

Stories of Great Americans

FREEDOM SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Stories of Great Americans
Freedom Series

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Contents

Preface 3
How We May Be Patriots 4
Gratitude to Women 7
A Fire to Light the Way 8
A Mother's Daring Rescue 11
William Penn 13
Words of Comfort 20
Franklin His Own Teacher 23
A Great Good Man 25
The Dark Day 30
Stories About Jefferson 32
The Landlord's Mistake 34
The Story of Benjamin Franklin 37
The Declaration of Independence 73
The Liberty Bell 78
The Liberty Bell (a poem) 81
The Midnight Ride 82
The Truth Speaker 87
Liberty or Loyalty? 92
Israel Israel's Experience with the Tories 100
A Mother's Faith Through the Eyes of a Child 106
A Patriot Mother's Prayers 108
The Green Mountain Boys 111

The Martyr Patriot 113
The Patriotism of Lydia Darrah 121
Washington's Christmas Gift 124
How Washington Got Out of a Trap 127
A Winter at Valley Forge 130
Captain Molly Pitcher 135
"Mad Anthony" at Stony Point 137
Francis Marion 144
Another of Marion's Men 147
A Hero of the Sea 152
Washington's Last Battle 161
Moving West—A Perilous Journey 164
The Young Scout 172
The Whisperers 175
The Surly Guest 179
Why He Carried the Turkey 181
The Star-Spangled Banner (For Young Children) 184
The Star-Spangled Banner 187
The Star-Spangled Banner (Complete) 202
Longfellow as a Boy 204
The India Rubber Boy 206
David Crockett 209
Webster and the Poor Woman 215
Samuel Houston 217
John August Sutter 226

Mary Lyon....231
Samuel G. Howe....238
Dorothea Lynde Dix....246
Horace Greeley as a Boy....252
Horace Greeley Learning to Print....256
The Story of Daniel Webster....259
Lincoln's First Reading....302
Some Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman....307
The Kindness of a Great Soul....320
A Beautiful Story....321
Clara Barton....322
Frances E. Willard....328
Samuel C. Armstrong....331
Booker T. Washington....338
James Jerome Hill....347
Jane Addams....354
A Lonely Life on the Frontier....360
A Daring Rescue Across the Rocky Mountains....364
The Case of Mr. Tweed....372
375
God Give Us Men....375
References....377

Publisher's Note

We have taken special care to include stories that will appeal to readers of all ages. You will notice that some stories appear in a larger font. These are stories that are most suitable for very young children. The stories are generally presented in a chronological order.

Stories of American History

By Wilbur F. Gordy

Preface

Love of country springs up in the hearts of men living under the sweet influence of justice and freedom as flowers bloom at the call of warm sunshine. It is the natural way of living.

Unseen and unheard, subtle influences have shaped the thought and kindled the emotions of youth. As they have learned of the greatness of our country … an honest pride has made each stand taller….

It was a happy undertaking to bring together in this little book so many of our national stories.*

* From *A Patriotic Reader for the Intermediate Grades*, by Norma Helen Deming and Katherine Isabel Bemis

How We May Be Patriots*

As you … read these pages, you [will see] that our country has a long hue of noble men and women who unselfishly gave time and strength and often life itself in her service.

In the early days of the colonies, the founders of our nation endured great hardship that they might establish a free land.

The brave men of Revolutionary days fought against a great nation, and with little but their resolute spirits to encourage them, to keep this country free.

In the Civil War, thousands of young men, to whom life was bright and dear, cheerfully laid it down to preserve the Union, and make it a nation of free people.

The memory of these heroes, many of them unknown to us by name, is a precious inheritance. What has cost so much we cannot but value highly.

We know that to this land have come millions of people from foreign countries — some in earlier days, some but recently — among them your ancestors and mine, the ancestors of us all.

We ask, Why have they come? For what has America stood that she has drawn so many millions of people from their far-distant homes across the seas? Why have they left their relatives and friends, to take the long, hard ocean journey to a land that is new and strange, and where perhaps their own language is not spoken? Why have they chosen this as their home? Why do they wish to become American

* From *Our Patriots*, by Wilbur F. Gordy

citizens?

In many cases, it is the love of freedom which has drawn them — the same spirit which brought the Pilgrims and other colonists across the seas to these shores back in the days when life here was a hard and perilous struggle.

To others it has meant the land of opportunity — better wages, better homes, better chances for their children.

Others have come for different reasons, but all because America had offered them something they could not get in their own country.

And to all America has stood as the land of liberty and opportunity. As the newcomers approach the great port of New York, the first glimpse they catch of their new country is the beautiful Statue of Liberty in the harbor. Free and noble she stands as the spirit of our America, holding aloft the torch of liberty. Here men may live and work and breathe the glorious air of freedom and hope.

The brave people of the early days of our nation were so grateful for the privileges of a free land that they were willing to give much of sacrifice and service in return.

It has fallen to us to live in easier times. Not one of us probably has known hunger and cold and discomfort such as these people bore without complaint in their joy to be free and their desire to pass on a free country to their children.

Perhaps we have taken our blessings too much as a matter of course, not realizing with what price of suffering and sacrifice they have been bought. But if we think for a moment of what life would be without them, we know how much we prize them. And I hope down deep in our hearts is the willingness to bear and sacrifice, if need be, in the same spirit as those people of earlier times. None of us is so unfair as to take all and give nothing.

We love our beautiful country and are proud of her

glorious history….

If we keep our country's good ever before us, making such sacrifices as we are called upon to make for her, we belong to the noble company of patriots as truly as did Washington or Lincoln. Are you a patriot?

—Wilbur F. Gordy

Gratitude to Women*

The story of woman's work in great migrations has been told only in lines and passages where it ought instead to fill volumes.

The movement which has carried our people from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and in the short space of two centuries and a half has founded the greatest republic which the world ever saw, has already taken its place in history as one of the grandest achievements of humanity since the world began. It is a moral as well as a physical triumph, and forms an epoch in the advance of civilization. In this grand achievement, in this triumph of physical and moral endurance, woman must be allowed her share of the honor.

It would be a truism, if we were to say that our Republic would not have been founded without her aid….

… [I]t is only by following woman in her wanderings and standing beside her in the forest or in the cabin and by marking in detail the thousand trials and perils which surround her in such a position that we can obtain the true picture of the heroine….

The recorded sum total of an observation of this…would teach us how much this republic owes to its pioneer mothers, and would fill us with gratitude….

—William Fowler

* From *Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

A Fire to Light the Way*

In the spring of 1676, James Shute, with his wife and two small children, set out from Dorchester for the purpose of settling themselves on a tract of land in the southern part of what is now New Hampshire, but which then was an unbroken forest. The tract where they purposed making their home was a meadow on a small affluent of the Connecticut.

Taking their household goods and farming tools in an oxcart drawn by four oxen and driving two cows before them, they reached their destination after a toilsome journey of ten days. The summer was spent in building their cabin, and outhouses, planting and tending the crop of Indian corn which was to be their winter's food, and in cutting the coarse meadow grass for hay.

Late in October they found themselves destitute of many articles which even in those days of primitive housewifery and husbandry, were considered of prime necessity. Accordingly, the husband started on foot for a small trading post on the Connecticut River, about ten miles distant, at which point he expected to find some trading shallop or skiff to take him to Springfield, thirty-eight miles further south. The weather was fine and at nightfall Shute had reached the river, and before sunrise the next morning was floating down the stream on an Indian trader's skiff.

Within two days he made his purchases, and hiring a skiff rowed slowly up the river against the sluggish current on his return. In twelve hours he reached the trading post.

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* From *Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

It was now late in the evening. The sky had been lowering all day, and by dusk it began to snow.

Disregarding the admonitions of the traders, he left his goods under their care and struck out boldly through the forest over the trail by which he came, trusting to be able to find his way, as the moon had risen, and the clouds seemed to be breaking. The trail lay along the stream on which his farm was situated, and four hours at an easy gait would, he thought, bring him home.

The snow when he started from the river was already nearly a foot deep, and before he had proceeded a mile on his way the storm redoubled in violence, and the snow fell faster and faster. At midnight he had only made five miles, and the snow was two feet deep. After trying in vain to kindle a fire by the aid of flint and steel, he prayed fervently to God, and resuming his journey struggled slowly on through the storm. It had been agreed between his wife and himself that on the evening of this day on which he told her he should return, he would kindle a fire on a knoll about two miles from his cabin as a beacon to assure his wife of his safety and announce his approach.

Suddenly he saw a glare in the sky.

During his absence his wife had tended the cattle, milked the cows, cut the firewood, and fed the children. When night came she barricaded the door, and saying a prayer, folded her little ones in her arms and lay down to rest. Three suns had risen and set since she saw her husband with gun on his shoulder disappear through the clearing into the dense undergrowth which fringed the bank of the stream, and when the appointed evening came, she seated herself at the narrow window, or, more properly, opening in the logs of which the cabin was built, and watched for the beacon which her husband was to kindle. She looked through the falling snow

but could see no light. Little drifts sifted through the chinks in the roof upon the bed where her children lay asleep; the night grew darker, and now and then the howling of the wolves could be heard from the woods to the north.

Seven o'clock struck – eight – nine – by the old Dutch clock which ticked in the corner. Then her woman's instinct told her that her husband must have started and been overtaken by the storm. If she could reach the knoll and kindle the fire it would light him on his way. She quickly collected a small bundle of dry wood in her apron and taking flint, steel, and tinder, started for the knoll. In an hour, after a toilsome march, floundering through the snow, she reached the spot. A large pile of dry wood had already been collected by her husband and was ready for lighting, and in a few moments the heroic woman was warming her shivering limbs before a fire which blazed far up through the crackling branches and lighted the forest around it.

For more than two hours the devoted woman watched beside the fire, straining her eyes into the gloom and catching every sound. Wading through the snow she brought branches and logs to replenish the flames. At last her patience was rewarded: she heard a cry, to which she responded. It was the voice of her husband which she heard, shouting. In a few moments he came up staggering through the drifts, and fell exhausted before the fire. The snow soon ceased to fall, and after resting till morning, the rescued pioneer and his brave wife returned in safety to their cabin.

A Mother's Daring Rescue*

In the early days of the settlement of Royalton, Vermont, a sudden attack was made upon it by the Indians. Mrs. Hendee, the wife of one of the settlers, was working alone in the field, her husband being absent on military duty, when the Indians entered her house and capturing her children carried them across the White river, at that place a hundred yards wide and quite deep for fording, and placed them under keepers who had some other persons, thirty or forty in number, in charge.

Returning from the field Mrs. Hendee discovered the fate of her children. Her first outburst of grief was heart-rending to behold, but this was only transient; she ceased her lamentations, and like the lioness who has been robbed of her litter, she bounded on the trail of her plunderers. Resolutely dashing into the river, she stemmed the current, planting her feet firmly on the bottom and pushed across. With pallid face, flashing eyes, and lips compressed, maternal love dominating every fear, she strode into the Indian camp, regardless of the tomahawks menacingly flourished round her head, boldly demanded the release of her little ones, and persevered in her alternate upbraidings and supplications, till her request was granted. She then carried her children back through the river and landed them in safety on the other bank.

Not content with what she had done, like a patriot as she was, she immediately returned, begged for the release of

* From *Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

the children of others, again was rewarded with success, and brought two or three more away; again returned, and again succeeded, till she had rescued the whole fifteen of her neighbors' children who had been thus snatched away from their distracted parents.

On her last visit to the camp of the enemy, the Indians were so struck with her conduct that one of them declared that so brave a squaw deserved to be carried across the river, and offered to take her on his back and carry her over. She, in the same spirit, accepted the offer, mounted the back of the gallant savage, was carried to the opposite bank, where she collected her rescued troop of children, and hastened away to restore them to their overjoyed parents.

William Penn*
1644-1718

On the fourth of March, 1681, King Charles II of England signed and sealed a charter giving to William Penn the "tract of territory between the bay and river of Delaware and Lord Baltimore's province of Maryland." William Penn was a Quaker, or, as he would have said, "a member of the Society of Friends."

The "Friends" were a peaceable people, who did not believe in wars and fighting, but in the doctrine of love and goodwill, simple habits, and a sober life. Because they refused to serve as soldiers, and because they did not believe in many of the laws and customs of the English people, they frequently suffered much persecution. It was to give them a refuge that William Penn obtained his charter for a grant of land in America.

His next step was to advertise for purchasers of his land. A company was formed of merchants and others, mostly Friends, who bought from him twenty thousand acres. The price paid for the land was twenty English pounds for a thousand acres, or ten cents of our money for one acre. Today much of this same land could not be bought for ten cents a square foot.

The first colony came over in 1681 and began to build on the site of the present city of Philadelphia. In the summer of the next year William Penn himself came over. With

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche W. Mowry

about a hundred persons he went aboard a small vessel called the *Welcome*. [He went with] Robert Greenway, master, at Deal, County of Kent, and sailed away to America. They were nearly two months on the voyage. To add to their other sufferings, that awful plague of the old time, small-pox, broke out, and day after day one after another died; till on their reaching Upland upon the banks of the Delaware, only seventy were left to land in the New World. Penn was constant in his attention to the sick and did everything in his power to aid and encourage them. One of the passengers afterwards gave this testimony of his unselfish care during that fearful voyage: "The kind words of William Penn were very welcome to all the company. His singular care was shown in aiding in various ways many who were sick of the small-pox, of which more than thirty died."

The principles upon which Penn founded his colony were very different from those of the other English colonies. Here was freedom for all men, whether Catholics, Puritans, Episcopalians, or Quakers. But in no respect did this colony differ from the other colonies more than in its treatment of the Indians. Penn's ideas of the rights of the white men and the red men is well shown by a quaint writer of a hundred years ago. He gives a supposed conversation between Penn and King Charles, just before Penn sailed for the New World. The story runs as follows:

"'Well', says the King, 'I have sold you a valuable province in North America, but I do not suppose that you intend to go there yourself.'

"'Yes, indeed I do,' replied Penn, 'and I am just come to bid thee farewell.'

"'What! venture yourself among the savages of North America? Why, man, they will be after you with their bows and arrows and blazing torches, in two hours after setting

foot upon their shores.'

"'I think not,' said Penn.

"'What security have you against those cannibals? You will need soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets; and, mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my respect and good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.'

"'I want none of thy soldiers, Friend Charles. I depend upon something better than thy soldiers.'"

The king wanted to know what that could be.

"'Why, I depend on themselves, on their own moral sense; even that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men.'

"'I fear, Friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America.'

"'Why not to them as well as to all others?'

"'If it had appeared to them, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.'

"'That is no proof to the contrary, Friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest people in the world. They would feast them on their best fish and venison and corn, which was all that they had. In return for all their kindnesses, thy subjects, called Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds for farms for themselves. Now is it to be wondered at that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that burning with revenge they should have committed some excesses?'

"'Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.'

"'I am not afraid of it.'

"'But, how will you avoid it? You mean to get their

hunting grounds, too, I suppose.'

"'Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.'

"'Indeed, then, how will you get their lands?'

"'I mean to buy their lands of them.'

"'Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me.'

"'Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.'

"'Zounds, man! no right to their lands!'

"'No, Friend Charles, no right at all. What right hast thou to their lands?'

"'Why, the right of discovery, the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.'

"'The right of discovery! a strange kind of right indeed. Now suppose, Friend Charles, some canoe-loads of these same savages crossing the seas and discovering thy island of Great Britain were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?'

"'Why, why, why, I confess I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.'

"'Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages?'"

The king was obliged to give at least a tacit agreement to this argument.

"'Well, then, Friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a Christian, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, a man of peace, how can I do what I abhor, even in heathens? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves!'"

Thus William Penn, true to his convictions of justice

and right, soon after his arrival in the New World, called a meeting of the Indians who lived in that section of the country. With them he made a famous treaty. Yes, indeed, it was a famous treaty. That treaty between William Penn and his followers on the one hand, and the Indian king on the other, is well worth our careful study.

The day on which it was made was a beautiful autumn day near the close of November. The tall trees on either bank of the Delaware had shed their leaves, but the sun was bright and the air was mild. All nature was still and quiet as if wrapped in thought and preparing for the great transaction about to take place.

Under a wide-spreading tree, at a place which was called by the Indians Shackamaxon, a council-fire had been built. Near it was seated a company of chiefs with their counselors and aged men on either hand. In the midst of the group was the great Sachem, Taminend, "one of nature's noblemen, revered for his wisdom and beloved for his goodness." Behind them in the form of a half-circle sat the young men and a few aged matrons. Beyond them in still-widening circles were the younger people of both sexes. Lacy Cock, the hospitable Swede whose dwelling was near by, and a few other white men, also were of the company. Quietly all awaited Penn's coming.

A barge now appeared on the mild waters of the Delaware and approached the place of meeting. At the masthead was the broad pennant of the governor. The oars were manned by sturdy rowers, and near the stern sat William Penn, attended by his council. They landed and advanced toward the council-fire, Penn's attendants walking before him, bearing presents, which they spread upon the ground.

Taminend put on his chaplet, surmounted by a small horn, the emblem of kingly power. By means of an inter-

preter, he intimated that the nations assembled were ready to hear what the white father had to say to them. Then Penn arose and addressed them through the interpreter. Clarkson, the great English philanthropist, says that he spoke as follows:

"The Great Spirit, who made you and me, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the inmost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We have met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all to be openness, brotherhood, and love." Here the Governor unrolled a parchment, containing agreements for trade and promises of friendship. Then he proceeded:

"I will not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call you children or brothers only; for parents are apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes differ. Neither will I compare the friendship between us to a chain; for the rain may rust it, or a tree may fall and break it. But I will consider you as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts."

The Indians took time to think on what Penn had said to them, and then the king ordered one of his chiefs to reply. The Indian orator came forward and in the name of the king saluted Penn. Then he took him by the hand and made a speech, pledging kindness and good neighborhood and that they would "live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

The Indians then agreed to give to Penn all the land bounding on the great river from the mouth of Duck Creek to what is now Bristol, and from the river towards the setting sun as far as a man could ride in two days on a horse. Penn not only paid the Indians for the land, but he did everything possible to add to their happiness and improvement. As a result they were kind and friendly in return.

This peaceful intercourse between the people of Pennsylvania and the Indians continued without interruption as long as the principles of Penn prevailed in the colony. This treaty kept so long a time well illustrates the truth that the doctrine of peace promotes the happiness of man.

Voltaire, the great French philosopher, said of this treaty: "William Penn began by making a league with the Americans, his neighbors. It is the only one between those natives and the Christians which was never sworn to, and the only one that was never broken."

The tree under which, as tradition says, the treaty was made stood until March, 1810, when it was blown over by the wind. It was twenty-four feet in circumference and two hundred and eighty-three years old. The state of Pennsylvania has purchased the land where this treaty was made; and where the tree once stood, the Penn Society has erected a monument to commemorate the founding of Pennsylvania "by deeds of peace."

The life of William Penn is well worth our study and imitation. How happy our race will be when it follows the principles which governed his life! Then the doctrines of peace and good-will shall everywhere prevail, and the Golden Rule control the affairs of all nations.

Words of Comfort*

Nearly two centuries ago, in one of those heated religious controversies which occurred in a river settlement in Massachusetts, a young man and his wife felt themselves constrained, partly through a desire for greater liberty of thought and action, and partly from natural energy of disposition, to push away from the fertile valley and establish their home on one of those bleak hillsides which form the spurs of the Green Mountain range. Here they set up their household deities, and lit the lights of the fireside in the darkness of the forest, and amid the wild loneliness of nature's hitherto untended domain.

In such situations as these, not merely from their isolation, but from the sterility of the soil and the inhospitable air of the region, the struggle for existence is often a severe one. Perseverance and self-denial, however, triumphed over all difficulties. Year after year the trees bowed themselves before the axe, and the soil surrendered its reluctant treasures in the furrow of the ploughshare.

Plenty smiled around the cabin. The light glowed on the hearth, and the benighted traveler hailed its welcome rays as he fared towards the hospitable door.

Apart from the self-interest and happiness of its inmates, it was no small benefit to others that such a home was made in that rugged country. Such homes are the outposts of the army of pioneers: here they can pause and rest, gathering courage and confidence when they regard them as establish-

* From *Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

ments in the same wilderness where they are seeking to plant themselves.

Five years after their arrival their house and barns were destroyed by fire. Their cattle, farming utensils, and household furniture were all fortunately saved, and before long the buildings were replaced, and in two years all the ravages of the devouring element had been repaired. Again a happy and plenteous abode rewarded the labors of the pair. Three years rolled away in the faithful discharge of every duty incumbent upon them, each toiling in their respective sphere to increase their store and rear their large family of children.

A series of severe rains had kept them within doors for nearly ten days. One afternoon as they were sitting before their fire they experienced a peculiar sensation as though the ground on which the house stood was moving. Running out doors, they saw that the rains had loosened the hillside soil from the rock on which it lay, and that it was slowly moving into the ravine below. Hastily collecting their children, they had barely time to escape to a rock a short distance from their house, when the landslide carried the house and barns, with the ground on which they stood, into the ravine, burying them and their entire contents beneath twenty feet of earth.

Almost worn out with his unremitting toils continued through ten years, and seeing the fruits of that toil swept away in an instant, looking around him in vain for any shelter, and far away from any helping hand, it was not surprising that the man should have given way to despair. He wept, groaned, and tore his hair, declaring that he would struggle no longer with fates which proved so adverse. "Go," said he, "Mary, to the nearest house with the children. I will die here."

His wife was one of those fragile figures which it seemed

that a breath could blow away. Hers, however, was an organization which belied its apparent weakness. A brave and loving spirit animated that frail tenement. Long she strove to soothe her husband's grief, but without avail.

Gathering a thick bed of leaves and sheltering her children as well as she could from the chilly air, she returned ever and anon to the spot where her husband sat in the stupor of despair, and uttered words of comfort and timely suggestions of possible means of relief.

"We began with nothing, John, and we can begin with nothing again. You are strong, and so am I. Bethink yourself of those who pass by on their way to the great river every year at this time. These folk are good and neighborly, and will lend us willing hands to dig out of the earth the gear that we have lost by the landslip." Thus through the night, with these and like expressions, she comforted and encouraged the heart-broken man, and having at length kindled hope, succeeded in rousing him to exertion.

For two days the whole family suffered greatly while awaiting help, but that hope which the words of the wife had awakened, did not again depart. A party of passing emigrants, ascertaining the condition of the family, all turned to, and having the necessary tools, soon dug down to the house and barn, and succeeded in recovering most of the buried furniture, stores, and utensils. The unlucky couple succeeded finally in retrieving themselves, and years after, when the father was passing a prosperous old age in the valley of the Mohawk, to which section the family eventually moved, he was wont to tell how his wife had lifted him out of the depths of despair by those kind and thoughtful words, and put new life and hope into his heart during those dark days among the mountains of Massachusetts.

Franklin His Own Teacher*

Few people ever knew so many things as Franklin. Men said, "How did he ever learn so many things?" For he had been a poor boy who had to work for a living. He could not go to school at all after he was ten years old.

His father made soap and candles. Little Ben Franklin had to cut wicks for the candles. He also filled the candle molds. And he sold soap and candles, and ran on errands. But when he was not at work he spent his time in reading good books. What little money he got he used to buy books with.

He read the old story of "Pilgrim's Progress," and liked it so well that he bought all the other stories by the same man. But as he wanted more books, and had not money to buy them, he sold all of these books. The next he bought were some little history books. These were made to sell very cheap, and they were sold by peddlers. He managed to buy forty or fifty of these little books of history.

Another way that he had of learning was by seeing things with his own eyes. His father took him to see carpenters at work with their saws and planes. He also saw masons laying bricks. And he went to see

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

men making brass and copper kettles. And he saw a man with a turning lathe making the round legs of chairs. Other men were at work making knives. Some things people learn out of books, and some things they have to see for themselves.

As he was fond of books, Ben's father thought that it would be a good plan to send him to learn to print them. So the boy went to work in his brother's printing office. Here he passed his spare time in reading. He borrowed some books out of the stores where books were sold. He would sit up a great part of the night sometimes to read one of these books. He wished to return it when the bookstore opened in the morning. One man who had many books lent to Ben such of his books as he wanted.

It was part of the bargain that Ben's brother should pay his board. The boy offered to board himself if his brother would give him half what it cost to pay for his board.

His brother was glad to do this, and Ben saved part of the money and bought books with it. He was a healthy boy, and it did not hurt him to live mostly on bread and butter. Sometimes he bought a little pie or a handful of raisins.

Long before he was a man, people said, "How much the boy knows!" This was because–

He did not waste his time.

He read good books.

He saw things for himself.

A Great Good Man*

Some men are great soldiers. Some are great lawmakers. Some men write great books. Some men make great inventions. Some men are great speakers. Now you are going to read about a man that was great in none of these things. He was not a soldier. He was not a great speaker. He was never rich. He was a poor schoolteacher. He never held any office.

And yet he was a great man. He was great for his goodness.

He was born in France. But most of his life was passed in Philadelphia before the Revolution.

He was twenty-five years old when he became a schoolteacher. He thought that he could do more good in teaching than in any other way.

Schoolmasters in his time were not like our teachers. Children were treated like little animals. In old times the schoolmaster was a little king. He walked and talked as if he knew everything. He wanted all the children to be afraid of him.

But Benezet was not that kind of man. He was very gentle. He treated the children more kindly than their fathers and mothers did. Nobody in this country

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

had ever seen a teacher like him.

He built a playroom for the children of his school. He used to take them to this room during school time for a little amusement. He managed each child as he found best. Some he could persuade to be good. Some he shamed into being good. But this was very different from the cruel beatings that other teachers of that time gave their pupils.

Of course the children came to love him very much. After they grew to be men and women, they kept their love for the good little schoolmaster. As long as they lived they listened to his advice.

There were no good schoolbooks in his time. He wrote some little books to make learning easier to his pupils. He taught them many things not in their books. He taught them to be kind to brutes, and gentle with one another. He taught them to be noble. He made them despise every kind of meanness.

He was a great teacher. That is better than being a great soldier.

Benezet was a good man in many ways. He was the friend of all poor people. Once he found a poor man suffering with cold for want of a coat. He took off his own coat in the street and put it on the poor man, and then went home in his shirt sleeves.

In those days Negroes were stolen from Africa to be sold into America. Benezet wrote little books against this wrong. He sent these books over all the world almost. He also tried to persuade the white

men of his own country to be honest and kind with the Indians. Great men in other countries were pleased with his books. They wrote him letters. When any of them came to this country, they went to see him. They wanted to see a man that was good to everybody. His house was a plain one. But great men liked to sit at the table of the good schoolmaster.

There was war between the English and French at that time. Canada belonged to the French. Our country belonged to the English. There was a country called Acadia. It was a part of what is now Nova Scotia. The people of Acadia were French.

The English took the Acadians away from their homes. They sent them to various places. Many families were divided. The poor Acadians lost their homes and all that they had.

Many hundreds of these people were sent to Philadelphia. Benezet became their friend. As he was born in France, he could speak their language. He got a large house built for some of them to stay in. He got food and clothing for them. He helped them to get work, and did them good in many other ways.

One day Benezet's wife came to him with a troubled face. She said, "There have been thieves in the house. Two of my blankets have been stolen."

"Never mind, my dear," said Benezet, "I gave them to some of the poor Acadians."

One old Acadian was afraid of Benezet. He did not see why Benezet should take so much trouble for

other people. He thought that Benezet was only trying to get a chance to sell the Acadians for slaves. When Benezet heard this, he had a good laugh.

Many years after this the Revolution broke out. It brought trouble to many people. Benezet helped as many as he could.

After a while the British army took Philadelphia. They sent their soldiers to stay in the houses of the people. The people had to take care of the soldiers. This was very hard for the poor people.

One day Benezet saw a poor woman. Her face showed that she was in trouble.

"Friend, what is the matter?" Benezet said to her. She told him that six soldiers of the British army had been sent to stay in her house. She was a washer woman. But while the soldiers filled up the house she could not do any washing. She and her children were in want.

Benezet went right away to see the general that was in command of the soldiers. The good man was in such a hurry that he forgot to get a pass. The soldiers at the general's door would not let him go in.

At last some one told the general that a queer-looking fellow wanted to see him.

"Let him come up," said the general.

The odd little man came in. He told the general all about the troubles of the poor washer woman. The general sent word that the soldiers must not stay any longer in her house.

The general liked the kind little man. He told him to come to see him again. He told the soldiers at his door to let Benezet come in whenever he wished to.

Soon after the Revolution was over, Benezet was taken ill. When the people of Philadelphia heard that he was ill, they gathered in crowds about his house. Everybody loved him. Everybody wanted to know whether he was better or not. At last the doctors said he could not get well. Then the people wished to see the good man once more. The doors were opened. The rooms and halls of his house were filled with people coming to say good-bye to Benezet, and going away again.

When he was buried, it seemed as if all Philadelphia had come to his funeral. The rich and the poor, the black and the white, crowded the streets. The city had never seen so great a funeral.

In the company was an American general. He said, "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin than General Washington in all his glory."

The Dark Day*

Listen, and I will tell you of the famous dark day in Connecticut. It was in the month of May, more than a hundred years ago.

The sun rose bright and fair, and the morning was without a cloud. The air was very still. There was not a breath of wind to stir the young leaves on the trees.

Then, about the middle of the day, it began to grow dark. The sun was hidden. A black cloud seemed to cover the earth.

The birds flew to their nests. The chickens went to roost. The cows came home from the pasture and stood mooing at the gate. It grew so dark that the people could not see their way along the streets.

Then everybody began to feel frightened. "What is the matter? What is going to happen?" each one asked of another. The children cried. The dogs howled. The women wept, and some of the men prayed.

"The end of the world has come!" cried some; and they ran about in the darkness.

"This is the last great day!" cried others; and they knelt down and waited.

In the old statehouse, the wise men of Connec-

* From *Fifty Famous People*, by James Baldwin

ticut were sitting. They were men who made the laws, and much depended upon their wisdom.

When the darkness came, they too began to be alarmed. The gloom was terrible.

"It is the day of the Lord." said one.

"No use to make laws," said another, "for they will never be needed."

"I move that we adjourn," said a third.

Then up from his seat rose Abraham Davenport.

His voice was clear and strong, and all knew that he, at least, was not afraid.

"This may be the last great day," he said. "I do not know whether the end of the world has come or not. But I am sure that it is my duty to stand at my post as long as I live. So, let us go on with the work that is before us. Let the candles be lighted."

His words put courage into every heart. The candles were brought in. Then with his strong face aglow in their feeble light, he made a speech in favor of a law to help poor fishermen.

And as he spoke, the other lawmakers listened in silence till the darkness began to fade and the sky grew bright again.

The people of Connecticut still remember Abraham Davenport, because he was a wise judge and a brave lawmaker. The poet Whittier has written a poem about him, which you will like to hear.

Stories About Jefferson*

Thomas Jefferson was one of the great men of the Revolution. He was not a soldier. He was not a great speaker. But he was a great thinker. And he was a great writer.

He wrote a paper that was the very beginning of the United States. It was a paper that said that we would be free from England, and be a country by ourselves. We call that paper the Declaration of Independence.

When he was a boy, Jefferson was fond of boyish plays. But when he was tired of play, he took up a book. It pleased him to learn things. From the time when he was a boy he never sat down to rest without a book.

At school he learned what other boys did. But the difference between him and most other boys was this: he did not stop with knowing just what the other boys knew. Most boys want to learn what other boys learn. Most girls would like to know what their schoolmates know. But Jefferson wanted to know a great deal more.

As a young man, Jefferson knew Latin and Greek.

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* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

He also knew French and Spanish and Italian.

He did not talk to show off what he knew. He tried to learn what other people knew. When he talked to a wagon maker, he asked him about such things as a wagon maker knows most about. He would sometimes ask how a wagon maker would go to work to make a wheel.

When Jefferson talked to a learned man, he asked him about those things that this man knew most about. When he talked with Indians, he got them to tell him about their language. That is the way he came to know so much about so many things. Whenever anybody told him anything worth while, he wrote it down as soon as he could.

One day Jefferson was traveling. He went on horseback. That was a common way of traveling at that time. He stopped at a country tavern. At this tavern he talked with a stranger who was staying there.

After a while Jefferson rode away. Then the stranger said to the landlord, "Who is that man? He knew so much about law, that I was sure he was a lawyer. But when we talked about medicine, he knew so much about that, that I thought he must be a doctor. And after a while he seemed to know so much about religion, that I was sure he was a minister. Who is he?"

The stranger was very much surprised to hear that the man he had talked with was Thomas Jefferson.

The Landlord's Mistake*

When John Adams was president and Thomas Jefferson was vice president of the United States, there was not a railroad in all the world.

People did not travel very much. There were no broad, smooth highways as there are now. The roads were crooked and muddy and rough.

If a man was obliged to go from one city to another, he often rode on horseback. Instead of a trunk for his clothing, he carried a pair of saddlebags. Instead of sitting at his ease in a parlor car, he went jolting along through mud and mire, exposed to wind and weather.

One day some men were sitting by the door of a hotel in Baltimore. As they looked down the street they saw a horseman coming. He was riding very slowly, and both he and his horse were bespattered with mud.

"There comes old Farmer Mossback," said one of the men, laughing. "He's just in from the backwoods."

"He seems to have had a hard time of it," said another; "I wonder where he'll put up for the night."

"Oh, any kind of a place will suit him," answered

* From *Fifty Famous People*, by James Baldwin

the landlord. "He's one of those country fellows who can sleep in the haymow and eat with the horses."

The traveler was soon at the door. He was dressed plainly, and, with his reddish-brown hair and mud-bespattered face, looked like a hardworking countryman just in from the backwoods.

"Have you a room here for me?" he asked the landlord.

Now the landlord prided himself upon keeping a first class hotel, and he feared that his guests would not like the rough-looking traveler. So he answered: "No, sir. Every room is full. The only place I could put you would be in the barn."

"Well, then," answered the stranger, "I will see what they can do for me at the Planters' Tavern, round the corner;" and he rode away.

About an hour later, a well-dressed gentleman came into the hotel and said, "I wish to see Mr. Jefferson."

"Mr. Jefferson!" said the landlord.

"Yes, sir. Thomas Jefferson, the vice president of the United States."

"He isn't here."

"Oh, but he must be. I met him as he rode into town, and he said that he intended to stop at this hotel. He has been here about an hour."

"No, he hasn't. The only man that has been here for lodging today was an old clodhopper who was so spattered with mud that you couldn't see the color of

his coat. I sent him round to the Planters'."

"Did he have reddish-brown hair, and did he ride a gray horse?"

"Yes, and he was quite tall."

"That was Mr. Jefferson," said the gentleman.

"Mr. Jefferson!" cried the landlord. "Was that the vice president? Here, Dick! build a fire in the best room. Put everything in tiptop order, Sally. What a dunce I was to turn Mr. Jefferson away! He shall have all the rooms in the house, and the ladies' parlor, too, I'll go right round to the Planters' and fetch him back."

So he went to the other hotel, where he found the vice president sitting with some friends in the parlor.

"Mr. Jefferson," he said, "I have come to ask your pardon. You were so bespattered with mud that I thought you were some old farmer. If you'll come back to my house, you shall have the best room in it – yes, all the rooms if you wish. Won't you come?"

"No," answered Mr. Jefferson. "A farmer is as good as any other man; and where there's no room for a farmer, there can be no room for me."

The Story of Benjamin Franklin*

I. – The Whistle

Nearly two hundred years ago, there lived in Boston a little boy whose name was Benjamin Franklin.

On the day that he was seven years old, his mother gave him a few pennies.

He looked at the bright, yellow pieces and said, "What shall I do with these coppers, mother?"

It was the first money that he had ever had.

"You may buy something with them, if you would like," said his mother.

"And will you give me more when they are gone?" he asked.

His mother shook her head and said: "No, Benjamin. I cannot give you any more. So you must be careful not to spend them foolishly."

The little fellow ran out into the street. He heard the pennies jingle in his pocket as he ran. He felt as though he was very rich.

Boston was at that time only a small town, and there were not many stores. As Benjamin ran down toward the busy part of the street, he wondered what he should buy.

Should he buy candy or toys? It had been a long

* From *Four Great Americans*, by James Baldwin

time since he had tasted candy. As for toys, he hardly knew what they were.

If he had been the only child in the family, things might have been different. But there were fourteen boys and girls older than he, and two little sisters that were younger.

It was as much as his father could do to earn food and clothing for so many. There was no money to spend for toys.

Before Benjamin had gone very far he met a boy blowing a whistle.

"That is just the thing that I want," he said. Then he hurried on to the store where all kinds of things were kept for sale.

"Have you any good whistles?" he asked.

He was out of breath from running, but he tried hard to speak like a man.

"Yes, plenty of them," said the man.

"Well, I want one, and I'll give you all the money I have for it," said the little fellow. He forgot to ask the price.

"How much money have you?" asked the man.

Benjamin took the coppers from his pocket. The man counted them and said, "All right, my boy. It's a bargain."

Then he put the pennies into his money drawer, and gave one of the whistles to the boy.

Benjamin Franklin was a proud and happy boy. He ran home as fast as he could, blowing his whistle

as he ran.

His mother met him at the door and said, "Well, my child, what did you do with your pennies?"

"I bought a whistle!" he cried. "Just hear me blow it!'

"How much did you pay for it?"

"All the money I had."

One of his brothers was standing by and asked to see the whistle. "Well, well!" he said, "did you spend all of your money for this thing?"

"Every penny," said Benjamin.

"Did you ask the price?"

"No. But I offered them to the man, and he said it was all right."

His brother laughed and said, "You are a very foolish fellow. You paid four times as much as it is worth."

"Yes," said his mother, "I think it is rather a dear whistle. You had enough money to buy a whistle and some candy, too."

The little boy saw what a mistake he had made. The whistle did not please him any more. He threw it upon the floor, and began to cry. But his mother took him upon her lap and said:

"Never mind, my child. We must all live and learn; and I think that my little boy will be careful, after this, not to pay too dear for his whistles."

II. – Schooldays

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy there were no

great public schools in Boston as there are now. But he learned to read almost as soon as he could talk, and he was always fond of books.

His nine brothers were older than he, and every one had learned a trade. They did not care so much for books.

"Benjamin shall be the scholar of our family," said his mother.

"Yes, we will educate him for a minister," said his father. For at that time all the most learned men were ministers.

And so, when he was eight years old, Benjamin Franklin was sent to a grammar school, where boys were prepared for college. He was a very apt scholar, and in a few months was promoted to a higher class.

But the lad was not allowed to stay long in the grammar school. His father was a poor man. It would cost a great deal of money to give Benjamin a college education. The times were very hard. The idea of educating the boy for the ministry had to be given up.

In less than a year he was taken from the grammar school, and sent to another school where arithmetic and writing were taught.

He learned to write very well, indeed; but he did not care so much for arithmetic, and so failed to do what was expected of him.

When he was ten years old he had to leave school altogether. His father needed his help; and though Benjamin was but a small boy, there were many things

that he could do.

He never attended school again. But he kept on studying and reading; and we shall find that he afterwards became the most learned man in America.

Benjamin's father was a soap-boiler and candle-maker. And so when the boy was taken from school, what kind of work do you think he had to do?

He was kept busy cutting wicks for the candles, pouring the melted tallow into the candle moulds, and selling soap to his father's customers.

Do you suppose that he liked this business?

He did not like it at all. And when he saw the ships sailing in and out of Boston harbor, he longed to be a sailor and go to strange, faraway lands, where candles and soap were unknown.

But his father would not listen to any of his talk about going to sea.

III. – The Boys and the Wharf

Busy as Benjamin was in his father's shop, he still had time to play a good deal.

He was liked by all the boys of the neighborhood, and they looked up to him as their leader. In all their games he was their captain; and nothing was undertaken without asking his advice.

Not far from the home of the Franklins there was a millpond, where the boys often went to swim. When the tide was high they liked to stand at a certain spot on the shore of the pond and fish for minnows.

But the ground was marshy and wet, and the boys' feet sank deep in the mud.

