. Hamilton, with praiseworthy spirit, accepted it as the best thing attainable under the circumstances, and worked for it night and day with all the vigor and power of his masterly intellect. To the *Federalist* he contributed fifty-one papers in defence of the Constitution, and did more than any other man to secure its ultimate adoption.

Henry Cabot Lodge, in his clear and admirable "Life of Hamilton," says: "As an exposition of the meaning and purposes of the Constitution, the *Federalist* is now, and always will be cited, on the bench and at the bar, by American commentators, and by all writers on constitutional law. As a treatise on the principles of federal government it still stands at the head, and has been turned to as an authority by the leading minds of Germany, intent on the formation of the German Empire."

Party feeling ran high. When a State enrolled herself in favor of the Constitution, bonfires, feasts, and public processions testified to the joy of a portion of the people; while the burning in effigy of prominent Federalists, mobs and riots, testified to the anger of the opponents. In the State of New York the contest was extremely bitter. Hamilton used all his logic, his eloquence, his fire, and his boundless activity to carry the State in favor of the Constitution. Said Chancellor Kent: "He urged every

motive and consideration that ought to sway the human mind in such a crisis. He touched, with exquisite skill, every chord of sympathy that could be made to vibrate in the human breast. Our country, our honor, our liberties, our firesides, our posterity were placed in vivid colors before us."

When told by a friend, who was just starting on a journey, that he would be questioned in relation to the adoption of the Constitution, Hamilton replied: "God only knows! Several votes have been taken, by which it appears that there are two to one against us." But suddenly his face brightened, as he said, "Tell them that the convention shall never rise until the Constitution is adopted."

The excitement in New York city became intense. Crowds collected on the street-corners, and whispered, "Hamilton is speaking yet!" Late in the evening of July 28, 1788, it was announced that the Constitution had been adopted by New York, the vote standing thirty to twenty-seven. At once the bells were rung and guns were fired. A great procession was formed of professional men and artisans, bearing pictures of Washington and Hamilton, and banners, with the words "Federalist," "Liberty of the Press," and "The Epoch of Liberty." The federal frigate Hamilton was fully manned, and received the plaudits of the crowds.

When the Constitution was adopted, at last, Washington was made President, April 30, 1789. It was not strange that he chose for his Secretary of the Treasury the man who had studied finance by the camp-fires of the Revolution. At thirty-two Hamilton was in the Cabinet of his country. At once Congress asked him to prepare a report on the public credit, stating his plan of providing for the public debt. In about three months the report was ready. It advocated the funding of all the debts of the United States incurred through the war. As to the foreign and domestic debts, all persons seemed agreed that these should be paid; but the assumption of the debts of the different States met with the most violent opposition. Those who owed a few million dollars were unwilling to help those who owed many millions.

Hamilton advocated a foreign loan, not to exceed twelve millions, and a revenue derived from taxes on imports; such a revenue as would not only provide funds for the new nation, but protect manufactures from the competition of the old world. The believers in protection have had no more earnest or able advocate than Hamilton.

His next report was an elaborate one upon national banks, and the establishment of a United States bank, which should give a uniform system of bank-notes, instead of the unreliable and uneven values of the notes of the State banks. His financial policy, while it aroused tlie bitterest enmity in some quarters, raised the United States from bankruptcy to the respect of her creditors, abroad

and at home. When the old cry of "unconstitutional!" was heard, as it has been heard ever since when any great matter is suggested, Hamilton taught the people to feel that the *implied* powers of the Constitution were great enough for all needs, and that the document must be interpreted by the spirit as well as the letter of the law. Capitalists were his strong advocates, as they well knew that a firm and safe financial policy was at the root of success and progress.

Very soon after his report on banks, he transmitted to Congress a report on the establishment of a mint, showing wide research on the subject of coinage. Besides these papers, he reported on the purchase of West Point, on public lands, navigation laws, on the post-office, and other matters, always showing careful study, good judgment, and patriotism.

That he was accused of being a monarchist signified little, as there were hundreds of people at that time who feared that the republic would go down, as had others in past centuries. He so deprecated the lack of central power in the government that he exaggerated the dangers of the people's rule. This lack of trust in the masses and in the power of the Constitution, and Thomas Jefferson's trust in self-government and belief in States' rights, led, at last, to the bitter and public disagreement of these two great men, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of State. Each was honest in his belief; each was tolerant of most men, but intolerant of the other to the end of life.

Hamilton naturally became the leader of the Federalists, as Jefferson the leader of the Republicans, or Democrats, as they are now called. One party saw in Hamilton the great thinker, the safe guardian of the destinies of the people; the other party thought it saw a bold and unscrupulous man, who would sit on a throne if that were possible. Hamilton's character was assailed, sometimes with truth, but oftener without truth. He was not perfect, but he was great, and in most respects noble.

The French Revolution was now interesting all minds. Genet had been sent to America by the French Republic, as her minister. Hamilton urged neutrality, and looked with horror upon the growing excesses in France. Jefferson, with his hatred of monarchy, was lenient, and, in the early part of the Revolution, sympathetic. The United States became divided into two great factions, for and against France. Genet fanned the flames till the patient Washington could endure it no longer; the unwise minister was recalled, and neutrality was proclaimed April 22, 1793.

Through all this matter, Hamilton had the complete love and confidence of Washington. When it was deemed wise to send a special commissioner to effect a treaty with England, that proper commercial relations be maintained, Hamilton was at once suggested. Party feeling opposed, and John Jay was appointed. When he returned from his mission, Great Britain having consented to pay us ten million dollars for illegal seizure of vessels, we agreeing to

pay all debts owed to her before the Revolutionary War, the people rose in wrath against the treaty, and burned Jay in effigy. When Hamilton was speaking for its adoption at a public meeting in New York, he was assaulted by stones. "Gentlemen," he said, coolly, "if you use such strong arguments, I must retire." After this he wrote essays, signed "Camillus," in defence of the treaty, and helped largely to secure its acceptance.

Meantime, the Excise Law, whereby distilled spirits were taxed, caused the "Whiskey Insurrection" in Pennsylvania. Hamilton, who believed in the prompt execution of law, urged Washington to take decisive measures. The President called out thirteen thousand troops, and the refusal to pay the taxes was no more heard of.

Hamilton, like Jefferson, had become weary of his six years of public life; his increasing family needed more than his limited salary, and he resigned, returning to his law practice in the city of New York.

When a new President was chosen to succeed Washington, it was not the real leader of the party, Hamilton, but one who had elicited less opposition by strong measures—John Adams, a man of long and distinguished service, both in England and America. Hamilton seems to have preferred Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina, and thus to have gained the ill-will of Adams, which helped at last to split the Federal party.

When Adams and Jefferson became the Presidential nominees in 1800, Hamilton threw himself heartily into the contest in the State of New York. Here he found himself pitted against a rare antagonist, the most famous lawyer in the State except himself, Aaron Burr. He was well born, being the son of the president of the college at Princeton, and the grandson of Jonathan Edwards. Like Hamilton, he was precocious; being ready to enter Princeton when he was eleven years old. He was short in stature, five feet and six inches in height; with fine black eyes, and gentle and winsome manners. Both these men won the most enduring friendships from men and women—homage indeed. Both were intense in nature, though Burr had far greater self-control. Both were brave to rashness; both were untiring students; both loved and always gained authority. Burr had won honors in the Revolutionary War. He had married at twenty-six, a woman ten years older than himself, a widow with two children, with neither wealth nor beauty, whom he idolized for the twelve years she was spared to him, for her rare mind and devoted affection. From her he learned to value intellect in woman. He used to write her before marriage, "Deal less in sentiments, and more in ideas." When she died, he said, "The mother of my Theo was the best woman and finest lady I have ever known." For his only child, his beloved Theodosia, he seemed to have but one wish, that she be a scholar. He said to his wife, "If I could foresee that Theo would become a mere

fashionable woman, with all the attendant frivolity and vacuity of mind, adorned with whatever grace and allurement, I would earnestly pray God to take her forthwith hence. But I yet hope by her to convince the world what neither sex appear to believe—that women have souls!"

At ten years of age, she was studying Horace and Terence, learning the Greek grammar, speaking French, and reading Gibbon.

This Theo, the idol of his life, afterward married to Governor Alston of South Carolina, loved him with a devotion that will forever make one gleam of sunshine in a life full of shadows. When the dark days came, she wrote him, "I witness your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting on this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me....I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

Burr's success in the law had been phenomenal. When he was studying for admission to the bar, he often passed twenty hours out of the twenty-four over his books.

And now, Colonel Burr, at thirty-six, after being in the United States Senate for six years, was the candidate for

Vice-President on the Jefferson ticket. Hamilton's eloquence stirred the State of New York in the contest; but Burr's generalship in politics won the votes, and he was elected.

Hamilton went back again to his large law practice. Men sought him with the belief that if he would take their cases, there was no doubt of the result. An aged farmer came to him to recover a farm for which a deed had been obtained from him in exchange for Virginia land. Hamilton heard the case; then wrote to the wealthy speculator to call upon him. When he came, Hamilton said, "You must give me back that deed. I do not say that you knew that the title to these lands is bad; but it is bad. You are a rich—he is a poor man. How can you sleep on your pillow? Would you break up the only support of an aged man and seven children?" He walked the floor rapidly, as he exclaimed, "I will add to my professional services all the weight of my character and powers of my nature; and you ought to know, when I espouse the cause of innocence and of the oppressed, that character and those powers will have their weight."

The property was reconveyed to the farmer, who gratefully asked Hamilton to name the compensation. "Nothing! nothing!" said he. "Hasten home and make your family happy."

Hamilton was clear in his reasoning; a master in constitutional law; persuasive in his manner; sometimes

highly impassioned, sometimes solemn and earnest. Says Henry Cabot Lodge: "Force of intellect and force of will were the sources of his success....Directness was his most distinguishing characteristic, and, whether he appealed to the head or the heart, he went straight to the mark....He never indulged in rhetorical flourishes, and his style was simple and severe....That which led him to victory was the passionate energy of his nature, his absorption in his work, his contagious and persuasive enthusiasm."