"Let us build a wharf along the water's edge," said Benjamin. "Then we can stand and fish with some comfort."

"Agreed!" said the boys. "But what is the wharf to be made of?"

Benjamin pointed to a heap of stones that lay not far away. They had been hauled there only a few days before, and were to be used in building a new house near the millpond.

The boys needed only a hint. Soon they were as busy as ants, dragging the stones to the water's edge.

Before it was fully dark that evening, they had built a nice stone wharf on which they could stand and fish without danger of sinking in the mud.

The next morning the workmen came to begin the building of the house. They were surprised to find all the stones gone from the place where they had been thrown. But the tracks of the boys in the mud told the story.

It was easy enough to find out who had done the mischief.

When the boys' fathers were told of the trouble which they had caused, you may imagine what they did.

Young Benjamin Franklin tried hard to explain that a wharf on the edge of the millpond was a public necessity.

His father would not listen to him. He said, "My son, nothing can ever be truly useful which is not at the same time truly honest."

And Benjamin never forgot this lesson.

IV. – Choosing a Trade

As I have already said, young Benjamin did not like the work which he had to do in his father's shop.

His father was not very fond of the trade himself, and so he could not blame the boy. One day he said:

"Benjamin, since you have made up your mind not to be a candlemaker, what trade do you think you would like to learn?"

"You know I would like to be a sailor," said the boy.

"But you shall not be a sailor," said his father. "I intend that you shall learn some useful business, on land; and, of course, you will succeed best in that kind of business which is most pleasant to you."

The next day he took the boy to walk with him among the shops of Boston. They saw all kinds of workmen busy at their various trades.

Benjamin was delighted. Long afterwards, when he had become a very great man, he said, "It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools."

He gave up the thought of going to sea, and said that he would learn any trade that his father would choose for him.

His father thought that the cutler's trade was a

good one. His cousin, Samuel Franklin, had just set up a cutler's shop in Boston, and he agreed to take Benjamin a few days on trial.

Benjamin was pleased with the idea of learning how to make knives and scissors and razors and all other kinds of cutting tools. But his cousin wanted so much money for teaching him the trade that his father could not afford it; and so the lad was taken back to the candlemaker's shop.

Soon after this, Benjamin's brother, James Franklin, set up a printing press in Boston. He intended to print and publish books and a newspaper.

"Benjamin loves books," said his father. "He shall learn to be a printer."

And so, when he was twelve years old, he was bound to his brother to learn the printer's trade. He was to stay with him until he was twenty-one. He was to have his board and clothing and no other wages, except during the last year. I suppose that during the last year he was to be paid the same as any other workman.

V. – How Franklin Educated Himself

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy there were no books for children. Yet he spent most of his spare time in reading.

His father's books were not easy to understand. People nowadays would think them very dull and heavy.

But before he was twelve years old, Benjamin had

read the most of them. He read everything that he could get.

After he went to work for his brother he found it easier to obtain good books. Often he would borrow a book in the evening, and then sit up nearly all night reading it so as to return it in the morning.

When the owners of books found that he always returned them soon and clean, they were very willing to lend him whatever he wished.

He was about fourteen years of age when he began to study how to write clearly and correctly. He afterwards told how he did this. He said:

"About this time I met with an odd volume of the Spectator. I had never before seen any of them.

"I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it.

"I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it.

"With that view, I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me.

"Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them.

"But I found that I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them.

"Therefore, I took some of the tales in the Spectator and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again."

About this time his brother began to publish a newspaper.

It was the fourth newspaper published in America, and was called the *New England Courant*.

People said that it was a foolish undertaking. They said that one newspaper was enough for this country, and that there would be but little demand for more.

In those days editors did not dare to write freely about public affairs. It was dangerous to criticize men who were in power.

James Franklin published something in the *New England Courant* about the lawmakers of Massachusetts. It made the lawmakers very angry. They caused James Franklin to be shut up in prison for a month, and they ordered that he should no longer print the newspaper called the *New England Courant*.

But, in spite of this order, the newspaper was printed every week as before. It was printed, however, in the name of Benjamin Franklin. For several years it bore his name as editor and publisher.

VI. – Farewell to Boston

Benjamin Franklin did not have a very happy life with his brother James.

His brother was a hard master, and was always finding fault with his workmen. Sometimes he would

beat young Benjamin and abuse him without cause.

When Benjamin was nearly seventeen years old he made up his mind that he would not endure this treatment any longer.

He told his brother that he would leave him and find work with some one else.

When his brother learned that he really meant to do this, he went round to all the other printers in Boston and persuaded them not to give Benjamin any work.

The father took James's part, and scolded Benjamin for being so saucy and so hard to please. But Benjamin would not go back to James's printing house.

He made up his mind that since he could not find work in Boston he would run away from his home. He would go to New York and look for work there.

He sold his books to raise a little money. Then, without saying good-bye to his father or mother or any of his brothers or sisters, he went on board a ship that was just ready to sail from the harbor.

It is not likely that he was very happy while doing this. Long afterwards he said: "I reckon this as one of the first 'errata' of my life."

What did he mean by "errata?"

"Errata" are mistakes—mistakes that cannot easily be corrected.

Three days after leaving Boston, young Franklin found himself in New York. It was then October, in

the year 1723.

The lad had but very little money in his pocket. There was no one in New York that he knew. He was three hundred miles from home and friends.

As soon as he landed he went about the streets looking for work.

New York was only a little town then, and there was not a newspaper in it. There were but a few printing houses there, and these had not much work to do. The boy from Boston called at every place, but he found that nobody wanted to employ any more help.

At one of the little printing houses Franklin was told that perhaps he could find work in Philadelphia, which was at that time a much more important place than New York.

Philadelphia was one hundred miles farther from home. One hundred miles was a long distance in those days.

But Franklin made up his mind to go there without delay. It would be easier to do this than to give up and try to return to Boston.

VII. – The First Day in Philadelphia

There are two ways of going from New York to Philadelphia.

One way is by the sea. The other is by land, across the state of New Jersey.

As Franklin had but little money, he took the shorter route by land; but he sent his little chest,

containing his Sunday clothes, round by sea, in a boat.

He walked all the way from Perth Amboy, on the eastern shore of New Jersey, to Burlington, on the Delaware river.

Nowadays you may travel that distance in an hour, for it is only about fifty miles.

But there were no railroads at that time; and Franklin was nearly three days trudging along lonely wagon tracks, in the midst of a pouring rain.

At Burlington he was lucky enough to be taken on board a small boat that was going down the river.

Burlington is only twenty miles above Philadelphia. But the boat moved very slowly, and as there was no wind, the men took turns at rowing.

Night came on, and they were afraid that they might pass by Philadelphia in the darkness. So they landed, and camped on shore till morning.

Early the next day they reached Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin stepped on shore at the foot of Market street, where the Camden ferry-boats now land.

No one who saw him could have guessed that he would one day be the greatest man in the city.

He was a sorry-looking fellow.

He was dressed in his working clothes, and was very dirty from being so long on the road and in the little boat.

His pockets were stuffed out with shirts and

stockings, and all the money that he had was not more than a dollar.

He was hungry and tired. He had not a single friend. He did not know of any place where he could look for lodging.

It was Sunday morning.

He went a little way up the street, and looked around him.

A boy was coming down, carrying a basket of bread.

"My young friend," said Franklin, "where did you get that bread?"

"At the baker's," said the boy.

"And where is the baker's?"

The boy showed him the little baker shop just around the corner.

Young Franklin was so hungry that he could hardly wait. He hurried into the shop and asked for three-penny worth of bread.

The baker gave him three great, puffy rolls.

Franklin had not expected to get so much, but he took the rolls and walked out.

His pockets were already full, and so, while he ate one roll, he held the others under his arms.

As he went up Market Street, eating his roll, a young girl stood in a doorway laughing at him. He was, indeed, a very funny-looking fellow.

The girl's name was Deborah Read. A few years after that, she became the wife of Benjamin Franklin.

Hungry as he was, Franklin found that he could eat but one of the rolls, and so he gave the other two to a poor woman who had come down the river in the same boat with him.

As he was strolling along the street he came to a Quaker meeting house.

The door was open, and many people were sitting quietly inside. The seats looked inviting, and so Franklin walked in and sat down.

The day was warm; the people in the house were very still; Franklin was tired. In a few minutes he was sound asleep.

And so it was in a Quaker meeting-house that Benjamin Franklin found the first shelter and rest in Philadelphia.

Later in the day, as Franklin was strolling toward the river, he met a young man whose honest face was very pleasing to him.

"My friend," he said, "can you tell me of any house where they lodge strangers?"

"Yes," said the young man, "there is a house on this very street; but it is not a place I can recommend. If thee will come with me I will show thee a better one."

Franklin walked with him to a house on Water Street, and there he found lodging for the night.

And so ended his first day in Philadelphia.

VIII. – Governor William Keith

Franklin soon obtained work in a printing house

owned by a man named Keimer.

He found a boarding place in the house of Mr. Read, the father of the girl who had laughed at him with his three rolls.

He was only seventeen years old, and he soon became acquainted with several young people in the town who loved books.

In a little while he began to lay up money, and he tried to forget his old home in Boston as much as he could.

One day a letter came to Philadelphia for Benjamin Franklin.

It was from Captain Robert Holmes, a brother-in-law of Franklin's.

Captain Holmes was the master of a trading sloop that sailed between Boston and Delaware Bay. While he was loading his vessel at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, he had happened to hear about the young man Franklin who had lately come from Boston.

He sat down at once and wrote a letter to the young man. He told him how his parents and friends were grieving for him in Boston. He begged him to go back home, and said that everything would be made right if he would do so.

When Franklin read this letter he felt very sad to think of the pain and distress which he had caused.

But he did not want to return to Boston. He felt that he had been badly treated by his brother, and,

therefore, that he was not the only one to be blamed. He believed that he could do much better in Philadelphia than anywhere else.

So he sat down and wrote an answer to Captain Holmes. He wrote it with great care, and sent it off to Newcastle by the first boat that was going that way.

Now it so happened that Sir William Keith, the governor of the province, was at Newcastle at that very time. He was with Captain Holmes when the letter came to hand.

When Captain Holmes had read the letter he was so pleased with it that he showed it to the governor.

Governor Keith read it and was surprised when he learned that its writer was a lad only seventeen years old.

"He is a young man of great promise," he said; "and he must be encouraged. The printers in Philadelphia know nothing about their business. If young Franklin will stay there and set up a press, I will do a great deal for him."

One day not long after that, when Franklin was at work in Keimer's printing office, the governor came to see him. Franklin was very much surprised.

The governor offered to set him up in a business of his own. He promised that he should have all the public printing in the province.

"But you will have to go to England to buy your types and whatever else you may need."

Franklin agreed to do this. But he must first return

to Boston and get his father's consent and assistance.

The governor gave him a letter to carry to his father. In a few weeks he was on his way home.

You may believe that Benjamin's father and mother were glad to see him. He had been gone seven months, and in all that time they had not heard a word from him.

His brothers and sisters were glad to see him, too – all but the printer, James, who treated him very unkindly.

His father read the governor's letter, and then shook his head.

"What kind of a man is this Governor Keith?" he asked. "He must have but little judgment to think of setting up a mere boy in business of this kind."

After that he wrote a letter of thanks to the governor. He said that he was grateful for the kindness he had shown to his son, and for his offer to help him. But he thought that Benjamin was still too young to be trusted with so great a business, and therefore he would not consent to his undertaking it. As for helping him, that he could not do; for he had but little more money than was needed to carry on his own affairs.

IX. – The Return to Philadelphia

Benjamin Franklin felt much disappointed when his father refused to help send him to England. But he was not discouraged.

In a few weeks he was ready to return to Phila-

delphia. This time he did not have to run away from home.

His father blessed him, and his mother gave him many small gifts as tokens of her love.

"Be diligent," said his father, "attend well to your business, and save your money carefully, and, perhaps, by the time you are twenty-one years old, you will be able to set up for yourself without the governor's help."

All the family, except James the printer, bade him a kind good-bye, as he went on board the little ship that was to take him as far as New York.

There was another surprise for him when he reached New York.

The governor of New York had heard that there was a young man from Boston on board the ship, and that he had a great many books.

There were no large libraries in New York at that time. There were no bookstores, and but few people who cared for books.

So the governor sent for Franklin to come and see him. He showed him his own library, and they had a long talk about books and authors.

This was the second governor that had taken notice of Benjamin. For a poor boy, like him, it was a great honor, and very pleasing.

When he arrived in Philadelphia he gave to Governor Keith the letter which his father had written.

The governor was not very well pleased. He said:

"Your father is too careful. There is a great difference in persons. Young men can sometimes be trusted with great undertakings as well as if they were older."

He then said that he would set Franklin up in business without his father's help.

"Give me a list of everything needed in a first-class printing office. I will see that you are properly fitted out."

Franklin was delighted. He thought that Governor Keith was one of the best men in the world.

In a few days he laid before the governor a list of the things needed in a little printing office.

The cost of the outfit would be about five hundred dollars.

The governor was pleased with the list. There were no type foundries in America at that time. There was no place where printing presses were made. Everything had to be bought in England.

The governor said, "Don't you think it would be better if you could go to England and choose the types for yourself, and see that everything is just as you would like to have it?"

"Yes, sir," said Franklin, "I think that would be a great advantage."

"Well, then," said the governor, "get yourself ready to go on the next regular ship to London. It shall be at my expense."

At that time there was only one ship that made regular trips from Philadelphia to England, and it sailed but once each year.

The name of this ship was the *Annis*. It would not be ready to sail again for several months.

And so young Franklin, while he was getting ready for the voyage, kept on working in Mr. Keimer's little printing office.

He laid up money enough to pay for his passage. He did not want to be dependent upon Governor Keith for everything; and it was well that he did not.

X. – *The First Visit to England*

At last the *Annis* was ready to sail.

Governor Keith had promised to give to young Franklin letters of introduction to some of his friends in England.

He had also promised to give him money to buy his presses and type.

But when Franklin called at the governor's house to bid him good-bye, and to get the letters, the governor was too busy to see him. He said that he would send the letters and the money to him on shipboard.

The ship sailed.

But no letters, nor any word from Governor Keith, had been sent to Franklin.

When he at last arrived in London he found himself without money and without friends.

Governor Keith had given him nothing but promises. He would never give him anything more. He was

a man whose word was not to be depended upon.

Franklin was then just eighteen years old. He must now depend wholly upon himself. He must make his own way in the world, without aid from anyone.

He went out at once to look for work. He found employment in a printing office, and there he stayed for nearly a year.

Franklin made many acquaintances with literary people while he was in London.

He proved himself to be a young man of talent and ingenuity. He was never idle.

His companions in the printing office were beer drinkers and sots. He often told them how foolish they were to spend their money and ruin themselves for drink.

He drank nothing but water. He was strong and active. He could carry more, and do more work, than any of them.

He persuaded many of them to leave off drinking, and to lead better lives.

Franklin was also a fine swimmer. There was no one in London who could swim as well. He wrote two essays on swimming, and made some plans for opening a swimming school.

When he had been in London about a year, he met a Mr. Denham, a merchant of Philadelphia, and a strong friendship sprang up between them.

Mr. Denham at last persuaded Franklin to return

to Philadelphia, and be a clerk in his dry goods store.

And so, on the 23rd of the next July, he set sail for home. The ship was nearly three months in making the voyage, and it was not until October that he again set foot in Philadelphia.

XI. – A Leading Man in Philadelphia

When Franklin was twenty-four years old he was married to Miss Deborah Read, the young lady who had laughed at him when he was walking the street with his three rolls.

They lived together very happily for a great many years.

Some time before this marriage, Franklin's friend and employer, Mr. Denham, had died.

The dry goods store, of which he was the owner, had been sold, and Franklin's occupation as a salesman, or clerk, was gone. But the young man had shown himself to be a person of great industry and ability. He had the confidence of everybody that knew him.

A friend of his, who had money, offered to take him as a partner in the newspaper business. And so he again became a printer, and the editor of a paper called the Pennsylvania Gazette.

It was not long until Franklin was recognized as one of the leading men in Philadelphia. His name was known, not only in Pennsylvania, but in all the colonies.

He was all the time thinking of plans for making

the people about him wiser and better and happier.

He established a subscription and circulating library, the first in America. This library was the beginning of the present Philadelphia Public Library.

He wrote papers on education. He founded the University of Pennsylvania. He organized the American Philosophical Society.

He established the first fire company in Philadelphia, which was also the first in America.

He invented a copper-plate press, and printed the first paper money of New Jersey.

He also invented the iron fireplace, which is called the Franklin stove, and is still used where wood is plentiful and cheap.

After an absence of ten years, he paid a visit to his old home in Boston. Everybody was glad to see him now – even his brother James, the printer.

When he returned to Philadelphia, he was elected clerk of the colonial assembly.

Not long after that, he was chosen to be postmaster of the city. But his duties in this capacity did not require very much labor in those times.

He did not handle as much mail in a whole year as passes now through the Philadelphia post office in a single hour.

XII. – Franklin's Rules of Life

Here are some of the rules of life which Franklin made for himself when he was a very young man:

1. To live very frugally till he had paid all that he

owed.

2. To speak the truth at all times; to be sincere in word and action.

3. To apply himself earnestly to whatever business he took in hand; and to shun all foolish projects for becoming suddenly rich. "For industry and patience," he said, "are the surest means of plenty."

4. To speak ill of no man whatever, not even in a matter of truth; but to speak all the good he knew of everybody.

When he was twenty-six years old, he published the first number of an almanac called *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

This almanac was full of wise and witty sayings, and everybody soon began to talk about it.

Every year, for twenty-five years, a new number of *Poor Richard's Almanac* was printed. It was sold in all parts of the country. People who had no other books would buy and read *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The library of many a farmer consisted of only the family Bible with one or more numbers of this famous almanac. Here are a few of Poor Richard's sayings:

"A word to the wise is enough."
"God helps them that help themselves."
"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."
"There are no gains without pains."
"Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep."
"One today is worth two tomorrows."

"Little strokes fell great oaks."
"Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee."
"The sleeping fox catches no poultry."
"Diligence is the mother of good luck."
"Constant dropping wears away stones."
"A small leak will sink a great ship."
"Who dainties love shall beggars prove."
"Creditors have better memories than debtors."
"Many a little makes a mickle."
"Fools make feasts and wise men eat them."
"Many have been ruined by buying good penny-worths."
"Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."
"For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts the whole day."

It is pleasant to know that Franklin observed the rules of life which he made. And his wife, Deborah, was as busy and as frugal as himself.

They kept no idle servants. Their furniture was of the cheapest sort. Their food was plain and simple.

Franklin's breakfast, for many years, was only bread and milk; and he ate it out of a two-penny earthen bowl with a pewter spoon.

But at last, when he was called one morning to breakfast, he found his milk in a china bowl; and by the side of the bowl there was a silver spoon.

His wife had bought them for him as a surprise. She said that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors.

XIII. – Franklin's Services to the Colonies

And so, as you have seen, Benjamin Franklin became in time one of the foremost men in our country.

In 1753, when he was forty-five years old, he was made deputy postmaster general for America.

He was to have a salary of about $3,000 a year, and was to pay his own assistants.

People were astonished when he proposed to have the mail carried regularly once every week between New York and Boston.

Letters starting from Philadelphia on Monday morning would reach Boston the next Saturday night. This was thought to be a wonderful and almost impossible feat. But nowadays, letters leaving Philadelphia at midnight are read at the breakfast table in Boston the next morning.

At that time there were not seventy post-offices in the whole country. There are now more than seventy thousand.

Benjamin Franklin held the office of deputy postmaster general for the American colonies for twenty-one years.

In 1754 there was a meeting of the leading men of all the colonies at Albany. There were fears of a war with the French and Indians of Canada, and the colonies had sent these men to plan some means of defence.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the men from

Pennsylvania at this meeting.

He presented a plan for the union of the colonies, and it was adopted. But our English rulers said it was too democratic, and refused to let it go into operation.

This scheme of Franklin's set the people of the colonies to thinking. Why should the colonies not unite? Why should they not help one another, and thus form one great country?

And so, we may truthfully say that it was Benjamin Franklin who first put into men's minds the idea of the great Union which we now call the United States of America.

The people of the colonies were not happy under the rule of the English. One by one, laws were made which they looked upon as oppressive and burdensome. These laws were not intended to benefit the American people, but were designed to enrich the merchants and politicians of England.

In 1757 the people of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia, decided to send someone to England to petition against these oppressions.

In all the colonies there was no man better fitted for this business than Benjamin Franklin. And so he was the man sent.

The fame of the great American had gone before him. Everybody seemed anxious to do him honor.

He met many of the leading men of the day, and he at last succeeded in gaining the object of his

mission.

But such business moved slowly in those times. Five years passed before he was ready to return to America.

He reached Philadelphia in November, 1762, and the colonial assembly of Pennsylvania thanked him publicly for his great services.

But new troubles soon came up between the colonies and the government in England. Other laws were passed, more oppressive than before.

It was proposed to tax the colonies, and to force the colonists to buy stamped paper. This last act was called the Stamp Tax, and the American people opposed it with all their might.

Scarcely had Franklin been at home two years when he was again sent to England to plead the cause of his countrymen.

This time he remained abroad for more than ten years; but he was not so successful as before.

In 1774 he appeared before the King's council to present a petition from the people of Massachusetts.

He was now a venerable man nearly seventy years of age. He was the most famous man of America.

His petition was rejected. He himself was shamefully insulted and abused by one of the members of the council. The next day he was dismissed from the office of deputy postmaster-general of America.

In May, 1775, he was again at home in Philadelphia.

Two weeks before his arrival the battle of Lexington had been fought, and the war of the Revolution had been begun.

Franklin had done all that he could to persuade the English king to deal justly with the American colonies. But the king and his counsellors had refused to listen to him.

During his ten years abroad he had not stayed all the time in England. He had traveled in many countries of Europe, and had visited Paris several times.

Many changes had taken place while he was absent.

His wife, Mrs. Deborah Franklin, had died. His parents and fifteen of his brothers and sisters had also been laid in the grave.

The rest of his days were to be spent in the service of his country, to which he had already given nearly twenty years of his life.

XIV. – Franklin's Wonderful Kite

Benjamin Franklin was not only a printer, politician, and statesman, he was the first scientist of America. In the midst of perplexing cares it was his delight to study the laws of nature and try to understand some of the mysteries of creation.

In his time no very great discoveries had yet been made. The steam engine was unknown. The telegraph had not so much as been dreamed about. Thousands of comforts which we now enjoy through the discoveries of science were then unthought of; or

if thought of, they were deemed to be impossible.

Franklin began to make experiments in electricity when he was about forty years old.

He was the first person to discover that lightning is caused by electricity. He had long thought that this was true, but he had no means of proving it.

He thought that if he could stand on some high tower during a thunder-storm, he might be able to draw some of the electricity from the clouds through a pointed iron rod. But there was no high tower in Philadelphia. There was not even a tall church spire.

At last he thought of making a kite and sending it up to the clouds. A paper kite, however, would be ruined by the rain and would not fly to any great height.

So instead of paper he used a light silk handkerchief which he fastened to two slender but strong cross pieces. At the top of the kite he placed a pointed iron rod. The string was of hemp, except a short piece at the lower end, which was of silk. At the end of the hemp string an iron key was tied.

"I think that is a queer kind of kite," said Franklin's little boy. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Wait until the next thunderstorm, and you will see," said Franklin. "You may go with me and we will send it up to the clouds."

He told no one else about it, for if the experiment should fail, he did not care to have everybody laugh at him.

At last, one day, a thunderstorm came up, and Franklin, with his son, went out into a field to fly his kite. There was a steady breeze, and it was easy to send the kite far up towards the clouds.

Then, holding the silken end of the string, Franklin stood under a little shed in the field, and watched to see what would happen. The lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, but there was no sign of electricity in the kite. At last, when he was about to give up the experiment, Franklin saw the loose fibers of his hempen string begin to move.

He put his knuckles close to the key, and sparks of fire came flying to his hand. He was wild with delight. The sparks of fire were electricity; he had drawn them from the clouds.

That experiment, if Franklin had only known it, was a very dangerous one. It was fortunate for him, and for the world, that he suffered no harm. More than one person who has since tried to draw electricity from the clouds has been killed by the lightning that has flashed down the hempen kite string.

When Franklin's discovery was made known it caused great excitement among the learned men of Europe. They could not believe it was true until some of them had proved it by similar experiments.

They could hardly believe that a man in the far-away city of Philadelphia could make a discovery which they had never thought of as possible. Indeed, how could an American do anything that was worth

doing?

Franklin soon became famous in foreign countries as a philosopher and man of science. The universities of Oxford and Edinburgh honored him by conferring upon him their highest degrees. He was now Doctor Benjamin Franklin. But in America people still thought of him only as a man of affairs, as a great printer, and as the editor of *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

All this happened before the beginning of his career as ambassador from the colonies to the king and government of England.

I cannot tell you of all of his discoveries in science. He invented the lightning rod, and, by trying many experiments, he learned more about electricity than the world had ever known before.

He made many curious experiments to discover the laws of heat, light, and sound. By laying strips of colored cloth on snow, he learned which colors are the best conductors of heat.

He invented the harmonica, an ingenious musical instrument, in which the sounds were produced by musical glasses.

During his long stay abroad he did not neglect his scientific studies. He visited many of the greatest scholars of the time, and was everywhere received with much honor.

The great scientific societies of Europe, the Royal Academies in Paris and in Madrid, had already elected him as one of their members. The King of France

wrote him a letter, thanking him for his useful discoveries in electricity, and for his invention of the lightning-rod.

All this would have made some men very proud. But it was not so with Dr. Franklin. In a letter which he wrote to a friend at the time when these honors were beginning to be showered upon him, he said:

"The pride of man is very differently gratified; and had his Majesty sent me a marshal's staff I think I should scarce have been so proud of it as I am of your esteem."

XV. – The Last Years

In 1776 delegates from all the colonies met in Philadelphia. They formed what is called the second Continental Congress of America.

It was now more than a year since the war had begun, and the colonists had made up their minds not to submit to the king of England and his council.

Many of them were strongly in favor of setting up a new government of their own.

A committee was appointed to draft a declaration of independence, and Benjamin Franklin was one of that committee.

On the 4th of July, Congress declared the colonies to be free and independent states. Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence was Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania.

Soon after this Dr. Franklin was sent to Paris as minister from the United States. Early in the follow-

ing year, 1777, he induced the king of France to acknowledge the independence of this country.

He thus secured aid for the Americans at a time when they were in the greatest need of it. Had it not been for his services at this time, the war of the Revolution might have ended very differently, indeed.

It was not until 1785 that he was again able to return to his home.

He was then nearly eighty years old.

He had served his country faithfully for fifty-three years. He would have been glad if he might retire to private life.

When he reached Philadelphia he was received with joy by thousands of his countrymen. General Washington was among the first to welcome him, and to thank him for his great services.

That same year the grateful people of his state elected him President of Pennsylvania.

Two years afterwards, he wrote:

"I am here in my niche in my own house, in the bosom of my family, my daughter and grandchildren all about me, among my old friends, or the sons of my friends, who equally respect me.

"In short, I enjoy here every opportunity of doing good, and everything else I could wish for, except repose; and that I may soon expect, either by the cessation of my office, which cannot last more than three years, or by ceasing to live."

The next year he was a delegate to the convention

which formed the present Constitution of the United States.

In a letter written to his friend Washington not long afterwards, he said: "For my personal ease I should have died two years ago; but though those years have been spent in pain, I am glad to have lived them, since I can look upon our present situation."

In April, 1790, he died, and was buried by the side of his wife, Deborah, in Arch Street graveyard in Philadelphia. His age was eighty-four years and three months.

Many years before his death he had written the following epitaph for himself:

The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new
And more beautiful Edition,
Corrected and Amended
By The Author.

The Declaration of Independence*

One of the days of the year to which you look forward is July Fourth. On that day you "celebrate," and I think most of you know that the event you celebrate is the signing of the Declaration of Independence, by which our country became a nation by itself. We will see what events led up to that deed, so glorious for our country.

Let us imagine ourselves in Philadelphia in the early summer of 1775. It is now a thriving town of thirty thousand, the largest in the colonies.

We notice in the well-kept streets an unusual stir. Distinguished strangers are approaching and entering a red-brick building, Carpenters' Hall, on Chestnut Street. They have come to represent their various colonies in the second meeting of the Continental Congress.

Shall we enter with them, and as they take up their work try to find some of our old acquaintances, and perhaps make some new ones?

Some Leaders in the Continental Congress

The man acting as chairman is one of the two Paul Revere saved by his daring ride to Lexington — John Hancock. He is young, handsome, rich, of good family, and an earnest patriot. He presides with ease and dignity and seems to be a favorite with all.

Presently we recognize Samuel Adams. No patriotic meeting would be complete without this clear-headed

* From *Our Patriots*, by Wilbur F. Gordy

thinker and devoted patriot.

His cousin, John Adams, already well known as a brilliant lawyer and debater, is also present. Although he is to become the second President of our United States, he does not yet know that there will ever be such a nation.

Standing near John Adams is a man who would be noticed in any gathering. He is a large, fine-looking gentleman, with long, white hair, large, clear eyes, and broad, high forehead. His face is kindly, and his simple, easy manner seems to indicate that he has seen much of the world. He is Benjamin Franklin, now in his seventieth year, a great thinker and writer, well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He has just lately returned from England, where he has been in the service of the colonies.

Patrick Henry, too, is there. He is ten years older than when he took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, but still a young man, showing at times sudden gleams of the orator's fire beneath his usually quiet manner. His great appeal, "Give me liberty or give me death," has become the country's watchword.

The large, stately man, with grave face and courtly manner, is George Washington. He is in the uniform of a Virginia colonel. What a fine presence and dignified bearing! How unconscious he is of the strong part he is to take in the great drama of which we here see the opening act!

A tall young man with quiet, retiring manner, and the face of a scholar and thinker, seems in some way familiar. Finally we recognize him as the one who stood in the doorway listening earnestly and responsively to Patrick Henry's speech on the Stamp Act ten years before. He is a Virginian of wealth and good family, a great student of law, and a clear writer. He, too, is to play a large part, about which we are to hear presently.

The others — there are forty or fifty in all — are men of importance in their colonies. They are lawyers, planters, and merchants.

The first meeting of the Continental Congress had been held in Philadelphia six months before, in September, 1774. A plan for uniting the colonies was then considered. The colonists, still thinking of themselves as free-born Englishmen, sent a letter to their King, telling him of their wrongs and asking him to right them.

What answer do you think came? Still greater wrongs! What a way to treat a high-spirited people! More soldiers were sent over, and it was plain that King George would not listen to any pleas.

Then Massachusetts prepared for war, and events followed thick and fast. The battle of Lexington and Concord was fought. Boston was surrounded by minutemen, and Fort Ticonderoga was captured. That was the way matters stood when the Continental Congress met in Philadelphia the second time (May, 1775). Whether they wished it or not, the colonists were at war with the mother country, and they must take steps to carry on that war.

At War with the Mother Country

Plans were made to raise a Continental army, and George Washington was made its commander-in-chief.

Yet, after they had gone so far, Americans still called themselves English colonists. They were fighting only for their rights as free-born Englishmen.

To give a last chance for a peaceful settlement, Congress sent another letter to the King. But King George was so angry that he would not listen to the letter. He would not even receive the messenger who carried it.

He called the colonists rebels. He ordered ships of war

to burn their towns. He at once sent to Germany to hire Hessian soldiers to make war upon the Americans.

This was very stupid of King George. He thought to frighten the colonists so that they would not dare to unite. Instead, he drove them closer together, for they saw they must work shoulder to shoulder or else give up their freedom.

The Declaration of Independence Adopted

At first, only a few had thought of becoming independent of the mother country. Now it seemed to be the only course open. Listen to what happened in the Continental Congress in the summer of 1776.

On June 7, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, rose and moved that the colonies "are and of a right ought to be free and independent states."

After long debate, a committee, of which Thomas Jefferson is chairman, is chosen to write the first draft of this great state paper, the Declaration of Independence. Congress makes some slight changes, and it is adopted on July 4. One by one, the members step forward to sign their names.

When John Hancock, the president of the Congress, writes his name in large, bold letters, he quietly says: "King George can read that without spectacles." Then he adds: "We must all be unanimous. We must all hang together."

"Yes," says Franklin, with a flash of his quick wit, "or we shall all hang separately."

These men know full well what signing such a paper means. In case of the failure of their cause, they will be hanged as traitors.

After the signing, old Liberty Bell peals forth the glad tidings that the United States is now a free nation. We are no longer to seek or petition King George or his ministers.

Whatever dealings America and England have hereafter are to be as between two separate nations.

It took five years of hard fighting and great suffering for the new nation to make good its claim. But it had begun the task. July 4, 1776, was the birthday of our nation. Do you wonder that we celebrate it?

The Liberty Bell*

It was not until April 19th, 1775, that the shot was fired which was "heard around the world." But the struggle for American Independence was really started nearly a quarter of a century earlier, when on the afternoon of August 27th, 1753, Liberty Bell was rung to call together the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania.

In the old days of town meetings, training days, town schools and Puritans, bells took a more prominent part in public affairs than they do today. It was usual to call the people together for purposes of deliberation by means of a village or town bell, and of these bells the one to which we refer was the most important and interesting. Liberty Bell is well named. It was ordered in the year 1751, and it was delivered a year later. Shortly afterwards, it cracked, and had to be recast, but in June, 1753, it was finally hung in the Pennsylvania State House at Philadelphia. It has never been removed from the building except on two occasions. The first of these was in 1777, when it was taken to Allentown for safety, and the second in 1885, when it was exhibited at New Orleans.

This bell, which sounded the death-blow to tyranny and oppression, was first rung to call together the Assembly, which immediately resolved to insist upon certain rights which had been denied the colonists by the British Crown. Eighteen months later, it was again rung to announce the meeting at which the rights of the colonists were sternly

* From *My Native Land*, by James Cox

defined and insisted upon. In 1765, it convened the meeting of the Assembly at which it was resolved to be represented at the Congress of the Colonies in New York, and a month later it was muffled and tolled when the "Royal Charlotte" arrived, bearing the much-hated stamps, whose landing was not permitted. Again it rang muffled, when the Stamp Act went into operation, and when the people publicly burned stamp papers. In 1768, the Liberty Bell called a meeting of the men of Philadelphia, who protested once again against the oppression of government without representation. In 1771, it called the Assembly together to petition the King of England for the repeal of the duty on tea, and two years later it summoned together the largest crowd ever seen in Philadelphia up to that date. At that meeting it was resolved that the ship "Polly," loaded with tea, should not be allowed to land.

In 1774, the bell was muffled and tolled on the closing of the Port of Boston, and in the following year it convened the memorable meeting following the battle of Lexington. On this occasion 8,000 people assembled in the State House yard and unanimously agreed to associate for the purpose of defending, with arms, their lives, liberty and property against all attempts to deprive them of them. In June, 1776, Liberty Bell announced the submission to Congress of the draft of the Declaration of Independence, and on July 4th of the same year, the same bell announced the signing of the Declaration. On July 8th of the same year, the bell was tolled vigorously for the great proclamation of America's Independence. The tolling was suspended while the Declaration was read, and was once more rung when that immortal document had been thus formally promulgated.

In April, 1783, Liberty Bell rang the proclamation of Peace, and on July 4th, 1826, it ushered in the year of

Jubilee.

The last tolling of the bell was in July, 1835, when, while slowly tolling, and without any apparent reason, the bell, which had played such an important part in the War of Independence, and in the securing of liberty for the people of this great country, parted through its side, making a large rent, which can still be clearly seen. It was as though the bell realized that its great task was accomplished, and that it could leave to other and younger bells, the minor duties which remained to be performed.

The Liberty Bell (a poem)*

"Squarely prim and stoutly built.
Free from glitter and from gilt.
Plain, from lintel up to roof-tree
and to belfry bare and brown.
Stands the Hall that hot July.
While the folk throng anxious by.
Where the Continental Congress meets
within the Quaker town.
Hark! a stir, a sudden shout,
And a boy comes springing out,
Signalling to where his grandsire in the
belfry waiting stands:
'Ring!' he cries; 'the deed is done!
Ring! they've signed, and freedom's won!'
And the ringer grasps the bell-rope
with his strong and sturdy hands;
While the Bell, with joyous note,
Clanging from its brazen throat.
Rings the tidings, all-exultant — peals the
news from shore to sea:
Man is man — a slave no longer.
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God 'we're free; we're free.'"

* From *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, by Elbridge S. Brooks

The Midnight Ride*

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
—Longfellow.

The midnight ride of Paul Revere happened a long time ago when this country was ruled by the king of England.

There were thousands of English soldiers in Boston. The king had sent them there to make the people obey his unjust laws. These soldiers guarded the streets of the town; they would not let any one go out or come in without their leave.

The people did not like this. They said, "We have a right to be free men, but the king treats us as slaves. He makes us pay taxes and gives us nothing in return. He sends soldiers among us to take away our liberty."

The whole country was stirred up. Brave men left their homes and hurried toward Boston.

They said, "We do not wish to fight against the king, but we are free men, and he must not send soldiers to oppress us. If the people of Boston must fight for their liberty, we will help them." These men were not afraid of the king's soldiers. Some of them

* From *Fifty Famous People*, by James Baldwin

camped in Charlestown, a village near Boston. From the hills of Charlestown they could watch and see what the king's soldiers were doing.

They wished to be ready to defend themselves, if the soldiers should try to do them harm. For this reason they had bought some powder and stored it at Concord, nearly twenty miles away.

When the king's soldiers heard about this powder, they made up their minds to go out and get it for themselves.

Among the watchers at Charlestown was a brave young man named Paul Revere. He was ready to serve his country in any way that he could.

One day a friend of his who lived in Boston came to see him. He came very quietly and secretly, to escape the soldiers.

"I have something to tell you," he said. "Some of the king's soldiers are going to Concord to get the powder that is there. They are getting ready to start this very night."

"Indeed!" said Paul Revere. "They shall get no powder, if I can help it. I will stir up all the farmers between here and Concord, and those fellows will have a hot time of it. But you must help me."

"I will do all that I can," said his friend.

"Well, then," said Paul Revere, "you must go back to Boston and watch. Watch, and as soon as the soldiers are ready to start, hang a lantern in the tower of the old North Church. If they are to cross the river,

hang two. I will be here, ready. As soon as I see the light, I will mount my horse and ride out to give the alarm."

And so it was done.

When night came, Paul Revere was at the riverside with his horse. He looked over toward Boston. He knew where the old North Church stood, but he could not see much in the darkness.

Hour after hour he stood and watched. The town seemed very still; but now and then he could hear the beating of a drum or the shouting of some soldier.

The moon rose, and by its light he could see the dim form of the church tower, far away. He heard the clock strike ten. He waited and watched.

The clock struck eleven. He was beginning to feel tired. Perhaps the soldiers had given up their plan.

He walked up and down the river bank, leading his horse behind him; but he kept his eyes turned always toward the dim, dark spot which he knew was the old North Church.

All at once a light flashed out from the tower. "Ah! there it is!" he cried. The soldiers had started.

He spoke to his horse. He put his foot in the stirrup. He was ready to mount.

Then another light flashed clear and bright by the side of the first one. The soldiers would cross the river.

Paul Revere sprang into the saddle. Like a bird let loose, his horse leaped forward. Away they went.

Away they went through the village street and out upon the country road. "Up! up!" shouted Paul Revere. "The soldiers are coming! Up! up! and defend yourselves!"

The cry awoke the farmers; they sprang from their beds and looked out. They could not see the speeding horse, but they heard the clatter of its hoofs far down the road, and they understood the cry, "Up! up! and defend yourselves!"

"It is the alarm! The redcoats are coming," they said to each other. Then they took their guns, their axes, anything they could find, and hurried out.

So, through the night, Paul Revere rode toward Concord. At every farmhouse and every village he repeated his call.

The alarm quickly spread. Guns were fired. Bells were rung. The people for miles around were roused as though a fire were raging.

The king's soldiers were surprised to find everybody awake along the road. They were angry because their plans had been discovered.

When they reached Concord, they burned the courthouse there.

At Lexington, not far from Concord, there was a sharp fight in which several men were killed. This, in history, is called the Battle of Lexington. It was the beginning of the war called the Revolutionary War. But the king's soldiers did not find the gunpowder. They were glad enough to march back without it. All

along the road the farmers were waiting for them. It seemed as if every man in the country was after them. And they did not feel themselves safe until they were once more in Boston.

The Truth Speaker*

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Three more rows, and then I must knit the heel," said Hetty Marvin to herself one bright summer day in the year 1777, as she sat knitting for the soldiers.

War was going on in this country, for King George the Third had made laws for America which the people had thought very unjust, and they had refused to obey them.

"I was knitting these for Brother Jack," said Hetty to herself; "but I pity poor Cousin Griswold so much that mother says I may give them to him; that is, if I get them done before he goes away.

"Poor man! how he must feel, shut up in that little dark attic all the time, and expecting every minute to hear the British soldiers knocking at the door, and demanding entrance to search for Governor Griswold.

"Oh! I am glad I am not a Governor! If I were, I suppose the Redcoats would be after me; and then I should be hung or shot unless I promised to obey King George. But I wouldn't promise any such thing, any more than Cousin Griswold would — and he would die first! I wonder if my linen needs sprinkling again!"

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* From *A Patriotic Reader for Intermediate Grades*, by Norma Helen Deming and Katherine Isabel Bemis

Putting down her knitting, she took a pail of water and began to sprinkle the linen which had been spread on the grass near her. She was startled to see a man leap over the fence, but in a moment recognized her Cousin Griswold.

"Hetty, I shall lose my life unless I get to the boat before the soldiers come. You see where the roads part, close by the orchard; I want you to run down towards the shore, and meet the soldiers who are sure to ask for me, and then you must tell them that I am gone up the road to meet the mailcart, and they will turn off the other way."

"But, cousin, how can I say so? It would not be true. Oh, why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Would you betray me, Hetty, and see me put to death? Hark! they are coming. I hear the clink of the horses' feet. Tell them I have gone up the road, and Heaven will bless you."

"Those who speak false words will never be happy. But they shall not make me tell which way you go, even if they kill me — so run as fast as you can."

"It is too late to run! Where can I hide myself?"

"Be quick, cousin! Come down, and lie under this cloth; I will throw it over you, and go on sprinkling the linen."

"I will come down, for it is my last chance," said the man.

Hetty quickly covered him with the folds of the

long cloth and went on with her sprinkling. In a few minutes a company of soldiers on horseback dashed into the yard. One of the officers called out to her, "Have you seen a man run by this way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must tell me this instant, or it will be worse for you."

"I will not tell, for I must keep my word."

"Let me speak, for I think I know the child. Is your name Hetty Marvin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps the man who ran past you was your cousin?"

"Yes, sir, he was."

"Well, we wish to speak with him. What did he say to you when he came by?"

"He told me that he had to run to save his life."

"Just so; that was quite true. I hope he will not have far to run. Where was he going to hide himself?"

"My cousin said that he would go to the river to find a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men in search of him that he had gone the other way to meet the mailcart."

"You are a good girl, Hetty, and we know you speak truth. What did your cousin say when he heard that you could not tell a lie to save his life?"

"He said, 'Would you betray me and see me put to

death?'"

"And you said you would not tell if you were killed for it?"

"Yes, sir," she cried, as her tears fell fast.

"Those were brave words; and I suppose he thanked you, and ran down the road as fast as he could?"

"I promised not to tell which way he went, sir."

"Oh, yes, I forgot; but tell me his last words, and I will not trouble you any more."

"He said, 'I will come down, for it is my last chance.'"

Hetty was now very much frightened, and cried aloud as she hid her face in her apron. The soldiers thought they had all they wanted and rode off to the riverside.

While Griswold had been in hiding in the attic he had agreed to signal his boatmen, if he needed help, by hanging a white cloth in the window if it was daytime or a lantern if it was at night. They were to be on the watch and ready to help in case of need.

As soon as the soldiers rode away, his friends hung out a white cloth to warn the boatmen and they pulled away from the shore as they saw the red coats of the British.

By the time the soldiers reached the shore the boat was almost out of sight and this made them think that Griswold had escaped.

Hetty, who had been watching, came towards

where he lay under the cloth, clapping her hands.

"Safe! Safe!" cried Griswold, "and all through you, my brave Hetty! Now go in and get your supper, and when it is dark, put a light in the attic window. My men will see it and come back in the boat for me, and I shall get beyond the reach of the Redcoats."

"Come with me and have something to eat, cousin," said Hetty. "I will watch and tell you if any one comes."

"No, Hetty, I must not do that; I will stay here. When it is quite dark, bring me my little bundle of clothing and something to eat. I shall quietly make my way down to the boat when I hear the oars."

"Well, good-bye, cousin," said the brave little girl.

"Good-bye, Hetty! If all our soldiers were as brave and true as you are, we should not have to fight many years before we should say in truth, AMERICA IS FREE!"

Needless to say, the little girl did as she was told. The signal was seen, and Griswold soon reached a place of safety.

When the war was over, he named his first child Hetty Marvin, so that he might have always before him the name of the brave little cousin whose truth-speaking had saved his life.

Liberty or Loyalty?*

We must not make the mistake of supposing that every American in Revolutionary days fought for independence, or, if not fighting, gave what help he could in other ways. There were many people of America who looked upon the war as a "most wicked rebellion against his Gracious Majesty, King George." They could not understand how their neighbors and friends could take part in such wicked business. Most of them at the beginning of the struggle had no doubt that England would make short work of subduing the rebellious colonists, and they looked forward to long lives as subjects of the king.

Naturally enough, many of these "loyalists," as they were called from their loyalty to the English government, wanted to help the English soldiers to put an end to the war, and so they joined the British army. There were whole regiments fighting for England which were made up of American loyalists.

Others had no heart to fight against their neighbors and one-time friends. Some of these left their homes, going to Halifax or to England. Some tried to live quietly at home. Some gave secret aid to the king's soldiers, and, if they were found out, received rough treatment. Some received rough treatment anyway, simply because they were loyalists, or Tories, as the other party called them.

The name Tory in itself meant nothing bad or disgrace-

* From *Pioneers and Patriots in Early American History*, by Marguerite Stockman Dickson

ful. Whig and Tory were the names of English political parties, as Republican and Democrat are in our own country today. Of course there were Whigs and Tories in the English colonies too. The Whigs in both the colonies and the mother country took the part of the resisting Americans, and the Tories believed the English government was right. So when an American called another American a Tory, he meant merely a man loyal to the English government. Of course as war went on the feeling between Whigs and Tories grew bitter, and the very word Tory came to imply scorn.

All sorts of cruel deeds were done as the war spirit grew. Quiet and harmless Tories were tormented because they could not believe as their neighbors did. Others were imprisoned or driven away from their homes. Tories, on the other hand, did their share of tormenting. They spied upon their Whig neighbors, and many a patriot soldier at home for a glimpse of wife and children was captured by bands of Tories or by British soldiers warned by Tory spies.

Perhaps the most hated of all were those who would take neither side, or who changed sides during the war. Nobody trusted them — nobody dared trust them. It would perhaps be too much to expect that every man should be true to his best self at such a time. There were selfish men, who would be sure to follow the stronger side for their own advantage. There were the timid ones, who dared not choose the weak side even though they believed it right. And there were others that seemed to change with every wind that blew. When a British army encamped near them, they were all for "England and the Crown." When a turn of battle brought an American army, they were just as devoted to the cause of liberty and independence. Thus they hoped to make sure of their own safety.

Michael Doherty, of Delaware, was an unfortunate

example of this changeable nature. He was a sergeant in the Continental army, but was taken prisoner by the British. While in prison he was approached by a British officer who offered him his freedom if he would take the king's side. Michael, won by what he calls the officer's "perpetual blarney" and "the king's money" slipped into his hand, became a duly enlisted soldier in the British regiment which had captured him.

Alas, for Michael! His regiment was ordered to garrison Stony Point, and there "Mad Anthony's" men gave him an ugly wound and took him prisoner again. No doubt he had time to think over the matter seriously while his wound was healing; at any rate he changed his sympathies and was forgiven and received back with kindness by his comrades in his old Delaware regiment. But at the battle of Camden in South Carolina the British won the day, and poor Michael soon found himself marched to the coast and shut up on a British prison ship. By that time changing sides had probably become a habit, so we are not surprised to hear that, in the battle at the Cowpens, Michael was again a valiant British soldier, and, when the battle was over, again a prisoner to his friends, the enemy. What became of him after that I cannot say, but he lived to tell the tale, which he concluded with these words: "I feel some qualms at the thought of battle since, take whatever side I will, I am always sure to find it the wrong one."

I must tell you the story of Doctor Byles and his two daughters, of Boston. For more than forty years the learned doctor was pastor of a church in his native town, but when trouble came between the colonies and the English government, his people were not satisfied with the good doctor's stand.

He was careful not to say a word about politics or the

questions that everybody else was talking excitedly about. Other preachers wrote sermons about "the duty of the colonies to the king," or "the wrongs of the American colonies," but never a word from Doctor Byles. At last some one asked him why he expressed no opinion. His reply was: "In the first place, I don't understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion."

This, however, did not satisfy his Whig congregation. The people believed he was a Tory at heart. And so he was, but of the sort that was disposed to keep out of the quarrel and allow those who felt more strongly than he to settle it.

It was not long before his Tory sympathies cost him his church; but he lived on in his old house in Boston. His daughters were far more interested than he. They welcomed to their father's house the British officers then stationed in Boston; they watched anxiously for news of British victories; they prayed for the success of England and the welfare of the British king.

The old doctor was closely watched, you may be sure, and, at one time during the war, he was tried and sentenced to be shut up in his own house under guard. It might have been worse, of course, and the old man, always cheerful, made the best of it, although the daughters more than offset his mildness by their indignant exclamations.

One day it happened that the doctor was alone in the house, before which the sentinel marched back and forth on his usual guard duty. It also happened that the doctor found himself much in need of a servant or a messenger boy to do an errand for him. Unfortunately he could not go himself, and there was no one else. Quite annoying, surely! Suddenly, with a twinkle in his shrewd old eyes, the doctor threw

open the front door and hailed the guard.

Now, I haven't a doubt that the militiaman pacing up and down before the doctor's door was very tired of his task. And I should be very little surprised to know that it seemed to him rather a foolish precaution to guard this white-haired old man who had done nothing worse than to wish success to England in the war. Even so, he stood in open-mouthed astonishment when the doctor coolly proposed that he — the guard — go on an errand for his prisoner!

"But, sir," he stammered, "who — who — who would stand guard over you, sir?"

"I am quite capable of shouldering a musket myself," replied the old doctor. "Go on. I'll do sentry duty." The strangest part of the story is that the sentinel agreed, leaving the prisoner to march gravely back and forth for an hour or more, till his return.

Once the doctor and his daughters were ordered to be sent to England, but the sentence was not carried out. Instead they remained in their old home, while the war went on and finally ended in the independence of the American colonies.

The hopes and prayers of the doctor's daughters had gained them nothing. Still, however, they were loyal to King George. The father died, but the daughters lived in Boston for fifty years after the war, unchanging loyalists to the days of their death. The people around them might yield to the rulers of "the states." They were as they had always been, subjects of the king. Their old-fashioned house was kept as in their father's day. Their treasures were "from England" and as old or older than themselves. They talked of the old days when they were taken to walk on the Common by General Howe and Lord Percy of the King's Army, and of the band which played beneath their windows by the order of

these officers. As death approached, they found great comfort in the knowledge that "not a creature in the states will be any better for what we shall leave behind us."

To them the war was always "a rebellion," and they never forgot nor forgave the deeds of their "misguided countrymen." We cannot help feeling sorry for the poor old ladies, although we rejoice in America's freedom and in the deeds of our patriot forefathers, which won it.

There is a story of another old minister in Massachusetts, which shows him, like his fellow-Tory, Doctor Byles, a gentle and peace-loving man. For many years before the Revolution he had been wont to pray as other ministers did for "our excellent King George"; and one Sunday after the war began, he, in an absent-minded way, offered the same prayer. He had scarcely spoken the words "King George," however, when he realized what he had said and that his people would surely object: so he immediately went on, "O Lord, I mean George Washington."

There were not many Tories as harmless to the patriot cause as Doctor Byles, nor many who could have been trusted to stand guard over themselves. On every hand we hear of Tory deeds. In the Mohawk Valley, in New York State, they gathered together bands of Indians and, with their aid, carried on the most cruel and awful warfare. There were raids and massacres, murder and scalping — warfare not only against men, but against women and children.

Everywhere through the middle colonies and the south there were more Tories than in New England; and the patriots of these sections had to fight not only British soldiers, but neighborhood Tories. Stories are still told in Pennsylvania of the five Doane brothers, who left their home, and carried on their warfare from the woods. They were the terror of the neighborhood, spying, robbing, dashing out from

their hiding places, and doing all manner of harm to the patriot cause.

Scarcely a town, north or south, but has its stories of Tory misdeeds. There is a story of a southern patriot, whose plantation was left for months at a time in charge of his faithful slaves, while the master fought for liberty. One night the master suddenly appeared, and the slaves were rejoiced to see him, although they feared for his safety, for there were many Tories in the neighborhood.

After a long talk about plantation matters, the weary soldier sought his bed, and was soon sleeping soundly. The slaves kept watch, lest he should be surprised and captured. Suddenly in the dark hours of the night, the slaves came running to rouse their master.

"The Tories are coming, massa. They are coming, sure," they cried, even shaking the sleeping man to rouse him to his danger. He had scarcely wakened when he knew the slaves were right. Voices and hoof beats told the story. There was little time in which to flee.

Reassuring the frightened negroes, the soldier ran down the stairs, and, still in his night-clothes, hastily concealed himself in a thickly growing shrub close to the house. There was no time to seek a more distant refuge. Scarcely had the crackling of twigs and the rustling of leaves ceased before the Tory band was upon him. He hardly dared breathe.

In a moment the leader of the company was roughly demanding that the slaves lead him to their master. They protested loudly that they did not know where he was. And indeed they did not. They knew only that he was hidden somewhere. The voices grew louder and angrier. The slaves grew more and more frightened, but they were loyal in spite of fright. The Tories threatened them with whipping and with torture, but were at last convinced that they really did

not know.

Close beside the hiding place of the soldier, the Tories gathered, and soon decided that they would burn the house. "He's probably in it somewhere, so we'll get him dead if not alive," said one. In a short time there was smoke and the crackling of flames. The fire burned rapidly, and the man in the bushes began to suffer from the heat. He had torn his scanty garments in getting to his hiding place, and now the heat was blistering his back and arms. It seemed as though he must cry out. But crying out meant capture and perhaps death. He bit his lips, and endured the torment.

At last the Tories, seeing that the house was doomed, turned about, and, with a last threat flung toward the weeping negroes clustered at a little distance, rode off. Then the master crept forth, scratched and bleeding, scorched and blistered. But he lived to fight again for liberty.

One of the saddest things about the war for independence was the turning against each other of one-time friends and neighbors. But in most cases, people favored the side which they thought right, and we must allow to each the liberty of his own belief. Whigs and Tories called each other hard names; and when the Whigs were victorious and won independence, they treated the defeated Tories harshly. It is only in these later years that we can see that, if they were honest, they could only defend the right as they saw it.

Israel Israel's Experience with the Tories*

In the early twilight of a winter afternoon in 1777, a young man walked rapidly along the road from Wilmington to Philadelphia. He was closely wrapped in a large cloak, inside which he carried various bundles and packages, including a small bag of money. He was clearly anxious to reach his journey's end, yet as he approached the ferry, he lingered along the road until darkness fell and the lights of the city began to appear in the distance. Then under the friendly cover of the darkness, he walked boldly toward the British sentinel who guarded the ferry entrance.

Philadelphia was at this time in the hands of the British General Howe, and his soldiers were quartered in the city. The Tories of Philadelphia were joyful indeed because of the presence of the British, but Whigs unfortunate enough to remain suffered inconvenience and sometimes real hardship. Among the Whig families thus suffering were the mother and sisters of the young man at the ferry; and his present journey was to carry them relief.

Hailed by the British sentinel with the customary question, "Who goes there?" the young man promptly answered, "A friend," and when further questioned, gave quite as promptly the British countersign for the night.

"Pass, friend!" said the sentinel. The young man hurried on, glad to escape his searching eyes.

This man, Israel Israel, was the elder of two sons of a

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* From *Pioneers and Patriots in Early American History*, by Marguerite Stockman Dickson

widowed mother. When war broke out, both of the brothers desired to fight for liberty, but the aged mother, two sisters and Israel's young wife seemed to need the protection and support of one of the young men, and it was decided that one must remain at home. It was hard to choose between them. It was finally settled that they should draw lots, and this ended in the lot's falling upon Joseph, the younger brother, who therefore went to fight.

Israel continued to live upon his little farm in Wilmington, making frequent visits to the old mother and sisters in Philadelphia. Since the British had seized the city, only "king's men," or loyalists, were permitted to pass in and out. Israel heard strange stories of the rough treatment Whigs within the city were receiving, and he grew daily more fearful. He tried to devise some way to get inside the British lines.

At length help came from an unexpected source. A Tory neighbor, knowing of Israel's longing to learn how his mother was faring, obtained for him the British countersign; and thankfully accepting his neighbor's kindness, Israel had passed the sentinel, as we have seen, and was soon walking rapidly in the direction of his mother's house.

Once within, the young man was relieved to find his mother and sisters well, though sorely in need of the supplies he had brought. Soldiers were quartered in the house, they told him, and the timid women were very weary of their rough, noisy ways. Then cautiously they led Israel to an inner room, where he was surprised to find a soldier in Continental uniform.

"Why, 'tis Joe," he cried, and the brothers clasped hands joyfully. "How did you get here, man?" asked Israel. "Did some Tory friend help you as mine helped me?"

"'Tis too long a tale to tell," answered Joseph. "'Tis

enough that I am here. Indeed I must soon be gone. I must be far from the city before light."

It was fully eleven o'clock when the happily united family sat down to supper, still talking busily of their experiences in these trying times. Suddenly the tramp of horses in the street without was followed by loud knocking at the door. In a moment Joseph had left his untasted supper, for to be caught here in Continental uniform meant imprisonment and perhaps worse.

The rest rushed after him up the stairs, helped him out of the telltale uniform, and saw him safely out of sight on the roof before they descended to open to the pounding, shouting soldiers below.

It was Israel himself who unbarred the door. Upon him the soldiers rushed, shouting, "Now we have him, the rebel rascal!"

"Who calls me a rebel?" calmly asked the young man, shaking off the rough hand of the Hessian sergeant who commanded the group.

"Your own slave admits it," answered the sergeant, pointing to an old negro who stood with hanging head in the doorway.

The master fixed his keen eye upon the trembling slave, as he said carelessly, "There's a mistake here, gentlemen. It's my brother, Joe, you're looking for, no doubt. He fights in the rebel army. But he isn't here." And as he spoke, Israel could only hope his words were true, and that Joe was indeed some distance away by this time.

"Stay," he added, as if a new thought had just come to him, "I believe an old uniform of Joe's has been left in the house. I'll get it, and you may see for yourselves whether I'm its rebel owner."

So, still calmly, he went upstairs, and returned with the

garments so lately thrown aside by the escaping soldier. Now it chanced that Joe was a small man, while Israel was tall and broad, quite a giant in fact. Even the soldiers could only laugh when Israel struggled, but all in vain, to get into the uniform.

The sergeant made all due apologies, and dismissing his men, proposed that, since supper was on the table, he stay and share it. Little as the family desired his presence, they dared not object, and they made a place for the self-invited guest.

When the officer had taken his departure, Israel bade his mother and sisters good-bye, and set out upon his homeward journey. Passing the sentinel safely, he tramped the thirty miles between the ferry and his home, arriving weary, but relieved that his dangerous errand was safely accomplished.

At home, however, he met fresh difficulties. The friendly Tory who had given him the countersign proved far from friendly at heart, for he had betrayed the secret of the journey to the British, and now Israel found himself arrested and accused of entering the British lines as a spy.

Together with his wife's brother, the young man was carried off to a British warship in the Delaware, to be tried for his life. While it was not true that he was a spy, his activity in the patriot cause could not be denied, and his Tory neighbors were more than ready to testify against him.

The *Roebuck*, on which the prisoners were confined, lay not far from the town, directly opposite, it happened, to Israel's little farm. As he lay on the deck, on the coil of rope which was his only bed, he could see the lights in his windows, telling of the lonely young wife within the house, trembling for his safety. Only nineteen years old, she was now left quite unprotected.

In the morning, Israel saw his cattle driven out upon the meadow by the riverside and knew the brave wife was caring as she could for the home in his absence. His enemies were on hand early with their tales of his evil deeds. He had been a rebel from the first, they said. He had given no provisions for the use of his Majesty's soldiers and fleet. Indeed he had been heard to say he would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington than to sell them for a cartload of British gold.

"Indeed," said the commander of the *Roebuck*. "And where are these precious cattle?"

"There, on the meadow, sir, in plain sight," responded the Tory informers. Then the commander sternly ordered men ashore to drive the cattle down to the river, where they should be slaughtered before their rebel owner's eyes.

The young wife, having risen at dawn, was watching eagerly from an upper window of the farm-house for some sign of her husband's fate. She saw the soldiers rowed ashore from the ship, saw them land and march toward the meadow. Guessing their errand, she ran down with a sudden determination to resist.

No one was in sight to help her but the small boy who had driven the cows to the pasture, and he was only eight years old. Calling him to follow, she started for the pasture, and, pulling down the bars, ran to drive the cattle out. With the small boy who helped valiantly, she soon started the herd in the right direction. The soldiers were coming nearer now and were shouting angrily that they would fire — and fire they did. By this time Mrs. Israel was thoroughly aroused, and she only called back, "Fire away!" while she ran hither and thither with the boy, guiding the frightened cattle.

With the balls falling around them, the young woman and the little boy braved death in defence of those rebel

cattle. "This way, Joe! Head them this way! Don't let a single one escape." With the last one through the bars, Mrs. Israel caught up the little boy, stumbling in his terror, and fastened the cattle securely in the barnyard.

The soldiers, perhaps a little ashamed of making war upon a woman and a child, turned back to the ship. On the deck of the *Roebuck* officers and prisoners had watched the scene, and the prisoners at least must have gloried in the courage shown by the young wife. The trial went on, but strange to say, the officers for some reason changed their harsh attitude toward the prisoners and sent them home free men. They even rebuked the Tories who had accused a man bound on a peaceful errand of duty to his old mother. Israel went home in honor on a splendid barge, with presents for his brave wife from the officers of the *Roebuck* British man-of-war.

A Mother's Faith Through the Eyes of a Child*

My father was in the army during the whole eight years of the Revolutionary War, at first as a common soldier, afterwards as an officer. My mother had the sole charge of us four little ones.

Our house was a poor one, and far from neighbors. I have a keen remembrance of the terrible cold of some of those winters. The snow lay so deep and long, that it was difficult to cut or draw fuel from the woods, or to get our corn to the mill, when we had any.

My mother was the possessor of a coffee mill. In that she ground wheat, and made coarse bread, which we ate, and were thankful. It was not always we could be allowed as much, even of this, as our keen appetites craved.

Many is the time that we have gone to bed, with only a drink of water for our supper, in which a little molasses had been mingled. We patiently received it, for we knew our mother did as well for us as she could; and we hoped to have something better in the morning.

She was never heard to repine; and young as we were, we tried to make her loving spirit and heavenly trust, our example.

When my father was permitted to come home, his stay was short, and he had not much to leave us, for the pay of those who achieved our liberties was slight, and irregularly

* *From Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

given. Yet when he went, my mother ever bade him farewell with a cheerful face, and told him not to be anxious about his children, for she would watch over them night and day, and God would take care of the families of those who went forth to defend the righteous cause of their country.

Sometimes we wondered that she did not mention the cold weather, or our short meals, or her hard work, that we little ones might be clothed, and fed, and taught. But she would not weaken his hands, or sadden his heart, for she said a soldier's life was harder than all.

We saw that she never complained, but always kept in her heart a sweet hope, like a well of water. Every night ere we slept, and every morning when we arose, we lifted our little hands for God's blessing on our absent father, and our endangered country.

How deeply the prayers from such solitary homes and faithful hearts were mingled with the infant liberties of our dear native land, we may not know until we enter where we see no more "through a glass darkly, but face to face."

A Patriot Mother's Prayers*

An eminent divine whose childhood was passed upon our New England frontier, during the period of the Revolution, narrated to the writer many years since, the story of his mother's life while her husband was absent in the patriot army.

Their small farm was on the sterile hillside, and with the utmost pains, barely yielded sufficient for the wants of the lone wife and her three little ones. There was no house within five miles, and the whole region around was stripped of its male inhabitants, such was the patriotic ardor of the people.

All the labors in providing for the household fell upon the mother. She planted and hoed the corn, milked the cow and tended the farm, at the same time not neglecting the inside duties of the household, feeding and clothing the children, nursing them when sick and instructing them in the rudiments of education.

"I call to mind, though after the lapse of eighty years," said the venerable man, "the image of my mother as distinctly as of yesterday, and she moves before me as she did in my childhood's home among those bleak hills—cheerful and serene through all, though even with my young eyes I could see that a brooding sorrow rested upon her spirit. I remember the day when my father kissed my brothers and me, and told us to be good boys, and help mother while he was gone: I remember too, that look upon my mother's face

* From Women on the American Frontier, by William Fowler

as she watched him go down the road with his musket and knapsack.

"When evening came, that day, and she had placed us in our little beds, I saw her kneeling and praying in a low tone, long and fervently, and heard her after she had pleaded that victory might crown our arms, intercede at the throne of grace for her absent husband and the father of her children.

"Then she rose and kissed us goodnight, and as she bent above us I shall never forget till my latest hour the angelic expression upon her face. Sorrow, love, resignation, and holy trust were blended and beamed forth in that look which seemed to transfigure her countenance and her whole bearing.

"During all those trying years while she was so patiently toiling to feed and clothe us, and bearing the burdens and privations of her lonely lot, never did she omit the morning and evening prayer for her country and for the father of her children.

"One day we saw her holding an open letter in her hand and looking pale and as if she were about to faint. We gathered about her knees and gazed with wondering eyes, silently into her sad and care-worn face, for even then we had been schooled to recognize and respect the sorrows of a mother. Two weeks before that time, a battle had been fought in which father had been severely wounded. The slow mail of those days had only just brought this sad intelligence. As we stood beside her she bent and clasped us to her heart, striving to hide the great tears that coursed down her wasted cheeks.

"We begged her not to cry and tried to comfort her with our infantile caresses. At length we saw her close her eyes and utter a low prayer. Ere her lips had ceased to intercede

with the Father of mercies, a knock was heard at the door and one of the neighboring settlers entered. He had just returned from the army and had come several miles on foot from his home, expressly to tell us that father was rapidly recovering from his wounds. It seemed as if he were a messenger sent from heaven in direct answer to the silent prayers of a mother, and all was joy and brightness in the house."

The patriot father returned to his family at the close of the war with the rank of Captain, which he had nobly won by his bravery in the battle's vain. The sons grew up and became useful and honored citizens of a Republic which their father had helped to make free; and ever during their lives they fondly cherished the memory of the mother who had taught them so many examples of brave self-denial and pious devotion.

The Green Mountain Boys*

Between Lake George and Lake Champlain, there once stood a famous old fort, known as Fort Ticonderoga. At the beginning of the Revolution, it was feebly garrisoned by English troops, but was well supplied with arms and ammunition. The Patriots needed these arms and ammunition, so as to carry on the war which had just begun at Lexington. We shall see how the fort was captured.

As soon as the mountaineers of Vermont heard of the battle of Lexington, they dropped their axes and plows, and, seizing their rifles, banded together for a march on Ticonderoga. Ethan Allen, a rugged and brave mountaineer, was their leader. In order to meet the expenses of the expedition, funds, amounting to fifteen hundred dollars, were collected from the people of Connecticut.

As the expedition advanced, one of the Connecticut agents, named Noah Phelps, went on ahead to find out the condition of the fort. Disguising himself as a countryman, he entered the stronghold on the pretense that he wished to be shaved. Hunting for the barber, he kept his eyes and ears open, asking questions like an innocent farmer, until he found out all about the garrison and its equipment.

When Allen and the Green Mountain Boys neared their goal, they were joined by another force under the command of Benedict Arnold, who was then a brave officer in the American army, though he afterwards proved himself a traitor. The two parties approached the fort, one moving at

* From *America First*, by Lawton Evans

daybreak, a farmer's boy, who lived near, acting as their guide.

The stockade around the fort was reached. The gate was open, since the English Commander suspected no danger. The sentry tried to fire his gun, but it failed to go off; whereupon he ran inside and gave the alarm. The attacking party was close upon his heels. Before any of the garrison could be awakened from their sleep, Allen and his men had taken possession, and resistance was useless. The capture was made by surprise and without bloodshed.

Allen compelled one of the sentries to show him the way to the quarters of the Commander, Captain Delaplace. Reaching his room, Allen called upon him in loud tones to surrender. The Commander sprang from bed, surprised and alarmed at the unusual demand.

"By whose authority?" he asked, in his half-awake condition.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Allen, in a loud voice.

Delaplace made no reply, but hastily dressed to see what the madman from the mountains meant. He soon discovered. Outside he heard the shouts of the Patriots, and saw the movement of men taking possession of the stores. When he came from his quarters he realized that the fort had been occupied by a force, superior to his, and that it was surrendered without a shot being fired or a blow exchanged.

The captured stores consisted of a large number of cannon and ammunition, besides small arms much needed by the Patriots in the great war which was to last for some years.

The Martyr Patriot*

Nathan Hale was born in Connecticut in 1755. He grew up to be a handsome, talented boy, who was not only bright in his studies, but one of the finest athletes in all the country round. He was a swift runner, a fine leaper, and excelled all his playmates in outdoor sports.

He was cheerful in his disposition, truthful, and a favorite with all who knew him. He was very much like Washington, and it is no wonder that his friends were proud of him.

When Hale was a boy he was so far along in his studies that he was sent to Yale College. There he was popular with the teachers and students, for he was manly and noble in all that he did.

You know that Yale College, like other high schools of its kind, gives much attention to athletics. If they had had a champion football team in those days, I am sure that Nathan Hale would have been among their star players.

One day there was a jumping match on the New Haven Green. The young men were skillful at that, and many of them made much longer leaps than you or I can make today.

When it came Hale's turn to try, he caused every eye to open in astonishment, for as he sprang from the ground he seemed to go sailing through the air like a bird. When he struck the earth he was so far in advance of all the others that they clapped their hands with delight.

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* From *A Patriotic Reader for the Intermediate Grades*, by Norma Helen Deming and Katherine Isabel Bemis

Nothing of the kind was ever seen before, and no one tried to see what he could do after Hale made that tremendous leap.

His friends were so pleased that they marked the spot where he left the ground and where he came down. Then they put a fence around it to prevent the marks from being rubbed out. That fence stood for many years. When some student began to boast of what he could do in the way of jumping, the others would take him to the spot and point out what Nathan Hale did when he was a student at Yale.

"Suppose you begin with that," they would say to the ambitious athlete, who, after measuring the length with his eye, would shake his head and walk away. He knew he never could perform a feat like that, and so he said no more about it.

Hale was graduated from college with high honors and everybody wished him well. He was poor and began teaching school at New London, and was there when news came of the battle of Lexington. He was scarcely twenty years old, but his whole soul glowed with patriotism.

He had intended to become a minister, but he felt now that his duty was to serve his country. He gave up his school at once and went around among his friends, asking them to join him in going to the help of the patriots. A good many did so, and the next day the little company were marching as rapidly as they could to Boston.

He was so bright and devoted to his work that as soon as they arrived Nathan was made a lieutenant. He was set to work guarding the seacoast near New London, but after a time was sent to Boston again, where he was with Washington during the siege of that town. He made so fine an officer and was so well liked by his men that he became a captain.

There was no company in the whole army that showed finer drill and discipline than Captain Hale's. When the term for which his men had enlisted had ended, he offered to give them all his own pay if they would reenlist. They did so, for they loved their brave captain and knew that he was not afraid of any danger.

One night in the spring of 1776, Captain Hale picked out a number of his most daring men and rowed out in a boat to where a British vessel was anchored within a few yards of a powerful frigate. Climbing quickly and silently upon the deck they took the whole crew prisoners, shut them in the hold, and then brought the vessel to the wharf without any one of the enemy suspecting what was going on.

If you will study the history of your country, you will learn that the summer of 1776 was one of gloom and almost despair to the Americans. I have told you how everything seemed to go wrong with the patriots until Washington made his brilliant capture of the Hessians at the close of the year at Trenton.

The Americans had suffered a bad defeat on Long Island in August, and only by a narrow chance did the main army manage to escape to Manhattan Island. The British forces were almost double in number and near at hand, eager to attack the Americans, while a fleet of their warships were in New York Bay. It was a sad time, indeed, and had any one but Washington been at the head of the patriot army, it would have been captured.

As it was, Washington felt that he must find out in some way what the enemy meant to do, how many troops it had and how they were placed. There was only one way of getting this knowledge, and that was by sending a spy into the British lines.

You may know that the most dangerous thing a soldier

can do is to act as a spy. While he keeps on his uniform and fights in the ranks, if he has the bad fortune to be made a prisoner, his life is in no danger. He may be kept for a good while, but no civilized nation ever harms a prisoner who has been captured in a fair fight.

But it is different with a spy. He does not wear his uniform, but pretends to belong to the enemy's side, or at least is friendly to it. He tries to move about and learn all he can, and then he waits for a chance to slip away and take the news to his own commander.

You can see how valuable such knowledge is, for it may give his friends the chance to win a great victory. So it is that spies are looked upon as so dangerous, that if they are caught, they are always hanged or shot. Major Andre, a British spy, was captured within our lines and hanged. All nations follow that course.

You will understand from this that a man must be very brave to play the spy. He must be cool and cautious, for he knows that if he is found out, nothing can save him from the most disgraceful of deaths.

A large number of men in Washington's army were asked to go into the British lines, but every one of them said no — the risk was too great. At last, when it looked as if no one could be persuaded, the matter was named to Captain Hale.

"I'll go," he said promptly; "I will take any risk for Washington and my country; I am ready to start at once."

Hale went before Washington and told him this. That great man looked admiringly upon the brave, handsome youth and reminded him of the dreadful danger which hung over him.

"I have thought of all that," said Hale, with a smile, "and am ready to receive my instructions from Your Excellency."

Washington had not many to give. He told Hale that he wished him to learn all he could about the number of troops under Howe, the British commander, where they were placed, and what that leader intended to do. As to how the young officer was to learn this, he must settle for himself.

Bidding good-bye to Washington, who took his hand and gave him his best wishes, Captain Hale dressed himself up as a schoolteacher. He could do that very well, for, as you know, he had been a teacher.

It was at Norwalk that he made this change, leaving his uniform there, while he put on a brown suit and a broad-brimmed hat. Then he went aboard of a sloop late at night, and was landed at Great Neck Point on Huntingdon Bay. He stayed all day and night with a farmer, who was his friend, and the next day boldly walked into the enemy's lines.

I wish I could tell you all that Captain Hale, disguised as a Quaker schoolteacher, did in the next two weeks, but nobody has ever been able to find out.

He spent the whole time with the enemy and must have played his part well, for no one suspected him. He went from place to place, talked with soldiers and officers, studied the plans of the British general, and did not think of leaving until he had learned all that he wanted. He did not trust his memory, but put it down on paper, which he let no one see.

It is known that he visited all the British encampments near Brooklyn, and that he passed the enemy's lines twice. Finally, at the end of two weeks, he felt that he knew all that was necessary. It was most valuable information, and would be of great help to Washington, who was anxiously waiting for his return.

Still no one suspected the sober, silent Quaker schoolmaster, and he crossed over from New York to Brooklyn,

where he was still in the enemy's lines. Cool, brave, and careful, he made his way to Huntingdon.

Captain Hale was now close to his friends. A little farther and he would be safe. There a boat was to come for him and take him across the water to the American lines, where his perils would be at an end.

There was a little tavern at Huntingdon, into which he walked and sat down to wait until his comrades came for him. While he was there a man came in and looked closely at him. Hale did not notice him, and it is a great pity that he did not, for he was a Tory and a relative of Hale. He recognized the spy and, slipping out of the tavern, hurried with the news to a British naval officer, whose vessel lay near by.

Meanwhile, Hale, who was watching for the boat to come for him, thought he saw it approaching and walked down to the Point to meet it. With no thought of anything wrong, he took several steps out into the water to leap into the boat, but, as he was about to do so, the men suddenly leveled their guns and ordered him to surrender.

Seeing he had been betrayed, he turned again and started to run up the bank, but the soldiers called again to him to surrender. He looked around, and saw that he would be shot dead the next instant if he did not obey. So he turned about and again walked down the bank and stepped into the boat belonging to his enemies.

He was rowed out to the ship Halifax and there searched. No papers were discovered about his clothing, but knowing how careful spies are to hide their secrets, the officer took off his shoes and pried the soles apart. There the documents were found which proved Nathan Hale to be a spy.

The prisoner scorned to make any denial, and was taken to New York, where he was brought into the presence of

Lord Howe, who examined the papers.

"Who are you?" asked the British general.

"Captain Nathan Hale, of the Continental army," was the prompt reply.

"You have been within our lines seeking information?"

"I have, sir."

"And you seem to have obtained it," grimly added Howe, looking again at the papers.

"Yes; I was quite successful, and am sorry that I could not place those in the hands of General Washington."

"No doubt; and you are aware also of the punishment which all nations visit upon spies?"

The prisoner bowed his head, as he replied:

"I am, sir; and I do not ask for a court martial. I am ready for whatever you deem right to do with me."

Lord Howe could not help admiring this brave patriot, who, without any boasting in his manner, confessed he was a spy and asked for no mercy. He would have been glad to spare him, but that could not be.

He ordered him to be hanged the next morning, and turned him over to William Cunningham, who was Provost Marshal of the British army in New York.

Captain Hale was led to the gallows the next morning and, turning to the bystanders, whose eyes were filled with tears, said:

"My only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country."

"Swing him off! swing off the rebel!" commanded Cunningham.

And so one of the bravest and purest patriots that ever lived died the death of a martyr for his native land.

Another sad fact about the death of Hale is that to this day no one knows where his body was buried. How gladly

we would raise a monument over his grave if we knew where to build it. It is thought that it was dug beneath the gallows, but it was never marked and the truth can never be known.

The 25th of November, 1893, was crisp and cold. On that day thousands of people gathered in City Hall Park, New York, where a statue of Captain Nathan Hale was unveiled. It is an impressive figure, showing the martyr patriot with the thongs upon him, and with an expression of calm nobility and dauntless courage on his countenance.

The Patriotism of Lydia Darrah*

When the British occupied Philadelphia, the Adjutant-General of the British Army had his quarters in the home of a Quaker, named Darrah, and his wife, Lydia. The two were staunch Patriots, who little liked the private conferences of the British officers, frequently held in their house at night.

One cold and snowy day in December, 1777, the Adjutant-General told Mrs. Darrah to make ready the upper back room of the house for a meeting of his friends, which he intended for that very night.

"Be sure your family are all in bed early, for my friends may stay until a late hour. When they are ready to depart, I will call you that you may let them out, and extinguish the fire and the candles."

She set about doing as she was bid. At the same time, she was so impressed with the mystery of it all, and so suspicious of the purpose of the officer, that she resolved to find out what was going on.

When night came, she saw that her family were in bed, and, after the officers arrived, she bade them good-night, saying she would also retire to her room. So she did, but not to sleep.

After a while she quietly stole, in her stocking feet, along the passage until she came to the room where the officers were in consultation. She placed her ear to the keyhole, and listened intently to what was being said inside.