"There was a fascination in his manner, by which one was led captive unawares," says another writer. "On most occasions, when animated with the subject on which he was engaged, you could see the very workings of his soul, in the expression of his countenance; and so frank was he in manner that he would make you feel that there was not a thought of his heart that he would wish to hide from your view."

"Alexander Hamilton was the greatest man this country ever produced," said Judge Ambrose Spencer.... "He argued cases before me while I sat as judge on the bench. Webster has done the same. In power of reasoning Hamilton was the equal of Webster; and more than this can be said of no man. In creative power Hamilton was infinitely Webster's superior....He, more than any man, did the thinking of the time."

His chief relaxation from work was at "The Grange," his summer home at Harlem Heights, not far from the

spot, it is said, where he first attracted the eye of Washington. Beeches, maples, and many evergreens abounded. The Hudson River added its beauty to the picturesque place. Here he read the classics for pleasure, and the Bible. To a friend he said: "I have examined carefully the evidence of the Christian religion; and, if I was sitting as a juror upon its authenticity, I should unhesitatingly give my verdict in its favor . . . .I can prove its truth as clearly as any proposition ever submitted to the mind of man."

At "The Grange" he was especially happy with his family. He said, "My health and comfort both require that I should be at home—at that home where I am always sure to find a sweet asylum from care and pain . . . .It will be more and more my endeavor to abstract myself from all pursuits which interfere with those of affection. 'Tis here only I can find true pleasure."

When Hamilton was forty-four, he endured the great affliction of his life. His eldest son, Philip, nineteen, just graduated from Columbia College, deeply wounded by the political attacks upon his father, challenged to a duel one of the men who had made objectionable remarks. The lad fell at the first fire, a wicked sacrifice to a barbarous "code of honor." After twenty hours of agony, he died, surrounded by the stricken family. Hamilton was especially proud of this son, of whom he said, when he gave his oration at Columbia College, "I could not have

been contented to have been surpassed by any other than my son."

For three years Hamilton worked on with a hope which was never broken, constantly adding to his fame. And then came the fatal error of his life. All along he had opposed Aaron Burr. When named for a foreign mission, Hamilton helped to defeat him. When the tie vote came between Jefferson and Burr in the Presidential returns, Hamilton said, "The appointment of Burr as President will disgrace our country abroad." When Burr was nominated for Governor of New York, Hamilton used every effort to defeat him, and succeeded. Burr, exasperated and disappointed at his failures, sent Hamilton a challenge. He wrote to Hamilton, "Political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honor and the rules of decorum. I neither claim such privilege nor indulge it in others." Alas! that some men in public life, even now, forget the "laws of honor and the rules of decorum" in their treatment of opponents.

Everything in Hamilton's career protested against this suicidal combat. He was only forty-seven, distinguished and beloved, with a wife and seven children dependent upon him.

Before going to the fatal meeting, he wrote his feelings about duelling. "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would

even give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow-creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.... To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my relative situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular."

He made his will, leaving all, after the payment of his debts, to his "dear and excellent wife." "Should it happen that there is not enough for the payment of my debts, I entreat my dear children, if they, or any of them, should ever be able, to make up the deficiency. I, without hesitation, commit to their delicacy a wish which is dictated by my own. Though conscious that I have too far sacrificed the interests of my family to public avocations, and on this account have the less claim to burden my children, yet I trust in their magnanimity to appreciate as they ought this my request. In so unfavorable an event of things, the support of their dear mother, with the most respectful and tender attention, is a duty, all the sacredness of which they will feel. Probably her own patrimonial resources will preserve her from indigence.

But in all situations they are charged to bear in mind that she has been to them the most devoted and best of mothers." And then, the great statesman, after writing two farewell letters to "my darling, darling wife," conformed to "public prejudice" by hastening with his second, at daybreak, to meet Aaron Burr, at Weehawken, two miles and a half above Hoboken. It was a quiet and beautiful spot, one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Hudson River, shut in by trees and vines, but golden with sunlight on that fatal morning.

At seven o'clock the two distinguished men were ready, ten paces apart, to take into their own hands that most sacred of all things, human life. There was no outward sign of emotion, though the one must have thought of his idol, Theodosia, and the other of his pretty children, still asleep. Hamilton had determined not to fire, and so permitted himself to be sacrificed. The word of readiness was given. Burr raised his pistol and fired, and Hamilton fell headlong on his face, his own weapon discharging in the air. He sank into the arms of his physician, saying faintly, "This is a mortal wound," and was borne home to a family overwhelmed with sorrow. The oldest daughter lost her reason.

For thirty-one hours he lay in agony, talking, when able, with his minister about the coming future, asking that the sacrament be administered, and saying, "I am a sinner. I look to Him for mercy; pray for me."

Once when all his children were gathered around the bed, he gave them one tender look, and closed his eyes till they had left the room. He retained his usual composure to the last, saying to his wife, frenzied with grief, "Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian." He died at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 12, 1804. The whole nation seemed speechless with sorrow. In New York all business was suspended. At the funeral, a great concourse of people, college societies, political associations, and military companies, joined in the common sorrow. Guns were fired from the British and French ships in the harbor; on a platform in front of Trinity Church, Governor Morris pronounced a eulogy. General Hamilton's four sons, the eldest sixteen and the youngest four, standing beside the speaker. Thus the great life faded from sight in its vigorous manhood, leaving a wonderful record for the aspiring and the patriotic, and a prophecy of what might have been accomplished but for that one fatal mistake.

Aaron Burr hastened to the South, to avoid arrest; but public execration followed him. He became implicated in a scheme for putting himself at the head of Mexico, was arrested and tried for treason, and, though legally acquitted, was obliged to flee to England, and from there to Sweden and Germany. Finally he came home, only to hear that Theodosia's beautiful boy of eleven was dead. Poor and friendless, he longed now for the one person who had never forsaken him, his daughter. She started from Charleston in a pilot-boat, for New York, and was

never heard from afterwards. Probably all went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras. When it was reported in the papers that the boat had been captured by pirates, Burr said, "No, no, she is indeed dead. Were she alive, all the prisons in the world could not keep her from her father. When I realized the truth of her death, the world became a blank to me, and life had then lost all its value."

When he was nearly eighty, he married a lady of wealth; but they were unhappy, and soon separated. He died on Staten Island, cared for at the last by the children of an old friend. His courage and fortitude the world will always admire; but it can never forget the fatal duel by which Alexander Hamilton was taken from his country, in the prime of his life and in the midst of his great work.

The name of Hamilton will not be forgotten. The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew of New York, on February 22, 1888, gave the great statesman this well deserved tribute of praise:—

"The political mission of the United States has so far been wrought out by individuals and territorial conditions. Four men of unequal genius have dominated our century, and the growth of the West has revolutionized the republic. The principles which have heretofore controlled the policy of the country have mainly owed their force and acceptance to Hamilton, Jefferson, Webster, and Lincoln.

"The first question which met the young confederacy was the necessity of a central power strong enough to deal with

foreign nations and to protect commerce between the States. At this period Alexander Hamilton became the savior of the republic. If Shakespeare is the commanding originating genius of England, and Goethe of Germany, Hamilton must occupy that place among Americans. This superb intelligence, which was at once philosophic and practical, and with unrivalled lucidity could instruct the dullest mind on the bearing of the action of the present on the destiny of the future, so impressed upon his contemporaries the necessity of a central government with large powers that the Constitution, now one hundred and one years old, was adopted, and the United States began their life as a nation."

Napoleon Bonaparte
The Boy of Brienne
1769 A.D. – 1821 A.D. France

The playground of the French military school at Brienne was a great open space looking down upon the town. Here, on a January afternoon in 1783, a score of boys were hard at work building a snow fort. The winter had been very cold and a great fall of snow at the first of the year had covered the playground several feet deep. After each storm the boys in the military school fought battles back and forth over the open ground, and up and down the roads that led to the village; but this battle was to be a memorable one.

A little Corsican named Bonaparte was in charge of the defending forces. He was not very popular among his playmates. He kept very much to himself, and when he did mix with the others he had a habit of ordering them about. Most of the other boys were afraid of him. Time and again, when he had been disturbed as he stood reading a book in a distant corner of the schoolroom or walking by himself in the playground, he had turned fiercely upon his playmates and had scattered them before him with the passion of his face and words; but when they wanted a leader the boys turned to Bonaparte, and now when they had decided to build a great fort they left the direction of it entirely to his care.

The Corsican boy, who was fourteen years old, stood in the middle of the ground, his hands clasped behind his back, nodding now in one direction, now in another, as he ordered the boys where to bank the snow, how high to build the ramparts, and in what lines. He was not very tall and his face was quite colorless. Under a broad brow his piercing gray eyes darted here and there, and then were quiet in study. He wore a blue military coat with red facings and bright buttons, and a vest of blue faced with white, and blue knee-breeches, and a military cocked hat. From time to time he drew lines on the snow with a sharp-pointed stick. Once or twice, when he found a boy idling, he spoke to him sharply, but for the most part he kept strict silence.

After a time a young master, dressed like a priest, came out of the school door and walked over toward Bonaparte. He smiled as he saw the intense look on the boy's face, and the rough plan sketched before him on the snow. He came up to the boy and stood looking down at him.

"Well, my young Spartan," said he, "what are you planning now? Some new way to save the town from siege?"

The boy glanced up at his teacher, and a little smile parted his thin lips. "No, Monsieur Pichegru, I was considering how we might drive the French troops out of Corsica."

"From Corsica!" exclaimed the master. "Corsica belongs to France, and you are a French cadet."

The boy shook his head solemnly. "Corsica should be free," he answered. "We are more Italian than French. I hate your barbarous words, my tongue trips over them. If I had my way no Frenchman would be left in the island."

"Then it's well you don't have your way, Bonaparte," said Monsieur Pichegru, laughing.