One of the officers was reading a paper, which was an

* From *America First*, by Lawton Evans

order from Sir William Howe, arranging for a secret attack on the forces of General Washington. The British troops were to leave Philadelphia on the night of December 4, and to surprise the Patriots before daybreak. The plan was carefully made, and these officers were receiving their instructions.

Mrs. Darrah had heard enough. She went quietly back to her room, and lay down on the bed. In a few minutes, steps were heard along the passage, and there was a rap at her door.

"Come, wake up, Mrs. Darrah, and let us out," demanded the Adjutant-General.

Mrs. Darrah pretended to be asleep, and the officer rapped more loudly and called again. Yawning, and in a sleepy voice, the patriotic woman answered. Then she arose and let the men out of the house. She slept no more that night, for she knew that Washington must be warned; her thoughts were busy with some plan to convey him the information she had.

By dawn she was out of bed and ready for action. She knew that flour was wanted for her family, and so she told her husband that she was going to Frankford to get the needed supply. This was not an unusual thing, since the people in those days depended on the Frankford Mills for their flour, and delivery wagons were not heard of.

The morning was cold, and snow covered the ground. Frankford was five miles away, and Mrs. Darrah had to walk the entire way, and bring back the flour on her shoulder. Bag in hand, the brave woman started on her journey afoot. She stopped at Howe's headquarters to get a passport to leave the city. It was still early in the day when she reached the Mills, and left her bag to be filled with flour. From the Mills she pushed on toward the headquarters of General Wash-

ington.

After walking a few miles, she met Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, one of Washington's officers, who had been sent out in search of information. It did not take her long to tell her story to him. He returned rapidly to his own lines, while she walked leisurely back to the Mills, as though there was nothing on her mind. She shouldered her bag of flour, and trudged home through five miles of snow. But she had the satisfaction of realizing that Washington now knew the plans of the enemy.

On the night of December 4, the British troops moved quietly out of Philadelphia, and advanced to attack the supposedly unsuspecting Americans. Just before daybreak, they arrived in front of the American lines, and, to their surprise, found everything ready to receive them. The Patriots were armed and prepared for their foe. In much dismay, the British turned quietly around and marched back to Philadelphia, having gone miles through the cold and darkness for nothing.

The Adjutant-General could not imagine how Washington had found out the plans for the attack. The next day he said to Mrs. Darrah:

"It is strange how Washington discovered our purpose. You and your family were all asleep when I gave the orders to the officers, and yet some one found out. We marched miles and miles to find the Americans under arms, with cannon, ready, and then we had to march back like a parcel of children. I wonder who told him we were coming?"

Mrs. Darrah could have enlightened him on this point, but she kept her counsel. It was some months after the British had left Philadelphia before she mentioned to any one the way in which she had outwitted General Howe and saved the Americans from surprise.

Washington's Christmas Gift*

Washington was fighting to set this country free. But the army that the King of England sent to fight him was stronger than Washington's army. Washington was beaten and driven out of Brooklyn. Then he had to leave New York. After that, he marched away into New Jersey to save his army from being taken. At last he crossed the Delaware River. Here he was safe for a while.

Some of the Hessian soldiers that the king had hired to fight against the Americans came to Trenton. Trenton is on the Delaware River.

Washington and his men were on the other side of the Delaware River from the Hessians. Washington's men were discouraged. They had been driven back all the way from Brooklyn. It was winter, and they had no warm houses to stay in. They had not even warm clothes. They were dressed in old clothes that people had given them. Some of them were barefooted in this cold weather.

The Hessians and other soldiers of the king were waiting for the river to freeze over. Then they would march across on the ice. They meant to fight Wash-

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

ington once more, and break up his army. But Washington was thinking about something too.

He was waiting for Christmas. He knew that the Hessian soldiers on the other side of the river would eat and drink a great deal on Christmas Day.

The afternoon of Christmas came. The Hessians were singing and drinking in Trenton. But Washington was marching up the river bank. Some of his barefoot men left blood marks on the snow as they marched.

The men and cannons were put into flat boats. These boats were pushed across the river with poles. There were many great pieces of ice in the river. But all night long the flat boats were pushed across and then back again for more men. It was three o'clock on the morning after Christmas when the last Americans crossed the river. It was hailing and snowing, and it was very cold. Two or three of the soldiers were frozen to death.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when Washington got to Trenton. The Hessians were sleeping soundly. The sound of the American drums waked them. They jumped out of their beds. They ran into the streets. They tried to fight the Americans.

But it was too late. Washington had already taken their cannons. His men were firing these at the Hessians. The Hessians ran into the fields to get away. But the Americans caught them.

The battle was soon over. Washington had taken

nine hundred prisoners.

This was called the battle of Trenton. It gave great joy to all the Americans. It was Washington's Christmas gift to the country.

How Washington Got Out of a Trap*

After the battle of Trenton, Washington went back across the Delaware River. He had not men enough to fight the whole British army.

But the Americans were glad when they heard that he had beaten the Hessians. They sent him more soldiers. Then he went back across the river to Trenton again.

There was a British general named Cornwallis. He marched to Trenton. He fought against Washington. Cornwallis had more men than Washington had. Night came, and they could not see to fight. There was a little creek between the two armies.

Washington had not boats enough to carry his men across the river. Cornwallis was sure to beat him if they should fight a battle the next morning.

Cornwallis said, "I will catch the fox in the morning."

He called Washington a fox. He thought he had him in a trap. Cornwallis sent for some more soldiers to come from Princeton in the morning. He wanted them to help him catch the fox.

But foxes sometimes get out of traps.

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* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

When it was dark, Washington had all his camp fires lighted. He put men to digging where the British could hear them. He made Cornwallis think that he was throwing up banks of earth and getting ready to fight in the morning.

But Washington did not stay in Trenton. He did not wish to be caught like a fox in a trap. He could not get across the river. But he knew a road that went round the place where Cornwallis and his army were. He took that road and got behind the British army.

It was just like John waiting to catch James. James is in the house. John is waiting at the front door to catch James when he comes out. But James slips out by the back way. John hears him call "Hello!" James has gone round behind him and got away.

Washington went out of Trenton in the darkness. You might say that he marched out by the back door. He left Cornwallis watching the front door. The Americans went away quietly. They left a few men to keep up the fires, and make a noise like digging. Before morning these slipped away too.

When morning came, Cornwallis went to catch his fox. But the fox was not there. He looked for the Americans. There was the place where they had been digging. Their camp fires were still burning. But where had they gone?

Cornwallis thought that Washington had crossed the river by some means. But soon he heard guns firing away back toward Princeton. He thought that

it must be thunder. But he found that it was a battle. Then he knew that Washington had gone to Princeton.

Washington had marched all night. When he got to Princeton, he met the British coming out to go to Trenton. They were going to help Cornwallis to catch Washington. But Washington had come to Princeton to catch them. He had a hard fight with the British at Princeton. But at last he beat them.

When Cornwallis knew that the Americans had gone to Princeton, he hurried there to help his men. But it was too late. Washington had beaten the British at Princeton, and had gone on into the hills, where he was safe. The fox had got out of the trap.

A Winter at Valley Forge*
(1777-1778)

During the Revolution the British had the idea that it would be a great thing if they could take Philadelphia. They called it the "rebel capital," because Congress had met there; and they did not seem to realize that Congress could easily meet somewhere else. They marched into the city with colors flying and bands playing, and Washington could not prevent them.

When they were once in, the best thing for him to do was to see that they did not get out or do any mischief; and so he chose for his winter quarters Valley Forge, a place only a few miles from Philadelphia. There he could easily defend himself if he was attacked, and he could keep close watch of the British.

It would have been easier to fight many battles than to spend that winter in Valley Forge. It was December, and there was no shelter of any kind. Men and officers set to work bravely to build huts for themselves.

These huts were of all sorts. Some were built of heavy logs. Their roofs were made of small trees wrapped with straw and laid side by side. Clay was laid on top of the straw, and splints were laid on top of that. The windows were simply holes cut through the logs and covered with oiled paper.

A house like this was looked upon as the height of

* From *A Patriotic Reader for the Intermediate Grades*, by Norma Helen Deming and Katherine Isabel Bemis

luxury. Most of the huts were made of sods piled up, or fence rails or poles held together by twigs twisted in and out and daubed with clay. The snow sifted in at every little opening, the rain dripped through even the best of the roofs, and the wind howled and roared and blew in at every crevice.

There were few blankets, and many brave defenders of their country lay on the frozen ground because they had not even straw to put under them. Sometimes they sat up all night, crowding up to the fires to keep from freezing.

They were no better off for clothing than for houses. The whole army was in rags, which the soldiers' most skillful mending could hardly hold together. Many of the men had no shirts, even more were without shoes. Wherever they walked, the snow was marked with blood. Some cut strips from their precious blankets, and wound them about their feet to protect them from the frozen ground.

Food was scanty; sometimes for several days they were without meat, and some companies were once without bread for three days. When the word went around, "No meat to-night," the soldiers groaned, but they never yielded.

The cause of these hardships was the fact that Congress had no power. It could say to a State, "We need money for the army, and your share will be so much"; but if the State did not choose to pay the tax, Congress could not force it to pay.

It is said that while these brave soldiers were suffering in their rags, whole hogsheads of clothes and shoes and stockings were waiting at different places on the roads until money to pay for teaming could be found. Sometimes the soldiers themselves took the places of horses and oxen, and when they could learn of any supplies, dragged the wagons into camp.

Washington shared all this suffering with his men, and

he had even more to bear from fault-finders. The Pennsylvania Legislature thought he ought not to shelter his men in huts at Valley Forge. "Why doesn't he camp out in tents in the open field," they demanded, "and attack the British?"

This was too much for even Washington's patience, and he wrote a blunt letter to the Legislature, telling them how little they were doing for the army. He said it was much easier to find fault "in a comfortable room by a good fireside than to camp upon a cold, bleak hill and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets."

Not all the soldiers were Americans by any means. Some of them were foreigners who had come to America to get what they could out of the country; but there were also many who came because they believed that the United States was in the right, and they wanted to help her win her independence.

One of these true friends was a young Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette. For some time the Americans had been trying to persuade France to help them, but Lafayette could not bear to wait for his country to act. "The moment I heard of America, I loved her," he wrote. He fitted out a ship at his own cost and crossed the ocean.

Then he asked two "favors" of Congress — to serve as a volunteer, and to pay his own expenses. Congress made him an officer, although he was only nineteen. He won the heart of the commander-in-chief at their first meeting, and from that day Washington trusted him as he trusted few people.

Lafayette was rich, a nobleman, and a favorite at the French court. He had lived in luxury all his days; but he shared with Washington the hard life at Valley Forge, never complaining, always bright and cheerful.

All this time he was writing letters home, which did much to bring about something that delighted Washington

and "the boy," as the British scornfully called Lafayette.

Word came across the sea that the French king had decided to help America. Then there was rejoicing at gloomy Valley Forge. A day of thanksgiving was appointed. Prayer was offered, the troops were reviewed, thirteen cannon were fired, and at a signal the whole army shouted, "Long live the king of France!"

The French Government had asked many questions about the American army. The answer was always the same: "They are brave and patient and determined, but they lack drill and discipline. They are splendid fighters, but they need to be taught how to fight together."

There was a Prussian officer, Baron von Steuben, who was better prepared than any one else to teach what the army ought to know, and the French persuaded him to cross the ocean.

The baron was amazed when he went to Valley Forge and saw the miserable little huts and the starving, half-naked men. "There is not a commander in Europe who could keep troops together a week if they were suffering like this," he declared.

There was hardly any artillery and almost no cavalry. Many of the guns were not fit to use. Few of them had bayonets. That was a small matter, however, for the soldiers did not know what to do with bayonets, and had used them chiefly to broil meat with — when they were so fortunate as to have any meat.

Baron von Steuben was horrified. He drilled and drilled. One minute he stormed at the ignorance of the men, and the next he praised their quickness in learning some difficult movement. Then at their next blunder he stormed again in a comical mixture of German and French and English. In spite of his scoldings, however, he was devoted to the men

and exceedingly proud of them.

During that cruel winter many fell ill, and the hot-tempered baron went about from one wretched hut to another, doing everything that he could to help and cheer them. It is no wonder that they loved him and were eager to learn.

The terrible winter at Valley Forge came to an end at last. Out of the cold and hunger and sickness and suffering an army came forth that was stronger than before, an army that was "never beaten in a fair fight."

Captain Molly Pitcher*

The British had left Philadelphia, and were in full retreat across Jersey on their way to New York. Washington was right behind them, the front ranks of the American Army fighting the rear ranks of the British. It was a long, running fight. At last they came to Monmouth, and there a battle was begun. General Charles Lee, in charge of the American forces, acted so badly that the issue of the fight was long in doubt.

When Washington saw the disorder of the troops, he was angry, and rebuked General Lee so harshly that the officer turned as white as a sheet. He was afterwards tried by court-martial and dismissed.

Then Washington took charge himself. Orders flew thick and fast. Aids scurried in every direction, putting cannon in position, and getting ready for the renewed attack which was sure to come. Soon the guns roared, the heat of battle became terrible, and smoke covered the entire field; the dust and dirt were blinding. The men were suffering for lack of water. It was then that Molly Pitcher, the wife of one of the gunners, called out, "Go on with the firing. I will fetch water from the spring."

The men waved their hands to her; she ran down the hill, drew water in a canteen, and carried it back and forth to the soldiers. She passed from cannon to cannon, while the men drank and kept on with their deadly work.

How many times she did this no one knew, but, as she

* From *America First*, by Lawton Evans

was coming once with her supply of water, a shot from the enemy struck her husband in the breast, and he fell beside his smoking cannon. Molly ran to him, and knelt down by him; one look was enough to convince her that he was dead.

As she sat there in speechless grief, with the dead man's head in her lap, an officer rode up, and said to some soldiers, "Take this cannon to the rear; there is now no one to serve it."

When Molly heard this, she sprang to her feet, and cried out, "Stop! That cannon shall not leave this field for lack of some one to serve it. Since they have killed my poor husband, I will take his place, and avenge his death." With that, she seized the rammer from the hands of her dead husband, sprang to the muzzle of the piece, rammed home the powder, and stepped back, saying, "Ready!" Then the cannon blazed again, carrying death and dismay to the ranks of the enemy.

Molly Pitcher stood at her post as long as the battle lasted. Black with smoke, covered with dirt and dust, blinded by the heat, she did the work of a man. She never flinched for a moment, nor did she stop until the order came to cease firing.

Then she sat down on the ground by the side of her poor dead husband, took his head again in her lap, and gave way to her tears and grief.

Washington had seen her with her cannon during the battle. He admired her courage and patriotism, and sent for her to come to headquarters. He told her what a splendid deed of heroism she had done, and conferred on her an officer's commission. After that, she wore an epaulet, and everybody called her "Captain Molly."

"Mad Anthony" at Stony Point*

Perhaps no story of the Revolution has been told oftener or with greater enjoyment than the account of the attack on Stony Point by General Anthony Wayne. "Mad Anthony," they called him, from the fierceness and fury of his charge; and "Mad Anthony," we call him still, although we know he was not only a valiant fighter, not only a dashing soldier, but a careful general, upon whom Washington was wont to rely.

If ever a man was born to be a soldier, Anthony Wayne was destined to that career. We smile as we read almost the only word we have about his youth; for it is full of "soldiering."

It seems young Anthony had not been doing well at school, and his teacher, who was also his uncle, wrote about him to his father:

"What he may be best qualified for, I know not; but one thing I am certain of, that he will never make a scholar. He may make a soldier; he has already distracted the minds of two-thirds of the boys under my direction by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc. They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and harlequins than of students; this one, decorated with a cap of many colors; and others, habited in coats as variegated as Joseph's of old; some, laid up with broken heads, and others, with black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games and amusements, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc. I must be candid

* From *Pioneers and Patriots in Early American History*, by Marguerite Stockman Dickson

with you, brother Isaac; unless Anthony pays more attention to his books, I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

We are glad to know that Anthony reformed his ways, that he gave up his "military rehearsals, mud forts, and sham battles," and astonished his uncle by becoming a good deal of a "scholar" after all.

The beginning of the Revolution found Anthony Wayne a promising young surveyor of thirty. But he was more than ready to give up surveying in order to fight for his country; and as in his school days, he was able to inspire others with his own enthusiasm. He rose rapidly in the Continental army, and by the summer of 1779, when our story begins, was one of the most popular officers in the army, and one of Washington's trusted generals.

Although you have not yet studied the history of the Revolution, you can easily see what an advantage it would have been to the British to gain control of the Hudson River. By holding this, they might "cut the colonies in two." Before 1779 they had made two attempts to seize the Hudson but had not succeeded. They had gained possession of New York City, but the Americans held the ground above.

West Point was the stronghold of the Americans on the Hudson, and its natural position had been made stronger by fortifications. The British could scarcely hope to take it. They had, however, seized Stony Point, fourteen miles below West Point, and were making that strong with fortifications and earthworks. They also held Verplanck's Point, across the river.

Between these two points ran King's Ferry, and the loss of that means of travel and conveyance disturbed the Americans.

Stony Point was a natural fortress, extending as it did

nearly half a mile into the river, and so surrounded by water on two sides. The land side was cut off by marshes, which at high water were completely covered. Strongly fortified, it seemed as though no attempt to take it could succeed.

Washington, however, determined to make the attempt. There were reasons why the capture of Stony Point would mean far more than just regaining the use of the ferry. Therefore Washington laid careful plans and made preparations for an attack.

Every detail of the plan was worked out by Washington, in the utmost secrecy. The task was to be given to the Light Infantry, recently made up of picked men from the various regiments under Washington's immediate command. They were the very flower of the army, the finest of the troops from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. Their officers included a young Dane; a gallant Frenchman; Major Thomas Posy, of Virginia; Colonel Richard Butler, of Pennsylvania; Major Jack Steward, of Maryland, whose bearing was that of a fashionable young dandy, but whose daring and courage were the wonder of those who knew him; Colonel Meigs and Lieutenant Colonel Sherman, of Connecticut; William Hull, of Massachusetts; Major Hardy Murfree of North Carolina. Every officer had been selected by Washington himself, and for their leader had been chosen General Anthony Wayne.

The only possible hope of taking Stony Point lay in keeping the British from getting the slightest notion that any plan was on foot. "Knowledge of your intention ten minutes previously obtained blasts all your hopes," Washington wrote to Wayne, who with two of his four regiments was in readiness about five miles below West Point. The other two regiments were ordered to report to Wayne on July 14th. The date fixed for the attack was midnight of the 15th, but

not a man in the force and only very few of the officers knew there was to be any attack at all.

During the forenoon of the 15th the entire command, about thirteen hundred and fifty men, was drawn up in battle array for "general inspection" by the commander. Men must be "fresh shaved and well powdered, fully equipped and rationed," were General Wayne's orders.

By noon the review was over, and the men expected to be ordered back to their quarters. To their surprise, however, they were given marching orders, and were soon in motion along the road leading to the south.

All the afternoon they tramped southward, and by eight o'clock came to a halt thirteen miles from their camp, and only a mile and a half back from Stony Point. How much the men suspected in regard to their destination is not known, but they must have guessed that some undertaking of importance was planned. Orders on the march had been that not a man was to leave the ranks for a moment for any purpose whatever except at a general halt, and even then no man must get out of sight of an officer. If any man should guess what was going on, he must have no chance to spread his guesswork where it might do harm.

More than that, officers had been sent with small companies by another and nearer road "to take and keep" all the men living in the neighborhood, lest they should run to the British camp with news. Not a person was allowed to reach the camp. Even two poor widows who were on the way to sell chickens and greens to the soldiers were stopped. And all this went on so quietly that no breath of gossip reached the fort on Stony Point. By nightfall American sentries had formed a silent line around the foot of the great hill. All was ready. The secret had been kept. Wayne had only to wait.

The plan divided the forces into three parts. One of

these divisions, containing only two companies, was to march along the ferry road toward the fort. This division was "to amuse the British," as Wayne expressed it, while the other two did the work. The two remaining divisions were to approach the hill through the marsh, one on the north and the other on the south side. These were, if possible, to rush silently into the fort while the British were being "amused" by the small company in front.

Every detail was arranged, and late in the evening the men were called to attention and the "order of battle" was read. There was excitement enough when they knew what was before them. But even excitement must make no noise. Every man was given a strip of white paper to fasten to his hat, that he might be recognized as an American by his companions in the fight. The orders were that no man was to load his gun. The attack was to be a bayonet charge. Only the small division in front was to fire. Any soldier who should fire his musket without orders or should retreat one foot was to be killed instantly by the nearest officer.

A watchword was given. The moment a soldier got within the fort, he must shout and keep on shouting, "The fort's our own." It was hoped that both columns would reach the fort at the same time. Prizes of money were offered to the men who should first enter the fort.

It was within half an hour of midnight when the march began, and promptly at twelve the silent columns had reached the marsh. The men found the water deeper than they had expected; but they marched steadily on, sometimes waist deep, across the two hundred yards of black and slippery marsh. Still they were silent, but before they were across, they were fired upon by the enemy's pickets and heard shouts of "To arms! to arms!" from within the fort.

Straight on the two columns went, climbing the rough

sides of the frowning hill, hewing with axes to make opening, meeting the fire of musket and cannon, but firing never a shot in return. Some fell, others were wounded, but struggled on. Wayne was with the southern column, but neither men nor officers needed Mad Anthony's urging that night. They were all mad with excitement and enthusiasm and went scrambling up through the darkness like cats.

A bullet wound in the head stopped Wayne himself for a moment, but it proved to be only a flesh wound and he pressed on. There were other narrow escapes — bullet holes in hats, boots, and coats; bent swords; and scarred guns. Nobody paid much attention to anything short of a wound which brought him to the ground.

Within the fort, men had sprung to their stations at the first alarm and were valiantly defending the hill. The wisdom of the American plan was soon shown. All the noise was in front, where Major Murfree's two companies were making great show. While the British rushed to the outer line of their defenses to meet them, a silent column of Americans went rushing into the fort from either side, meeting defence at the bayonet's point, and madly shouting, "The fort's our own! The fort's our own!"

So indeed it was. The British were surrounded and could only surrender. Few men were killed on either side. More than five hundred prisoners were taken, and valuable cannon and supplies secured. Only one man escaped, by swimming nearly a mile to a British man-of-war in the river.

Stony Point was taken. Wayne reported to Washington:

> Stony Point, 16th July, 1779.
>
> Dear Gen'l:
>
> The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely,
Ant'y Wayne.

The whole country went wild over the achievement of Wayne and his gallant Light Infantry. An amusing order issued by Wayne shows us how prominent a place they occupied in public attention.

"As the eyes of the citizens and country," he wrote, "will be more full upon the American Light Infantry than any other part of the army, the General can't doubt but that every officer without distinction will exert himself and require his men immediately to furbish up their arms and clothing in the best and neatest manner possible." And he gave his Stony Point prize money to buy needles and thread for the men to use in "mending themselves up." It is a question in my mind whether the Light Infantry proved as expert in mending rents as in storming forts. I can better imagine them handling bayonets than needles. But they were brave fellows, these picked men of Mad Anthony's, and no doubt they conquered, even against such fearful odds, emerging brushed and mended, "fresh shaven and well powdered," for the admiration of the public which came forth at their approach to see the heroes of Stony Point.

Francis Marion*

South Carolina during the later years of the Revolutionary War was the centre of bitter partisan warfare. By "partisans" we mean private companies of soldiers not belonging to the general command, who fought under their own chosen leader.

Such companies were made up by both sides (or "parties"), those loyal to the King fighting for the British, the patriots fighting for their own country. It often happened that families were divided — brothers fighting against brothers — so bitter was the fighting.

This state of affairs came about because there was no strong American army in the South to protect the people. Some wanted to save their large plantations and the ease and comfort for which they stood; and others went over to the British in fear. For the British threatened to hang the people as "rebels," if they would not fight for the King.

Those who were too brave to submit were angered at the insults of the British, and thus it happened that the little "partisan" bands of fighters were organized against them. They could not fight battles, but they could harass their foes by suddenly surprising them, breaking up their recruiting parties, snatching away prisoners, and capturing supply-trains and outposts.

Perhaps, the most noted partisan leader was Francis Marion, of South Carolina. He was then about fifty years old, fearless in danger, though never rash in action, careful

* From *Our Patriots*, by Wilbur F. Gordy

for his men's lives, but giving little thought to his own, and, though small in body, able to endure great hardships.

He had been a colonel in the regular army and would have been taken a prisoner when Charleston surrendered to the British, except that he had broken his ankle in an accident, and was away on leave. That was a lucky chance for the Americans.

When he recovered from this accident, the British were swarming into South Carolina, and he raised and drilled a company of neighbors and friends, eager to put in their stroke against the hated foe. They were known as "Marion's Brigade."

Marion and His Brigade of Patriots

These men were without uniforms or tents, and served without pay. They did not look much like soldiers on parade, but were among the bravest and best fighters of the Revolution. Their swords were beaten out of old mill-saws, at the country forge, and their bullets were made largely from pewter mugs and dishes. They could go hours without food, and sleep on the bare ground. Their rations were very scant and simple. Marion, as a rule, ate hominy and potatoes, and drank water flavored with a little vinegar.

The story is told that one day a British officer came to the camp with a flag of truce. Marion, always the true gentleman, invited the visitor to dinner. We can imagine the officer's surprise when, on a log which made the camp table, there was served a dinner of roasted sweet potatoes passed on pieces of bark! The officer was still more amazed to learn that even potatoes were something of a luxury.

Marion's brigade, who were farmers and hunters, seldom numbered more than seventy, and often less than twenty. But with this very small force, he annoyed the British

beyond measure.

One day a scout brought in the report that a party of ninety British, with two hundred prisoners, was on the march to Charleston. Waiting for the darkness to conceal his movements, Marion with thirty men sallied out, swooped down upon the British camp, capturing the entire force and rescuing all the American prisoners.

It was the custom of Marion's men, when hard-pressed by a superior force, to scatter, each man looking out for himself. Often they would dash headlong into a dense, dark swamp, to meet again at some place agreed upon. Even while they were still in hiding, they would sometimes dart out just as suddenly as they had vanished, and surprise another squad of British near at hand. "Swamp Fox" was the fitting name the British gave to Marion.

"The Swamp Fox" and the brave and hardy men who gathered about his standard in the South Carolina swamps were true patriots, holding lightly their lives and their money in the service of their country.

Another of Marion's Men*

"Dorcas! Dorcas!" called a faint voice below the window of Mrs. Dorcas Richardson's bedroom. "Open the door for me, Dorcas!"

Mrs. Richardson started up from her bed, listening intently. "Perhaps I only dreamed it," she said to herself, "but indeed I thought I heard Dick's voice." And as she heard the call a second time, she hastily put on wrapper and slippers and hurried to the great front door.

Pushing aside the heavy bolts, she swung the door open. Her husband, Captain Richard Richardson, stepped inside. For a moment the wife scarcely recognized the gaunt, travel-stained soldier, and her joy at his coming was mingled with sadness as she saw how he was wasted by disease.

"What is it, Dick?" she asked anxiously. "What makes you look so?" in the same breath with, "How did you get here?" and, "Will they follow you and capture you again?"

"Not so fast with your questions, Dorcas," answered the captain, as the good wife made him comfortable in his own favorite easy chair. "Yes, I've been sick. It was smallpox, and I scarce wonder that you didn't know me. It's left its ugly mark. But perhaps 'twas a blessing after all, since without it, I'd have been taken a dozen times between the coast and the Santee. But when British or Tory approached," he added with a grim chuckle, "I had only to walk feebly and thrust my pock-marked face forward to set them all running for

* From *Pioneers and Patriots in Early American History*, by Marguerite Stockman Dickson

fear of their lives."

Dorcas was swiftly setting food before the hungry man, while question and answer flew fast between them.

"I scarce dared approach the house for fear 'twas in the hands of the enemy," said the captain. "'Twould have been hard lines indeed to escape from one British prison only to be marched off to another. Have they not troubled you at all?"

"Indeed they have done us no harm, Dick, but we've seen them often enough. Yesterday Tarleton himself rode all about the house and gardens, and I expect nothing less than to see his troops quartered all over the plantation. If they should find you here — "

"But they won't, Dorcas, because I don't intend to be here. Before daylight I must be on my way to the swamp."

"The swamp?" Oh, you mean until—"

"Until they get tired of looking for me and so give me a chance to slip away to Marion."

The night was a busy one for Dorcas. She gathered together blankets and other simple comforts, as well as food, to be carried to the swamp. As the first dawn showed in the east, she roused a faithful old slave and directed him to bring the captain's favorite riding horse from the stable and to drive out certain of the cows. When all was ready, she roused her weary husband, and the little procession, led by the captain and the old slave, set out toward the swamp, leaving Dorcas standing at the back of the house, anxiously gazing after them.

She had little time for reflection, however, as, at an early hour, the sound of approaching horsemen indicated that there were soldiers in the neighborhood.

Trembling lest it should be a search party looking for her husband, she answered the resounding knock upon the

great front door. The soldiers standing without, however, had nothing to say about the captain. Their errand was to inform her that her house and stables were needed as quarters for a portion of Tarleton's cavalry; and before noon the place was swarming with redcoats.

The days that followed were hard ones for the patriotic woman. She was allowed only one room in the house for herself and her children, and of all the plentiful provisions which were really hers only the scantiest were given her. Once every day or night the faithful slave made a secret journey to the swamp, carrying the food his mistress had saved from this scanty store. Captain Richardson was encamped on a small knoll deep in the swamp. He called it "John's Island," perhaps in memory of the island of that name on the coast, from which he had recently escaped. His horse was stabled in a disused corncrib, and the cattle pastured near. Not far away another knoll rose from the wet swamp lands, on which were other patriots hiding from their enemies and watching their chance to join Marion or Sumter. Captain Richardson spent much of his time in drilling these men, and would have been happy enough in his forest camp, but for the thought of his wife and children, deprived of their home comforts by the enemy.

One day the slave was heard approaching for his daily visit, and the captain was somewhat alarmed to hear him talking to some one as he drew near the camp. A moment of listening changed his fear to joy; for the old slave was saying, "Be ca'ful, dar, Mistis. Step on dis log. Lemme help de baby." As the captain ran forward, he saw Dorcas and his little daughter coming to meet him.

Husband and wife spent a happy hour together, while the little girl ran about playing among the trees.

"They have news of your escape, Dick," said Dorcas,

sadly. "They have begun to question me. And they have posted notice of a reward for any one who will capture you."

"Have no fear for me, Dorcas," answered her husband. "They'll never find me here. I am far more disturbed over your danger than mine. Will you promise that you will let me know if you need a defender?" The wife promised, although she felt sure the danger would be very great which would cause her to summon her husband to fall into British hands.

It was only a few days after this visit to the swamp that a British officer caught up the little daughter in his arms as she ran at play outside the house. "Tell me, little one," he asked, "When did you see your father last?"

"Just the other day," the child answered promptly, as she smoothed the scarlet cloth of his coat and patted the epaulets on his shoulders.

"Where did you see him?" asked the officer. "Was he here?"

"No," she answered, "I saw him on John's Island. He hasn't any pretty coat like yours."

The mother, who heard this questioning, was pale with fear as she heard the secret betrayed; but the officer knew of no John's Island except the British prison Island from which Captain Richardson had escaped. So he set the child down, saying, "That was long ago, little one. I guess you have forgotten."

Once Captain Richardson ventured from the swamp to the house, when the soldiers were all away; but scarcely had he begun to enjoy his visit when a patrolling party of the British came galloping up, and only instant flight could save him. While he hurried out the back door, Dorcas stood in the doorway at the front, delaying the entrance of the soldiers by her questions, asked so coolly as to arouse no

suspicion of the patriot flying for his life.

Soon after this, the captain found opportunity to leave his hiding place with the other patriots who had shared his retreat. They were successful in reaching Marion's camp, and remained with Marion until the war was over.

Twice at least after this Captain Richardson found himself in danger when visiting his family. One night, after Tarleton's removal from the Richardson plantation, the captain rode up on the horse which had shared his hiding place in the swamp.

"Corncrib and I are glad to be at home again," laughed the captain as he dismounted at the door.

"Corncrib?" asked his wife. "Who is Corncrib?"

"This is Corncrib," returned the captain, patting the faithful horse. "He has a new name since he lived in the old corncrib on—"

But the sentence was not finished, nor the visit made, since at that very minute a group of Tories was seen riding up the road. There seemed no escape, but the captain flung himself into the saddle, and as his only hope, dashed furiously forward, into the very midst of the Tories; and took them so by surprise that he galloped safely through, untouched by ball or sword thrust.

Stories like these, of the bravery and endurance of patriot men and women, quite unknown to fame, may be multiplied from every section of the country while the war went on. Some of these stories have been long forgotten, others are treasured by the descendants of the heroes and will be told and retold as each succeeding generation comes to listen.

A Hero of the Sea*

For weeks Commodore Paul Jones, of the American Continental Navy, had been cruising about the coast of England in his ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*. He had captured many merchant vessels and had the whole coast in terror. Yet he was not satisfied; for he had met no British man-of-war, and to meet one was his heart's desire.

Especially had he hoped to come upon the Baltic fleet, bringing naval stores from northern Europe to England and guarded by some ship of war. In one more week his cruise must come to an end, and he must return to France to report to the American Commissioners there what he considered his failure.

It was about noon of September 23, 1779. The *Richard* lay ten or twelve miles off Flamboro' Head, on the east coast of England. Near her were the other ships of the fleet — the *Alliance*, the *Pallas*, and the little *Vengeance*. All were waiting and watching for the appearance of the Baltic fleet.

Then suddenly, as they waited, the lookout on the *Richard* reported a sail appearing around the headland, and then another and another, until it was clear that the Baltic fleet was in sight — forty richly laden ships, guarded by a frigate and a sloop of war, making sail for the shelter of Scarborough harbor and the protection of Scarborough Castle guns.

Here was the chance for which Paul Jones had longed. He saw at once that the larger of the two war ships was a

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* From *Pioneers and Patriots in Early American History,* by Marguerite Stockman Dickson

stronger vessel than the *Richard* with heavier guns. But when you have come to know Paul Jones better, you will know that the strength of his enemy would never keep him out of battle. Signaling to the *Alliance* and the *Pallas* to follow, he turned at once to get between the frigate and the shore. The *Pallas*, at his order, followed the sloop, but the *Alliance* simply ran away.

You must remember that these war-ships of Revolutionary times were not the swift-sailing battleships and "dreadnaughts" of the present day. Their hulls were of wood, their sailing power was the wind, and their movements were often slow and clumsy. Hours passed before the *Richard* drew near the British frigate. The *Richard* was an old ship, and a slow one — indeed she had not been intended for a war-ship at all, but for the East Indian trade. She had been bought by the French government, repaired and fitted with cannon, and lent to the American navy. Her guns were all old, and many of them had been condemned by the French dockyard from which they came. At the time they were the best to be had, so Commodore Jones had taken them and set out to do the best he could. Some commanders might have feared with such a ship to attack the fine new frigate *Serapis* of the British navy. The only fear shown by Paul Jones was lest she should get away.

Slowly the miles between the *Richard* and the *Serapis* grew less. Through the long afternoon preparations for battle were made, and the decks were "cleared for action." As the sun went down the crews had their supper, and then on either ship came the grim roll of the drums, "beating to quarters." The long twilight had begun. The moon, at its full that night, shed a golden radiance over the gently swelling sea. The wind was light, and the ships seemed scarcely more than to drift toward each other.

The *Serapis* lay with broadside toward the *Richard*, great guns thrust forward from the port-holes, and every opening in her white hull gleaming with light. On board, captain and crew were watching the oncoming ship, high of stern, black, and unfamiliar enough to set all guessing at her nationality and purpose. Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis*, stood, night-glass in hand, watching every movement of the stranger. Once he said, "It is probably Paul Jones. If so, there is work ahead."

The ships drew nearer. The magazines were opened; the gunners ready to hand out powder charges to the boys who carried them to the guns. The gun crews were in their places, with shot ready and slow matches lighted. Cutlasses and pistols were given out. Pumps were made ready, and hose laid out in case of fire. Carpenters stood with shot plugs ready to stop up holes. Great hooks were swung from chains, in readiness for lashing the ships together if they should touch. Away from the guns, on quarter deck and forecastle, were placed ranks of marines, with muskets ready, while the rigging was filled with others, similarly armed, and with buckets of hand-grenades within reach.

Below the main deck, in the gun room, were more guns with their crews, and below again, was the "cockpit," where the surgeons laid out the rude instruments and appliances with which to do their saving work. On either ship were about three hundred men, quietly waiting, each in his appointed place, to begin the awful work of destruction and death.

On the *Richard*, Paul Jones stood, silent, on the deck, watching the closing in of the ships. He had been from station to station, seeing that all was in order, with a word of encouragement here and there, and a giving of his own calm courage to the men. Now, again, he stood alone, and

silent. What his thoughts were we cannot guess. Perhaps he thought tenderly of his old mother in Scotland or fiercely of the cowardly captain of the *Alliance*, who had sailed away. Whatever his thoughts, he stood, small in stature but commanding in presence, with his fine eyes confident and serene. Some one has said of Paul Jones, "He was born a captain."

The ships drew nearer yet, with now no sound on either but the soft lapping of the water against the sides, the creak of a rope, or the gentle sigh of the wind in the swelling sails.

Then, suddenly, a man leaped upon the rail of the *Serapis*, and from his hollowed hands came the echoing call, "What ship is that?"

There was no answer. The *Richard* was swinging about now, with her broadside toward the foe. Again the same words rang over the moonlit water. "What ship is that?" Then sharp and clear, "Answer at once, or I fire."

Then there was answer — the thunder of the cannon, fired from the blazing portholes of the black stranger's side.

The last entry in the log of the *Serapis* reads: "Sea smooth, moon full, sky clear, time 7:15 P.M. We hail second time, enemy answers with broadside."

In an instant the *Serapis* made reply with the roar of her great guns, and the still beauty of the night was at an end. The battle was on!

For nearly an hour the two ships furiously poured broadsides into each other as they sailed slowly along side by side. In this sort of fight the *Serapis* could easily do the greater damage, as her guns were heavier and in better condition. Indeed, at almost the first fire two of the *Richard*'s heavy guns had exploded, killing men in the gun crews and finally causing the abandonment of all the guns on that deck. One by one the *Richard*'s guns were silenced by the firing from

the *Serapis*, and, more than that, the heavy cannon-balls were tearing great holes in the *Richard*'s side. Water began to enter the holes, and fire blazed in many places where burning splinters had struck. Dead and dying men were everywhere.

The ships were drawing nearer as they sailed along, and the Commodore watched intently for a chance to grapple with the enemy at close quarters. At last they touched, and, in an instant, the grappling hooks of the *Richard* were thrown into the rigging of the *Serapis*. But the strain upon the ropes was too great, and as they broke, the two ships dropped apart again.

It seemed as though the end of the battle was at hand. Yet no man on the *Richard* thought of giving up. "He is hammering us all to pieces," said the Commodore to his first officer. "We must close with him; we must get hold of him." Indeed, this was the only hope. Steadily the commander worked the ship to reach this position. By this time only three of the cannon on the *Richard* could be used, and the broadsides of the *Serapis* continued as furiously as ever. The whole side of the *Richard* below the deck was broken in, and fires raged in a dozen directions.

Just then the *Alliance* appeared. For a moment Jones thought her captain had returned to his duty. To the utter amazement of the whole crew, however, the broadsides of the *Alliance* were aimed full at the *Richard*; here was a new enemy, it seemed. But after a few shots, the *Alliance* sailed off again and left the Commodore to give undivided attention to the work in hand. A change of wind was helping a little now, and slowly the *Richard* came close and swung around the bow of the *Serapis*.

Now, if ever, the chance would come. The *Richard* grazed along the side of the white ship, only a few hours

since so spotless, now smoke-stained, splintered, and bloody. An anchor on the *Serapis* caught in the rigging of the *Richard*. Men dashed forward, and it is said that the Commodore himself threw a rope around the anchor and lashed it fast.

Now the whole character of the battle changed. The great guns of the *Serapis* could do little but shoot straight through the gun deck of the *Richard*, already abandoned. It was now a hand-to-hand fight, in which cannon had but little part.

A gunner on the *Richard* came rushing to the deck from below, shouting that the ship was sinking, and calling, "Quarter! Quarter!" Although Jones quickly silenced him, the cry had been heard on the English ship. From the smoke clouds surrounding the two vessels came the voice of the English captain, "Have you struck your colors, Sir?"

"No!" came the response in the magnificent voice of Paul Jones. "Sir, I have not yet begun to fight."

It was true. On a sinking ship, with cannon broken and useless, Paul Jones was going to fight — and fight until the waves swallowed the ship on which he stood; he could not be conquered, alive.

The confusion on the *Richard* grew with each moment. The muskets of the marines on the upper decks now began their deadly work, sweeping the exposed places on the *Serapis*. Eleven men were shot, one after another, at the wheel, and man after man who ran forward to cut loose the anchor which held the ships together. Again, it was the Commodore himself who commanded the marines and cheered them by his own magnificent courage.

"I could distinctly hear, amid the crashing of the musketry," wrote one young officer of the *Richard* in describing the battle, "the great voice of the Commodore, cheering the French marines in their own tongue…exhorting them to

take good aim, pointing out objects for their fire, and frequently giving them direct example by taking their loaded muskets from their hands into his, and firing himself. In fact, toward the very last, he had about him a group of half a dozen marines who did nothing but load their fire locks and hand them to the Commodore, who fired them from his own shoulder, standing on the quarter deck rail…."

Meanwhile, believing the *Richard* to be sinking, an officer in charge of more than two hundred English prisoners in the hold had let them loose, and a new danger had to be met. It was met, at once, before more than fifty had reached the deck. The rest were held back by men with cutlasses, and the fifty driven to man the pumps which alone kept the ship afloat.

Now, again, the *Alliance* appeared, with her murderous fire for her sister ship. A perfect hail of shot rained from her guns, as she slowly passed and sailed away again into the night. But the *Richard* fought on.

By this time the upper decks of the *Serapis* had been cleared. No man dared show his head upon them. The captain stood on the quarter deck alone. Both ships were on fire; the *Richard*, in many places. The great guns of the *Serapis* continued their work. Now a new attack was made from the *Richard*. From the yard-arm a cool young midshipman threw down hand-grenades upon the open hatch leading to the enemy's lower deck. The third attempt sent one down the hatchway, where, falling in the midst of a pile of cartridges, it produced a terrific explosion, killing and wounding many men. At last the English sailors faltered and, though only for a moment, that moment was enough.

A boarding party leaped from the *Richard* to the deck of the *Serapis*. Every man of the party is said to have been but lately from an English prison, and as they went over the side,

their leader shouted fiercely, "Remember Portsea jail!"

With the Americans now swarming on his deck, the English captain sadly seized the ensign halyards and struck the flag himself. For a moment the battle raged on. In the smoke and confusion the surrender was not seen. But word was soon passed to the fighters of both ships, and the fighting ceased.

The captain and the first officer of the *Serapis* were led on board the *Richard*, where they gave up their swords. The ropes which bound the ships together were cut, and the ships gently drifted apart.

It was now nearly midnight. The full moon sailed above in a cloudless sky. The last echoes of the firing had died away, and again the still beauty of the night was unbroken by the horrid sounds of war.

On the ships the awful consequences of war were on every hand. Dead and wounded lay together in horrible confusion. Fire had still to be fought, and the *Richard* was slowly but surely sinking. Strange indeed, to think that the broken, battered ship was the conqueror — sinking there beside the conquered, which remained afloat.

It was Paul Jones who had conquered — "the man behind the men behind the guns."

The *Pallas*, too, had found victory in the fight, returning now with her prize, the Countess of Scarborough. As soon as it was found that the *Richard* could not be saved, the sad work of moving the wounded was begun. These were put on board the *Serapis*. The prisoners were divided among all the ships. Finally, the *Richard*'s crew, with the hastily gathered ship's papers, left the sinking ship. By hard work at the pumps she had been kept afloat until the morning of the 25th. Now she was left to find her last resting-place where she had won her victory.

Let us finish the story in Jones's own words: "No one was now left aboard the *Richard* but our dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. She rolled heavily in the long swell, her gun-deck awash to the port-sills, settled slowly by the head, and sank peacefully in about forty fathoms.

"The ensign-gaff, shot away in the action, had been fished and put in place soon after firing ceased, and our torn and tattered flag was left flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at the last, her taffrail momentarily rose in the air; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bonhomme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down."

Washington's Last Battle*

Washington had been fighting for seven years to drive the British soldiers out of this country. But there were still two strong British armies in America.

One of these armies was in New York. It had been there for years. The other army was far away at Yorktown in Virginia. The British general at Yorktown was Cornwallis. You have read how Washington got away from him at Trenton.

The King of France had sent ships and soldiers to help the Americans. But still Washington had not enough men to take New York from the British. Yet he went on getting ready to attack the British in New York. He had ovens built to bake bread for his men. He bought hay for his horses. He had roads built to draw his cannons on.

He knew that the British in New York would hear about what he was doing. He wanted them to think that he meant to come to New York and fight them. When the British heard what the Americans were doing, they got ready for the coming of Washington and the French. All at once they found that Washington had gone. He and his men had marched away.

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* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

The French soldiers that had come to help him had gone with him.

Nobody knew what it meant. Washington's own men did not know where they were going. They went from New Jersey into Pennsylvania. Then they marched across Pennsylvania. Then they went into Maryland. They marched across that State, and then they went into Virginia.

By this time everybody could tell where Washington was going. People could see that he was going straight to Yorktown. They knew that Washington was going to fight his old enemy at Yorktown.

But he had kept his secret long enough. The British in New York could not send help to Cornwallis. It was too late. The French ships sailed to Virginia, and shut up Yorktown on the side of the sea. Washington's men shut it up on the side of the land. They built great banks of earth round it. On these banks of earth they put cannons.

The British could not get away. They fought bravely. But the Americans and French came closer and closer.

Then the British tried to fight their way out. But they were driven back. Then Cornwallis tried to get his men across the river. He wanted to get out by the back door, as Washington had done. But the Americans on the other side of the river drove them back again. Washington had now caught Cornwallis in a trap.

The Americans fired red hot cannon balls into Yorktown. These set the houses on fire. At last Cornwallis had to give up. The British marched out and laid down their guns and swords.

The British army in New York could not fight the Americans by itself. So the British gave it up. Then there was peace after the long war. The British pulled down the British flag and sailed away. The country was free at last.

Moving West—A Perilous Journey*

Among the chapters of accident and casualty which make up the respective diaries of the families who left their eastern homes after the Revolution and joined the ranks of the Western immigrants there is none more interesting than that of Mrs. Jameson. She was the child of wealthy parents, and had been reared in luxury in the city of New York. Soon after peace was declared she was married to Edward Jameson, a brave soldier in the war, who had nothing but his stout arms and intrepid heart to battle with the difficulties of life. Her father, dying soon after, his estate was discovered to have been greatly lessened by the depreciation in value which the war had produced. Gathering together the remains of what was once a large fortune, the couple purchased the usual outfit of the emigrants of that period and set out to seek their fortunes in the West.

All went well with them until they reached the Alleghany River, which they undertook to cross on a raft. It was the month of May; the river had been swollen by rains, and when they reached the middle of the stream, the part of the raft on which Mr. Jameson sat became detached, the logs separated, and he sank to rise no more. The other section of the raft, containing Mrs. Jameson, her babe of eight months, and a chest of clothing and household gear, floated downstream at the mercy of the rapid current.

Bracing herself against the shock, Mrs. Jameson managed to paddle to the side of the river from which she had

* From *Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

just before started. She was landed nearly a mile below the point where had been left the cattle, and also the oxcart in which their journey had been hitherto performed, and which her husband expected to carry over the river on the raft, returning for them as soon as his wife and babe had been safely landed on the western bank. The desolate mother succeeded in mooring the remains of the raft to the shore; then clasping her babe to her bosom, followed the bank of the river till she reached the oxen and cart, which she drove down to the place where she landed, and by great exertions succeeded in hauling the chest upon the bank. Her strength was now exhausted, and, lying down in the bottom of the cart, she gave way to grief and despair.

Her situation may be easily imagined: alone in the forest, thirty miles from the nearest settlement, her husband torn from her in a moment, and her babe smiling as though he would console his mother for her terrible loss. In her sad condition self-preservation would have been too feeble a motive to impel her to make any further effort to save herself; but maternal love—the strongest instinct in a woman's heart—buoyed her up and stimulated her to unwonted exertions.

The spot where she found herself was a dense forest, stretching back to a rocky ledge on the east, and terminated on the north by an alluvial meadow nearly bare of trees. Along the banks of the river was a thick line of high bushes and saplings, which served as a screen against the observations of savages passing up and down the river in their canoes. The woods were just bursting into leaf; the spring-flowers filled the air with odor, and chequered the green foliage and grass; the whole scene was full of vernal freshness, life, and beauty. The track which the Jamesons had followed was about midway between the northern and

southern routes generally pursued by emigrants, and it was quite unlikely that others would cross the river at that point. The dense jungle that skirted the river bank was an impediment in the way of reaching the settlements lower down, and there was danger of being lost in the woods if the unfortunate woman should start alone.

"On this spot," she said, "I must remain till some one comes to my help."

The first two years of her married life had been spent on a farm in Westchester County, New York, where she had acquired some knowledge of farming and woodcraft, by assisting her husband in his labors, or by accompanying him while hunting and fishing. She was strong and healthy; and quite unlike her delicate sisters of modern days, her lithe frame was hardened by exercise in the open air, and her face was tinged by the kisses of the sun.

Slowly recovering from the terrible anguish of her loss, she cast about for shelter and sustenance. The woods were swarming with game, both large and small, from the deer to the rabbit, and from the wild turkey to the quail. The brooks were alive with trout. The meadow was well suited for Indian corn, wheat, rye, or potatoes. The forest was full of trees of every description. To utilize all these raw materials was her study.

A rude hut, built of boughs interlaced, and covered thickly with leaves and dry swamp grass, was her first work. This was her kitchen. The cart, which was covered with canvas, was her sleeping room. A shotgun, which she had learned the use of, enabled her to keep herself supplied with game. She examined her store of provisions, consisting of pork, flour, and Indian meal, and made an estimate that they would last eight months, with prudent use. The oxen she tethered at first, but afterwards tied the horns to one of

their fore feet, and let them roam. The two cows having calved soon after, she kept them near at hand by making a pen for the calves, who by their bleating called their mothers from the pastures on the banks of the river. In the meadow she planted half an acre of corn and potatoes, which soon promised an amazing crop.

Thus two months passed away. In her solitary and sad condition she was cheered by the daily hope that white settlers would cross her track or see her as they passed up and down the river. She often thought of trying to reach a settlement, but dreaded the dangers and difficulties of the way. Like the doe which hides her fawn in the secret covert, this young mother deemed herself and her babe safer in this solitude than in trying unknown perils, even with the chance of falling in with friends. She therefore contented herself with her lot, and when the toils of the day were over, she would sit on the bank and watch for voyagers on the river. Once she heard voices in the night on the river, and going to the bank she strained her eyes to gaze through the darkness and catch sight of the voyagers; she dared not hail them for fear they might be Indians, and soon the voices grew fainter in the distance, and she heard them no more.

Again, while sitting in a clump of bushes on the bank one day, she saw with horror six canoes with Indians, apparently directing their course to the spot where she sat. They were hideously streaked with war-paint, and came so near that she could see the scalping knives in their girdles. Turning their course as they approached the eastern shore they silently paddled down stream, scanning the banks sharply as they floated past. Fortunately they saw nothing to attract their attention; the cart and hut being concealed by the dense bushes, and there being no fire burning.

Fearing molestation from the Indians, she now moved

her camp a hundred rods back, near a rocky ledge, from the base of which flowed a spring of pure water. Here, by rolling stones in a circle, she made an enclosure for her cattle at night, and within in it built a log cabin of rather frail construction; another two weeks was consumed in these labors, and it was now the middle of August.

At night she was at first much alarmed by the howling of wolves, who came sniffing round the cart where she slept. Once a large grey wolf put its paws upon the cart and poked its nose under the canvas covering, but a smart blow on the snout drove it yelping away. None of the cattle were attacked, owing to the bold front showed to these midnight intruders. The wolf is one of the most cowardly of wild beasts, and will rarely attack a human being, or even an ox, unless pressed by hunger, and in the winter. Often she caught glimpses of huge black bears in the swamps, while she was in pursuit of wild turkeys or other game; but these creatures never attacked her, and she gave them a wide berth.

One hot day in August she was gathering berries on the rocky ledge beside which her house was situated, when seeing a clump of bushes heavily loaded with the finest blackberries, she laid her babe upon the ground, and climbing up, soon filled her basket with the luscious fruit. As she descended she saw her babe sitting upright and gazing with fixed eyeballs at some object near by; though what it was she could not clearly make out, on account of an intervening shrub. Hastening down, a sight met her eyes that froze her blood. An enormous rattlesnake was coiled within three feet of her child, and with its head erect and its forked tongue vibrating, its burning eyes were fixed upon those of the child, which sat motionless as a statue, apparently fascinated by the deadly gaze of the serpent.

Seizing a stick of dry wood she dealt the reptile a blow, but the stick being decayed and brittle, inflicted little injury on the serpent, and only caused it to turn itself towards Mrs. Jameson, and fix its keen and beautiful, but malignant eyes, steadily upon her. The witchery of the serpent's eyes so irresistibly rooted her to the ground, that for a moment she did not wish to remove from her formidable opponent.

The huge reptile gradually and slowly uncoiled its body; all the while steadily keeping its eye fixed on its intended victim. Mrs. Jameson could only cry, being unable to move, "Oh God! preserve me! save me, heavenly Father!" The child, after the snake's charm was broken, crept to her mother and buried its little head in her lap.

We continue the story in Mrs. Jameson's own words: —

"The snake now began to writhe its body down a fissure in the rock, keeping its head elevated more than a foot from the ground. Its rattle made very little noise. It every moment darted out its forked tongue, its eyes became reddish and inflamed, and it moved rather quicker than at first. It was now within two yards of me. By some means I had dissipated the charm, and, roused by a sense of my awful danger, determined to stand on the defensive. To run away from it, I knew would be impracticable, as the snake would instantly dart its whole body after me. I therefore resolutely stood up, and put a strong glove on my right hand, which I happened to have with me. I stretched out my arm; the snake approached slowly and cautiously towards me, darting out its tongue still more frequently. I could now only recommend myself fervently to the protection of Heaven. The snake, when about a yard distant, made a violent spring. I quickly caught it in my right hand, directly under its head; it lashed its body on the ground, at the same time rattling loudly. I watched an opportunity, and suddenly holding the animal's

head, while for a moment it drew in its forked tongue, with my left hand I, by a violent contraction of all the muscles in my hand, contrived to close up effectually its jaws!

"Much was now done, but much more was to be done. I had avoided much danger, but I was still in very perilous circumstances. If I moved my right hand from its neck for a moment, the snake, by avoiding suffocation, could easily muster sufficient power to force its head out of my hand; and if I withdrew my hand from its jaws, I should be fatally in the power of its most dreaded fangs. I retained, therefore, my hold with both my hands; I drew its body between my feet, in order to aid the compression and hasten suffocation. Suddenly, the snake, which had remained quiescent for a few moments, brought up its tail, hit me violently on the head, and then darted its body several times very tightly around my waist. Now was the very acme of my danger. Thinking, therefore, that I had sufficient power over its body, I removed my right hand from its neck, and in an instant drew my hunting-knife. The snake, writhing furiously again, darted at me; but, striking its body with the edge of the knife, I made a deep cut, and before it could recover its coil, I caught it again by the neck; bending its head on my knee, and again recommending myself fervently to Heaven, I cut its head from its body, throwing the head to a great distance…. The snake compressed its body still tighter, and I thought I should be suffocated on the spot, and laid myself down. The snake again rattled its tail and lashed my feet with it. Gradually, however, the creature relaxed its hold, its coils fell slack around me, and untwisting it and throwing it from me as far as I was able, I sank down and swooned upon the bank.

"When consciousness returned, the scene appeared like a terrible dream, till I saw the dead body of my reptile foe

and my babe crying violently and nestling in my bosom. The ledge near which my cabin was built was infested with rattlesnakes, and the one I had slain seemed to be the patriarch of a numerous family. From that day I vowed vengeance against the whole tribe of reptiles. These creatures were in the habit of coming down to the spring to drink, and I sometimes killed four or five in a day. Before the summer was over I made an end of the whole family."

In September, two households of emigrants floating down the river on a flatboat, caught sight of Mrs. Jameson as she made a signal to them from the bank, and coming to land were pleased with the country, and were persuaded to settle there. The little community was now swelled to fifteen, including four women and six children. The colony throve, received accessions from the East, and, surviving all casualties, grew at last into a populous town. Mrs. Jameson was married again to a stalwart backwoodsman and became the mother of a large family. She was always known as the "Mother of the Alleghany Settlement."

The Young Scout*

When Andrew Jackson was a little boy he lived with his mother in South Carolina. He was eight years old when he heard about the ride of Paul Revere and the famous fight at Lexington.

It was then that the long war, called the Revolutionary War, began. The king's soldiers were sent into every part of the country. The people called them the British. Some called them "redcoats."

There was much fighting; and several great battles took place between the British and the Americans.

At last Charleston, in South Carolina, was taken by the British. Andrew Jackson was then a tall white-haired boy, thirteen years old.

"I am going to help drive those red-coated British out of the country," he said to his mother.

Then, without another word, he mounted his brother's little farm horse and rode away. He was not old enough to be a soldier, but he could be a scout – and a good scout he was.

He was very tall – as tall as a man. He was not afraid of anything. He was strong and ready for every duty.

One day as he was riding through the woods, some

* From *Fifty Famous People*, by James Baldwin

British soldiers saw him. They quickly surrounded him and made him their prisoner.

"Come with us," they said, "and we will teach you that the king's soldiers are not to be trifled with."

They took him to the British camp.

"What is your name, young rebel?" said the British captain.

"Andy Jackson."

"Well, Andy Jackson, get down here and clean the mud from my boots."

Andrew's gray eyes blazed as he stood up straight and proud before the haughty captain.

"Sir," he said, "I am a prisoner of war, and demand to be treated as such."

"You rebel!" shouted the captain. "Down with you, and clean those boots at once."

The slim, tall boy seemed to grow taller, as he answered, "I'll not be the servant of any Englishman that ever lived."

The captain was very angry. He drew his sword to hit the boy with its flat side. Andrew threw out his hand and received an ugly gash across the knuckles.

Some other officers, who had seen the whole affair, cried out to the captain, "Shame! He is a brave boy. He deserves to be treated as a gentleman."

Andrew was not held long as a prisoner. The British soldiers soon returned to Charleston, and he was allowed to go home.

In time, Andrew Jackson became a very great

man. He was elected to Congress, he was chosen judge of the supreme court of Tennessee, he was appointed general in the army, and lastly he was for eight years the president of the United States.

The Whisperers*

"Boys, what did I tell you?"

The schoolmaster spoke angrily. He was in trouble because his scholars would not study. Whenever his back was turned, they were sure to begin whispering to one another.

"Girls, stop your whispering, I say."

But still they would whisper, and he could not prevent it. The afternoon was half gone, and the trouble was growing. Then the master thought of a plan.

"Children," he said, "we are going to play a new game. The next one that whispers must come out and stand in the middle of the floor. He must stand there until he sees some one else whisper. Then he will tell me, and the one whom he names must come and take his place. He, in turn, will watch and report the first one that he sees whisper. And so we will keep the game going till it is time for school to be dismissed. The boy or girl who is standing at that time will be punished for all of you."

"What will the punishment be, Mr. Johnson?" asked a bold, bad boy. "A good thrashing," answered the master. He was tired, he was vexed, he hardly knew what he said.

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* From *Fifty Famous People*, by James Baldwin

The children thought the new game was very funny. First, Tommy Jones whispered to Billy Brown and was at once called out to stand on the floor. Within less than two minutes, Billy saw Mary Green whispering, and she had to take his place. Mary looked around and saw Samuel Miller asking his neighbor for a pencil, and Samuel was called. And so the fun went on until the clock showed that it lacked only ten minutes till school would be dismissed.

Then all became very good and very careful, for no one wished to be standing at the time of dismissal. They knew that the master would be as good as his word. The clock ticked loudly, and Tommy Jones, who was standing up for the fourth time, began to feel very uneasy. He stood on one leg and then on the other, and watched very closely; but nobody whispered. Could it be possible that he would receive that thrashing? Suddenly, to his great joy he saw little Lucy Martin lean over her desk and whisper to the girl in front of her. Now Lucy was the pet of the school. Everybody loved her, and this was the first time she had whispered that day. But Tommy didn't care for that. He wished to escape the punishment, and so he called out, "Lucy Martin!" and went proudly to his seat.

Little Lucy had not meant to whisper. There was something which she wished very much to know before going home, and so, without thinking, she had leaned over and whispered just three little words.

With tears in her eyes she went out and stood in the whisperer's place.

She was very much ashamed and hurt, for it was the first time that she had ever been in disgrace at school. The other girls felt sorry that she should suffer for so small a fault. The boys looked at her and wondered if the master would really be as good as his word.

The clock kept on ticking. It lacked only one minute till the bell would strike the time for dismissal. What a shame that dear, gentle Lucy should be punished for all those unruly boys and girls!

Then, suddenly, an awkward half-grown boy who sat right in front of the master's desk turned squarely around and whispered to Tommy Jones, three desks away.

Everybody saw him. Little Lucy Martin saw him through her tears, but said nothing. Everybody was astonished, for that boy was the best scholar in the school, and he had never been known to break a rule.

It lacked only half a minute now. The awkward boy turned again and whispered so loudly that even the master could not help hearing: "Tommy, you deserve a thrashing!"

"Elihu Burritt, take your place on the floor," said the master sternly. The awkward boy stepped out quickly, and little Lucy Martin returned to her seat sobbing. At the same moment the bell struck and school was dismissed.

After all the others had gone home, the master took down his long birch rod and said: "Elihu, I suppose I must be as good as my word. But tell me why you so deliberately broke the rule against whispering."

"I did it to save little Lucy," said the awkward boy, standing up very straight and brave. "I could not bear to see her punished."

"Elihu, you may go home," said the master.

All this happened many years ago in New Britain, Connecticut. Elihu Burritt was a poor boy who was determined to learn. He worked many years as a blacksmith and studied books whenever he had a spare moment. He learned many languages and became known all over the world as "The Learned Blacksmith."

The Surly Guest*

One day John Randolph, of Roanoke, set out on horseback to ride to a town that was many miles from his home. The road was strange to him, and he traveled very slowly.

When night came on he stopped at a pleasant roadside inn and asked for lodging. The innkeeper welcomed him kindly. He had often heard of the great John Randolph, and therefore he did all that he could to entertain him well.

A fine supper was prepared, and the innkeeper himself waited upon his guest. John Randolph ate in silence. The innkeeper spoke of the weather, of the roads, of the crops, of politics. But his surly guest said scarcely a word.

In the morning a good breakfast was served, and then Mr. Randolph made ready to start on his journey. He called for his bill and paid it. His horse was led to the door, and a servant helped him to mount it.

As he was starting away, the friendly innkeeper said, "Which way will you travel, Mr. Randolph?"

Mr. Randolph looked at him in no gentle way, and answered, "Sir!"

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* From *Fifty Famous People*, by James Baldwin

"I only asked which way you intend to travel," said the man.

"Oh! Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No, sir."

"Then, I intend to travel the way I wish to go – do you understand?"

He turned his horse and rode away. He had not gone farther than to the end of the innkeeper's field, when to his surprise he found that the road forked. He did not know whether he should take the right hand fork or the left hand.

He paused for a while. There was no signboard to help him. He looked back and saw the innkeeper still standing by the door. He called to him: – "My friend, which of these roads shall I travel to go to Lynchburg?"

"Mr. Randolph," answered the innkeeper, "you have paid your bill and don't owe me a cent. Travel the way you wish to go. Good-bye!"

As bad luck would have it, Mr. Randolph took the wrong road. He went far out of his way and lost much time, all on account of his surliness.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, lived in Virginia one hundred years ago. He was famous as a lawyer and statesman. He was a member of Congress for many years, and was noted for his odd manners and strong self-will.

Why He Carried the Turkey*

In Richmond, Virginia, one Saturday morning, an old man went into the market to buy something. He was dressed plainly, his coat was worn, and his hat was dingy. On his arm he carried a small basket.

"I wish to get a fowl for tomorrow's dinner," he said.

The market man showed him a fat turkey, plump and white and ready for roasting.

"Ah! that is just what I want," said the old man. "My wife will be delighted with it."

He asked the price and paid for it. The market man wrapped a paper round it and put it in the basket.

Just then a young man stepped up. "I will take one of those turkeys," he said. He was dressed in fine style and carried a small cane.

"Shall I wrap it up for you?" asked the market man.

"Yes, here is your money," answered the young gentleman; "and send it to my house at once."

"I cannot do that," said the market man. "My errand boy is sick today, and there is no one else to send. Besides, it is not our custom to deliver goods."

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* From *Fifty Famous People*, by James Baldwin

"Then how am I to get it home?" asked the young gentleman.

"I suppose you will have to carry it yourself," said the market man. "It is not heavy."

"Carry it myself! Who do you think I am? Fancy me carrying a turkey along the street!" said the young gentleman; and he began to grow very angry. The old man who had bought the first turkey was standing quite near. He had heard all that was said.

"Excuse me, sir," he said; "but may I ask where you live?"

"I live at Number 39, Blank Street," answered the young gentleman; "and my name is Johnson."

"Well, that is lucky," said the old man, smiling. "I happen to be going that way, and I will carry your turkey, if you will allow me."

"Oh, certainly!" said Mr. Johnson. "Here it is. You may follow me."

When they reached Mr. Johnson's house, the old man politely handed him the turkey and turned to go.

"Here, my friend, what shall I pay you?" said the young gentleman.

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing," answered the old man. "It was no trouble to me, and you are welcome."

He bowed and went on. Young Mr. Johnson looked after him and wondered. Then he turned and walked briskly back to the market.

"Who is that polite old gentleman who carried my turkey for me?" he asked of the market man.

"That is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. He is one of the greatest men in our country," was the answer.

The young gentleman was surprised and ashamed. "Why did he offer to carry my turkey?" he asked.

"He wished to teach you a lesson," answered the market man.

"What sort of lesson?"

"He wished to teach you that no man should feel himself too fine to carry his own packages."

"Oh, no!" said another man who had seen and heard it all. "Judge Marshall carried the turkey simply because he wished to be kind and obliging. That is his way."

The Star-Spangled Banner* (For Young Children)

Everybody in the United States has heard the song about the star-spangled banner. Nearly everybody has sung it. It was written by Francis Scott Key.

Key was a young lawyer. In the War of 1812 he fought with the American army. The British landed soldiers in Maryland. At Bladensburg they fought and beat the Americans. Key was in this battle on the American side.

After the battle the British army took Washington, and burned the public buildings. Key had a friend who was taken prisoner by the British. He was on one of the British ships.

Key went to the ships with a flag of truce. A flag of truce is a white flag. It is carried in war when one side sends a message to the other.

When Key got to the British ships, they were sailing to Baltimore. They were going to try to take Baltimore. The British commander would not let Key go back. He was afraid that he would let the Americans know where the ships were going.

Key was kept a kind of prisoner while the ships

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

attacked Baltimore. The ships tried to take the city by firing at it from the water. The British army tried to take the city on the land side.

The ships did their worst firing at night. They tried to take the little fort near the city.

Key could see the battle. He watched the little fort. He was afraid that the men in it would give up. He was afraid that the fort would be broken down by the cannon balls.

The British fired bombshells and rockets at the fort. When these burst, they made a light. By this light Key could see that the little fort was still standing. He could see the flag still waving over it. He tells this in his song in these words:

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

But after many hours of fighting the British became discouraged. They found that they could not take the city. The ships almost ceased to fire.

Key did not know whether the fort had been knocked down or not. He could not see whether the flag was still flying or not. He thought that the Americans might have given up. He felt what he wrote in the song:

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

When the break of day came, Key looked toward the fort. It was still standing. There was a flag flying

over it. It grew lighter. He could see that it was the American flag. His feelings are told in two lines of the song:

Tis the star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Key was full of joy. He took an old letter from his pocket. The back of this letter had no writing on it. Here he wrote the song about the star-spangled banner.

The British commander now let Key go ashore. When he got to Baltimore, he wrote out his song. He gave it to a friend. This friend took it to a printing office. But the printers had all turned soldiers. They had all gone to defend the city.

There was one boy left in the office. He knew how to print. He took the verses and printed them on a broad sheet of paper.

The printed song was soon in the hands of the soldiers around Baltimore. It was sung in the streets. It was sung in the theaters. It traveled all over the country. Everybody learned to sing:

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto— 'In God is our trust'—
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

The Star-Spangled Banner*

[In the war of 1812], having wantonly destroyed the American Capital, "the seat of Yankee Liberty," as Cockburn termed it, the British, fearing that the American troops, reinforced from the surrounding country, would return during the night to vindicate their wrongs and punish the outrages, under cover of darkness, the same evening, leaving their campfires burning to conceal their movements, made good their retreat to their ships in the Patuxent. Numerous stragglers from their ranks now pillaged the inhabitants of the towns and farms of the country through which the retreating army passed.

At Upper Marlborough, a town situated about sixteen miles from Washington on the road leading to Benedict, especially noted in that day for the refinement and culture of its people, lived Dr. William Beans, a highly respected citizen and prominent physician.

On the afternoon of the succeeding day, after the so-called battle of Bladensburg, the Doctor was entertaining several friends, among them Dr. William Hill and Mr. Philip Weems, at the spring house in the garden in the rear of his residence, when a party of these marauding stragglers, dusty, tired and greatly belated, having been caught and drenched in a terrific wind and rain storm, reported to have been the severest experienced in years, came into the Doctor's garden and intruded themselves upon him and his little company.

Elated over their supposed victory of the day previous,

* From *Francis Scott Key*, by his son Francis Scott Key-Smith

of which the Doctor and his friends had heard nothing, they were boisterous, disorderly and insolent, and upon being ordered to leave the premises became threatening. Whereupon, at the instance of Dr. Beans and his friends, they were arrested by the town authorities and lodged in the Marlborough jail. One brawny fellow, however, succeeded in making good his escape during the night, regained his company, and reported the arrest in a most exaggerated manner, stating that they had been horribly maltreated; that the Doctor had tried to poison some of the men, and that those still in custody were in peril of their lives.

Admiral Cockburn, vindictive by nature anyway, and seeing in the case a good opportunity for revenge, immediately despatched a squad of marines to Dr. Beans residence with orders to arrest him. They arrived there about one o'clock in the morning, breaking in the door of his residence, dragging the Doctor out of bed, hardly giving him time to dress, and marched him, half clad, astride a bareback mule, through the woods to the British lines. Here he was refused a hearing, placed in irons and imprisoned in the hold of one of the British ships like a convicted felon.

The news of the arrest and the rough treatment of the Doctor quickly spread through the town and naturally aroused the greatest indignation. On the next evening Mr. Richard West arrived at the residence of Mr. Key in Georgetown, and telling him of the arrest and treatment of his fellow-townsman, explained that he had called at the instance of the Doctor's friends in Marlborough to say that, having themselves failed in their efforts to secure the release of the Doctor, being even refused permission to see him, they were alarmed for his safety and thought it advisable for him Mr. West to call and request Mr. Key to obtain, if possible, the sanction of the Government for his going to the

British Admiral, under a flag of truce, to intercede for the Doctor's release and it was hoped that Mr. Key would undertake the mission.

As may be readily imagined, this was not an easy or pleasant undertaking, but believing it to be his duty, Mr. Key cheerfully complied. Sending his family to his father's estate at Pipe Creek, Maryland, he applied to the Department of State for the necessary letters, and having received them, on the morning of the 3rd of September, 1814, left his home to go to Baltimore for the purpose of securing the cooperation of Col. John S. Skinner, the agent of the United States for Parole of Prisoners, at that port, afterwards a prominent editor and publisher and Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States, to whom he carried a letter from the Department, authorizing him to aid Mr. Key in his efforts to secure the release of Dr. Beans. Neither of them knew definitely where to find the British fleet, but, supposing it to be somewhere in the Chesapeake, they set sail from Baltimore in the United States cartel ship "Minden," in search of it.

With our present-day facilities for rapid travel and communication we are apt to underestimate the hazards of such a journey. We should not, therefore, forget that a trip from Washington to Baltimore, in those days of stage coach travel was a day's journey, and that a sail from Baltimore to the mouths of the Patuxent and Potomac Rivers, a distance of over one hundred miles, at which point they met the British fleet, required all of two days under the most favorable conditions. If we presume, therefore, that Mr. Key left Baltimore, in company with Colonel Skinner, on the morning of the 5th of September or the morning of the next day after leaving his home in Washington, he could not have met the British fleet before the evening of the sixth and possibly the morning of the seventh, depending upon the winds. History

records that he returned to Baltimore with the fleet, arriving at North Point on the morning of the tenth, and that he was not permitted to leave until the morning after the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which was the fourteenth. It will be seen, therefore, to all intents and purposes, he and his party were prisoners in the British fleet for at least a week. From all accounts this does not appear to be fully realized. But to return to our narrative. Upon meeting with the British they were courteously received by Admiral Cochrane, upon the British ship "Surprise," but when Mr. Key made known his mission he found the Admiral in no mood to comply, and he was frankly informed that as Dr. Beans had been instrumental in inflicting the most atrocious injuries and humiliations upon the British troops and deserving the severest punishment, the British Admiral had determined upon hanging him to the yardarm of his vessel.

Exactly how Mr. Key at length prevailed upon the Admiral and succeeded in carrying his point, if ever related, has never been preserved. It is supposed that the many and warm expressions of appreciation for the kindnesses and careful treatment shown the wounded and suffering British officers by Dr. Beans, contained in letters from these officers to their comrades, which Colonel Skinner now brought and delivered, had much to do with Mr. Key's success. However this may be, it is not unreasonable to believe that if such had been the sole cause more would have been definitely known about it. Recollecting Mr. Key's strong personality, his affable manner and frank sincerity, it is not assuming at all too much to say that in all probability his own eloquent and masterful presentation of the case, in which he used the fact of Dr. Beans kindness to the British to the very best advantage, as well as the improbability, if not impossibility, of one enjoying the esteem and respect of his neighbors to the

degree that the Doctor did, and, as Mr. Key now took occasion to forcibly point out, could not possibly have been guilty of the charges preferred against him, had as much, if not more, than all else to do with securing the release of the noted Marlborough physician.

Having once accomplished the object of their most unpleasant errand, the American party would gladly have returned to their homes. The Admiral, however, fearing they had gained, by their presence within his fleet, some information which might be used to the detriment of his purpose, informed them that although he would release Dr. Beans, they would have to be detained for a few days until after the determination of an expedition which he was about to make, assuring them at most it would be but a short while. They accordingly remained aboard the British ship "Surprise" until the arrival of the fleet at the mouth of the Patapsco on the morning of September 10th, when they were transferred, under guard of British marines, to their own vessel, the "Minden" and anchored in a position from which they could witness all that would transpire, that their humiliation might be the more complete from the victory which the British were confident of acquiring over their country men, within a couple of hours. With bated breath and throbbing hearts, unconscious of the glorious part their little expedition was destined to play in the history of their country, the lonely, distressed and anxious little party of patriots, under the derisive scorn of their captor's guard, watched the landing at North Point, a distance of twelve miles from the city of Baltimore, of nine thousand soldiers and marines under the command of General Ross, preparatory to an attack upon their country.

The activity of the British now was great – such an army could not be landed and formed in position in a day. In fact,

from the time intervening between the morning of the tenth, when the fleet first appeared at North Point, until the morning of the thirteenth, when the attack began, it is shown three days were necessary. During this time Mr. Key from the deck of his prison ship had ample opportunity to observe the movements of the enemy and reflect upon the situation and the probable outcome.

The total rout of the militia at Bladensburg and the consequent horrors of the burning of Washington, events so very recent, were fresh in his mind, and now, while watching these extensive preparations for a similar attack on the principal city of his native state, must have been recalled very vividly.

Only five days previous he had been in that beautiful and progressive city whose doom fate now seemed rapidly sealing. He knew the comparative strength of its defenses, both by land and water, and was also well aware that engaged therein were, unfortunately, no such trained and hardened veteran soldiers as he saw landed for its attack and destruction. At best a small army of raw militia, similar to, and in fact partly composed of that which had been so easily routed at Bladensburg, was all there was to meet and engage the intruders. The boastful remark of General Ross "that he did not care if it rained militia, he would take Baltimore and make it his winter headquarters," in the misgivings of the awful moment seemed to savor more of truth than bravado.

Under such trying circumstances the most phlegmatic nature must have been moved, while the imagination stands aghast to conceive the sensations of his intensely patriotic one. Alternate fear and hope spread alarm in his patriotic breast, as he witnessed the landing of the last of the British troops and saw them drawn up in hostile array upon the shores of his country.

The fleet now closed in upon the little fortress, forming a semi-circle about two and a half miles off its breastwork, from which position of safety it could throw its bombs and missiles of death and carnage without being within reach of the American guns. Under different circumstances the maneuvers would have been grand to witness, but now, to him so situated, their terrors and horrors cannot be imagined, let alone described.

Wafted by a calm September morning's breeze came the booming of cannon and the roar of rapid-firing musketry from the direction of the road leading from North Point to Baltimore, heralding the clash of arms in a death struggle between the well-trained and serried ranks of the British regulars and the gallant stand of a small body of freemen in defense of their homes and firesides.

From the harrowing thoughts of their speedy and certain defeat and destruction he turned with faint heart to the little fort crowning the promontory of Whetstone Point. This little place, although light, had some finely planned batteries mounted with heavy guns, as Admiral Cockburn, on a previous visit had the pleasure and satisfaction of learning.

Its garrison of artillery was under the command of Major George Armistead, U.S.A., Judge Joseph Hopper Nicholson, the brother-in-law of Mr. Key, was in command of a volunteer battery of artillery, ranking second in command of the fort.

Prompted by the same spirit of indiscretion, vacillation and, it may even be said, cowardice, as was largely responsible for the sad fate of Washington, the Administration had sent Major Armistead orders to surrender. The Major, however, was of different material; he had not been accustomed to giving up without a fight, and this brave and gallant

officer, risking the punishment and disgrace of a court-martial as coolly as he fired at the British, disobeyed his orders.

Early Tuesday morning, the thirteenth of September, the British, keeping well out of the range of the guns of the fort, began their attack with six bombs and a few rocket vessels. Major Armistead, fully cognizant that his forty-two pounders would not carry as far as the enemy's guns, patiently bided his time and waited for the British to come within range, firing only occasionally to let them know the fort and garrison had not surrendered. The British, from their vantage point of safety, pumped their heavy bombs upon the little fortress with such rapidity, it is said, "four or five bombs bursting in the air at once made a terrific explosion." Some of these bombs were afterwards found intact and weighed from 210 to 220 pounds.

From six o'clock in the morning, when the attack began, until three in the afternoon, there was no change in the tactics of the British. At the latter hour, however, either tiring of their one-sided game or becoming a little bolder, some few vessels came nearer the fort and within range of its guns. Its brave defenders, now having the opportunity for which they had reserved their ammunition and waited were not long in taking advantage of it. Opening fire with deliberate aim they literally hailed shot and shell upon their antagonists, making it so hot for them that they were glad to slip their cables and sail away quicker than they came, "throwing their bombs with an activity excited by their mortification," as an eye witness chronicles.