Suddenly the boy's brow clouded and his eyes grew serious. "You think I shan't have my way then? You don't know me, no one knows me. Wait until I grow up—then you shall see."

The master was used to this boy's strange fancies, and now he simply shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well, we'll wait and see, but you must learn to curb your temper if you ever expect to do great things in the world."

"Why?" said the boy. "Must a general curb his temper? It's his part to give orders, not to take them, and that, sir, is the part I mean to play."

Again the master shrugged his shoulders, and the same quizzical smile his face always wore when watching this boy lighted his eyes.

"At least we are agreed on one thing, Bonaparte; we both of us know the most glorious profession in the world

is that of the soldier. Ah, that I might some day be a captain of artillery!"

"Why not?" said the boy. "Isn't all of Europe one big camp? Can't any man rise who has strength to draw a sword? Believe me, Monsieur Pichegru, if you really want to be a captain you shall be one."

The master glanced at the boy, and then looked quickly away. "You are a strange lad, my little Spartan," said he. "I don't think I ever knew a boy quite like you."

The teacher moved away and the boy continued making his drawings with the pointed stick.

By the time the afternoon had ended the square fort of snow was finished. It was by far the finest fortification the boys of Brienne had ever built. It had four bastions and a rampart three and one-half feet long. Water was poured over the top and sides so that ice might form, and it looked like a very difficult place to take. When he considered it finished Bonaparte ordered the boys to quit work, and taking up a book he had thrown on the ground before him he started to stroll up and down by the farther wall of the parade. He was fond of walking here, book in hand, studying some military treatise, and, though only a boy, he had gained the power of shutting out all thoughts except those of his study.

Some of the boys had put together a rough sort of sky-rocket, and now brought it out from the house to light it in the playground. One boy touched a match to the fuse

and the others leaped back out of reach. There was a loud explosion, and the firework, failing to shoot off as was intended, simply fizzled in a shower of sparks near the feet of the boy by the wall. He glanced up, looked at the flames and then at the circle of boys beyond.

In an instant he had seized his stick and was among them, hitting the boys over their heads and calling them all the names he could think of, beside himself in a sudden storm of passion because he had been disturbed. They fled before his attack like leaves before a whirlwind. In a few moments he had cleared the playground. Then he threw down the stick and picked up his book again.

A few minutes later Monsieur Pichegru, who had been told of the explosion, came over to him.

"You must not lose your temper in that way, my boy," said he. "Some day you will learn to regret it."

"Why?" said the Corsican lad. "I was studying here, I was reading how great Hannibal crossed the Alps, and that pack of fools broke in upon me. I will not be disturbed."

"You'll teach them to hate you," said the master, trying to argue the boy out of his ill temper.

"No, I'll teach them to do as I want, or let me alone when I wish it. That's all I ask of them, to be let alone." The master, shaking his head, thought that the boy would soon have his way, for day by day he grew more solitary and his playmates' fear of him increased.

The teachers at the school and also some of the servants saw the fort on the playground that afternoon, and the news of it sped through the town. According to report it was very different from the snow forts the boys usually built, much more ingenious and complicated, and along military lines. As a result the next morning many of the townspeople came to see the fortifications and examined them with great interest while the boys were indoors at study.

When they were free in the afternoon the battle began, one party of the boys leading the attack from the streets of the town, the other under Bonaparte defending the bastions and rampart. Attack and defense were well handled. The boys had already learned many military tactics and they thoroughly enjoyed this mimic warfare, but the Corsican lad was much too clever for his adversaries. He was continually inventing new schemes to surprise his opponents, now sending out a party of skirmishers to attack them in the rear or on the flanks, again luring them into a direct assault upon the rampart, and then leading his soldiers up and over the ice walls to scatter the enemy down the street. By sunset there was no doubt as to which was the victor. The flag, which was the prize of battle, was formally awarded to the boys who had held the fort.

There was no doubt that young Napoleon Bonaparte knew how to lead others. He had shown that ability to an amazing degree ever since he had first entered the school

of Brienne when he was only nine years old. The boys at Brienne were all being trained to be soldiers, and they were all brought up in strict military discipline which would have been irksome to many a boy. The young Corsican, however, liked it and seemed to thrive on it.

Some of the rules of the school were curious. Until they were twelve years old the boys had to keep their hair cut short, after that they were allowed to wear a pigtail, but could powder their hair only on Sundays and Saints' Days. Each boy had a separate room which was much like a cell, containing a hard bed with only a rug for covering. The boys had to stay in school for six years, and they were never allowed to leave on any pretense whatever. During the long vacation which lasted from September fifteenth to November second they had only one lesson a day and had plenty of time for outdoor sports. Everything possible was done to fire their ardor for military life. They were encouraged to read the lives of great men, especially Plutarch's "Lives," and those historical plays which deal with great French scenes. History and geography were the chief studies, and after those two, mathematics. In all of these branches Bonaparte took great delight.

Singularly enough the school, although designed to train boys for warriors, was entirely under the charge of an order of Friars. Neither teachers nor boys could help but admit Napoleon's great strength of character. When the Abbe in charge organized the school into companies of cadets the command of one company was given to this

boy. He ruled those under him with a rod of iron, and finally the boys who were the commanders of the other companies decided to hold a court-martial.

Bonaparte was brought before them and charged with being unworthy to command his schoolfellows because he disdained them and had no real regard for them. Arguments attacking him were made by various boys, but when it came to Napoleon's turn to defend himself he refused, on the ground that whether he were commander or not made little difference to him. The court-martial thereupon decided to degrade him from his rank and a formal sentence was read aloud to him. He seemed very little concerned, and took his place with the other privates without any show of ill feeling. For almost the first time the boys felt a sort of affection for him because he bore his humiliation so well.

Unlike most boys he really seemed to care very little whether he was popular or not; all he asked was a chance to learn the art of warfare. He was happiest when he was left alone to study history. Plutarch's "Lives" was his favorite book, and his favorite nation among the ancient peoples was that of Sparta, because he admired the Spartans' stern sense of heroism and hoped to copy them. That was the reason Monsieur Pichegru had given him the nickname of "The Spartan," and the name stuck to him for years.

The Corsican boy's first desire was to be a sailor. He hoped he might be sent to the southern coast of France where he would be near his own beloved island home. It so happened, however, that one of the French military instructors came to Brienne after Napoleon had been there about five years, and immediately took an interest in the boy. A little later he, with four others, was chosen to enter a famous military school in Paris as what were known as "gentlemen cadets." The report that was sent to Paris respecting Bonaparte stated that he was domineering, imperious, and obstinate, but in spite of these qualities he was chosen because of his great ability in mathematics and the art of warfare.

The military school of Paris was one of the sights of the French capital. Famous visitors were always taken there, and the cadets were intended to form the flower of the French army. Only a few of the boys who were at the schools in the provinces were chosen to come to Paris, and those who were chosen were put through a rigid course of study and of physical drill in preparation for service in the army. Most of the boys were sons of the nobility and were accustomed to bully their less distinguished comrades.

When Bonaparte had been in Paris a very short time he had his first fight with such a boy. He was quite able to hold his own, but all that first year he was continually set upon by the Parisians who loved to taunt him with being a little Corsican and to make ridiculous nicknames out of his two long names. He lost something of his reserve,

because he liked the military side of the Paris school much better than the church atmosphere at Brienne.

Nothing made him so indignant as to hear his native land spoken of slurringly, and there were many of his comrades who took a special delight in doing this. The boys would draw caricatures of him standing with his hands behind his back in his favorite attitude, his brows frowning, and his eyes thoughtful, and underneath would write "Bonaparte planning to rescue Corsica from the hands of the French." Whenever he had a chance he spoke bitterly of the injustice of a great people oppressing such a tiny island as his.

Finally some of his words came to the ears of the general in charge of the school. He sent at once for the boy and said to him, "Sir, you are a scholar of the King, you must learn to remember this and to moderate your love of Corsica, which after all forms part of France." Bonaparte was wiser than to make any answer, he simply saluted and withdrew. But he paid no heed to the advice, and one day shortly afterward he again spoke to a priest of the unjust treatment of Corsica. The latter waited until the boy came to him at the confessional and then rebuked him on this subject. Bonaparte ran back through the church crying loud enough for all those present to hear him, "I didn't come in here to talk about Corsica, and that priest has no right to lecture me on such a subject!"

The priest as well as the others in charge soon learned that it was useless to try to change this boy's views, or indeed to keep him from expressing them when he had a chance. They were learning, just as Monsieur Pichegru and the friars at Brienne had learned, that he would have his own way in spite of all opposition.

When he was sixteen Napoleon and his best friend, a boy named Desmazis, were ordered to join the regiment of La Fère which was then quartered in the south of France. Napoleon was glad of this change which brought him nearer to his island home, and he also felt that he would now learn something of actual warfare. The two boys were taken to their regiment in charge of an officer who stayed with them from the time they left Paris until the carriage set them down at the garrison town. The regiment of La Fère was one of the best in the French army, and the boy immediately took a great liking to everything connected with it. He found the officers well educated and anxious to help him. He declared the blue uniform with red facings to be the most beautiful uniform in the world.

He had to work hard, still studying mathematics, chemistry, and the laws of fortification, mounting guard with the other subalterns, and looking after his own company of men. He seemed very young to be put in charge of grown soldiers, but his great ability had brought about this extraordinarily rapid promotion. He had a room in a boarding-house kept by an old maid, but took

his meals at the Inn of the Three Pigeons. Now that he was an officer he began to be more interested in making a good appearance before people. He took dancing lessons and suddenly blossomed out into much popularity among the garrison. Older people could not help but see his great strength of character, and time and again it was predicted that he would rise high in the army.

He had not been long with his regiment when he was given leave of absence to visit his family in Corsica. His father had died, but his mother was living, with a number of children. All of them looked to Napoleon for help. When he reached his home, although he was only seventeen, he was hailed as a great man. Not only his own family, but all the neighbors and townspeople spoke of him with pride, and expected that he would do a great deal for their island.

He still had the same passion for that rocky land, and spent hours wandering through the grottoes by the seashore, or in the dense olive woods, or lying under a favorite oak tree reading history and dreaming of his future. The open life of the fields and the pleasures of the farm appealed strongly to him, but he knew that there was more active work for him to do in the world, and so, after a short stay, he went back to the main land.

It was not long before great events took place in France. The people arose against their king and the first gusts of the French Revolution blew him from his throne.

The young Napoleon was a great lover of liberty; he wished it for Corsica and he wished it for the French people. It seemed at first as though the island might be able to win its independence, owing to the disorder in France, and the Bonapartes sided with the conspirators who were working toward this end. But the young lieutenant attended strictly to his own business. He watched the rapid march of events from a distance, and when he went to Paris he was careful not to ally himself too closely with any particular party. Finally the Republic was proclaimed, and Napoleon saw that there would be an immediate chance for fighting. He had complained as a boy that the trouble with the officers was that they had not had a real taste of battle. He hoped to be able to learn his profession on the actual field.

At a time like this when every one doubted his neighbor, and no one knew how long the present government would last, one quality of the young lieutenant, his steadfast sticking to duty, made him conspicuous. Whoever might rule the country he stuck to his work of drilling the men under him, and step by step he advanced until he became lieutenant-colonel. Finally his great chance came.

The city of Toulon on the Mediterranean rebelled against the Convention, which had in turn become the governing power of France, and surrendered itself to the English. French troops were sent to the city, and at the very beginning of the fighting the commander of the

artillery was wounded by a ball in the shoulder. Napoleon was next in rank and took his place. The siege lasted for days, and the young commander was obliged to exercise all his ingenuity to hold his position before the English lines. It was like a repetition of the old fight of the Brienne school yard, only now Bonaparte led the attacking forces, and he found this a more difficult task than to defend his own iced ramparts.

There was also trouble with some of the officers, and one of them ordered Napoleon to place his guns in a certain line of attack. The Corsican youth refused, declaring that he would not serve under a man who was wanting in the simplest principles of warfare. The commander was indignant, but all his friends said to him, "You had better let that young man alone, he knows more about this than you. If his plan succeeds the glory will all be yours; if he fails the blame will be his." The officer took the advice and told young "Captain Cannon," as he called Napoleon, that he might have his own way, but that he should answer for the success of his plan with his head.

"Very well," said the youth, "I'm quite satisfied with that arrangement."

The siege lasted a long time, and then it was finally decided to carry the town by a grand assault. All possible forces were brought to the attack, and at last Toulon was taken. The young lieutenant-colonel distinguished himself greatly in this his first real battle.

His horse was shot under him, and he was wounded with a bayonet thrust in the thigh; but he kept his men in place, and finally advancing they succeeded in covering both the town and the fleet in the sea. When the fighting was over the general in command wrote to Paris: "I have no words to describe the merit of Bonaparte; much science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery. This is but a feeble sketch of this rare officer, and it is for you, ministers, to consecrate him to the glory of the Republic."

Such was the young Napoleon at twenty-three. Almost immediately he was made general of brigade, and was looked upon as one of the coming defenders of the French Republic.

He went to Paris, was loaded with honors, and given post after post in the service of his country. For a time he proved a great defender of his people, for a time he served the Republic as no other man could; but when defense was no longer needed he could not sheathe his sword, he had to use it for attack whether the cause were just or not. As he won victory after victory and tasted power he discarded even the Republic that had made him, and placed himself upon the throne as Emperor.

That same love of power which had made him was also his undoing. He could not rest content with what he had. As he had predicted to Monsieur Pichegru that afternoon at Brienne he would have his own way, and very much as he had treated his schoolfellows there he later grew to

treat the nations of Europe. As a result they, like his playfellows, combined against him, and sent him down finally among the privates.

Giuseppe Garibaldi

1807 A.D. – 1888 A.D. Italy

If George Washington was the father of his country, certainly Giuseppe Garibaldi could be called the father of Italian liberty, for this one patriot, almost single handed, fomented and carried on the revolution that resulted in the birth of the Italian nation as it stands to-day.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born in the year 1807, in the town of Nice, and was the son of a sailor and sea captain named Domenico Garibaldi. It is probable that almost before he could walk Giuseppe was familiar with the deck of his father's vessel, and it is certain that when a very young boy he showed an aptitude and desire for a seafaring life.

His father, however, did not wish his son to be a sea captain like himself, but desired him to lead some life ashore, where, he thought, the boy's chances of advancement would be better. This plan, however, did not appeal to Giuseppe. The call of the sea was in him and he determined to be a sailor like his father. When still a young boy, with one or two companions, he stole a fishing boat and put to sea in the Mediterranean, sailing to the Eastward. His father soon gave chase, however, with a faster boat, and caught the would be mariner off the coast of Monaco, returning with him to Nice. The boy's cruise itself was ended, but this incident convinced the father that his son was intended for the sea, and in a few months

Giuseppe shipped as a cabin boy and before long was making long voyages.

He quickly showed that seafaring was his natural calling, for before he was twenty-four years old he had become the master of a vessel, showing at an early age a capacity for responsibility and an ability to command other men that marked him head and shoulders above his companions.

But while engaged upon his voyages Garibaldi was thinking a great deal about the unfortunate condition of Italy and the unhappiness of his countrymen, for at that time the Italians did not form one nation as they do to-day, but were grouped in a number of petty states that frequently warred against each other and were themselves surrounded by more powerful enemies. The idea of making Italy one nation had not then occurred to the bulk of the people, but there was a band of secret revolutionists who were working for "Young Italy" and Garibaldi, who was known to be in favor of a united Italy, soon met some of the members of this organization.

The young skipper promptly became fired with the desire to aid the work of the revolutionists and went to Marseilles where he talked with the famous patriot, Mazzini, also a young man, who had been active in revolutionary circles and was the chief organizer of the league called Young Italy. Mazzini's aim was to put an end to all the existing Italian governments and form an Italian

republic that should extend from Sicily to the Alps. For his revolutionary activities he had been banished from his native country, and was carrying on his work to the best of his ability In Marseilles.

Mazzini gave Garibaldi a cordial greeting, and enlisted his aid in the work of the revolutionists. They were planning a war against the King of Sardinia whose name was Charles Albert, and while the patriots invaded Savoy Garibaldi's mission was to go to Genoa and hatch a revolution in the fleet, where, it was thought, there were many sailors who would gladly fall in with the aims of Young Italy and lend their aid in overthrowing the existing governments.

The plot failed and Garibaldi was left stranded at Genoa, hunted by the soldiers and certain to meet death in case he was captured. He disguised himself in the dress of a peasant and escaped to France, where a newspaper informed him that he had been named as an outcast from his native country, and had been sentenced to death. There was nothing further for him to do at that time except to carry on his calling of sea captain under an assumed name, and it was not long before he had shipped as a common seaman on a vessel sailing for South America, where for two years, nothing further was heard of him. But his ardent nature found play in the new country to which he had come, and when the Province of Rio Grande rose in revolution against the rule of the

Brazilians, Garibaldi joined the rebels and made preparations to fight in the revolutionary cause.

He secured a little fishing vessel, and with a few companions began to cruise as a privateer in the insurgent cause, going through many sea fights and many hardships and adventures in the behalf of the revolutionists. Finally he was shipwrecked and only saved his life by his great skill at swimming, most of his companions drowning in the surf where he was powerless to help them. The revolutionists gave him another ship and he soon sailed away for further encounters with the enemy.

While in the port of Laguna a new adventure befell him, for there he beheld the woman who was to become his wife. Her name was Anita Riberas, and according to the South American custom her father had arranged a marriage for her with a man she did not love. When she met Garibaldi she was struck with his fine and commanding appearance, and he on his part instantly fell in love with her, for she was a woman of great beauty and a keen and spirited mind. The result of this meeting was that Anita eloped with Garibaldi, sailing away with him on his vessel and marrying him a few days later when another port was reached.

Anita not only was on board Garibaldi's vessel in a number of sea fights but actually took part in them. On one occasion, we are told, she was knocked down by a gust of wind made by a cannon ball as it whizzed across the

deck, but picking herself up continued to fight by the side of the men.

Garibaldi then organized a band of guerilla cavalry and his bride, dressed in man's clothes, rode by his side. It was while her husband was a captain of guerillas that she bore him a son, and on many weary journeys the baby was carried in a sort of net cradle slung from her saddle. Garibaldi was now fighting for the freedom of Uruguay.

It was at this time that Garibaldi formed the band of revolutionaries called the Italian Legion. They chose for their colors a flag on which a volcano was painted with fire spouting from the crater against a background of black. And Garibaldi at the head of his Italians was a skilful and famous soldier, known everywhere in Uruguay and even in foreign countries.

In the year 1848 the whole of Northern Italy rose in arms against the Austrians, and the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, was now fighting in a cause that seemed just to Garibaldi, who desired of all things to see the foreign control of great nations taken away from his country. At once he decided to enter the war and sailed for Italy with the members of his legion. He chose for an emblem this time the colors that have since become the flag of Italy, a flag of red, white and green arranged like the French tricolor.

He received a cold welcome from the King of Sardinia, for Charles Albert could not forgive his former

revolutionary activities. But the King soon had reason to hate him even more than hitherto, for when, with the Pope, he made peace with Austria after his forces had been defeated. Garibaldi refused to recognize the compact and with a small band of insurgents continued the fight, until he fell ill with fever and was compelled to give up the struggle and allow his soldiers to return to their homes.

He was determined, however, that Italy should never again recognize Austrian rule, and as soon as he had recovered from the fever, he began what was called the "People's War." Numbers of Italians flocked to his standard, and his cause was soon strengthened by an uprising in Rome, in which the Pope himself was driven from office, and a minister named Rossi was murdered.