Again the fight was resumed from a distance where the British could throw their bombs upon the fort without getting within range of its guns. As the afternoon waned the cool, gentle breeze of approaching evening stirred the turbid

atmosphere and catching the folds of our flag, then drooping around its staff, unfurled it from its proud position over the ramparts in a last salute as it were to departing day. A shell pierced the banner, tearing from its constellation, a star. Once more the gentle winds of Heaven were kind — a slight tremor from the recoil — and the banner of the free and the brave again floated out defiantly before the mouths of the English guns, bathed in the delicate hues of the "twilight's last gleaming" as the shroud of night fell, closing from sight each floating stripe and star.

Unable longer to discern the movements of the fleet, or see the flag of his country, his comrades, worn and fatigued, retired below. Not so with him, an instrument in the hands of destiny his sleepless anxiety knew no rest. In the regularity of his paces upon the deck were recorded those patriotic heart throbs from which were to come the genius of the song.

A resultant fortitude from a most sublime Christian faith alone sustained him and sent that consolation of which he tells us in his own beautiful words, "the rockets' red glare and the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

Between two and three o'clock in the morning the British, with one or two rocket and several bomb vessels manned by twelve hundred picked men, attempted, under cover of darkness, to slip past the fort and up the Patapsco, hoping to effect a landing and attack the garrison in the rear.

Succeeding in evading the guns of the fort, but unmindful of Fort Covington, under whose batteries they next came, their enthusiasm over the supposed success of the venture, gave way in a derisive cheer, which, born by the damp night air to our small party of Americans on the "Minden," must have chilled the blood in their veins and

pierced their patriotic hearts like a dagger.

Fort Covington, the lazaretto and the American barges in the river now simultaneously poured a galling fire upon the unprotected enemy, raking them fore and aft, in horrible slaughter. Disappointed and disheartened, many wounded and dying, they endeavored to regain their ships, which came closer to the fortifications in an endeavor to protect the retreat. A fierce battle ensued. Fort McHenry opened the full force of all her batteries upon them as they repassed, and the fleet responding with entire broadsides made an explosion so terrific that it seemed as though Mother Earth had opened and was vomiting shot and shell in a sheet of fire and brimstone. The heavens aglow were a seething sea of flame, and the waters of the harbor, lashed into an angry sea by the vibrations the "Minden" rode and tossed as though in a tempest. It is recorded that the houses in the city of Baltimore, two miles distant, were shaken to their foundations. Above the tempestuous roar intermingled with its hubbub and confusion were heard the shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded. But alas! they were from the direction of the fort. What did it mean? For over an hour the pandemonium reigned. Suddenly it ceased — all was quiet, not a shot fired or sound heard, a deathlike stillness prevailed, as the darkness of night resumed its sway. The awful stillness and suspense was unbearable. "The hurley burley o'er and done" the battle both "lost and won," but how Mr. Key did not know, or had he any means of knowing. Was the last terrific display a gallant final effort of his countrymen before surrender? And were those cries and shrieks the groans of his fellow American patriots, whose hearts, like his own, lay bleeding? Mind of Man! dubbed thou "the mistress of the world," can your vainest thoughts conceive, or your imagination picture, the fearful anxiety

and agony of this last supreme moment of terror?

Scarcely thirty-five years of age, may it not be safely said to his fair brow came its first furrow; to his rich suit of waving chestnut hair, its first strains of silver. Who can say? A physical frame taxed to the limit of its strength by long and anxious vigil; nerves shattered and unstrung; a patriotic heart, overcome by emotion, fearing to hope, could sustain him no longer — exhausted he sank upon his pure Christian soul, like a Rock of Ages, for shelter and succor, murmuring to his God the prayer, Lord, God of Hosts! "The power that has made, preserve us a nation." And thus in sweet communion with his God we leave him for an hour or more, until the break of day, for his proud spirit and genuine modesty never disclosed, even to his closest friends, anything of the awful sensations which he experienced and suffered during this time.

Such of them as he cared to give the world are found only in the lines of his hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Not even to his friend, John Randolph of Roanoke, to whom he wrote shortly thereafter, does he mention them or even the fact of his having written the song. All he says of his mission is as follows:

"You will be surprised to hear that I have since then spent eleven days in the British Fleet. I went with a flag to endeavor to save poor old Dr. Beans a voyage to Halifax, in which we fortunately succeeded. They detained us until after their attack on Baltimore, and you may imagine what a state of anxiety I endured. Sometimes when I remembered it was there the declaration of this abominable war was received with public rejoicings. I could not feel a hope that they would escape and again when I thought of the many faithful whose piety lessens that lump of wickedness I could hardly feel a fear.

"To make my feelings still more acute, the admiral had intimated his fears that the town must be burned and I was sure that if taken it would have been given up to plunder. I have reason to believe that such a promise was given to their soldiers. It was filled with women and children. I hope I shall never cease to feel the warmest gratitude when I think of this most merciful deliverance. It seems to have given me a higher idea of the forbearance, long suffering and tender mercy of God, than I had ever before conceived.

"Never was a man more disappointed in his expectations than I have been as to the character of British officers. With some exceptions they appeared to be illiberal, ignorant and vulgar and seem filled with a spirit of malignity against everything American. Perhaps, however, I saw them in unfavorable circumstances."

Shortly after the attempt of the British to slip past the fort, which resulted so disastrously to their forces and caused the last terrible grand spectacular display, word had reached the flagship of the failure of their land forces and the death of General Ross. On board which, the "Minden," or the flagship, greater depression was felt, is a question too difficult to determine. Such is war!

With the first approach of the gray streaks of dawn, Mr. Key turned his weary and bloodshot eyes to the direction of the fort and its flag, but the darkness had given place to a heavy fog of smoke and mist which now enveloped the harbor and hung close down to the surface of the water.

Some time must yet elapse before anything definite might be ascertained, or the object of his aching heart's desire discerned. At last it came. A bright streak of gold mingled with crimson shot athwart the eastern sky, followed by another and still another, as the morning sun rose in the fullness of her glory, lifting "the mists of the deep," crowning

a "Heaven-blest land" with a new victory and grandeur.

Through a vista in the smoke and vapor could now be dimly seen the flag of his country. As it caught "The gleam of the morning's first beam," and, "in full glory reflected shone in the stream" his proud and patriotic heart knew no bounds; the wounds inflicted "by the battle's confusion were healed instantly as if by magic; a new life sprang into every fiber, and his pent-up emotions burst forth with an inspiration in a song of praise, victory and thanksgiving as he exclaimed:

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, Oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

As the morning's sun arose, vanquishing the darkness and gloom; lifting the fog and smoke and disclosing his country's flag, victorious, bathed in the delicate hues of morn, only an inspiration caught from such a sight can conceive or describe, and so only in the words of his song can be found the description.

The first draft of the words were emotionally scribbled upon the back of a letter which he carried in his pocket and of which he made use to dot down some memoranda of his thoughts and sentiments.

Shortly after sunrise word was received from the British Admiral that the attack had failed and that Mr. Key and his party were at liberty to go at pleasure. They proceeded to Baltimore, and on the evening of the same day he wrote out the first complete draft of the song. The next morning, in calling upon Judge Nicholson, Mr. Key related how he, in company with Colonel Skinner and Dr. Beans, had witnessed the bombardment of the fort from the deck of the "Minden," telling the Judge some little of his trying experience, and stating that on the morning after the battle, upon

seeing the flag still waving, he had written a song, the draft of which he then drew from his pocket and showed the Judge, who was so impressed with its spirit and beauty that he insisted upon having it published immediately. He therefore took it to the printing office of Captain Benjamin Edes, on North Street, near the corner of Baltimore, but the Captain not having returned from duty with the Twenty-seventh Maryland Regiment, his office was closed, and Judge Nicholson proceeded to the newspaper office of the Baltimore American and Commercial Daily Advertiser, where the words were set in type by Samuel Sands, an apprentice at the time, "printer's devil" but who in later life became associated with Colonel Skinner in editing and publishing the American Farmer….

Copies of the song were struck off in handbill form, and promiscuously distributed on the street. Catching with popular favor like prairie fire it spread in every direction, was read and discussed, until, in less than an hour, the news was all over the city.

Picked up by a crowd of soldiers assembled, some accounts put it about Captain McCauley's tavern, next to the Holiday Street Theater, others have it around their tents on the outskirts of the city, Ferdinand Durang, a musician, adapted the words to the old tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," and, mounting a chair, rendered it in fine style.

On the evening of the same day it was again rendered upon the stage of the Holiday-Street Theater by an actress, and the theater is said to have gained thereby a national reputation. In about a fortnight it had reached New Orleans and was publicly played by a military band, and shortly thereafter was heard in nearly, if not all, the principal cities and towns throughout the country.

While inspiring and thrilling in every line, unlike most

national airs, America's National Anthem is devoid of any foolish sentimental loyalty or passionate appeal to arms, but breathing a pure religious sentiment of praise and thanksgiving for the victory of the hour, it teaches and inspires in generations to come a lesson of emulation for truly brave and gallant deeds whenever "freemen may stand between their loved homes and the war's desolation."

The Star-Spangled Banner (Complete)

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep.
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes.
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep.
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more:
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph, doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freeman shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just.
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Longfellow as a Boy*

Longfellow was a noble boy. He always wanted to do right. He could not bear to see one person do any wrong to another.

He was very tender-hearted. One day he took a gun and went shooting. He killed a robin. Then he felt sorry for the robin. He came home with tears in his eyes. He was so grieved, that he never went shooting again.

He liked to read Irving's "Sketch Book." Its strange stories about Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle pleased his fancy.

When he was thirteen he wrote a poem. It was about Lovewell's fight with the Indians. He sent his verses to a newspaper. He wondered if the editor would print them. He could not think of anything else. He walked up and down in front of the printing office. He thought that his poem might be in the printer's hands.

When the paper came out, there was his poem. It was signed "Henry." Longfellow read it. He thought it a good poem. But a judge who did not know whose poem it was talked about it that evening. He said to

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

young Longfellow, "Did you see that poem in the paper? It was stiff. And all taken from other poets, too."

This made Henry Longfellow feel bad. But he kept on trying. After many years, he became a famous poet.

For more than fifty years, young people have liked to read his poem called "A Psalm of Life." Here are three stanzas of it:

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time,

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

The India Rubber Boy*

Many years ago a strange-looking man was sometimes seen in the streets of New York. His cap was made of India rubber. So was his coat. He wore a rubber waistcoat. Even his cravat was of India rubber. He wore rubber shoes in dry weather. People called this man "The India rubber man."

His name was Charles Goodyear. He was very poor. He was trying to find out how to make India rubber useful.

India rubber trees grow in South America. The juice of these trees is something like milk or cream. By drying this juice, India rubber is made.

The Indians in Brazil have no glass to make bottles with. A long time ago they learned to make bottles out of rubber. More than a hundred years ago some of these rubber bottles were brought to this country. The people in this country had never seen India rubber before. They thought the bottles made out of it by the Indians very curious.

In this country, rubber was used only to rub out pencil marks. That is why we call it rubber. People in South America learned to make a kind of heavy shoe

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

out of it. But these shoes were hard to make. They cost a great deal when they were sold in this country.

Men tried to make rubber shoes in this country. They got the rubber from Brazil. Rubber shoes made in this country were cheaper than those brought from South America. But they were not good. They would freeze till they were as hard as stones in winter. That was not the worst of it. In summer they would melt. Goodyear was trying to find out a way to make rubber better. He wanted to get it so that it would not melt in summer. He wanted to get a rubber that would not get hard in cold weather. The first rubber coats that were made were so hard in cold weather, that they would stand alone, and look like a man.

Goodyear wanted to try his rubber. That is why he wore a rubber coat and a rubber waistcoat and a rubber cravat. That is why he wore a rubber cap and rubber shoes when it was not raining. He made paper out of rubber, and wrote a book on it. He had a doorplate made of it. He even carried a cane made of India rubber. It is no wonder people called him the India rubber man.

He was very poor. Sometimes he had to borrow money to buy rubber with. Sometimes his friends gave him money to keep his family from starving. Sometimes there was no wood and no coal in the house in cold weather.

But Goodyear kept on trying. He thought that he was just going to find out. Years went by, and still he

kept on trying.

One day he was mixing some rubber with sulphur. It slipped out of his hand. It fell on the hot stove. But it did not melt. Goodyear was happy at last. That night it was cold. Goodyear took the burned piece of rubber out of doors, and nailed it to the kitchen door. When morning came, he went and got it. It had not frozen.

He was now sure that he was on the right track. But he had to find out how to mix and heat his rubber and sulphur. He was too poor to buy rubber to try with. Nobody would lend him any more money. His family had to live by the help of his friends. He had already sold almost everything that he had. Now he had to sell his children's schoolbooks to get money to buy rubber with.

At last his rubber goods were made and sold. Poor men who had to stand in the rain could now keep themselves dry. People could walk in the wet with dry feet. A great many people are alive who would have died if they had not been kept dry by India rubber.

You may count up, if you can, how many useful things are made of rubber. We owe them all to one man. People laughed at Goodyear once. But at last they praised him. To be "The India rubber man" was something to be proud of.

David Crockett*
1786-1836

Among the pioneers who found their way over the mountains from the colony on the Yadkin River into Tennessee was a tall, raw-boned, resolute man of Irish birth. His name was Crockett, and he had been a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War. He made his new home in the hamlet called Limestone, in Greene County, not far from the Carolina line. Here, our hero, David Crockett, was born in the year 1786.

In his boyhood David knew little but hardship. His entire school life was less than six months, and that was when he had grown almost to manhood. He learned to read and to write and but little else. When he was ten years of age his father hired him out to a Dutchman who had made his home far away in the wild, unsettled interior, four hundred miles to the westward. With his employer young David traveled on foot this long distance. After a month or two he was so homesick in the wilderness, with no friend near him, that he slipped away, and alone made his way back again over the four hundred miles to his father's house.

What a journey for a boy of only twelve years! Think of it. His long trip with his employer from his father's house through the wilderness must have been difficult and hazardous enough; but for him, boy as he was, to retrace his steps through that long stretch of unbroken wilderness, in

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

constant danger from wild beasts and Indians, with rivers to cross, food to procure and cook — all this required a courage far from common in a boy of twelve years of age.

David was always loyal to his family, and a charming story is told of his dutiful conduct towards his parents. When he was nearly seventeen years of age, he worked a whole year to pay a note for seventy-six dollars which was held against his father, who was unable to meet it.

Through his entire life, David Crockett was a pioneer. After coming to manhood he made his first home on the Elk River in Lincoln County, Tennessee, on the border of Alabama. Afterwards, when settlers began to gather around him, he pushed further west and built his cabin in "one of the wildest parts of the State." He did not remain long even here. As the country filled up he moved further west and pitched his tent on Shoal Creek in Lawrence County, "in a wild and desolate region." Here the settlers soon organized a local government and appointed Crockett a magistrate. From this time he rose rapidly and before long acquired a wide reputation.

First of all our hero was a famous hunter. He knew the haunts of the wild animals and could always find game. He was a sure marksman; and so accurate was his aim and so well known was his success as a hunter that the story became current that once on a time, when he had taken aim at an opossum, the "varmint" called out to him, "Don't shoot, Colonel, don't shoot. I'll come down."

The opossum called him "Colonel," because the people had made him colonel of the militia. He was repeatedly elected a member of the State legislature, where he did good service and won golden opinions from his fellow law-makers.

Crockett had by diligence and hard labor acquired some property. He now built a dam across Shoal Creek and put

up a mill, which soon after was swept away by fire. He gave up all that he had and paid his debts to the last cent. One who knew him well said, "He was a great exemplar of fortitude in disaster, cheerfulness in misfortune, and honesty in his dealings. The loss of his property in Lawrence County tested his honesty. He gave up after that disaster all he possessed for the benefit of his creditors and began the fight over again with cheerfulness and hopefulness."

He now made another move toward the sun-setting. He built his new home on the Albion River near the western boundary of the State. Thus in four counties, beginning on the eastern borders and pushing westward almost to the Mississippi River, he had been a pioneer in the new land of Tennessee.

After he had served the people in the State legislature, he had the idea that he should yet be a member of Congress. It is said that he traveled on foot from his home in southern Tennessee to Washington to see what Congress was like. We must not forget that he had almost no school education. He could read and write and could speak in public in a crude, backwoods fashion. He had seen much, traveled somewhat, observed everything within his reach, and drawn his own conclusions. He was full of oddities and eccentricities, but withal he was by no means lacking in "large, round-about common sense."

The story goes that the very next day after his arrival in Washington, Mr. Webster, the great orator from Massachusetts, made one of his famous speeches in the Senate. In the evening, at a reception, Colonel Crockett was introduced to Mr. Webster, when the following conversation ensued:

"Wahl, Mr. Webster, I heared your speech today, and do you want to know what I think of ye?"

"Certainly," replied Webster, "I should be pleased to

know what so distinguished a man as Colonel Crockett thinks of my humble efforts."

"Wahl, Mr. Webster, I'll tell ye. I heared your hull speech. I stood there, a leenin' up agin the post, and I heared the hull on't, for two mortal hours, and I don't think you'r what you'r cracked up to be." Then waiting a minute he added, "for there wa-n't a word in it that I couldn't understand."

Afterwards Crockett was elected to Congress and served three terms. We are told, "He was popular in Washington where he was noted not only for his eccentricity of manner and speech, but also for his strong common sense and shrewdness." His favorite motto was, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead" — a very good motto for us all.

In May, 1830, Colonel Crockett made a speech in Congress on the bill for the "Removal of the Indians beyond the Mississippi." He stated at the outset that he should vote against the bill, and that he should like to give his reasons for the vote; that he did not know that any man within five hundred miles of the place where he lived would vote as he should, but he must vote as his conscience dictated.†

He said: "I have my constituents to settle with, I know, and I should like as well as any other gentleman to please them, but I have also a settlement to make at the bar of my God. What my conscience dictates to be just and right I want to do, be the consequences what they may…. I must vote as my conscience and judgment dictate without the yoke of any party on me, or the driver at my heels, with his whip in hand, commanding me to gee-haw-whoa, just at his pleasure." He said that he knew personally many Cherokees,

† The following quotations are from the Congressional Globe. Colonel Crockett's speech was revised for publication, and therefore does not appear in its original backwoods phrasing.

and he had heard them say: "No, we will take death here at our homes. Let them come and tomahawk us here at home: we are willing to die, but never to remove."

He then stated that no man would be more willing than he to see the Indians removed, if it could be done in a manner agreeable to themselves, but not otherwise. He added: "I care not for popularity, unless it can be obtained by upright means…. I have been told that I do not understand English grammar. That is very true. I have never been to school six months in my life. I have raised myself to be what I am by the labor of my hands. But I do not on that account yield up my privilege as a representative of freemen on this floor."

Crockett's vote on this bill helped to defeat him for reelection in the fall of 1830; but he was elected again in 1832 and served another term, when he was again defeated, President Jackson's influence being turned against him.

Soon after this he migrated to Texas and engaged in the struggle of that country for independence from Mexico. He was with Colonel Travis and Colonel Bowie in the fatal siege of the Alamo. The Alamo was a strong fort with stout walls twenty feet high and covered two or three acres of ground. It was defended by about one hundred and fifty brave Texans, and the besieging army numbered fully four thousand Mexicans under command of the famous General Santa Anna. The siege lasted thirteen days when a desperate assault was made, and all the Texans but six were killed. These six men, including Colonels Crockett and Travis, surrendered to their overwhelming foe but, although they were prisoners of war, they were shot by orders from Santa Anna.

Thus perished[‡] Colonel David Crockett, one of Tennessee's bravest and most distinguished sons. One who was personally acquainted with him bore this testimony: "He was a hero, statesman, and martyr, who was in life the peer of any unselfish man that adorned the annals of a civilized people. He was a favorite of all classes, whether rich or poor, high or low, Whigs or Democrats, dudes in the city or hunters in the country."

[‡] (Editor's note: Whether he was shot in the actual battle or executed after surrendering has never been fully satisfied.)

Webster and the Poor Woman*

When Daniel Webster was a young lawyer, he was going home one night. There was snow on the ground. It was very cold. It was late, and there was nobody to be seen.

But after a while he saw a poor woman. She was ahead of him. He wondered what had brought her out on so cold a night.

Sometimes she stopped and looked around. Then she would stand and listen. Then she would go on again.

Webster kept out of her sight. But he watched her. After looking around, she turned down the street in which Webster lived. She stopped in front of Webster's house. She looked around and listened.

Webster had put down some loose boards to walk on. They reached from the gate to the door of his house. After standing still a minute, the woman took one of the boards, and went off quickly.

Webster followed her. But he kept out of her sight. She went to a distant part of the town. She went into a poor little house.

Webster went home without saying anything to

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

the woman. He knew that she had stolen the board for firewood.

The next day the poor woman got a present. It was a nice load of wood.

Can you guess who sent it to her?

Samuel Houston*
1793-1863

Samuel Houston is one of the strangest and one of the most interesting characters in American History. His life was full of contradictions, and its story reads like a tale of the imagination. He lived the life of an Indian; yet he was elected the president of the Republic of Texas and a senator of the United States. He was a roisterer among roisterers, yet he became a good husband and a kind father. He was so proud that his enemies claimed that he wrote his name so that it would read "I am Houston;" yet he became a humble Christian.

Samuel Houston, or "Sam Houston," as he was almost always called, was born in Virginia about ten years after the close of the Revolution. His father died when he was thirteen years old, and then his mother moved across the mountains into the wilderness of Tennessee. There were nine children, six boys and three girls; and all, so far as they were able, were kept busy cutting down trees, pulling out roots, and planting and tilling the land. However, the life of a boy or a girl even in the wilderness was not all hard work. There were schools and academies, and a family was very poor indeed that did not send its children to school for a few weeks in the year.

Samuel was a stubborn lad. People used to say that "Sam Houston would either be a great Indian chief, die in the

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

mad-house, or be governor of the State, for it was certain that some dreadful thing would overtake him." He very early developed a dislike for school. Back in Virginia during his father's lifetime, he could not be induced to go to school before he was eight years old. Then, after he once began to attend, he had his own ideas as to what he should and should not study. Therefore, since his ideas were frequently not those of his teachers, he often got into trouble. At one time, while attending an academy in Tennessee, he decided that he wanted to study Latin and Greek. The teacher refused to teach him. Perhaps he did not know Latin and Greek himself. Houston left the school saying that he would never recite a lesson of any other kind so long as he lived.

Soon after this, Sam and his eldest brother had a quarrel. The brother wanted him to become a merchant and found him a position in a store. Sam had no liking for an indoor life. It was too civilized and too confining. One day he disappeared, and it was several weeks before he was found. And where? Living with the Indians across the Tennessee River. He told his friends that they might go home as soon as they pleased. He liked to measure deer tracks better than tape and preferred the liberty of the red man to the tyranny of his brothers. Therefore he was going to stay where he was. Commands and pleadings were of no avail. His discoverers returned, and Sam remained with the Indians. Once he went home because his clothes had worn out, but he soon returned to his wild life. A chief adopted him as his son, and he was given an Indian name. He wore the dress of an Indian and learned to speak the Cherokee language, which no white man had ever learned before.

Finally he got into debt for powder and shot and went back to civilization to earn money to pay his bill. One would guess a long time before he would guess how Houston

earned this money. He opened a school and became its teacher! The tuition was eight dollars a year for each pupil. One third was to be paid in corn, one third in calico, such as hunting shirts were made of, and one third in money. The pioneers thought that his price was high, but the school became so popular that most of the children of the neighborhood attended. Houston used to look back upon his school-keeping career with great satisfaction. Long after, when he was a senator, Colonel Peter Burke said to him, "Now, Houston, you have been commander-in-chief of the Texan army, president of the Republic, and senator of the United States. In which of these offices or in what period of your career have you felt the greatest pride and satisfaction?"

"Well, Burke," replied Houston, "when a young man in Tennessee I kept a country school, being then about eighteen years of age and a tall, strapping fellow. At noon after the luncheon, which I and my pupils ate together out of our baskets, I would go out into the woods and cut me a "sour wood" stick, turn it carefully into circular spirals and thrust one half of it into the fire which would turn it blue, leaving the other half white. With this emblem of ornament and authority in my hand, dressed in a hunting shirt of flowered calico, a long queue down my back, and the sense of authority over my pupils, I experienced a higher degree of dignity and self-satisfaction than from any other office or honor which I have since held."

Houston's school-keeping experience did not last long. When the War of 1812 broke out between England and the United States, he enlisted as a private soldier. His friends thought that he had disgraced his family and ruined his prospects because he had not sought to get an appointment as an officer. He told them that he would rather honor the ranks than disgrace a commission. His mother seemed to

understand his peculiar disposition better than the others. She brought out a musket and presented it to him with a little speech. "Go," she said, "and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to brave men, it is eternally shut to cowards."

Sam shouldered his musket and marched off to the war. He was fortunate enough to serve under General Andrew Jackson, who quickly discovered that he would make a good drill officer. He had had his practice years before when he spent his time drilling his schoolmates instead of learning his lessons. He received his promotion, did good service and earned the friendship of Jackson. It is said that Jackson was the only man whom Houston thought wiser than himself — the only one who could cause him to change his opinions or his actions.

During the war Houston was severely wounded and carried home to his mother. Every one thought he would never get well. Even the doctor refused to care for him, saying that the case was hopeless. However, get well he did; and he lived to fight many battles in war and in peace, though his wound troubled him all his life.

Houston next turned his attention to the study of law, and then to politics. He was elected to Congress and later became governor of Tennessee, thus bringing to pass one part of the old prophecy. Houston never did anything just like anybody else and he never paid much attention to the fashions of the tailor. His dress on the day he was inaugurated governor was a peculiar combination of Indian, soldier, and citizen dress. On his head was a tall, bell-shaped, black beaver hat. Around his neck was a patent-leather military stock. His shirt was ruffled, his trousers were of black silk, gathered at the waist and of the same size from seat to ankle. His stockings were silk and embroidered, and his shoes had

silver buckles. Over all this splendor he wore a bright Indian hunting shirt belted about the waist with a red sash embroidered with bead work and fastened with a large buckle.

After his term of governorship, Houston again had some family difficulties; and again he left civilization and went to his old friends, the Cherokees, who had now moved across the Mississippi to the Arkansas. John Jolly, his adopted father, was glad to see him; but he said, "My son has not acted wisely. He should have remained among his people." The next years were far from being lived as they should have been. Houston got into bad habits and gave way to all his evil passions. Finally, when he had grown tired of this life, he heard of the struggle that was going on in Texas, where the American settlers had revolted against the Mexicans.

One day, as he was walking on the river bank with a merchant named John Henry, he suddenly said, "Henry, let us go to Texas, for I am tired of this country and of this life. Go with me, and I will make a fortune for us both. We are not fit for merchants, never were, and never will be. I am going, and in that new country I will make a man of myself again."

Houston kept his word. When he reached Texas he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army and a new day began for the discouraged Texans. At San Jacinto he met General Santa Anna who had so cruelly put to death David Crockett and his companions at the Alamo. Houston's battle cry, "Remember the Alamo!" inspired his soldiers to such courage that the Mexican army was defeated and Santa Anna fled disguised as a common soldier.

One day, as Houston was lying on his cot weary and half sick, a soldier rode up to the tent. Behind him was a little man dressed in a cotton shirt, linen trousers, and worsted slippers. The Mexicans who were hanging around cried, "El

Presidente! El Santa Anna!" He was led into the tent, and Houston half arose to receive him. The captive made a low bow and said, "I am General Antonio de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and I claim to be a prisoner of war at your disposal."

Houston motioned for him to be seated on an ammunition box and sent for an interpreter. Santa Anna then said that the man who had conquered the greatest general of the West must consider himself a remarkable man, and he begged him to be generous to the vanquished. Houston coolly replied, "You should have remembered that at the Alamo." In spite of the implied threat, Santa Anna was kindly treated. He was sent by Houston to Washington and after a short captivity was released.

When the Americans organized the Republic of Texas, Houston was elected its first president. He had conquered many of his bad habits and now set to work to do the very best he could for his adopted country. The people respected him; two things, it is said, could always bring the Texans out, "a circus and Sam Houston." All successful men have their enemies, and among Houston's was one who had said that he would shoot him dead the first time he saw him. It happened that he had never seen Houston, so Houston determined to conquer him. One day while out riding with his staff of officers, he came to this man's house. "We have traveled far enough. Here is a good stopping place," said Houston.

All the staff urged him to go further, but Houston called and inquired if they could get lodgings for the night. The wife who came at his call replied that she would be glad to entertain them. Houston dismounted and seated himself on the veranda, and his companions took care of the horses and the baggage. Houston was very fond of children; and as soon

as he saw the children of the family playing near by, he called them to him and they quickly became friends. He told them story after story, and his hostess and his host became as interested as the children.

When supper was about to be served, Houston asked his host to wait a moment. "My friend," he said, "although I do not profess religion, still I always ask God's blessing when I partake of his bounty. Allow me to ask a blessing."

"Certainly, sir," the man replied.

All through the meal-time Houston talked cheerfully, and the whole family were delighted with their unknown guest. When bedtime came, Houston asked. "Have you a Bible? It is always my habit to read a portion of the Scriptures before I retire."

A Bible was found, and Houston read and explained a portion. Then he said, "Having done all I usually do at home, we are ready to retire."

The staff had been cautioned not to use his name or address him by any title; but the next morning one forgot and said as the horses were brought up, "General, we are ready to start."

The man looked up quickly. "General! Who?" he asked.

"General Houston," Houston replied. "Houston, himself."

"Are you General Houston?" asked his host.

"I am, sir."

"Well," he said, "I have always said that I would kill you on sight; but, sir, any man that can talk to my wife and children as you have talked, ask such a blessing at meals, read the Bible and comment upon it as you have done is always welcome at my house."

"Well," said Houston, "what must we pay you for your trouble and hospitality?"

"Nothing, sir. You and your staff can call as often as you please. From this time on I shall be a Houston man."

When Texas was admitted as a state of the Union, Houston was sent to the Senate. He never took part in any of the great debates, but sat at his desk whittling toys for children and grumbling at the long speeches. He was always interested in the Indians and did all he could for them. Once, when a party of chiefs came up to Washington from Texas, the white people who had thought that Indians had no affection for any one discovered that they loved one man at least. As soon as they saw Houston, they ran to him and clasping him in their arms called him, "Father." "I never knew a treaty," Houston once said, "that was made and carried out in good faith which was violated by the Indians."

One other story illustrates the great change that came over General Houston during the latter part of his life. When in Washington, he joined the church and became a devoted member. One Saturday night at the close of a call made by his pastor, he said, "Brother S., is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, General," he replied. "I have no tax upon you at present." Then the pastor remembered that Houston had a quarrel with another member of the church, and that the next day the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated.

"General," he said, "as a man, I have nothing to ask of you, but as a Christian pastor, I have something to ask."

The General fixed his eyes upon him and asked, "What is it, Brother S.?"

"General, you know the quarrel between you and Brother W. You will meet at the Lord's Table next Sabbath evening. You ought not to meet until that difficulty is settled. I wish you to take him by the hand and say with all your heart that you will forgive, and forget, and bury the past, and

that you wish him to do the same."

The fire began to burn in General Houston's eyes. His brow knit. His teeth clinched. His whole frame shook. It was hard for the stubborn old man to forgive and forget. At last he slowly said, "Brother S., I will do it"; and the next day he kept his promise.

John August Sutter*
1803-1880

"Is Captain Sutter here?"

"Yes, he is in the house."

"I want to see him quick."

Mr. James W. Marshall jumped from his horse, and with long and rapid strides walked into the house of Captain John A. Sutter. The place was Sacramento, California; and the time, late in the afternoon of February 28, 1848.

"Good evening, Captain Sutter, I want to see you alone."

Sutter took him into an inner room and closed and locked the door. "What do you want?" said Sutter. "Any damage to my new saw-mill?"

"No," replied Marshall; "but look here." Then he emptied upon the table the contents of a small bag and said, "Here are two ounces of pure gold, which I picked up this morning in the race-way of the mill. Gold! Gold! Look at it, Captain Sutter. Where this came from, there must be more of the same sort. Our fortune is made!"

Sutter applied such tests as he could. He weighed it. He pounded it and found that it was malleable. Finally he tested it with sulphuric acid, and it did not tarnish.

"Yes," he said, "this is gold. Where did you find it? and how did it happen?"

"Well," replied Marshall, "you know we are deepening the tail-race of the mill. We dig during the day and turn on

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

the water at night. The water washes down stream all the earth we have dug up the previous day. Then we get out the rocks and stones that cannot be floated off and dig up more earth to be washed away the next night. Yesterday morning, in walking along the race, I found shining particles; and on going again this morning, I found more of them. The place is full of gold. Let us keep still about it, but quietly go to digging for it."

Marshall wanted Sutter to start right back with him; but as it was raining hard, the latter objected. Marshall, however, rode back the forty miles that night; and he and all the laborers at once began to dig for gold. The mill-race remained unfinished.

When America was first discovered, the news spread over Europe that the new country was rich in gold. All the early explorers had sought for it, and some had ignorantly believed they had found it. The Spaniards had gathered the shining sands of Florida. The Virginia settlers had sent to England a shipload of worthless yellow clay. Far and wide the country had been searched for the precious metal; and though it had never been found in any quantity, still people did not entirely give up the belief that America was a land of gold, a true "El Dorado." Now its discovery could not be kept a secret. The news traveled like wild-fire, until the papers all over the United States were talking of gold. For a time it seemed that every one was going to California. Thousands upon thousands did go.

At the time of Marshall's discovery there were scarcely two thousand Americans in California. In eight months there were six thousand; by July of the next year, fifteen thousand; and before the following Christmas, more than fifty thousand people were digging gold in California. In five years the new state had a permanent population of three

hundred thousand, and the yield from the gold mines had amounted to two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. "El Dorado" had at last been found.

Thousands of people gained a fortune in California. Thousands went home disappointed or remained to spend their days in poverty and discontent. How was it with Captain Sutter on whose land and by whose men the gold had been found?

John Augustus Sutter was born a little over one hundred years ago (1803) in Kendon, a small village in the southwestern part of Baden, in Germany. His parents were Swiss, and they sent him to the military college in Berne, where he was graduated at the age of twenty years. When he was thirty he emigrated to America. At first he settled in St. Louis, but afterwards he pushed further west and engaged in the fur trade at Santa Fe. While there, through information received from the Indians, and from the hunters and trappers with whom he traded, Sutter became interested in the region lying beyond the Rocky Mountains and bordering upon the Pacific Ocean.

He crossed the mountains to the Oregon country and descended the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver. At that time the Hudson's Bay Company practically controlled everything in the region, and there were but few American settlers there. Many tribes of Indians roamed over the country; and bear, otter, fox, wolf, deer, and other wild animals furnished valuable furs.

From Oregon, Sutter took passage in a sailing vessel and went to the Sandwich Islands. There he bought a new vessel, loaded it with merchandise, and sailed away for the Russian port, Sitka, in Alaska. Then, having disposed of his cargo to good advantage, he set sail again. This time he explored the entire coast as far south as the Bay of San

Francisco, then called, as it had been named by the Spaniards, the Bay of "Yerba Buena," "good herb."

Where now stands the largest city on the Pacific coast, there were then, less than sixty years ago, but a few tumble-down adobe houses, scarcely enough to warrant the name of village. The entire country was wild and desolate. Here and there were a few Mexicans, but the principal inhabitants were wandering Indians.

At San Francisco, Sutter's vessel was wrecked; so he determined to seek his fortune in the interior. With great difficulty he pushed his way up the valley of the Sacramento; and on the spot where the city of Sacramento now stands, he founded the first white settlement in northern California. He received a large grant of land from the Mexican Government and was appointed governor of that northern frontier country.

At the close of the Mexican War all that region called New Mexico and Upper California was ceded to the United States. Captain Sutter was then the foremost man in Upper California. He owned broad tracts of land and had thousands of cattle, horses, and sheep. He had developed an extensive trade with the Indians, had built a flour-mill and sawmills, and established a tannery and other prosperous lines of business.

As we have seen, it was in connection with the building of a new sawmill that gold was discovered. Captain Sutter was already a rich man, and it would seem that this discovery on his own land must have greatly increased his wealth. But the result was far otherwise. His men forsook his mills and his ranch to dig for gold. All his varied interests were neglected and went to ruin. His lands were taken from him, and gold claims and house-lots were staked out on the premises that had formerly been his.

The new settlers and gold diggers not only took his land, but stole his cattle, sheep, and horses; helped themselves to his large crops of corn, wheat, and potatoes; destroyed his fur trade with the Indians and his hide and leather trade with the East; and left everything a total wreck. There was no redress except by the slow and uncertain processes of the law. Sutter spent his entire fortune fighting the new claimants of his property and was finally beaten.

It was a sad case. He had always been an upright and honorable man and a loyal American. He was now poor, broken down in health, and utterly discouraged. Out of sheer sympathy, the legislature of California granted him a pension of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Later his homestead was burned, and he was compelled to give up all his property. At the age of threescore and ten, he removed to Lititz, Pennsylvania, where he passed the few remaining years of his life.

But the mining of gold in California still continues. Gold worth millions of dollars is taken from the mines each year. The entire amount since the discovery in Captain Sutter's race-way reaches well-nigh the enormous sum of two thousand millions of dollars.

Mary Lyon*
1797-1849

We have seen…how anxious the first settlers in America were that their children should have an education, but most of their thought was spent on the education of their boys. When Harvard was started, no one had even dreamed that a girl ought to go or would ever wish to go to college. Why should a girl go to college? She could not be a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor. It was her duty to look after the affairs of the household; and she did not need Greek to cook, or Latin to spin, or mathematics to weave. Even the grammar schools were not for girls. The grammar schools were to fit boys for college; and as girls did not go to college, they did not go to the grammar schools.

Just a hundred and fifty years went by after the establishment of public schools before girls were permitted to enter the schools of Boston. Then they were opened to girls only in the summer months when most of the boys were busy with out-of-door duties. What was true of Boston was true of other towns and villages throughout the colonies. What little a girl knew about books, she learned at home, or at the minister's, or at a "dame school." As "dame schools" were usually kept by old women who were taken care of by the town, the amount of instruction that a girl could get at one of these schools was small indeed.

Women had very little time or use for many things that

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

women now-a-days think they cannot get along without. We must remember that clothing and food could not be bought at the stores as they can be now. In those days most people lived on farms where almost everything that they ate or wore was produced. Wool was cut from the backs of the sheep that browsed in the pastures. It was carded, spun, woven and made into garments and blankets by the women of the household. Flax was grown in the fields, made into cloth and fashioned into sheets, tablecloths, and under garments. Women braided straw for hats, knit stockings, gloves and mittens, churned butter, set cheese, dried fruits and vegetables for winter use, and looked after the many needs of their large families. The girls were given their home duties almost as soon as they could walk, and even a child of four has been known to knit herself a pair of stockings.

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, most people thought that if girls knew how to read they had about all the "book learning" that was needed. It was not necessary for them to learn to write, for very few women ever had occasion to write a letter; and if they had to sign their name to a deed or some other legal paper, "a mark" would do just as well as their written name. As for arithmetic, "All a girl needs to know," some one said, "is enough to reckon how much she will need to spin to buy a peck of potatoes in case she becomes a widow." Said another, "If you expect to become a widow and have to carry pork to market, it may be well enough to study mental arithmetic."

The story is told of a girl who tried to study arithmetic by herself. The problems in interest bothered her, and she went to her elder brother for help. "I am ashamed," said he, "of a girl who wants to study interest."

Of course here and there were women who could write good letters, do problems in algebra, and even read Latin.

The less fortunate women spoke of them with awe and admiration. Horace Mann tells us that when he was a boy a young woman who was said to have studied Latin visited at his father's house. "I looked upon her," he wrote, "as a sort of goddess."

As the years went on, a change came in the condition of the people in the colonies. The towns and villages grew larger, people had more money, and more things could be bought at the stores. A woman's time was not so fully occupied with so great a variety of duties as heretofore. Girls were not so much needed at home, and it was necessary for them to go out to earn a little money. They became dissatisfied with their limited knowledge. They wanted to learn what the boys learned. One little girl went so far as to sit on the doorstep of the schoolhouse so that she could hear the boys recite their lessons. So the schools were in time opened for girls as well as for boys, and schoolmistresses began to take the place of masters in the smaller schools.