Garibaldi had hastened to Rome to be present at the declaration of the Roman Republic, of which Mazzini was to be President. As the Austrian and French forces were pursuing him he organized a stubborn resistance, and furious fighting took place in the outskirts of the city and in the streets themselves. Soon it was evident that the revolutionists must give in and the city be taken. The only hope for the Republicans lay in their escaping to the mountains. The city surrendered finally without Garibaldi's consent, and with his band of red shirted followers he fled into the country just as the French soldiers were pouring through the gates. His wife, dressed as a man, accompanied him.

Then commenced a campaign filled with most bitter hardships and difficulties. At the beginning of his flight he had only five thousand men and these were quickly decreased in numbers by the hardships they were compelled to undergo, and by many desertions that took place as a result. But Garibaldi persevered, until he saw that it was useless to think of any further resistance at that time, and he then planned a flight to the coast. Fully fifty thousand well armed and organized men were in pursuit of him, and their ranks were added to daily by deserters from his own small force. At last all but two hundred surrendered, and these, with Garibaldi at their head seized a number of fishing vessels and put to sea, hoping to reach the friendly city of Venice.

But the enemy's vessels were watching the coast, and soon a large fleet was in hot pursuit. Some of Garibaldi's vessels were captured and sunk and the rest were compelled to land to escape the pursuing ships.

All this time his faithful wife, Anita, had accompanied him—but the hardships they had undergone had proved too much for her; she had fallen ill and now it was seen that she had only a few hours to live. With soldiers of the enemy following him, and with his dying wife in his arms, Garibaldi hid among the sand dunes of the coast and at last carried his wife into a deserted cottage where she promptly breathed her last.

With the soldiers at his heels Garibaldi could not even wait to see her buried. He took to the hills once more, and after a terrible journey of forty days, in which he was obliged to travel in disguise, he escaped on a fishing boat, and after being turned away from several ports where his presence was unwelcome, made his way to America. This time he went to New York, and for a time earned his daily bread as a ship chandler on Staten Island.

Then he returned to his old trade of sea captain and sailed for China in command of a vessel called the *Carmen*. He then returned to Europe, and as the hatreds of the revolution had now largely blown over he was able to go to Nice and see his children. The search for him had waned. Italy seemed hopelessly under the yoke of her enemies, and Garibaldi settled down to private life on the Island of Caprera, where he lived simply as a farmer.

He was only too ready, however, to respond if another demand should come for him to carry arms in behalf of United Italy, and through the skill of the statesman, Cavour, such a demand did come in the year 1859. Cavour, by clever diplomacy, had brought on a war between the Austrians and the French and with the aid of the powerful nation of France the Italians were victorious at the battles of Magenta and Solferino.

But while France was willing to fight the Austrians, the French were unwilling to have Italy at their doors as a united nation, and a peace was agreed upon between the

two great powers in which Italian liberty was ignored. All the work of Garibaldi seemed to have been useless. All of his great sacrifices were apparently thrown away by the statesmen and diplomats who were forced to accede to the French and Austrian terms.

But the peace of Villafranca, as this agreement was called, was only the beginning of Garibaldi's greatness. He hastened to Genoa, where, with one thousand and seventy followers, he seized two steamers and embarked for Sicily. Sicily had revolted on hearing of the peace terms and Garibaldi had been invited to go there and aid the revolution.

After a voyage of six days he landed at Marsala where a tremendous welcome was given to him. The Neapolitan fleet was not far off, but they did not dare to open fire on the little band of revolutionists on account of British warships nearby, as Great Britain was known to favor the revolutionary cause.

With Garibaldi at the head of an indomitable little army, the Neapolitan soldiers were put to flight at the battle of Calatafimi and Garibaldi advanced upon the city of Palermo. After heavy fighting the city was taken, and afterward at the head of about two thousand men, Garibaldi routed an army more than three times the size of his own. All Sicily was soon in Garibaldi's possession, and now, with a considerable army at his back, he crossed over to the Italian mainland and advanced northward,

with his enemies fleeing before him. Finally he captured the city of Naples and his work was completed.

Without any hesitation Garibaldi turned over his conquests to King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, who, after Garibaldi's successes, had marched against Naples and was now in control of a large part of the Italian peninsula. After refusing many rewards Garibaldi retired again to the island of Caprera, but in 1862 he raised a volunteer army and marched against Rome in an attempt to overthrow the power of the Pope which he believed must be destroyed before Italy could ever become a united nation.

King Victor Emmanuel did not feel that he could allow this expedition of Garibaldi's, and sent his own army against him. Garibaldi was defeated and he himself was taken prisoner, but after a short confinement he was pardoned and set at liberty.

In 1866 he started another revolution but was again defeated and again captured. Once more, however, he was pardoned and allowed to go back to Caprera, where he was guarded by a warship to prevent any further activity on his part. Three years later he offered his services to the French Republic and was made a deputy of that famous body, the French Versailles Assembly. He then entered the Italian Parliament, and for his great patriotic services was given a pension for life. In later life he married again but the marriage was not a happy one and was annulled

after a number of years, when Garibaldi again took a wife, a peasant woman named Francesca.

He died in 1882, at Caprera, one of the most famous of all Italians, and the one to whom modern Italy owes more than to any other man. Had it not been for Garibaldi's great endurance under the most terrible hardships and privations, and his resolute determination to free his country, there might well be no modern Italy as these pages are written.

Otto von Bismarck
The Boy of Göttingen
1815 A.D. – 1898 A.D. Germany

A tall, slender boy, followed by a great Danish hound, walked down the main street of the German town of Göttingen in Hanover one spring morning in 1832. The small round cap, gay with colors, told the world that the boy was a student at the University, and also that he belonged to one of the students' clubs, or fighting corps, as they were called. But this boy looked quite a dandy. A wide sash was tied about his waist, high-polished boots came up to his knees, and he wore a knot of colors on his breast, the same colors he sported in his cap, the emblem that he belonged to the Brunswick student corps. Moreover he carried himself with rather a haughty manner, and the big dog, following at his heels, walked in much the same way.

Presently there came strolling along the street a group of a half dozen boys who wore the round caps of the Hanoverian Club. Something about the boy with the dog struck them as comical, and they began to laugh, and nudge each other, and when they came up to the boy they stopped and stared at him in undisguised amusement. Quick color sprang to his cheeks, he hesitated, and then came to a full stop. It was not pleasant to be singled out as a laughing-stock in the main street of Göttingen.

"Well, what are you laughing at?" he demanded, looking squarely at the group of boys.

One of them waved his hand airily in answer. "At the magnificence of our new little Brunswicker," he answered mockingly.

"So? And are you accustomed to laugh at magnificence?" The boy's brows were bent and his lips had set in a very stern line.

"When it amuses us we laugh," put in one of the others.

"Then I'd have you know it's ill manners to laugh, and I'll teach you better as soon as we get schlägers in our hands."

"And who may you be?" asked the one who had spoken first.

"My name is Otto von Bismarck. I come from Prussia, and I'm a new student here."

"And which of us will you fight?"

"I'll fight you all. Send your man to me at my room, and I'll agree on any time and place." Then, with his head held very high the boy walked on, and the great Dane followed at his heels.

"Bismarck?" said one of the Hanover boys to the others. "It seems to me I've heard of him. They say he's splendid company."

"He's surely got pluck enough," agreed another. "I like the way he faced the lot of us." So they went on down the street, discussing the new student.

Otto, no whit daunted by his adventure, shortly after returned to his room. He lighted a big china-bowled pipe, and was smoking and reading when the messenger from the boys he had challenged came to see him. Otto offered him a pipe, and the two were soon eagerly discussing horses and dogs and telling about the fine hunting there was to be had in the different parts of Germany in which their homes lay. They got on together famously, and finally the visitor, who was the chief of his corps, said, "What a shame we got into this trouble over nothing. You're too good a fellow for any of us to fight. We shouldn't have guyed you that way. Let me see if I can't fix matters up."

"I'm quite ready to fight them all," said Otto stoutly. "I told them so, and I always stand by my word."

"I know," said the other, who by now had taken a great liking to the young Prussian. "But you're not the sort to get really angry at such a little thing, and I like you too much to want to cross swords with you."

"And I like you," answered Otto warmly, "but remember I'm quite ready if the others aren't of your way of thinking."

The Hanover boy went back to his clubmates, and told them the result of his talk with Otto. He said the latter was

not a coxcomb or a dandy, but one of the best humored fellows he had ever met, and if he had been driven to showing his temper on the street that morning it was the result of their rudeness, and not Otto's ill will. The other boys quite agreed with what their captain said, and he was asked to carry their regrets to Otto for the unfortunate meeting and their hope that the duels might not be fought.

The reconciliation was at once carried out, but the adventure did not end there as far as the young paladin named Bismarck was concerned. The Hanover captain, who was a year or two older than Otto, and knew much more about the University, became his best friend, and soon one boy was rarely seen without the other. There was no regular Prussian student corps at Göttingen, and so Otto, when he had reached the University and had been invited to join the Brunswick Club, had at once accepted. Now his chum began to show him how much better the Hanover corps was than that of Brunswick, and argued with him that as it was not a matter of home pride, but simply a question as to which boys he liked best, he had better join his new friends' club. It took little persuasion to convince Otto that his wishes really all lay that way, and so he resigned from the corps of Brunswick and was received into that of Hanover.

As soon as this news spread through the University the Brunswickers were very indignant. They declared they had been grossly insulted, and that Otto von Bismarck should be made to pay for this slight upon them. Their

captain and best swordsman at once challenged Otto to fight with the schläger. Otto accepted, and the duel quickly took place.

This schläger fighting was an old custom of all the German universities, and every boy who belonged to a corps was pretty sure to fight one or more such duels. The schläger is very heavy and clumsy compared with a dueling sword, and requires a very strong wrist and arm. Instead of dexterous fencing the fighting is done by downright slashing and cutting and usually ends when one or the other fighter has received a cut on the face. The duel takes place with a great deal of ceremony, each student being attended by a number of his own club, and each corps values as its highest honor the reputation of having the best fighters in the university.

Otto proved his strength in this first duel with the Brunswick captain. He himself received a number of hard blows, but he gave more than he took, and finally cut his opponent on the cheek. That ended the duel, and each boy retired satisfied, Otto because he had won, and the Brunswick captain because he had another scar to prove his fighting spirit.

But the Brunswickers were not yet satisfied that their reputation was entirely cleared, and so in a few days Otto received a challenge from the next best fighter of their corps, and having fought him was challenged by another, and so the affair continued until he had met and defeated

almost every student in the Brunswick corps. He fought twenty schläger duels during his first year at the University, and came out of them so well that he was ranked as one of the best fighters at Göttingen, and the Hanoverians were very proud of him.

In only one encounter was the young Prussian wounded. He was fighting with a student named Biederwig, and the latter's sword-blade snapped in two as Otto was parrying his fierce attack. The broken edge gave Bismarck a slight cut on the cheek, and Biederwig at once claimed a victory. The officers of the clubs, however, decided that the duel was a drawn encounter. By this time Otto, who was just eighteen, had become the leader among the students of Göttingen.

Such customs seem strange and almost barbarous to Anglo-Saxon boys, but this dueling played a large part in the college life of Germans at that time. Otto was not by nature quarrelsome, but he was bound to hold his own with his friends, and to do that he felt that he must take his part in the rough life about him. Very soon after the fight with Biederwig he was drawn into a much more serious affair.

Among his close friends was a young German baron who had fallen out with an English student named Knight. Each of them felt that their quarrel demanded serious settlement and they determined to fight with pistols instead of swords. At first Otto refused to have anything

to do with the meeting, but at the last minute the Baron's second withdrew, and the Baron begged Otto to take his place. Otto could not refuse this appeal of his friend, and so reluctantly consented.

When the two met Otto paced out a much longer distance than was usual in such cases, and had them stand very far apart. When the word was given each student fired, but both were so nervous that their shots went very wide. Then Otto at once interfered, stating that the honor of each was now fully satisfied, and refusing to let them continue. Here he showed that masterfulness of character which had already made him a leader, and which now at once compelled the duelists to submit.

Such a meeting as this was, however, contrary to the laws of the University, and all the boys who took part in it were at once severely punished. The other students told how Otto had ended the fight and begged that he be let off, but the rector would not listen to their requests, and Bismarck was ordered to undergo eleven days of solitary confinement. When he was released he was welcomed back by all the student corps, and became more of a hero than ever.

But Otto von Bismarck's college life was not all fighting. Although he was not much of a student, he was keenly interested in everything about him, and fond of arguing on all sorts of subjects. History was his favorite study; he devoured stories of great kings and statesmen

and soldiers, his keen mind always intent on discovering the reason for the success or failure of each.

There was then at Göttingen a young American, by name John Lothrop Motley, who was as much interested in history as was Otto, and even more fond of an argument. The two became close friends, and often sat up half the night to settle some dispute between them. Motley was the more eager, and often the young German would wake in the morning to find his American friend sitting on the edge of his bed waiting to go on with their discussion of the night before. It was Motley also who interested Otto so much in American history that he took a leading part in celebrating the Fourth of July at Göttingen.

His college life taught the young Prussian student many valuable things that are not told in books. He grew up with a fine knowledge of the boys of his own age, and with a strength and courage which made him admired by all his friends.

A little later, when he was at home on a vacation, he was riding with several neighbors around a pond. The banks of the pond were very steep. Suddenly Otto heard a cry behind him. Turning he saw that a groom's horse had stumbled and pitched the rider into deep water. The man was terribly frightened, and it was evident that he either did not know how to swim or was too excited to try to do so. The other horsemen stood still, doing nothing but call

to the groom. Otto, however, tore off his coat and sword, and plunged in. The man caught at him, and clung to him so tightly that it looked as though Otto would be pulled down with him. Once both disappeared entirely under water, but Otto's great strength saved him, and after a short time he was able to drag the groom to shore.

Great events call for great men, and usually find them. The adventures of his college life had never found the Prussian boy wanting in nerve or courage; he had always seized his chance and made the most of it. He did the same thing as he grew into manhood, and tried for a time life in the army, then on his father's farmland, and then in Parliament.

Great changes were coming over Europe as Otto grew to manhood; old countries were falling apart, and new ones being formed, and there was need of strong men to advise and to check the people. Especially was this true of Germany, which was then a collection of small kingdoms loosely joined together. When these kingdoms needed a man to steer them through the troubled waters that were gathering around them Otto von Bismarck saw his opportunity and took it.

He became the great statesman of Germany, the "Iron Chancellor" as he was often called, the man who built the present German Empire, and gave its crown to his own sovereign, William I, of Prussia. He was a man of tremendous power, aggressive, fearless, masterful,

showing the same sturdy traits that had made him in his youth the most feared and admired schläger-fighter in all Göttingen.

"The Prophet-Engineer": George Washington Goethals

1858 A.D. – 1928 A.D. Panama

A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.
Percy Mac Kaye.

When a boy has a name like George Washington Goethals he must have something out of the ordinary about him to let it pass with his companions on the playground. Should he prove a weakling, should the other boys discover any flaw in the armor of his self-confidence, such a name would be a mockery and a misfortune.

Is there any one who cannot recall certain rarely uncomfortable moments of his childhood when he wished that the fates had provided him with a Christian name that the other chaps couldn't send back and forth like a shuttlecock, with a new derisive turn at each toss? One expects to endure a certain amount of "Georgie Porgie" nonsense, which has the excuse of rime if not of reason, but when one also has a last name that nobody ever heard of before, he finds himself wishing sometimes that he had been born a Johnson or a Smith.

"I don't believe that I quite like our name," remarked little George Goethals in the confidence of the family circle one evening, "It is a bit queer, isn't it?"

"It's a name to be proud of, son," was the reply. "It's a name to live up to. For more than a thousand years it has been borne by strong, brave men. It belongs to the history of more than one country and century, and the way it was won makes a pretty story."

"Tell me the story!" begged the boy, breathlessly, his eyes dark with interest.

"In the days when knights were bold, a man named Honorius, whose courage was as finely tempered as his sword, went with the Duke of Burgundy from Italy into France. In a fierce battle with the Saracens he received a terrible blow on the neck which would have felled most men to the ground, but his strength and steel withstood the shock and won for him a nickname of honor—Boni Coli (good neck). Later, when he was rewarded for his valor by a grant of land in the north country which is now Holland and Belgium, this name was changed after the Dutch fashion into *Goet Hals* (*good* or *stiff neck*), and became the family name of all that man's descendants, who made it an honored name in Holland. When your ancestors came to America they hoped that it would become an honored name in the new country, and it must be your part to help bring that to pass."

The boy's eyes grew thoughtful. "For more than a thousand years it has been the name of brave men," he repeated to himself. "But it is an American name now, isn't it?" he added anxiously.

"Yes, son, it is just as American as it can be made," his father returned with a laugh. "We call it Gō'thals,—there is nothing more truly American than a thing that has *go*, you know,—and we've given you the name of the first American to go with it."

"I'll show that an American Goethals can be as brave as any Dutch one," George boasted.

"Strong hearts and brave deeds speak for themselves, son," he was reminded, "and they are understood everywhere, whether the people speak Dutch, English, or Chinese."

As the boy's school-days went by, it seemed that he had made that truth his own. In his studies he showed that common sense and thoroughness are better than mere dash and brilliancy. On the playground he let others do the talking, content to make his reply when he had his turn at the bat—or not at all. And the knightly baron of old who won the name of Good Neck could not have held up his head and faced his world with a stronger and more resolute bearing than did this American school-boy.

To those who knew him it was no surprise when he entered West Point; and it was no surprise to any one when he graduated second in his class.

"Of course, he wouldn't be first," one of his classmates said; "that would have been too showy for G. W. I don't know any one to whom just the honor of a thing means less. He's glad to have done a good job, and of course he's glad to be one of the picked few to go into the engineer corps."

As if unwilling to part with the young lieutenant, West Point kept him as an instructor for several months before sending him on to Willett's Point, where he remained in the Engineering School of Application for two years.

He soon proved that he had the virtues of the soldier and the leader of men—loyalty and perseverance; loyalty, that makes a man able to take and give orders without becoming a machine or a tyrant; and perseverance, that makes him face each problem with the resolution to fight it out to the finish.

There were years when he was detailed to one task after another. Now it was the development of irrigation works for vast tracts of land in the West where only water was needed to make the section a garden spot of the continent. Then, when his system of ditches was fairly planned out, he was ordered off to cope with another problem, the building of dikes and dams along the Ohio River to curb the spring floods and to make the stream a dependable servant to man. Always he was "on the battle-front of engineering," facing nature in her most obstinate

moods and conquering obstacles that stood in the way of achievement.

Sometimes when he was sent to a new point on the firing-line, leaving others to carry his work to completion, he would say to himself a bit ruefully, "What would it be like, I wonder, to stay by a job till the day of results?" But always his experience was the same. This year, orders took him to canal work along the Tennessee River; the next, perhaps, found him detailed to the work of coast fortifications at Newport. He was sent for a time to the Academy at West Point as instructor in civil and military engineering, and for a while he was stationed at Washington as assistant to the chief engineer of the army. Everywhere he showed a love of work for the work's sake, a passion for a job well done. But what was rarer still, he showed a reach of understanding that was as broad as his practical grasp was firm. He always saw the relation between his own job and a greater whole.

"While he keeps his eye on the matter in hand, it doesn't shut out a glimpse of the things of yesterday and to-morrow. That's why he's so reasonable and why his men will follow wherever he leads," it was said.

When the Spanish-American war broke out he went to Porto Rico as chief engineer of the First Army Corps. There his initial task was to construct a wharf where supplies could be landed, while a war vessel, which had been detailed for the purpose, stood guard over the

operations. When the chief engineer looked at the heavy surf breaking on the beach his eye fell upon some flat-bottomed barges which had been captured by the warship, and a plan for quick and effective construction recommended itself on the instant.

"Fill the barges with sand, and sink them as a foundation for the wharf," was his order.