As the common schools did not give all that parents now wanted for their children, academies and seminaries were started here and there. There were people who thought that some of these institutions did almost more harm than good. One father said, "I spent a thousand dollars on the education of my daughter. I would give another thousand to undo it. She has been made vain, frivolous, and discontented with the plain, simple habits of home." Other academies — and there were many of them — were wise and helpful in their training, and some of the best have continued to the present day. Old-fashioned people were much troubled by these schools and by the new branches that girls now studied. "Who shall cook our food, or mend our clothes, if girls are to be taught philosophy and astronomy?" they said. They little realized that the school would make them better cooks

and housekeepers.

At the time all these changes were going on in the thought and condition of the people in America, Mary Lyon was born in Buckland, Massachusetts. She grew up as did the other girls in the neighborhood, was taught to sew, to knit, and to spin, attended the district school and there learned to read, to write, and to spell. She learned her lessons faster than the other girls, however, and wanted to go further and to do more than was demanded by the teacher. One day she asked if she might not study grammar. In four days she had learned the contents of the whole book.

Later on, when she was a student at Sanderson Academy, her teacher gave her a Latin grammar to study to keep her from going through the whole course while her mates were learning a few lessons. In three days she had mastered the book so that she could recite it from beginning to end. It is said that that recitation lasted until after dark, and that her schoolmates forgot their work and the time of day as they listened to her perfect answers to the master's questions.

The girls admired her, but they were never jealous of her ability, because she was always ready to help and to encourage them, no matter how busy she was herself. While attending the academy, she earned her board by service in a household near by. She proved a good worker in the home as well as at school. A gentleman once asked the man in whose family she worked, "Well, this Mary Lyon is a wonderful girl, isn't she? They say that none of the boys can keep up with her. But how is it about her work? Does she really do anything or do you just give her her board?"

"Well," was the reply, "Mary wings the potatoes."

This meant that she brushed off with a wing all the dust and dirt from the potatoes that had been roasted in the

ashes of the open fireplace. What else she did the story does not tell, but the questioner understood that whatever she did, no matter how simple, was done thoroughly and well.

Mary Lyon's school life amounted to only a few months all told, although it extended over many years. Her father died when she was seven years old, and most of the money for her tuition she was obliged to earn herself. When only fifteen, she kept house for her eldest brother. He paid her a dollar a week, which seemed a large sum to her and for which she was most grateful. "I never saw any such dollars before, nor have I since," she once said. "They were mine, and my dear brother had given them to me. I did weep over them."

Later she taught school and received seventy-five cents a week for pay besides her board. She became much discouraged over this first school and thought that she would never make a good teacher. Others used to think so, too. "She will never equal her sister as a teacher," they said. In after years Miss Lyon used to say to her pupils, "If you commence teaching and do not succeed, teach till you do succeed." That was what she did herself. She became very popular as a teacher and was so beloved by the different families with whom she boarded, that each one would have been glad to keep her all the time. She was just as ready to help the busy mothers as she had been to assist her schoolmates.

When Mary Lyon was twenty-four years old, she decided to go to school again. The Reverend Joseph Emerson had started an academy at Byfield, Massachusetts, which gave more advanced work for women than any other school at that time. It was this school that she wished to attend. Her friends opposed her plan for various reasons. Perhaps some thought that already she knew more than a woman ought to know. Others thought that the journey was too long and

expensive, as Byfield was a long distance from her home. Still others might have thought that she was too old to go to school. Her mother, however, told her to go, and she set out for Byfield. It was before the days of the railroad, and the journey that now can be made in a few hours then took three days. "You can hardly understand," she said in after years, "what a great thing it was to get to Byfield. It was almost like going to Europe now."

At the academy she began to look upon a higher education in an entirely new way. Previously she had studied because she loved to study and for the pleasure she got from it. Now she began to see that the more she knew the more chances for usefulness would come to her. This feeling increased as she began to teach again, and she now wished that she might start a school that would give to girls advantages for study not only greater than could then be found anywhere else, but such as would train them for wider usefulness. This unselfish view of the advantages of a higher education she constantly tried to keep before herself and her pupils. "Young ladies," she would say, "never ask to live simply for yourself. Live for the good of others." She felt that God had given women a great work to do in the world, and this work could not be well done unless their brains were as thoroughly trained as their hands.

Through many years she worked and prayed. Friends came to her aid who were ready to help her with their money, their time, and their sympathy. Though at times their faith in the undertaking failed, her own never faltered. At last, in the autumn of 1837, everything was ready and the day for the opening of the new school was at hand. Miss Lyon, who before had been so brave, now began to fear for the success of her school. "When I look forward to November 8th," she said, "it seems like looking down a precipice of

many hundred feet which I must descend." Thus was started Mount Holyoke Seminary, the first school that gave anything like a college training to girls.

Mary Lyon remained at its head for twelve years. Her beautiful character and life influenced every girl who came into the school. When the girls left it, they desired in their turn to make the most of their lives and opportunities for the good of the less fortunate. Many of them went as missionaries to heathen lands.

When Mary Lyon died she was mourned the whole world around. "Is she missed?" someone wrote soon after her death. "Scarcely a state of the American Union but contains those she trained. Long ere this, amid the hunting grounds of the Sioux and the villages of the Cherokees, the tear of the missionary has wet the page which told of Miss Lyon's departure. The Sandwich Islander will ask why his white teacher's eye is dim as she reads her American letter. The swarthy African will lament with his sorrowing guide. The cinnamon groves of Ceylon and the palm trees of India overshadow her early deceased missionary pupils. Among the Nestorians of Persia and at the base of Mount Olympus will her name be breathed softly as the household name of one whom God has taken."

Now Mount Holyoke Seminary has become Mount Holyoke College. Now, in this country, instead of one school where girls can receive a college education, there are almost as many colleges for women as for men. No longer is any brother ashamed of a sister who wishes "to learn interest." Rather is he ashamed of her if she does not wish to learn interest and much besides.

Samuel G. Howe*
1801-1876

You have all heard of the yacht races off Sandy Hook on the Jersey coast. Year after year up to the present time (1905), an English yacht has crossed the Atlantic to win the cup that America has so long held. Each year the English boat has gone home again, defeated, because the American yacht has outsailed and outclassed her in every way. You all remember hearing about the *Reliance* and the *Columbia* and perhaps some of the other boats; but did you know that they were built by one firm of boat-builders, and that its president is John B. Herreshoff, a blind man?

John Herreshoff has been blind since he was fourteen years old, but that has not kept him from making a place for himself in the world. Many of the fastest yachts he has modeled with his own hands; and his knowledge of all kinds of sea-going craft is so great that he can tell whether they can sail fast or slow, how much wind and storm they can stand, and all about their value by passing his fingers over the models. He also manages all the business affairs of the company, which makes torpedo boats for the American and European navies, as well as fast yachts for international races.

Five hundred or even one hundred years ago, it was thought impossible for blind people to earn a living except by begging. They were often neglected and sometimes were

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

even harshly treated. As time went on, men's hearts grew more tender to the sufferings of all unfortunate creatures, and more was done to make the life of the blind happier. Yet even then they were not taught to look out for themselves, and few could read or write.

About seventy-five years ago, Samuel G. Howe, a young physician, gathered a little class of two or three blind children to his father's house in Boston. In teaching them, he made use of methods he had seen in Europe and of many more that he had planned for himself. With great patience and care he made for them a book with raised characters by pasting string on cardboard, in the form of letters of the alphabet. He also manufactured raised maps and with these taught lessons in geography. With fingers instead of eyes, the children learned to read; and after a time when they had made considerable progress, he took them to various places to show what the blind could do.

People became so much interested in Doctor Howe's pupils that one man gave his home, and others gave money, that the work might be enlarged and more unfortunate children helped. In this way the famous "Perkins Institute for the Blind" was started. It would be impossible to tell of all the joy and blessing and opportunities for usefulness that this school has given to hundreds of boys and girls. One little girl said, after she had been at the school a short time, "I don't mind it now being blind, because I can go all around and I can sew and wash dishes and have my lessons and do just like other people." And many, many more do not mind being blind since they too can read and work like other people. Horace Mann once said, "I would rather have built up the Blind Asylum than have written Hamlet, and one day everybody will think so."

Doctor Howe had shown that the blind could be taught.

It had already been clearly proved that the deaf and the dumb could learn. But the blind had ears to help them and the deaf had eyes. How could a child that had neither sight nor hearing be taught? The question had been discussed, but no one had attempted to answer it. One summer while on a vacation trip to New Hampshire, Dr. Howe heard of a little girl who was not only blind and deaf and dumb, but who could not smell and could taste but little. She had been like other children until she was two years old. Then a severe attack of scarlet fever had left her in this sad condition. Only the sense of touch had been preserved, and all her knowledge of things about her must come to her through this sense alone. As soon as she was able to walk she began to make explorations about the house. She followed her mother wherever she went and felt everything she did, and in this way she learned to sew and to knit a little. It was almost impossible to talk with her except by a few signs. A pat on the head she knew meant that her friends were pleased with her; a pat on the back told her that she had done wrong. Doctor Howe immediately became interested in little Laura Bridgman, and asked permission to take her to Boston in the autumn. All that summer he studied the problem of how he could teach the child to know what people said and to express her thoughts so that others could understand. It seemed an impossible task, for she had only fingers with which to learn what most children use eyes, ears, nose, and tongue to get.

Doctor Howe once said "obstacles are things to overcome," and with the greatest patience he and his assistants set to work to overcome Laura's obstacles. They selected a few articles of everyday use a spoon, a key, a knife, a fork, a chair and pasted upon each its proper name in raised letters. Laura's tiny fingers were guided over the articles and over

the labels until her instructors felt that she knew that the raised letters of the word key went with the key itself and that the label that spelt fork belonged with the fork. The next step was to give her the labels and the articles separately. She placed the label key upon the key and the other labels in their proper places and was rewarded by a gentle pat on the head. After this Doctor Howe gave her the separate letters of the different words, and she arranged them in their right order.

At first she did not seem to take much interest in the work; but within a few days her mind began to awake, and then her teachers could hardly keep pace with her eagerness to know the name of everything she could put her hands on. Then she was taught to use the deaf and dumb hand alphabet. In this alphabet, different positions of the fingers mean different letters. Laura would put her hand over the hand of a person using these finger-letters, and through her sense of touch she could read off what was meant. Soon her own little fingers would spell out words so rapidly that it was often difficult to follow her.

One of her early teachers, Miss Drew, says, "I shall never forget the first meal taken after she appreciated the use of the finger alphabet. Every article she touched must have a name, and I was obliged to call some one to help me wait upon the other children, while she kept me busy in spelling the new words." Laura taught the other blind children about her the use of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and so with their fingers they were able to talk together on each other's hands.

She had much trouble in learning the irregularities of the English language, which even children with eyes and ears find difficult. She easily understood that the word *hand* meant just one hand and that if she added *s*, *hands* meant more than one. Therefore she wanted to form all plurals by

adding *s* and thought that all nouns that ended in *s* were in the plural. The story is told that one of the girls in the institution had the mumps. Laura learned the name of the disease and soon after had it herself, but only on one side. Some one said to her, "You have the mumps." "No," she replied, "I have the mump." The formation of different tenses of verbs also perplexed her. When she had learned the difference between *jump* and *jumped*, she thought that she must always add *ed* to form the past tense of every verb. One day at dinner she asked if she should say *eat*, *eated*, and when told that it was *eat*, *ate*, she was very much amused and laughed heartily.

Six months after Laura left her home in Hanover, her mother came to visit her. The child was playing with other children and was entirely unconscious that her mother was watching her with tears running down her cheeks. Laura happened to run against her, and at once her inquisitive little fingers began to feel her dress. She did not know it and returned to her play. Her mother gave her a string of beads which she had worn at home. Laura instantly remembered them and with delight felt them all over and put them round her neck. Mrs. Bridgman then tried to put her arms around her child, but Laura would not stay with her and went back to her playmates.

Again something from home was given her, and again she recollected that it came from Hanover. Laura now seemed to understand that the visitor was not a stranger, but some one whom she ought to know. She felt her mother's hands all over, and her face plainly showed that she was trying hard to remember who the visitor was. Her mother drew her to her and kissed her, and then the child recognized her. Her school friends no longer drew her away, and she nestled down happily in her mother's arms. When

Mrs. Bridgman went home, Laura did not want to go with her, though she cried heartily at the parting. She seemed to realize that only with Dr. Howe could she learn what she now so eagerly wanted to know.

The rest of the story of Laura Bridgman's life is too long to tell at this time. We would naturally think that a life shut up behind the prison bars of blindness, deafness, and dumbness would be a cheerless one, but Laura grew to be a happy woman. She was able in part to earn her living by the work she did with her hands, and she was also a great help to Doctor Howe in teaching blind and deaf children. Her progress was watched with great interest by the people of England as well as of the United States. Doctor Howe became known the world over; and schools were started in other parts of this country and in Europe which made use of his methods of teaching.

Soon after opening the Perkins Institute, Doctor Howe was faced with a new difficulty. There were only three books in the whole school that the blind could read. In fact there were very few books anywhere that the blind could use, and these were heavy, unwieldy volumes, printed in Europe on coarse paper, in clumsy raised letters. Dr. Howe called the attention of the public to the uselessness of teaching the blind to read, unless books were provided for them. People used to say that all that Doctor Howe needed to do was to wave his wand, and everybody would do his will. Contributions of money began to come in, and soon the amount was sufficient to start a new printing establishment in America.

Meanwhile Doctor Howe had been doing something besides collecting money. With the help of a clever printer, he had invented a printing press that would produce better work than the European presses. When the books appeared, they were neat volumes, printed on thin paper, in simple

letters that could be read easily with the fingers. The whole of the New Testament was put into two books, though, if a European press had been used, twelve volumes would have been required. Before long all sorts of books with raised letters were printed, and their price was brought within the means of the blind.

Doctor Howe was not satisfied to make happier the life of the blind and the deaf only. He found time to help any who were in distress or were unfortunate. He assisted Miss Dix in her work for the insane; he helped Horace Mann in his school reforms; he was a friend to the slaves and to the poor and to the sick everywhere. People so loved and trusted him that they were glad to assist him in all his plans; but when he asked his acquaintances to help him start a school for idiot children, they thought that at last he had gone too far.

"What do you think Howe is going to do now?" said one gentleman to another whom he met on the street. "He is going to teach the idiots! Ha, ha, ha!" And everybody else laughed at the idea that there could be any chance for boys and girls who were born with defective brains. Doctor Howe declared that if a child had brain power to learn anything, he had mind enough to learn more. He persisted in his efforts and finally succeeded in carrying out his plans, and a happier day began for another neglected class of children.

Would'st know him now? behold him
  The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
  The idiot clay a mind.

Walking the round of duty
  Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's heart of labor
  And the childhood's heart of play.

When you have learned the entire story of Doctor Howe's unselfish life, you will want to read the whole of Whittier's poem "The Hero."

Dr. Howe was not made at all sad by his intimacy with sorrow and suffering, but ever kept his happy, boyish spirit that sometimes in his school days used to break out beyond all bounds. It is told that after he left college and was ashamed of some of the tricks he had played there, he called on the president, intending to apologize. The president did not receive him very cordially and sat down in a chair at some distance from his visitor. Howe moved, and the president pushed his chair further away saying, "Howe, I am afraid of you now. I'm afraid that there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it."

When Doctor Howe died, Laura Bridgman spelled out into the hand of every one she met, "I have lost my best friend"; and the children in the idiot school said, "He will take care of the blind in Heaven. Won't he take care of us, too?" Every one who had ever been helped by Doctor Howe felt that he had lost his kindest friend.

> Prisoners bewail him, blind men weep for him.
> The dumb lament, idiots mourn,
> The insane cry out for him,
> And the slaves sit down in the dust."

Dorothea Lynde Dix*
1805-1887

In all past ages the weak, the lame, the blind, the insane were supposed to be beyond cure or even help. Only within recent years have the strong tried to better the condition of those they once despised. As the teachings of Christ have been more thoroughly understood and more closely followed, a brighter day has dawned for the unfortunate and the oppressed. The story of the education of Laura Bridgman urged forward all lovers of mankind to renew their efforts to help other sufferers. The reformation and the useful lives of such men as John B. Gough and Jerry McAuley encouraged many to make an earnest effort to break their bonds of drunkenness and sin.

In former days insane people were too often judged to be under the control of Satan, and any effort to lessen their sufferings or to improve their condition seemed the same as helping the evil one. In England, more than a century ago, the Society of Friends had established an institution called "The Retreat," which was very successful in its care of the insane. In this country, as early as 1750, Benjamin Franklin and others added a department for these unfortunate people in the new Pennsylvania Hospital; but very little was done for their benefit, either in this country or in Europe until Dorothea Dix, with strong, unyielding purpose began her heroic work. It was a great undertaking, but she was in every

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

way fitted for the service. Most persons would have been overcome by the greatness of the task and the many discouragements; but whatever Miss Dix fairly began, indeed what she once fully decided upon, was sure to be a success. It could not be otherwise.

Dorothea Dix, from early childhood, had seen the hard side of life. Her younger years were far from happy. From the time she was twelve, her home was with her grandparents in Boston. They were well-to-do and highly respectable, yet they starved her heart and stunted her imagination. Her home was a grim and joyless one; and she herself said later in life, "I never knew childhood." Yet it would seem that the very hardness of her early life only fitted her for her life-work. She took up the problem of bettering the condition of the more unfortunate portion of our race, with a will and a determination that would stop at no denial and yield to no obstacle.

After some years of successful teaching and after two years of travel in the West Indies and in Europe, her mind was opened to the neglect and the sufferings of the weak-minded and the insane. Indeed, people today can scarcely believe the conditions which she found to exist in all the states of our country as well as in Europe. In the hospitals of Great Britain the patients were confined in cells with no floors but the earth, with no windows, and with no ventilation. The straw upon which they slept was changed once a week and at this time only were the occupants taken out into the open air. They received very little medical treatment, and what they did have was the opposite of what should have been given them. Instead of being strengthened by proper food and care, they were bled regularly once a month and weakened by medicines. "This has been the practice," said a physician, "for long years before my time,

and I do not know of any better way."

Miss Dix visited the prisons, the hospitals, and the insane retreats in every state this side of the Rocky Mountains, and what she found everywhere was appalling: "Insane persons confined in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens; chained, naked, beaten with rods, and lashed into obedience."

In one case an insane man had been confined for years in a dungeon or cell "from six to eight feet square, built entirely of stone — sides, roof, and floor," with no light, no fresh air, no heat even in winter, and no ventilation. This is only a single example of what Miss Dix found here and there in all parts of the country, and the story is too dreadful to repeat. Let us draw a veil over the sad picture and follow Miss Dix to see what success she met in changing the treatment of the insane.

In the city of Providence there was a small asylum that gave to its patients wise and kind care, but it was too overcrowded to do the work it wished to do. Miss Dix determined to solicit funds from a Rhode Island merchant of large means, to enlarge the buildings. Like many men absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, he had acquired so great a passion for money getting that it was well-nigh impossible to persuade him to give away a single dollar. Every one to whom she made known her plan smiled, and some reminded her that she might as well try to get "milk out of a stone." However, she called at the house of the close-fisted millionaire and had an interview with him.

Through force of habit, he sought to put her off by talking about the weather and any topic but that for which she had come. Miss Dix kept her good humor, until at last she rose from her chair and with "commanding dignity" said, "Mr. Blank, I wish you to hear what I have to say. I wish to bring before you certain facts, involving terrible suffering to

your fellow-creatures all around you — suffering which you can relieve. My duty will end when I have done this, and with you will then rest the responsibility." Then she told, with a feeling that she could hardly control, the pathetic story of what she had seen with her own eyes in the state of Rhode Island — case after case of most inhuman cruelty like that related above.

He listened spell-bound till she ended and then said abruptly, "Miss Dix, what do you want me to do?"

"Sir, I want you to give fifty thousand dollars toward the enlargement of the insane hospital in your city."

"Madam, I'll do it!" was the answer.

This was Miss Dix's second victory. The first had been the securing from the Massachusetts legislature two hundred thousand dollars for the hospital for the insane at Worcester.

Thus was begun, not much more than sixty years ago, a movement which has changed the whole opinion of the people of our country, and indeed of the countries of Europe, as to the condition and the needs of the unfortunate insane. All has not been done for them that is needed, but a complete change has been made in their treatment.

Time will fail to tell of the great work done by Miss Dix for the insane and for criminals as well, in our own country and in Europe. She was so eager and so enthusiastic that people could not resist her appeals for help. They opened their hearts and their purses. During the ten years between 1850 and 1860 she probably obtained more money as gifts for purely benevolent purposes than any other person ever secured, in the Old World or the New. Even the children in the homes where she visited gave their toys to the poor children that Miss Dix was trying to help.

When the War of Secession broke out. Miss Dix at once

offered her services to the Secretary of War as a nurse; and during those terrible four years of bloody strife and fierce battles, she spent her time in improving the hospitals and relieving the sufferings of thousands upon thousands of the sick and the wounded.

When the war was over and peace once more spread her white wings over our broad country, Miss Dix set herself to work to raise the funds to build a monument in memory of the six thousand soldiers who were buried in the National Cemetery near Fortress Monroe. Her heart had been so touched by the heroism of the soldiers and their patience when sick and suffering, that she was determined that the stone for this monument should be the best that could be obtained. She visited quarry after quarry until she found a granite that was hard enough and beautiful enough to satisfy her. Today in that National Cemetery, under the shade of cedars and magnolias, more than twelve thousand Union soldiers sleep, while the monument, seventy-five feet in height, stands guard by night and by day. "It promises to stand for centuries unless an earthquake should shake it down," she said when it was lifted to its place.

Our heroine now took up again her hospital service and for years carried on her Christ-like work, especially in the southern states. She succeeded in getting aid from the legislatures of thirteen states for state lunatic asylums. She was the direct means of founding, or enlarging, thirty-two hospitals including two entirely new asylums at Halifax and at St. John. Then by her influence in her last days, there were added to this list two more in faraway Japan, with others still to follow. When the great Chicago and Boston fires came, she collected large sums of money from her friends, and quietly and with good judgment searched out for herself where help was most needed to lessen the wide-spread

distress.

At length, when more than fourscore years old, and ill and worn out with her work, she was invited to make her home in the Asylum in Trenton, New Jersey, the first of the many institutions founded by her. There, for five years she lingered, cheered by the letters and visits of many devoted friends. She died on July 19th, 1887, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery at Cambridge, Massachusetts. One who witnessed her death and burial wrote as follows: "Thus has died and been laid to rest in the most quiet and unostentatious way the most useful and distinguished woman America has yet produced."

Horace Greeley as a Boy*

Horace Greeley was the son of a poor farmer. He was always fond of books. He learned to read almost as soon as he could talk. He could read easy books when he was three years old. When he was four, he could read any book that he could get.

He went to an old-fashioned school. Twice a day all the children stood up to spell. They were in two classes. Little Horace was in the class with the grown-up young people. He was the best speller in the class. It was funny to see the little midget at the head of this class of older people. But he was only a little boy in his feelings. If he missed a word, he would cry. The one that spelled a word that he missed would have a right to take the head of the class. Sometimes when he missed, the big boys would not take the head. They did not like to make the little fellow cry. He was the pet of all the school.

People in that day were fond of spelling. They used to hold meetings at night to spell. They called these "spelling schools."

At a spelling school two captains were picked out. These chose their spellers. Then they tried to see

* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

which side could beat the other at spelling.

Little Horace was always chosen first. The side that got him got the best speller in the school. Sometimes the little fellow would go to sleep. When it came his turn to spell, somebody would wake him up. He would rub his eyes, and spell the word. He would spell it right, too.

When he was four or five years old, he would lie under a tree, and read. He would lie there, and forget all about his dinner or his supper. He would not move until somebody stumbled over him or called him.

People had not found out how to burn kerosene oil in lamps then. They used candles. But poor people like the Greeleys could not afford to burn many candles. Horace gathered pine knots to read by at night.

He would light a pine knot. Then he would throw it on top of the large log at the back of the fire. This would make a bright flickering light.

Horace would lay all the books he wanted on the hearth. Then he would lie down by them. His head was toward the fire. His feet were drawn up out of the way.

The first thing that he did was to study all his lessons for the next day. Then he would read other books. He never seemed to know when anybody came or went. He kept on with his reading. His father did not want him to read too late. He was afraid that he would hurt his eyes. And he wanted to have him

get up early in the morning to help with the work. So when nine o'clock came, he would call, "Horace, Horace, Horace!" But it took many callings to rouse him.

When he got to bed, he would say his lessons over to his brother. He would tell his brother what he had been reading. But his brother would fall asleep while Horace was talking.

Horace liked to read better than he liked to work. But when he had a task to do, he did it faithfully. His brother would say, "Let us go fishing." But Horace would answer, "Let us get our work done first."

Horace Greeley's father grew poorer and poorer. When Horace was ten years old, his land was sold. The family were now very poor. They moved from New Hampshire. They settled in Vermont. They lived in a poor little cabin.

Horace had to work hard like all the rest of the family. But he borrowed all the books he could get. Sometimes he walked seven miles to borrow a book.

A rich man who lived near the Greeleys used to lend books to Horace. Horace had grown tall. His hair was white. He was poorly dressed. He was a strange-looking boy. One day he went to the house of the rich man to borrow books. Some one said to the owner of the house, "Do you lend books to such a fellow as that?"

But the gentleman said, "That boy will be a great man some day."

This made all the company laugh. It seemed funny that anybody should think of this poor boy becoming a great man. But it came true. The poor white-headed boy came to be a great man.

Horace Greeley learned all that he could learn in the country schools. When he was thirteen, one teacher said to his father—

"Mr. Greeley, Horace knows more than I do. It is not of any use to send him to school any more."

Horace Greeley Learning to Print*

Horace Greeley had always wanted to be a printer. He liked books and papers. He thought it would be a fine thing to learn to make them.

One day he heard that the newspaper at East Poultney wanted a boy to learn the printer's trade. He walked many long miles to see about it. He went to see Mr. Bliss. Mr. Bliss was one of the owners of the paper. Horace found him working in his garden. Mr. Bliss looked up. He saw a big boy coming toward him. The boy had on a white felt hat with a narrow brim. It looked like a half peck measure. His hair was white. His trousers were too short for him. All his clothes were coarse and poor. He was such a strange-looking boy, that Mr. Bliss wanted to laugh.

"I heard that you wanted a boy," Horace said.

"Do you want to learn to print?" Mr. Bliss said.

"Yes," said Horace.

"But a printer ought to know a good many things," said Mr. Bliss. "Have you been to school much?"

"No," said Horace. "I have not had much chance at school. But I have read some."

"What have you read?" asked Mr. Bliss.

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* From *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston

"Well, I have read some history, and some travels, and a little of everything."

Mr. Bliss had examined a great many schoolteachers. He liked to puzzle teachers with hard questions. He thought he would try Horace with these. But the gawky boy answered them all. This tow headed boy seemed to know everything.

Mr. Bliss took a piece of paper from his pocket. He wrote on it, "Guess we'd better try him."

He gave this paper to Horace, and told him to take it to the printing office. Horace, with his little white hat and strange ways, went into the printing office. The boys in the office laughed at him. But the foreman said he would try him.

That night the boys in the office said to Mr. Bliss, "You are not going to take that tow head, are you?"

Mr. Bliss said, "There is something in that towhead. You boys will find it out soon."

A few days after this, Horace came to East Poultney to begin his work. He carried a little bundle of clothes tied up in a handkerchief.

The foreman showed him how to begin. From that time he did not once look around. All day he worked at his type. He learned more in a day than some boys do in a month.

Day after day he worked, and said nothing. The other boys joked him. But he did not seem to hear them. He only kept on at his work. They threw type at him. But he did not look up.

The largest boy in the office thought he could find a way to tease him. One day he said that Horace's hair was too white. He went and got the ink ball. He stained Horace's hair black in four places. This ink stain would not wash out. But Horace did not once look up.

After that, the boys did not try to tease him any more. They all liked the good-hearted Horace. And everybody in the town wondered that the boy knew so much.

Horace's father had moved away to Pennsylvania. Horace sent him all the money he could spare. He soon became a good printer. He started a paper of his own. He became a famous newspaper man.

The Story of Daniel Webster*

I. – Captain Webster

Many years ago there lived in New Hampshire a poor farmer, whose name was Ebenezer Webster.

His little farm was among the hills, not far from the Merrimac River. It was a beautiful place to live in; but the ground was poor, and there were so many rocks that you would wonder how anything could grow among them.

Ebenezer Webster was known far and wide as a brave, wise man. When any of his neighbors were in trouble or in doubt about anything, they always said, "We will ask Captain Webster about it."

They called him Captain because he had fought the French and Indians and had been a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War. Indeed, he was one of the first men in New Hampshire to take up arms for his country.

When he heard that the British were sending soldiers to America to force the people to obey the unjust laws of the king of England, he said, "We must never submit to this."

So he went among his neighbors and persuaded them to sign a pledge to do all that they could to

* From *Four Great Americans*, by James Baldwin

defend the country against the British. Then he raised a company of two hundred men and led them to Boston to join the American army.

The Revolutionary War lasted several years; and during all that time, Captain Webster was known as one of the bravest of the American patriots.

One day, at West Point, he met General Washington. The patriots were in great trouble at that time, for one of their leaders had turned traitor and had gone to help the British. The officers and soldiers were much distressed, for they did not know who might be the next to desert them.

As I have said, Captain Webster met General Washington. The general took the captain's hand, and said: "I believe that I can trust you, Captain Webster."

You may believe that this made Captain Webster feel very happy. When he went back to his humble home among the New Hampshire hills, he was never so proud as when telling his neighbors about this meeting with General Washington.

If you could have seen Captain Ebenezer Webster in those days, you would have looked at him more than once. He was a remarkable man. He was very tall and straight, with dark, glowing eyes, and hair as black as night. His face was kind, but it showed much firmness and decision.

He had never attended school; but he had tried, as well as he could, to educate himself. It was on

account of his honesty and good judgment that he was looked up to as the leading man in the neighborhood.

In some way, I do not know how, he had gotten a little knowledge of the law. And at last, because of this as well as because of his sound common sense, he was appointed judge of the court in his county.

This was several years after the war was over. He was now no longer called Captain Webster, but Judge Webster.

It had been very hard for him to make a living for his large family on the stony farm among the hills. But now his office as judge would bring him three hundred or four hundred dollars a year. He had never had so much money in his life.

"Judge Webster," said one of his neighbors, "what are you going to do with the money that you get from your office? Going to build a new house?"

"Well, no," said the judge. "The old house is small, but we have lived in it a long time, and it still does very well."

"Then I suppose you are planning to buy more land?" said the neighbor.

"No, indeed, I have as much land now as I can cultivate. But I will tell you what I am going to do with my money. I am going to try to educate my boys. I would rather do this than have lands and houses."

II.– The Youngest Son

Ebenezer Webster had several sons. But at the

time that he was appointed judge there were only two at home. The older ones were grown up and were doing for themselves.

It was of the two at home that he was thinking when he said, "I am going to try to educate my boys."

Of the ten children in the family, the favorite was a black-haired, dark-skinned little fellow called Daniel. He was the youngest of all the boys; but there was one girl who was younger than he.

Daniel Webster was born on the 18th of January, 1782.

He was a puny child, very slender and weak; and the neighbors were fond of telling his mother that he could not live long. Perhaps this was one of the things that caused him to be favored and petted by his parents.

But there were other reasons why every one was attracted by him. There were other reasons why his brothers and sisters were always ready to do him a service.

He was an affectionate, loving child; and he was wonderfully bright and quick.

He was not strong enough to work on the farm like other boys. He spent much of his time playing in the woods or roaming among the hills.

And when he was not at play he was quite sure to be found in some quiet corner with a book in his hand. He afterwards said of himself: "In those boyish days there were two things that I dearly loved—

reading and playing."

He could never tell how or when he had learned to read. Perhaps his mother had taught him when he was but a mere babe.

He was very young when he was first sent to school. The schoolhouse was two or three miles away, but he did not mind the long walk through the woods and over the hills.

It was not a great while until he had learned all that his teacher was able to teach him; for he had a quick understanding, and he remembered everything that he read.

The people of the neighborhood never tired of talking about "Webster's boy," as they called him. All agreed that he was a wonderful child.

Some said that so wonderful a child was sure to die young. Others said that if he lived he would certainly become a very great man.

When the farmers, on their way to market, drove past Judge Webster's house, they were always glad if they could see the delicate boy, with his great dark eyes.

If it was near the hour of noon, they would stop their teams under the shady elms and ask him to come out and read to them. Then, while their horses rested and ate, they would sit round the boy and listen to his wonderful tones as he read page after page from the Bible.

There were no children's books in those times.

Indeed, there were very few books to be had of any kind. But young Daniel Webster found nothing too hard to read.

"I read what I could get to read," he afterwards said; "I went to school when I could, and when not at school, was a farmer's youngest boy, not good for much for want of health and strength, but expected to do something."

One day the man who kept the little store in the village, showed him something that made his heart leap.

It was a cotton handkerchief with the Constitution of the United States printed on one side of it.

In those days people were talking a great deal about the Constitution, for it had just then come into force.

Daniel had never read it. When he saw the handkerchief he could not rest till he had made it his own.

He counted all his pennies, he borrowed a few from his brother Ezekiel. Then he hurried back to the store and bought the wished-for treasure.

In a short time he knew everything in the Constitution, and could repeat whole sections of it from memory. We shall learn that, when he afterwards became one of the great men of this nation, he proved to be the Constitution's wisest friend and ablest defender.

III. – Ezekiel and Daniel

Ezekiel Webster was two years older than his

brother Daniel. He was a strong, manly fellow, and was ready at all times to do a kindness to the lad who had not been gifted with so much health and strength.

But he had not Daniel's quickness of mind, and he always looked to his younger brother for advice and instruction.

And so there was much love between the two brothers, each helping the other according to his talents and his ability.

One day they went together to the county fair. Each had a few cents in his pocket for spending money, and both expected to have a fine time.

When they came home in the evening Daniel seemed very happy, but Ezekiel was silent.

"Well, Daniel," said their mother, "what did you do with your money?"

"I spent it at the fair," said Daniel.

"And what did you do with yours, Ezekiel?"

"I lent it to Daniel," was the answer.

It was this way at all times, and with everybody. Not only Ezekiel, but others were ever ready to give up their own means of enjoyment if only it would make Daniel happy.

At another time the brothers were standing together by their father, who had just come home after several days' absence.

"Ezekiel," said Mr. Webster, "what have you been doing since I went away?"

"Nothing, sir," said Ezekiel.

"You are very frank," said the judge. Then turning to Daniel, he said:

"What have you been doing, Dan?"

"Helping Zeke," said Daniel.

When Judge Webster said to his neighbor, "I am going to try to educate my boys," he had no thought of ever being able to send both of them to college.

Ezekiel, he said to himself, was strong and hearty. He could make his own way in the world without having a finished education.

But Daniel had little strength of body, although he was gifted with great mental powers. It was he that must be the scholar of the family.

The judge argued with himself that since he would be able to educate only one of the boys, he must educate that one who gave the greatest promise of success. And yet, had it not been for his poverty, he would gladly have given the same opportunities to both.

IV.– Plans for the Future

One hot day in summer the judge and his youngest son were at work together in the hayfield.

"Daniel," said the judge, "I am thinking that this kind of work is hardly the right thing for you. You must prepare yourself for greater things than pitching hay."

"What do you mean, father?" asked Daniel.

"I mean that you must have that which I have always felt the need of. You must have a good

education; for without an education a man is always at a disadvantage. If I had been able to go to school when I was a boy, I might have done more for my country than I have. But as it is, I can do nothing but struggle here for the means of living."

"Zeke and I will help you, father," said Daniel; "and now that you are growing old, you need not work so hard."

"I am not complaining about the work," said the judge. "I live only for my children. When your older brothers were growing up I was too poor to give them an education; but I am able now to do something for you, and I mean to send you to a good school."

"Oh, father, how kind you are!" cried Daniel.

"If you will study hard," said his father—"if you will do your best, and learn all that you can; you will not have to endure such hardships as I have endured. And then you will be able to do so much more good in the world."

The boy's heart was touched by the manner in which his father spoke these words. He dropped his rake; he threw his arms around his father's neck, and cried for thankfulness and joy.

It was not until the next spring that Judge Webster felt himself able to carry out his plans to send Daniel to school.

One evening he said, "Daniel, you must be up early in the morning, I am going with you to Exeter."

"To Exeter?" said the boy.

"Yes, to Exeter. I am going to put you in the academy there."

The academy at Exeter was then, as it still is, a famous place for preparing boys for college. But Daniel's father did not say anything about making him ready for college. The judge knew that the expenses would be heavy, and he was not sure that he would ever be able to give him a finished education.

It was nearly fifty miles to Exeter, and Daniel and his father were to ride there on horseback. That was almost the only way of traveling in those days.

The next morning two horses were brought to the door. One was Judge Webster's horse, the other was a gentle nag, with a lady's sidesaddle on his back.

"Who is going to ride on that nag?" asked Daniel.

"Young Dan Webster," answered the judge.

"But I don't want a sidesaddle. I am not a lady."

"Neighbor Johnson is sending the nag to Exeter for the use of a lady who is to ride back with me. I accommodate him by taking charge of the animal, and he accommodates me by allowing you to ride on it."

"But won't it look rather funny for me to ride to Exeter on a lady's saddle?"

"If a lady can ride on it, perhaps Dan Webster can do as much."

And so they set out on their journey to Exeter. The judge rode in advance, and Daniel, sitting astride of the lady's saddle, followed behind.

It was, no doubt, a funny sight to see them riding thus along the muddy roads. None of the country people who stopped to gaze at them could have guessed that the dark-faced lad who rode so awkwardly would some day become one of the greatest men of the age.

It was thus that Daniel Webster made his first appearance among strangers.

V.— At Exeter Academy

It was the first time that Daniel Webster had been so far from home. He was bashful and awkward. His clothes were of homemade stuff, and they were cut in the quaint style of the back-country districts.

He must have been a funny looking fellow. No wonder that the boys laughed when they saw him going up to the principal to be examined for admission.

The principal of the academy at that time was Dr. Benjamin Abbott. He was a great scholar and a very dignified gentleman.

He looked down at the slender, black-eyed boy and asked:

"What is your age, sir?"

"Fourteen years," said Daniel.

"I will examine you first in reading. Take this Bible, and let me hear you read some of these verses."

He pointed to the twenty-second chapter of Saint Luke's Gospel.

The boy took the book and began to read. He had

read this chapter a hundred times before. Indeed, there was no part of the Bible that was not familiar to him.

He read with a clearness and fervor which few men could equal.

The dignified principal was astonished. He stood as though spellbound, listening to the rich, mellow tones of the bashful lad from among the hills.

In the case of most boys it was enough if he heard them read a verse or two. But he allowed Daniel Webster to read on until he had finished the chapter. Then he said:

"There is no need to examine you further. You are fully qualified to enter this academy."

Most of the boys at Exeter were gentlemen's sons. They dressed well, they had been taught fine manners, they had the speech of cultivated people.

They laughed at the awkward, new boy. They made fun of his homespun coat; they twitted him on account of his poverty; they annoyed him in a hundred ways.

Daniel felt hurt by this cruel treatment. He grieved bitterly over it in secret, but he did not resent it.

He studied hard and read much. He was soon at the head of all his classes. His schoolmates ceased laughing at him; for they saw that, with all his uncouth ways, he had more ability than any of them.

He had, as I have said, a wonderful memory. He had also a quick insight and sound judgment.

But he had had so little experience with the world, that he was not sure of his own powers. He knew that he was awkward; and this made him timid and bashful.

When it came his turn to declaim before the school, he had not the courage to do it. Long afterwards, when he had become the greatest orator of modern times, he told how hard this thing had been for him at Exeter:

"Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse in my room over and over again. But when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it.