Only one, however, had been so appropriated when the amazed admiral in command of the man-of-war sent his aide to direct the engineer to call a halt in his extraordinary proceedings.

"I am acting upon orders from my commanding officer and can take none from any one else," replied Major Goethals, while the work with the second barge went on merrily. In a trice the aide returned with the warning that unless the orders were obeyed, the man-of-war would open fire on the rash offender.

"You'll have to fire away, then," was the reply, "for we shall not stop until we have completed the work we were sent here to do and landed the stores."

The admiral did not send a shot after his threat, but he did forward a complaint to the engineer's commanding officer, who directed that lumber be employed instead of the barges.

Major Goethals sent back the reply that there was no lumber to be had, and, while the offended admiral darkly threatened a court-martial, completed the wharf.

"It was pretty uncomfortable during the time the admiral passed by without speaking, was it not?" a brother officer asked the major.

"Well—we landed the supplies," returned the engineer, quietly, as if that was the only thing that mattered after all. As usual, he was content to let results speak for themselves.

All of the work that this master engineer had done up to this time, however, was really unconscious preparation for a mighty task that lay waiting for a man great enough to face with courage and commanding mind and will the difficulties and problems involved in the biggest engineering job in America, or, indeed, in the whole world—the digging of the Panama Canal. Ever since Columbus made his four voyages in the vain hope of finding a waterway between the West and the East, ever since Balboa, "silent upon a peak in Darien," gazed out over the limitless expanse of the Pacific, it had seemed as if man must be able to make for himself a path for his ships across the narrow barrier of land that nature had left there as a challenge to his powers. At first it seemed that it must be as simple as it was necessary to cut a canal through forty miles of earth, but time showed that the mighty labors of Hercules were but child's play compared to this.

Before Sir Francis Drake, the daring pirate whom destiny and patriotism made into an explorer and an admiral, died in his ship off the Isthmus in 1596, a survey

had been made of the trail along which the Spanish adventurers had been carrying the plunder of their conquests in South America across the narrow neck of land from the town of Panama to Porto Bello, where it could be loaded on great galleons and taken to Spain. For three centuries men of different nations—Spain, France, Colombia, and the United States—made surveys and considered various routes for a canal, but when they came face to face with the project at close range, the tropical jungle and the great rocky hills put a check on their ventures before they were begun.

In 1875, however, when the Suez Canal was triumphantly completed by the French canal company it seemed as if Count de Lesseps, the hero of this enterprise, might well be the man to pierce the New World isthmus. Blinded by his brilliant success, the venerable engineer (de Lesseps was at this time seventy-five years old) undertook the leadership of a vast enterprise to dig a similar canal across Panama. A canal was a canal; an isthmus was an isthmus. Of course, the man who had made a way for ships through Suez could join the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific at Panama. No one seemed to realize that the digging of a ditch through one hundred miles of level, sandy desert was an entirely different problem from cutting a waterway through solid rock and removing mountains, to say nothing of diverting into a new channel the flow of a turbulent river and reconciling the widely different tides of two oceans.

Other engineers realized that the difficulties in the way of a sea-level ditch were stupendous and that the lock canal was the type for Panama. Trusting, however, in the careless plans of Lieutenant Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse of the French Navy, who did not cover in his hasty survey more than two thirds of the territory through which the canal was to pass, Count de Lesseps estimated that the work could be completed for $120,000,000, and promised that in six years the long-sought waterway to the Pacific and the East would be open. None could doubt that the tolls paid by ships which would no longer be compelled to round Cape Horn in order to reach the western coast of the continents of North and South America, the islands of the Pacific, and the rich trading centers of the Orient, would repay tenfold the people who supplied the money for the great enterprise.

Trusting in the magic name of the engineer who had brought glory to France and wealth to those who had supported his Suez venture, thousands of thrifty people throughout France offered their savings in exchange for stock in the canal company. But the only persons who ever made any money out of the enterprise were the dishonest men in high positions who took advantage alike of the unsuspecting optimism of de Lesseps and the faith of the public in his fame. They drew large salaries and lived like princes, while, for want of proper management the money expended for labor and machinery on the isthmus was for the most part thrown away. Many of the tools imported

were suited to shoveling sand, not to removing rock. The matter of transportation for men and supplies seemed not to have been considered at all. And the engineers and workmen fell prey in large numbers to yellow fever and malaria, for at that time it was not known that the mosquito was responsible for the spread of these diseases. Even the splendid hospitals built by the French provided favorable breeding-places for the carriers of the fever germs.

The success of any large enterprise depends above everything else on the skilful handling of the problems of human engineering. For the quality of any work depends on the character of the workers. This means that a master of any great undertaking that involves the labor of many must first of all be a master of men. The successful engineer of the Panama Canal had not only to secure the loyalty and cooperation of all the workers of many races and prejudices, but also to provide comfortable houses, wholesome food, and healthful living conditions, alike for body and mind, of his army of workers. The French did not know the country in which they worked—the difficulties and dangers it presented. They did not know the men who worked for them—their needs and how to meet them. They did not know the men they worked with—their inefficiency and graft and how to forestall them. The de Lesseps enterprise was, therefore, doomed to failure. After expending $260,000,000 (more than twice as much as the entire cost of Suez) in nine years, less

than a quarter of the canal was dug and the chief problems, presented by the unruly Chagres River and the floods of the rainy season, were still untouched.

This is not the place to describe the disorderly retreat of the French forces, who hastily abandoned work and workers, tools and machines, like so much wreckage of a hopeless disaster.

Some of the rascals and swindlers were punished; many others escaped. The aged de Lesseps—acclaimed as a hero yesterday, denounced as a traitor to-day— died of a broken heart. Thousands of poor people lost their little savings and with them their hope of comfort in their old age. When the United States offered to pay forty million dollars for all that the French company had accomplished, and all that it possessed in the way of equipment, plans, and privileges, the stockholders were only too glad to close the bargain.

The whole story of how the United States went about this world job makes one of the most interesting chapters of our history. It is, however, "another story." We cannot here go into the matter of how Panama became a republic independent of Colombia, and how the United States purchased for ten million dollars a strip of land ten miles wide, five miles on either side of the canal, across the isthmus. This Canal Zone is "as much the territory of the United States as the parade-ground at West Point," the ports of Balboa and Cristobal are American, and the

United States holds the right to enforce sanitary regulations in the cities of Panama and Colon at either end of the canal and to preserve order when the Panama authorities prove unequal to the task.

The shout went up from all over America: "Make the dirt fly! Show what the spirit of 'get there' and Yankee grit can do!" Of course, the temptation to produce immediate results was great. But the clear-seeing men in control said: "There must be no headlong rush this time. We will be content to make haste slowly and take steps to prevent the evils that have defeated those who have gone before. We must clean the cities, drain the swamps, make clearings in the rank growth of the jungles. We must make a place even in the tropics where health and happy human living are possible."

But the "clean-up" slogan was not able alone to conquer the specter of disease. Yellow fever still haunted the sanitary streets and byways. Only through the heroism of brave men who loved their neighbors better than themselves and who were willing to die that others might live was the secret learned. The experiments to which they gladly offered up their lives proved that the bite of a particular kind of mosquito was responsible for the spread of the disease, and that, if this insect could be destroyed, yellow fever would be destroyed with it. Colonel Gorgas, the chief sanitary officer, whose watchword was "First prevent, then curb, and, when all else fails, cure," was the leader in the fight for healthful conditions on the isthmus.

But all this time we have been talking much about the battle-ground and little about the general who led the forces to victory.

It was clear that the time was ripe. The moment cried out for a man of power—one whose might as an engineer could command the forces of earth and ocean, and whose understanding of the even more difficult problems of human engineering would make him a true leader of men.

In 1905 Mr. Taft, who was at that time secretary of war, journeyed to Panama to see how the work was going forward and to plan for the fortifications of the canal. He took with him an officer of engineers, a tall, vigorous man of forty seven, with gray hair, a strong, youthful, bronzed face, and clear, direct, blue eyes. No trumpet sounded before Major Goethals to announce the man of the hour—the one whom destiny and experience had equipped for the great work. He studied every phase of the giant enterprise, and, when he returned to Washington, prepared a report that showed not only a thorough understanding of every detail, but also a broad comprehension of the problems of the whole. His recommendation of a lock canal was submitted by the secretary of war to the President, and with it went Mr. Taft's recommendation of Major Goethals for the position of chief engineer. Experience had proved that divided authority and changes in policy through changes in management were serious drawbacks.

"If I can find an army officer equal to the job, he will have to fight the thing out to the finish," said President Roosevelt. "He must manage the work on the spot, not from an office in Washington. He must be given full power to act and to control; and he must be a man big enough to realize that large authority means only large responsibility."

After carefully considering Major Goethals' record and reports and then talking with the man himself, the President became convinced that he had found the right chief for the work and the army of workers. But when it was generally known that an army officer was to command at Panama, people shook their heads. "The high-handed methods of the military will never succeed there," they said. "Shoulder-straps cannot do the work!"

On the occasion of Major Goethals' first appearance before his staff of engineers and other assistants it was very clear that they looked upon the departure of their late chief, Mr. Stevens, with regret that became keener as they anticipated the formality and rigors of military control. When it was the new leader's turn to speak they faced him silently. Major Goethals stood tall and firm like a true descendant of the "Good Neck" of old, but he looked them in the eyes frankly and pleasantly.

"There will be no militarism and no salutes in Panama," he said. "I have left my uniform in moth-balls at home, and with it I have left behind military duties and

fashions. We are here to fight nature shoulder to shoulder. Your cause is my cause. We have common enemies—Culebra Cut and the climate; and the completion of the canal will be our victory. I intend to be the commanding officer, but the chiefs of division will be the colonels, the foremen the captains, and no man who does his duty has aught to fear from militarism."

Let us see how they went against the first enemy, Culebra Cut; the channel that was to be made through the formidable "peak in Darien" known as Culebra Mountain. It is only seven o'clock, but the chief engineer—*Colonel* Goethals, now—is at the station ready to take the early train.

"Suppose we walk through the tunnel," he remarks. "You know the dirt-trains have right of way in Panama. We should hesitate to delay one even for the President of the United States or the Czar of all the Russias."

At the end of the tunnel a car that looks like a limousine turned switch-engine is waiting on a siding for the "boss of the job." Painted light yellow, like the passenger-cars of the Panama Railroad, it is known among the men as the "Yellow Peril," or the "Brain-wagon." But if any one expects, as a matter of course, to see the colonel in the "Yellow Peril," he is as likely as not doomed to disappointment. The chief engineer drops off, now to see men drilling holes for dynamite, now to watch the loading of the dirt-trains from the great steam-shovels.

As we see the solid rock and rocklike earth of Culebra we realize that without dynamite the canal would be impossible. Let us watch for a moment the tearing down of the "everlasting hill." Deafening machine-drills pierce the rock or hard soil with holes from three to thirty or forty feet in depth. These holes, which have been carefully arranged so as to insure the greatest effect in an earth-quaking, rock-breaking way, are filled with dynamite and then connected with an electric wire so that the pressure of a button will set off the entire charge. A rumble and then a roar—the earth trembles—heaves—then great masses of rock, mud, and water are hurled high in the air. A fraction of Culebra larger than a six- or seven-story building is frequently torn down by one of these explosions and the rock broken into pieces that can be seized by the steam-shovels and loaded on the dump-cars.

It is interesting to see how, through an ingenious arrangement of the network of tracks, the loaded cars always go on the down grade and only empty trains have to crawl up an incline. Much of the rock taken from the cut is used to build the great Gatun Dam, that keeps the troublesome Chagres River from flooding the canal. The rest goes to the construction of breakwaters at the ends of the waterway or to the filling of swamps and valleys.

The "brain-wagon" is going along without the head. He is climbing blithely over the roughest sort of ground, now dodging onrushing dirt-trains, now running to shelter with the "powder-men" at the moment of blasting.

A question here, a word there, and on he goes. It seems as if even the steam-shovels know that there is a masterhand at the helm and vie with one another to see which can take up the most earth at a bite. You would think any man would be completely played out after such constant jumping and climbing under the hot rays of a tropical sun, as the hours draw near to noon, but the colonel pulls up the long flight of steps that lead from the cut and remarks briskly, "Nothing like a little exercise every morning to keep your health in this climate!"

"There never was such a man for being on the job!" exclaimed one of his foremen, admiringly. "The only time the colonel isn't working is from ten P.M. to five A.M., when he is asleep."

No despotic monarch in his inherited kingdom ever had more absolute power than had the Man of Panama. The men from the chiefs of divisions down to the last Jamaican negro on the line realized that he was master of the business and that his orders sprang from a thorough understanding of conditions and a large grasp of the whole. He was a successful engineer, however, not only because he knew the forces of nature that they were working to conquer in Panama, but also the *human* nature he was working *with*. He knew that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and that no matter how perfect his plans and how powerful his huge machines and engines, the success he strove for would depend first of all on the character and the cooperation of the workers.

"The real engineer must above all feel the vital importance of the human side of engineering work," he declared. "The man who would move mountains and make the flow of rivers serve human ends must first be a master of human construction."

He knew that if there were to be able and willing workers in Panama, they must be provided with the means of comfortable and contented living. It was not enough to defeat death in the form of plague and fever; it was necessary to make life worth while. For man could not live by work alone in a land of swamps and jungles. Houses with screened porches, with gardens, and all the comforts and conveniences to be found at home were provided for the five thousand American engineers, clerks, and foremen. Ships with cold-storage equipment brought food supplies from New York or New Orleans, and every morning a long train of refrigerator-cars steamed across the isthmus carrying fresh provisions to all the hotels, town commissaries, and camps.

"You needn't pity us because we live in the Zone," said Mrs. Smith. "We get just as good meat and green vegetables as you can in market and at wholesale prices. Our house is rent free, with furniture, linen, and silverware provided. We have electric lights and a telephone. We even have ice-cream soda and the movies!"

The Man of Panama knew that all work and no play would not only make Jack a dull boy, but also a poor

workman. Recreation buildings were provided where one could enjoy basket-ball, squash, bowling, or read the latest books and magazines. There were clubs for men and for women, band concerts, and a baseball league.

"The colonel not only gave time and thought to the things that kept us contented and fit," one of the engineers said, "but he always had time for everybody who felt he wanted a word with him. The man who was handling the biggest job in the world nevertheless seemed to think it was worth while to consider the little troubles of each man who came along. Have you heard the song they sing in Panama?

"Don't hesitate to state your case, the boss will hear you through;
It's true he's sometimes busy, and has other things to do,
But come on Sunday morning, and line up with the rest,—
You'll maybe feel some better with that grievance off your chest.
See Colonel Goethals, tell Colonel Goethals,
It's the only right and proper thing to do.
Just write a letter, or, even better,
Arrange a little Sunday interview."

The colonel's Sunday mornings were remarkable occasions. You might see foregathered there the most interesting variety of human types that could be found together anywhere in the world—English, Spanish, French, Italians, turbaned coolies from India, and

American negroes. One man thinks that his foreman does not appreciate his good points; another comes to present a claim for an injury received on a steam-shovel. Mrs. A. declares with some feeling that she is never given as good cuts of meat as Mrs. B. enjoys every day. Another housewife doesn't see why, if Mrs. F. can get bread from the hospital bakery, she can't as well; because she, too, can appreciate a superior article!

"Of course, many of the things are trivial and even absurd," said the colonel; "but if somebody thinks his little affair important, of course it is—to him. And that is the point, isn't it? He feels better when he has had it out; and if it makes the people any happier in their exile to have this court of appeal, that is not a thing to be despised. Besides, first and last I come to understand many things that are really important from any point of view."

"He is the squarest boss I ever worked for," declared one of the locomotive engineers," and I'll tell you the grafters don't have any show with him. He had a whole cargo of meat sent back the other day because it wasn't above suspicion. I happen to know, too, that he turned back a load of screening on a prominent business house who thought that they could save a bit on the copper—that for a government order it would never be noticed if it was not quite rust-proof."

The canal was finished not only in less time than had ever been thought possible, but also with such honest and

efficient administration of every detail that nowadays, when the statement is sometimes made that no great public enterprise can be carried through without more or less mismanagement and jobbing, the champion of Uncle Sam's business methods retorts, "Look at Panama!"

The colonel's quiet mastery in moments of stress was perhaps the most interesting phase of his human engineering. The representatives of a labor union threaten a strike unless he orders the release of one of their number who has been convicted of manslaughter. "When will we get our answer?" asked the spokesman.

"You have it now," replied Colonel Goethals. "You said that if the man was not out of the penitentiary by seven this evening you would all quit. By calling up the penitentiary you will learn that he is still there. That is your answer. It is now ten minutes past seven."

"But, Colonel, you don't want to tie up the whole work!" protested the leader.

"I am not proposing to tie up the work—you are doing that," was the reply.

"But, Colonel, why can't you pardon the man?"

"I will take no action in response to a mob. As for your threat to leave the service, I wish to say that every man of you who is not at his post to-morrow morning will be given his transportation to the United States, and there will be no string to it. He will go out on the first steamer and he will never come back."

There was only one man who failed to report the following day, and he sent a doctor's certificate stating that he was too ill to be out of bed.

Human engineering was especially called into play when the Man of Panama faced committees of inquiry and investigation from Congress. A pompous politician once demanded in a challenging tone and with a sharp eye on the colonel, "How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?"

"One cubic yard," was the reply.

"You evidently do not understand my question," rejoined the investigator in the manner of one who is bent on convicting another through his own words. "How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?"

"One cubic yard."

"But you don't allow for the sand and concrete." The implied accusation was spoken with grave emphasis.

"Those go into the spaces among the cracked stone," was the unruffled reply. The smile that went around the room was felt rather than heard, but the pompous politician had no further questions.

This master of men, who was never known to yield his ground when he had once taken a stand, was always a man of few words. He preferred to let acts and facts do the talking.

"You know, Colonel Goethals," said a prominent statesman on one occasion, "a great many people think we are never going to carry this job through to the finish. What would you say when diplomats of the leading powers come at you with questions and declare it will never be done?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the reply.

On another occasion the boss of the job said: "Some day in September, 1913, 1 expect to go to Colon and take the Panama Railroad steamer and put her through the canal. If we get all the way across, I'll give it out to the newspapers—if we don't, I'll keep quiet about it."

It was said of old that if one had faith enough he could move mountains. We cannot doubt that the Man of Panama carried through his great work because he had faith—not a passive faith that hoped and waited, but an active *faithfulness* that worked in full confidence that destiny worked with him. And this faith and loyalty was a living power that enkindled like faithfulness in those who worked with him.

The Man of Panama is General Goethals now, but when any admirer would imply that his generalship—his administration and human engineering—was the chief factor in the success of the great work, he invariably replies that he was but one man of many working shoulder to shoulder in a common cause. The simple greatness of the "prophet-engineer" and leader of men was shown in the

words with which he accepted the medal of the National Geographic Society:

"The canal has been the work of many, and it has been the pride of Americans who have visited the isthmus to find the spirit which has animated the forces. Every man was doing the particular part of the work that was necessary to make it a success. No chief of any enterprise ever commanded an army that was so loyal, so faithfully that gave its strength and its blood to the successful completion of its task as did the canal forces. And so in accepting the medal and thanking those who confer it, I accept it and thank them in the name of every member of the canal army."

Since the completion of the canal, its master-builder has been called to serve his country in more than one great crisis. At the time of the threatened railroad strike in the fall of 1916, he was made chairman of the commission of three appointed by President Wilson to investigate the working of the eight-hour law for train operators, which was the subject of dispute, between the managers of the roads and the men who ran the freight-trains. In March, 1917, he was selected by Governor Edge of New Jersey to serve as advisory engineer on the construction of the new fifteen-million-dollar highway system of that State.