"Sometimes the masters frowned, sometimes they smiled. My tutor always pressed and entreated with the most winning kindness that I would venture only once; but I could not command sufficient resolution, and when the occasion was over I went home and wept tears of bitter mortification."

Daniel stayed nine months at Exeter. In those nine months he did as much as the other boys of his age could do in two years.

He mastered arithmetic, geography, grammar, and rhetoric. He also began the study of Latin. Besides this, he was a great reader of all kinds of books, and he added something every day to his general stock of knowledge.

His teachers did not oblige him to follow a graded

course of study. They did not hold him back with the duller pupils of his class. They did not oblige him to wait until the end of the year before he could be promoted or could begin the study of a new subject.

But they encouraged him to do his best. As soon as he had finished one subject, he advanced to a more difficult one.

More than fifty years afterwards, Dr. Abbott declared that in all his long experience he had never known any one whose power of gaining knowledge was at all equal to that of the bashful country lad from the New Hampshire hills.

Judge Webster would have been glad to let Daniel stay at Exeter until he had finished the studies required at the academy. But he could not afford the expense.

If he should spend all his money to keep the boy at the academy, how could he afterwards find the means to send him to college where the expenses would be much greater?

So he thought it best to find a private teacher for the boy. This would be cheaper.

VI.— Getting Ready for College

One day in the early winter, Judge Webster asked Daniel to ride with him to Boscawen. Boscawen was a little town, six miles away, where they sometimes went for business or for pleasure.

Snow was on the ground. Father and son rode together in a little, old-fashioned sleigh; and as they

rode, they talked about many things. Just as they were going up the last hill, Judge Webster said:

"Daniel, do you know the Rev. Samuel Wood, here in Boscawen?"

"I have heard of him," said Daniel. "He takes boys into his family, and gets them ready for college."

"Yes, and he does it cheap, too," said his father. "He charges only a dollar a week for board and tuition, fuel and lights and everything."

"But they say he is a fine teacher," said Daniel. "His boys never fail in the college examinations."

"That is what I have heard, too," answered his father. "And now, Dannie, I may as well tell you a secret. For the last six years I have been planning to have you take a course in Dartmouth College. I want you to stay with Dr. Wood this winter, and he will get you ready to enter. We might as well go and see him now."

This was the first time that Daniel had ever heard his father speak of sending him to college. His heart was so full that he could not say a word. But the tears came in his eyes as he looked up into the judge's stern, kind face.

He knew that if his father carried out this plan, it would cost a great deal of money; and if this money should be spent for him, then the rest of the family would have to deny themselves of many comforts which they might otherwise have.

"Oh, never mind that, Dan," said his brother

Ezekiel. "We are never so happy as when we are doing something for you. And we know that you will do something for us, some time."

And so the boy spent the winter in Boscawen with Dr. Wood. He learned everything very easily, but he was not as close a student as he had been at Exeter.

He was very fond of sport. He liked to go fishing. And sometimes, when the weather was fine, his studies were sadly neglected.

There was a circulating library in Boscawen, and Daniel read every book that was in it. Sometimes he slighted his Latin for the sake of giving more time to such reading.

One of the books in the library was *Don Quixote*. Daniel thought it the most wonderful story in existence. He afterwards said:

"I began to read it, and it is literally true that I never closed my eyes until I had finished it, so great was the power of this extraordinary book on my imagination."

But it was so easy for the boy to learn, that he made very rapid progress in all his studies. In less than a year, Dr. Wood declared that he was ready for college.

He was then fifteen years old. He had a pretty thorough knowledge of arithmetic; but he had never studied algebra or geometry. In Latin he had read four of Cicero's orations, and six books of Virgil's Aeneid. He knew something of the elements of Greek

grammar, and had read a portion of the Greek Testament.

Nowadays, a young man could hardly enter even a third-rate college without a better preparation than that. But colleges are much more thorough than they were a hundred years ago.

VII.– At Dartmouth College

Dartmouth College is at Hanover, New Hampshire. It is one of the oldest colleges in America and among its students have been many of the foremost men of New England.

It was in the fall of 1797, that Daniel Webster entered this college.

He was then a tall, slender youth, with high cheek bones and a swarthy skin.

The professors soon saw that he was no common lad. They said to one another, "This young Webster will one day be a greater man than any of us."

And young Webster was well-behaved and studious at college. He was as fond of sport as any of the students, but he never gave himself up to boyish pranks.

He was punctual and regular in all his classes. He was as great a reader as ever.

He could learn anything that he tried. No other young man had a broader knowledge of things than he.

And yet he did not make his mark as a student in the prescribed branches of study. He could not

confine himself to the narrow routine of the college course.

He did not, as at Exeter, push his way quickly to the head of his class. He won no prizes.

"But he minded his own business," said one of the professors. "As steady as the sun, he pursued, with intense application, the great object for which he came to college."

Soon everybody began to appreciate his scholarship. Everybody admired him for his manliness and good common sense.

"He was looked upon as being so far in advance of any one else, that no other student of his class was ever spoken of as second to him."

He very soon lost that bashfulness which had troubled him so much at Exeter. It was no task now for him to stand up and declaim before the professors and students.

In a short time he became known as the best writer and speaker in the college. Indeed, he loved to speak; and the other students were always pleased to listen to him.

One of his classmates tells us how he prepared his speeches. He says: "It was Webster's custom to arrange his thoughts in his mind while he was in his room, or while he was walking alone. Then he would put them upon paper just before the exercise was to be called for.

"If he was to speak at two o'clock, he would often

begin to write after dinner; and when the bell rang he would fold his paper, put it in his pocket, go in, and speak with great ease.

"In his movements he was slow and deliberate, except when his feelings were aroused. Then his whole soul would kindle into a flame."

In the year 1800, he was chosen to deliver the Fourth of July address to the students of the college and the citizens of the town. He was then eighteen years old.

The speech was a long one. It was full of the love of country. Its tone throughout was earnest and thoughtful.

But in its style it was overdone; it was full of pretentious expressions; it lacked the simplicity and good common sense that should mark all public addresses.

And yet, as the speech of so young a man, it was a very able effort. People said that it was the promise of much greater things. And they were right.

In the summer of 1801, Daniel graduated. But he took no honors. He was not even present at the Commencement.

His friends were grieved that he had not been chosen to deliver the valedictory address. Perhaps he also was disappointed. But the professors had thought best to give that honor to another student.

VIII.– How Daniel Taught School

While Daniel Webster was taking his course in

college, there was one thing that troubled him very much. It was the thought of his brother Ezekiel toiling at home on the farm.

He knew that Ezekiel had great abilities. He knew that he was not fond of the farm, but that he was anxious to become a lawyer.

This brother had given up all his dearest plans in order that Daniel might be favored; and Daniel knew that this was so.

Once, when Daniel was at home on a vacation, he said, "Zeke, this thing is all wrong. Father has mortgaged the farm for money to pay my expenses at school, and you are making a slave of yourself to pay off the mortgage. It isn't right for me to let you do this."

Ezekiel said, "Daniel, I am stronger than you are, and if one of us has to stay on the farm, of course I am the one."

"But I want you to go to college," said Daniel. "An education will do you as much good as me."

"I doubt it," said Ezekiel; "and yet, if father was only able to send us both. I think that we might pay him back some time."

"I will see father about it this very day," said Daniel.

He did see him.

"I told my father," said Daniel, afterwards, "that I was unhappy at my brother's prospects. For myself, I saw my way to knowledge, respectability, and self-

protection. But as to Ezekiel, all looked the other way. I said that I would keep school, and get along as well as I could, be more than four years in getting through college, if necessary, provided he also could be sent to study."

The matter was referred to Daniel's mother, and she and his father talked it over together. They knew that it would take all the property they had to educate both the boys. They knew that they would have to do without many comforts, and that they would have a hard struggle to make a living while the boys were studying.

But the mother said, "I will trust the boys." And it was settled that Ezekiel, too, should have a chance to make his mark in the world.

He was now a grown-up man. He was tall and strong and ambitious. He entered college the very year that Daniel graduated.

As for Daniel, he was now ready to choose a profession. What should it be?

His father wanted him to become a lawyer. And so, to please his parents, he went home and began to read law in the office of a Mr. Thompson, in the little village of Salisbury, which adjoined his father's farm.

The summer passed by. It was very pleasant to have nothing to do but to read. And when the young man grew tired of reading, he could go out fishing, or could spend a day in hunting among the New Hampshire hills.

It is safe to say that he did not learn very much law during that summer.

But there was not a day that he did not think about his brother. Ezekiel had done much to help him through college, and now ought he not to help Ezekiel?

But what could he do?

He had a good education, and his first thought was that he might teach school, and thus earn a little money for Ezekiel.

The people of Fryeburg, in Maine, wanted him to take charge of the academy in their little town. And so, early in the fall, he decided to take up with their offer.

He was to have three hundred and fifty dollars for the year's work, and that would help Ezekiel a great deal.

He bade good-bye to Mr. Thompson and his little law office, and made ready to go to his new field of labor. There were no railroads at that time, and a journey of even a few miles was a great undertaking.

Daniel had bought a horse for twenty-four dollars. In one end of an old-fashioned pair of saddle bags he put his Sunday clothes, and in the other he packed his books.

He laid the saddle bags upon the horse, then he mounted and rode off over the hills toward Fryeburg, sixty miles away.

He was not yet quite twenty years old. He was very

slender, and nearly six feet in height. His face was thin and dark. His eyes were black and bright and penetrating—no person who once saw them could ever forget them.

Young as he was, he was very successful as a teacher during that year which he spent at Fryeburg. The trustees of the academy were so highly pleased that they wanted him to stay a second year. They promised to raise his salary to five or six hundred dollars, and to give him a house and a piece of land.

He was greatly tempted to give up all further thoughts of becoming a lawyer.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself. "Shall I say, 'Yes, gentlemen,' and sit down here to spend my days in a kind of comfortable privacy?"

But his father was anxious that he should return to the study of the law. And so he was not long in making up his mind.

In a letter to one of his friends he said: "I shall make one more trial of the law in the ensuing autumn.

"If I prosecute the profession, I pray God to fortify me against its temptations. To be honest, to be capable, to be faithful to my client and my conscience."

Early the next September, he was again in Mr. Thompson's little law office. All the money that he had saved, while at Fryeburg, was spent to help Ezekiel through college.

IX.– Daniel Goes to Boston

For a year and a half, young Daniel Webster stayed in the office of Mr. Thompson. He had now fully made up his mind as to what profession he would follow; and so he was a much better student than he had been before.

He read many law books with care. He read *Hume's History of England*, and spent a good deal of time with the Latin classics.

"At this period of my life," he afterwards said, "I passed a great deal of time alone.

"My amusements were fishing and shooting and riding, and all these were without a companion. I loved this solitude then, and have loved it ever since, and love it still."

The Webster family were still very poor. Judge Webster was now too old to do much work of any kind. The farm had been mortgaged for all that it was worth. It was hard to find money enough to keep Daniel at his law studies and Ezekiel in college.

At last it became necessary for one of the young men to do something that would help matters along. Ezekiel decided that he would leave college for a time and try to earn enough money to meet the present needs of the family. Through some of his friends he obtained a small private school in Boston.

There were very few pupils in Ezekiel Webster's school. But there were so many branches to be taught that he could not find time to hear all the recitations.

So, at last, he sent word to Daniel to come down and help him. If Daniel would teach an hour and a half each day, he should have enough money to pay his board.

Daniel was pleased with the offer. He had long wanted to study law in Boston, and here was his opportunity. And so, early in March, 1804, he joined his brother in that city, and was soon doing what he could to help him in his little school.

There was in Boston, at that time, a famous lawyer whose name was Christopher Gore. While Daniel Webster was wondering how he could best carry on his studies in the city, he heard that Mr. Gore had no clerk in his office.

"How I should like to read law with Mr. Gore!" he said to Ezekiel.

"Yes," said Ezekiel. "You could not want a better tutor."

"I mean to see him today and apply for a place in his office," said Daniel.

It was with many misgivings that the young man went into the presence of the great lawyer. We will let him tell the story in his own words:

"I was from the country, I said;—had studied law for two years; had come to Boston to study a year more; had heard that he had no clerk; thought it possible he would receive one.

"I told him that I came to Boston to work, not to play; was most desirous, on all accounts, to be his

pupil; and all I ventured to ask at present was, that he would keep a place for me in his office, till I could write to New Hampshire for proper letters showing me worthy of it."

Mr. Gore listened to this speech very kindly, and then bade Daniel be seated while he should have a short talk with him.

When at last the young man rose to go, Mr. Gore said: "My young friend, you look as if you might be trusted. You say you came to study and not to waste time. I will take you at your word. You may as well hang up your hat at once."

And this was the beginning of Daniel Webster's career in Boston.

He must have done well in Mr. Gore's office; for, in a few months, he was admitted to the practice of law in the Court of Common Pleas in Boston.

It was at some time during this same winter that Daniel was offered the position of clerk in the County Court at home. His father, as you will remember, was one of the judges in this court, and he was very much delighted at the thought that his son would be with him.

The salary would be about fifteen hundred dollars a year—and that was a great sum to Daniel as well as to his father. The mortgage on the farm could be paid off; Ezekiel could finish his course in college; and life would be made easier for them all.

At first Daniel was as highly pleased as his father.

But after he had talked with Mr. Gore, he decided not to accept the offered position.

"Your prospects as a lawyer," said Mr. Gore, "are good enough to encourage you to go on. Go on, and finish your studies. You are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty. Live on no man's favor. Pursue your profession; make yourself useful to your friends and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear."

A few days after that, Daniel paid a visit to his father. The judge received him very kindly, but he was greatly disappointed when the young man told him that he had made up his mind not to take the place.

With his deep-set, flashing eyes, he looked at his son for a moment as though in anger. Then he said, very slowly:

"Well, my son, your mother has always said that you would come to something or nothing—she was not sure which. I think you are now about settling that doubt for her."

A few weeks after this, Daniel, as I have already told you, was admitted to the bar in Boston. But he did not think it best to begin his practice there.

He knew how anxious his father was that he should be near him. He wanted to do all that he could to cheer and comfort the declining years of the noble man who had sacrificed everything for him. And so, in the spring of 1805, he settled in the town of

Boscawen, six miles from home, and put up at his office door this sign:

D. WEBSTER, ATTORNEY.

X.– Lawyer and Congressman

When Daniel Webster had been in Boscawen nearly two years, his father died. It was then decided that Ezekiel should come and take charge of the home farm, and care for their mother.

Ezekiel had not yet graduated from college, but he had read law and was hoping to be admitted to the bar. He was a man of much natural ability, and many people believed that he would some day become a very famous lawyer.

And so, in the autumn of 1807, Daniel gave up to his brother the law business which he had in Boscawen, and removed to the city of Portsmouth.

He was now twenty-five years old. In Portsmouth he would find plenty of work to do; it would be the very kind of work that he liked. He was now well started on the road towards greatness.

The very next year, he was married to Miss Grace Fletcher, the daughter of a minister in Hopkinton. The happy couple began housekeeping in a small, modest, wooden house, in Portsmouth; and there they lived, very plainly and without pretension, for several years.

Mr. Webster's office was "a common, ordinary-looking room, with less furniture and more books

than common. He had a small inner room, opening from the larger, rather an unusual thing."

It was not long until the name of Daniel Webster was known all over New Hampshire. Those who were acquainted with him said that he was the smartest young lawyer in Portsmouth. They said that if he kept on in the way that he had started, there were great things in store for him.

The country people told wonderful stories about him. They said that he was as black as a coal—but of course they had never seen him. They believed that he could gain any case in court that he chose to manage—and in this they were about right.

There was another great lawyer in Portsmouth. His name was Jeremiah Mason, and he was much older than Mr. Webster. Indeed, he was already a famous man when Daniel first began the practice of law.

The young lawyer and the older one soon became warm friends; and yet they were often opposed to each other in the courts. Daniel was always obliged to do his best when Mr. Mason was against him. This caused him to be very careful. It no doubt made him become a better lawyer than he otherwise would have been.

While Webster was thus quietly practicing law in New Hampshire, trouble was brewing between the United States and England. The English were doing much to hinder American merchants from trading

with foreign countries.

They claimed the right to search American vessels for seamen who had deserted from the British service. And it is said that American sailors were often dragged from their own vessels and forced to serve on board the English ships.

Matters kept getting worse and worse for several years. At last, in June, 1812, the United States declared war against England.

Daniel Webster was opposed to this war, and he made several speeches against it. He said that, although we had doubtless suffered many wrongs, there was more cause for war with France than with England. And then, the United States had no navy, and hence was not ready to go to war with any nation.

Webster's influence in New Hampshire was so great that he persuaded many of the people of that state to think just as he thought on this subject. They nominated him as their representative in Congress; and when the time came, they elected him.

It was on the 24th of May, 1813, that he first took his seat in Congress. He was then thirty-one years old.

In that same Congress there were two other young men who afterwards made their names famous in the history of their country. One was Henry Clay, of Kentucky. The other was John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina. Both were a little older than Webster; both had already made some mark in public life; and both

were in favor of the war.

During his first year in Congress, Mr. Webster made some stirring speeches in support of his own opinions. In this way, as well by his skill in debate, he made himself known as a young man of more than common ability and promise.

Chief Justice Marshall, who was then at the head of the Supreme Court of the United States, said of him: "I have never seen a man of whose intellect I had a higher opinion."

In 1814, the war that had been going on so long came to an end. But now there were other subjects which claimed Mr. Webster's attention in Congress.

Then, as now, there were important questions regarding the money of the nation; and upon these questions there was great difference of opinion. Daniel Webster's speeches, in favor of a sound currency, did much to maintain the national credit and to save the country from bankruptcy.

The people of New Hampshire were so well pleased with the record which he made in Congress that, when his first term expired, they re-elected him for a second.

XI.– The Dartmouth College Case

In 1816, before his second term in Congress had expired, Daniel Webster removed with his family to Boston. He had lived in Portsmouth nine years, and he now felt that he needed a wider field for the exercise of his talents.

He was now no longer the slender, delicate person that he had been in his boyhood and youth. He was a man of noble mien—a sturdy, dignified personage, who bore the marks of greatness upon him.

People said, "When Daniel Webster walked the streets of Boston, he made the buildings look small."

As soon as his term in Congress had expired, he began the practice of law in Boston.

For nearly seven years he devoted himself strictly to his profession. Of course, he at once took his place as the leading lawyer of New England. Indeed, he soon became known as the ablest counsellor and advocate in America.

The best business of the country now came to him. His income was very large, amounting to more than $20,000 a year.

And during this time there was no harder worker than he. In fact, his natural genius could have done but little for him, had it not been for his untiring industry.

One of his first great victories in law was that which is known as the Dartmouth College case. The lawmakers of New Hampshire had attempted to pass a law to alter the charter of the college. By doing this they would endanger the usefulness and prosperity of that great school, in order to favor the selfish projects of its enemies.

Daniel Webster undertook to defend the college. The speech which he made before the Supreme

Court of the United States was a masterly effort.

"Sir," he said, "you may destroy this little institution—it is weak, it is in your hands. I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out.

"But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their light over our land!"

He won the case; and this, more than anything else, helped to gain for him the reputation of being the ablest lawyer in the United States.

XII.– Webster's Great Orations

In 1820, when he was thirty-eight years old, Daniel Webster was chosen to deliver an oration at a great meeting of New Englanders at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Plymouth is the place where the Pilgrims landed in 1620. Just two hundred years had passed since that time, and this meeting was to celebrate the memory of the brave men and women who had risked so much to found new homes in what was then a bleak wilderness.

The speech which Mr. Webster delivered was one of the greatest ever heard in America. It placed him at once at the head of American orators.

John Adams, the second president of the United States, was then living, a very old man. He said, "This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as

much rapture as it was heard. It ought to be read at the end of every century, and, indeed, at the end of every year, forever and ever."

But this was only the first of many great addresses by Mr. Webster. In 1825, he delivered an oration at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument. Eighteen years later, when that monument was finished, he delivered another. Many of Mr. Webster's admirers think that these two orations are his masterpieces.

On July 4th, 1826, the United States had been independent just fifty years. On that day there passed away two of the greatest men of the country—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

Both were ex-presidents, and both had been leaders in the councils of the nation. It was in memory of these two patriots that Daniel Webster was called to deliver an oration in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

No other funeral oration has ever been delivered in any age or country that was equal to this in eloquence. Like all his other discourses, it was full of patriotic feeling.

"This lovely land," he said, "this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust.

"Our fathers, from behind, admonish us with their anxious, paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from

the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain."

Most of his other great speeches were delivered in Congress, and are, therefore, political in tone and subject.

Great as Daniel Webster was in politics and in law, it is as an orator and patriot that his name will be longest remembered.

XIII.– Mr. Webster in the Senate

When Daniel Webster was forty years old, the people of Boston elected him to represent them in Congress. They were so well pleased with all that he did while there, that they re-elected him twice.

In June, 1827, the legislature of Massachusetts chose him to be United States senator for a term of six years. He was at that time the most famous man in Massachusetts, and his name was known and honored in every state of the Union.

After that he was re-elected to the same place again and again; and for more than twenty years he continued to be the distinguished senator from Massachusetts.

I cannot now tell you of all his public services during the long period that he sat in Congress. Indeed, there are some things that you would find hard to understand until you have learned more about the history of our country. But you will by-and-by read of them in the larger books which you will study at

school; and, no doubt, you will also read some of his great addresses and orations.

It was in 1830 that he delivered the most famous of all his speeches in the senate chamber of the United States. This speech is commonly called, "The Reply to Hayne."

I shall not here try to explain the purport of Mr. Hayne's speeches—for there were two of them. I shall not try to describe the circumstances which led Mr. Webster to make his famous reply to them.

But I will quote Mr. Webster's closing sentences. Forty years ago the schoolboys all over the country were accustomed to memorize and declaim these patriotic utterances.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

"Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of elusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all

over in characters of living light, blazing on all its folds, as they float over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart – Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

In 1841, Daniel Webster resigned his seat in the senate. He did this in order to become secretary of state in the cabinet of the newly elected president, William Henry Harrison.

But President Harrison died on the 5th of April, after having held his office just one month; and his place was taken by the vice-president, John Tyler. Mr. Webster now felt that his position in the cabinet would not be a pleasant one; but he continued to hold it for nearly two years.

His most important act as secretary of state was to conclude a treaty with England which fixed the northeastern boundary of the United States. This is known in history as the Ashburton Treaty.

In 1843, Mr. Webster resigned his place in President Tyler's cabinet. But he was not allowed to remain long in private life. Two years later he was again elected to the United States Senate.

About this time, Texas was annexed to the United States. But Mr. Webster did not favor this, for he believed that such an act was contrary to the Constitution of our country.

He did all that he could to keep our government from making war upon Mexico. But after this war had

been begun, he was a firm friend of the soldiers who took part in it, and he did much to provide for their safety and comfort.

Among these soldiers was Edward, the second son of Daniel Webster. He became a major in the main division of the army, and died in the City of Mexico.

XIV.— Mr. Webster in Private Life

Let us now go back a little way in our story, and learn something about Mr. Webster's home and private life.

In 1831, Mr. Webster bought a large farm at Marshfield, in the southeastern part of Massachusetts, not far from the sea.

He spent a great deal of money in improving this farm; and in the end it was as fine a country seat as one might see anywhere in New England.

When he became tired with the many cares of his busy life, Mr. Webster could always find rest and quiet days at Marshfield. He liked to dress himself as a farmer, and stroll about the fields looking at the cattle and at the growing crops.

"I had rather be here than in the senate," he would say.

But his life was clouded with many sorrows. Long before going to Marshfield, his two eldest children were laid in the grave. Their mother followed them just one year before Mr. Webster's first entry into the United States senate.

In 1829, his brother Ezekiel died suddenly while

speaking in court at Concord. Ezekiel had never cared much for politics, but as a lawyer in his native state, he had won many honors. His death came as a great shock to everybody that knew him. To his brother it brought overwhelming sorrow.

When Daniel Webster was nearly forty-eight years old, he married a second wife. She was the daughter of a New York merchant, and her name was Caroline Bayard Le Roy. She did much to lighten the disappointments of his later life, and they lived together happily for more than twenty years.

In 1839, Mr. and Mrs. Webster made a short visit to England. The fame of the great orator had gone before him, and he was everywhere received with honor. The greatest men of the time were proud to meet him.

Henry Hallam, the historian, wrote of him: "Mr. Webster approaches as nearly to the 'beau ideal' of a republican senator as any man that I have ever seen in the course of my life."

Even the Queen invited him to dine with her; and she was much pleased with his dignified ways and noble bearing.

And, indeed, his appearance was such as to win the respect of all who saw him. When he walked the streets of London, people would stop and wonder who the noble stranger was; and workingmen whispered to one another: "There goes a king!"

XV.– The Last Years

Many people believed that Daniel Webster would finally be elected president of the United States. And, indeed, there was no man in all this country who was better fitted for that high position than he.

But it so happened that inferior men, who were willing to stoop to the tricks of politics, always stepped in before him.

In the meanwhile the question of slavery was becoming, every day, more and more important. It was the one subject which claimed everybody's attention.

Should slavery be allowed in the territories?

There was great excitement all over the country. There were many hot debates in Congress. It seemed as though the Union would be destroyed.

At last, the wiser and cooler-headed leaders in Congress said, "Let each side give up a little to the other. Let us have a compromise."

On the 7th of March, 1850, Mr. Webster delivered a speech before the senate. It was a speech in favor of compromise, in favor of conciliation.

He thought that this was the only way to preserve the Union. And he was willing to sacrifice everything for the Constitution and the Union.

He declared that all the ends he aimed at were for his country's good.

"I speak today for the preservation of the Union," he said. "Hear me for my cause! I speak today out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to

the country of that quiet and harmony, which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all."

He then went on to defend the law known as the Fugitive Slave Law. He declared that this law was in accordance with the Constitution, and hence it should be enforced according to its true meaning.

The speech was a great disappointment to his friends. They said that he had deserted them; that he had gone over to their enemies; that he was no longer a champion of freedom, but of slavery.

Those who had been his warmest supporters, now turned against him.

A few months after this, President Taylor died. The vice-president, Millard Fillmore, then became president. Mr. Fillmore was in sympathy with Daniel Webster, and soon gave him a seat in his cabinet as secretary of state.

This was the second time that Mr. Webster had been called to fill this high and honorable position. But, under President Fillmore, he did no very great or important thing.

He was still the leading man in the Whig party; and he hoped, in 1852, to be nominated for the presidency. But in this he was again disappointed.

He was now an old man. He had had great successes in life; but he felt that he had failed at the end of the race. His health was giving way. He went home to Marshfield for the quiet and rest which he so much

needed.

In May, that same year, he was thrown from his carriage and severely hurt. From this hurt he never recovered. He offered to resign his seat in the cabinet, but Mr. Fillmore would not listen to this.

In September he became very feeble, and his friends knew that the end was near. On the 24th of October, 1852, he died. He was nearly seventy-one years old.

In every part of the land his death was sincerely mourned. Both friends and enemies felt that a great man had fallen. They felt that this country had lost its leading statesman, its noblest patriot, its worthiest citizen.

Rufus Choate, who had succeeded him as the foremost lawyer in New England, delivered a great oration upon his life and character. He said:

"Look in how manly a sort, in how high a moral tone, Mr. Webster uniformly dealt with the mind of his country.

"Where do you find him flattering his countrymen, indirectly or directly, for a vote? On what did he ever place himself but good counsels and useful service?

"Who ever heard that voice cheering the people on to rapacity, to injustice, to a vain and guilty glory?

"How anxiously, rather, did he prefer to teach, that by all possible acquired sobriety of mind, by asking reverently of the past, by obedience to the law,

by habits of patient labor, by the cultivation of the mind, by the fear and worship of God, we educate ourselves for the future that is revealing."

Lincoln's First Reading*

Squire Josiah Crawford was seated on the porch of his house in Gentryville, Indiana, one spring afternoon when a small boy called to see him. The Squire was a testy old man, not very fond of boys, and he glanced up over his book, impatient and annoyed at the interruption.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

The boy had pulled off his raccoon-skin cap and stood holding it in his hand while he eyed the old man.

"They say down at the store, sir," said the boy, "that you have a *Life of George Washington*. I'd like mighty well to read it."

The Squire peered closer at his visitor, surprised out of his annoyance at the words. He looked the boy over, carefully examining his long, lank figure, his tangled mass of black hair, his deep-set eyes, and large mouth. He was evidently from some poor country family. His clothes were homemade, and the trousers were shrunk until they barely reached below his knees.

"What's your name, boy?" asked the Squire.

"Abe Lincoln, son of Tom Lincoln, down on Pigeon Creek."

The Squire said to himself: "It must be that Tom Lincoln who, folks say, is a ne'er-do-well and moves from place to place every year because he can't make his farm support him." Then he said aloud to the boy, "What do you want

* From *A Patriotic Reader for the Intermediate Grades*, by Norma Helen Deming and Katherine Isabel Bemis

with my *Life of Washington*?"

"I've been learning about him at school, and I'd like to know more."

The old man studied the boy in silence for some moments; something about the lad seemed to attract him. Finally he said, "Can I trust you to take good care of the book if I lend it to you?"

"As good care," said the boy, "as if it was made of gold, if you'd only please let me have it for a week."

His eyes were so eager that the old man could not withstand them. "Wait here a minute," he said, and went into the house. When he returned he brought the coveted volume with him, and handed it to the boy.

"There it is," said he; "I'm going to let you have it, but be sure it doesn't come to harm down on Pigeon Creek."

The boy, with the precious volume tucked tightly under his arm, went down the single street of Gentryville with the joy of anticipation in his face. He could hardly wait to open the book and plunge into it. He stopped for a moment at the village store to buy some calico his stepmother had ordered and then struck into the road through the woods that led to his home.

The house which he found at the end of his trail was a very primitive one. The first home Tom Lincoln had built on the Creek when he moved there from Kentucky had been merely a "pole-shack" — four poles driven into the ground with forked ends at the top, other poles laid crosswise in the forks, and a roof of poles built on this square. There had been no chimney, only an open place for a window and another for a door, and strips of bark and patches of clay to keep the rain out.

The new house was a little better; it had an attic, and the first floor was divided into several rooms. It was very

simple, however; only a big log cabin.

The boy came out of the woods, crossed the clearing about the house, and went in at the door. His stepmother was sitting at the window sewing. He held up the volume for her to see. "I've got it!" he cried. "It's the *Life of Washington*, and now I'm going to learn all about him."

He had barely time to put the book in the woman's hands before his father's voice was heard calling him out of doors. There was work to be done on the farm; the rest of that afternoon Abe was kept busily employed, and as soon as supper was finished his father set him to work mending harness.

At dawn the next day the boy was up and out in the fields, the *Life of Washington* in one pocket, the other pocket filled with corn dodgers. Unfortunately he could not read and run a straight furrow.

When it was noontime he sat under a tree, munching the cakes, and plunged into the first chapter of the book. For half an hour he read and ate, then he had to go on with his work until sundown.

When he got home he ate his supper standing up, so that he could read the book by the candle that stood on the shelf. After supper he lay in front of the fire, still reading and forgetting everything about him.

Gradually the fire burned out, the family went to bed, and young Abe was obliged to go up to his room in the attic. He put the book on a ledge on the wall close to the head of his bed, so that nothing might happen to it.

During the night a violent storm rose, and the rain came through a chink in the log walls. When the boy woke he found that the book was a mass of wet paper, the type blurred, and the cover beyond repair. He was heart-broken at the discovery. He could imagine how angry the old Squire

would be when he saw the state of the book. Nevertheless, he determined to go to Gentryville at the earliest opportunity and see what he could do to make amends.

The next Sunday morning found a small boy standing on the Squire's porch with the remains of the book in his hand. When the Squire learned what had happened, he spoke his mind freely. He said that Abe did not know how to take care of valuable property, and promised never to lend him another book as long as he lived.

The boy faced the music, and when the angry tirade was over, said that he should like to shuck corn for the Squire and in that way pay him the value of the ruined volume. Mr. Crawford accepted the offer and named a price far greater than any possible value of the book; and Abe set to work, spending all his spare time in the next two weeks shucking the corn and working as chore boy. So he finally succeeded in paying for the ruined *Life of Washington*.

This was only one of many adventures that befell Abraham Lincoln while he was trying to get an education. His mother had taught him to read and write, and ever since he had learned he had longed for books to read.

One day he said to his cousin Dennis Hanks, "Denny, the things I want to know are in books. My best friend is the man who will get me one."

Dennis was very fond of his younger cousin, and as soon as he could save up the money he went to town and bought a copy of *The Arabian Nights*. He gave this to Abe, and the latter at once started to read it aloud by the wood fire in the evenings. His mother, his sister Sally, and Dennis were his audience. When he came to the story of Sinbad the Sailor, Abe laughed.

Dennis, however, could not see the humor. "Why, Abe," said he, "that yarn's just a lie."

"Perhaps so," answered the small boy, "but if it is, it's a mighty good lie."

As a matter of fact Abe had very few books. His earliest possessions consisted of less than half a dozen volumes — a pioneer's library. First of all was the Bible, a whole library in itself, containing every sort of literature. Second was *Pilgrim's Progress*, with its quaint characters and vivid scenes told in simple English, *Aesop's Fables* was a third, and introduced the log cabin boy to a wonderful range of characters — the gods of mythology, the different classes of mankind, and every animal under the sun; and fourth was a history of the United States, in which there was the charm of truth, and from which Abe learned valuable lessons of patriotism.

He read these books over and over, till he knew them by heart. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. He could not afford to waste paper upon original compositions; so as he sat by the fire at night he would cover the wooden shovel with essays and arithmetical problems, which he would shave off and then begin again.

The few books he was able to get made the keen-witted country boy anxious to find people who could answer his questions for him. In those days many men — clergymen, judges, and lawyers — rode on circuit, stopping overnight at any farmhouse they might happen upon. When such a man would ride up to the Lincoln clearing, he was usually met by a small boy who would begin to fire questions at him before he could dismount from his horse.

Some Scenes in the
Life of Harriet Tubman*

Harriet Tubman, known at various times, and in various places, by many different names, such as "Moses," in allusion to her being the leader and guide to so many of her people in their exodus from the Land of Bondage; "the Conductor of the Underground Railroad;" and "Molly Pitcher," for the energy and daring by which she delivered a fugitive slave who was about to be dragged back to the South; was for the first twenty-five years of her life a slave on the eastern shore of Maryland. Her own master she represents as never unnecessarily cruel; but as was common among slave-holders, he often hired out his slaves to others, some of whom proved to be tyrannical and brutal to the utmost limit of their power.

She had worked only as a field-hand for many years, following the oxen, loading and unloading wood, and carrying heavy burdens, by which her naturally remarkable power of muscle was so developed that her feats of strength often called forth the wonder of strong laboring men. Thus was she preparing for the life of hardship and endurance which lay before her, for the deeds of daring she was to do, and of which her ignorant and darkened mind at that time never dreamed.

[*Harriet's Escape To Freedom*]

…[S]he started on her journey, "not knowing whither

* From *Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman*, by Sarah H. Bradford

she went," except that she was going to follow the north star, till it led her to liberty. Cautiously and by night she traveled, cunningly feeling her way, and finding out who were friends; till after a long and painful journey she found, in answer to careful inquiries, that she had at last crossed that magic "line" which then separated the land of bondage from the land of freedom; for this was before we were commanded by law to take part in the iniquity of slavery, and aid in taking and sending back those poor hunted fugitives who had manhood and intelligence enough to enable them to make their way thus far towards freedom.

"When I found I had crossed dat line," she said, "I looked at my hands to see if I was de same pusson. There was such a glory ober ebery ting; de sun came like gold through the trees, and ober the fields, and I felt like I was in Heaben."

But then came the bitter drop in the cup of joy. She said she felt like a man who was put in State Prison for twenty-five years. All these twenty-five years he was thinking of his home, and longing for the time when he would see it again. At last the day comes — he leaves the prison gates — he makes his way to his old home, but his old home is not there. The house has been pulled down, and a new one has been put up in its place; his family and friends are gone nobody knows where; there is no one to take him by the hand, no one to welcome him.

"So it was with me," she said. "I had crossed the line. I was free; but there was no one to welcome me to the land of freedom. I was a stranger in a strange land; and my home, after all, was down in Maryland; because my father, my mother, my brothers, and sisters, and friends were there. But I was free, and they should be free. I would make a home in the North and bring them there, God helping me. Oh, how I prayed then," she said; "I said to de Lord, 'I'm g-wine to

hole stiddy on to you, an' I know you'll see me through.'"

It will be impossible to give any connected account of the different journeys taken by Harriet for the rescue of her people, as she herself has no idea of the dates connected with them, or of the order in which they were made. She thinks she was about 25 when she made her own escape, and this was in the last year of James K. Polk's administration. From that time till the beginning of the war, her years were spent in these journeyings back and forth, with intervals between, in which she worked only to spend the avails of her labor in providing for the wants of her next party of fugitives." By night she traveled, many times on foot, over mountains, through forests, across rivers, mid perils by land, perils by water, perils from enemies, "perils among false brethren." Sometimes members of her party would become exhausted, foot-sore, and bleeding, and declare they could not go on, they must stay where they dropped down, and die; others would think a voluntary return to slavery better than being overtaken and carried back, and would insist upon returning; then there was no remedy but force; …

Of the very many interesting stories told me by Harriet, I cannot refrain from telling to my readers that of Joe, who accompanied her upon her seventh or eighth journey from Maryland to Canada.

Joe was a noble specimen of a negro, and was hired out by his master to a man for whom he worked faithfully for six years, saving him the expense of an overseer, and taking all trouble off his hands. At length this man found him so absolutely necessary to him, that he determined to buy him at any cost. His master held him proportionably high. However, by paying a thousand dollars down for him, and promising to pay another thousand in a certain time, Joe passed

into the hands of his new master.

As may be imagined, Joe was somewhat surprised when the first order issued from his master's lips, was, "Now, Joe, strip and take a whipping!" Joe's experience of whippings as he had seen them inflicted upon others, was not such as to cause him particularly to desire to go through the same operation on his own account; and he, naturally enough, demurred, and at first thought of resisting. But he called to mind a scene which he had witnessed a few days before, in the field, the particulars of which are too horrible and too harassing to the feelings to be given to my readers, and he thought it best to submit; but first he tried remonstrance.

"Mas'r," said he, "habn't I always been faithful to you? Habn't I worked through sun an' rain, early in de mornin', and late at night; habn't I saved you an oberseer by doin' his work; hab you anyting to complain of agin me?"

"No, Joe;" I've no complaint to make of you; you're a good n****, and you've always worked well; but the first lesson my n**** have to learn is that I am master and that they are not to resist or refuse to obey anything I tell 'em to do. So the first thing they've got to do, is to be whipped; if they resist, they get it all the harder; and so I'll go on, till I kill 'em, but they've got to give up at last, and learn that I'm master."

Joe thought it best to submit. He stripped off his upper clothing, and took his whipping without a word; but as he drew his clothes up over his torn and bleeding back, he said, "Dis is de last!" That night he took a boat and went a long distance to the cabin of Harriet's father, and said, "Next time Moses comes, let me know." It was only a week or two after that, that the mysterious woman whom no one could lay their finger on appeared, and men, women, and children began to disappear from the plantations. One fine morning

Joe was missing, and his brother William, from another plantation; Peter and Eliza, too, were gone; and these made part of Harriet's next party, who began their pilgrimage from Maryland to Canada, or as they expressed it, from "Egypt to de land of Canaan."

Their adventures were enough to fill a volume. They were pursued; they were hidden in "potato holes," while their pursuers passed within a few feet of them; they were passed along by friends in various disguises; they scattered and separated, to be led by guides by a roundabout way to a meeting-place again. They were taken in by Sam Green, the man who was afterwards sent to State Prison for ten years for having a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in his house; and so, hunted and hiding and wandering, they came at last to the long bridge at the entrance of the city of Wilmington, Delaware. The rewards posted up everywhere had been at first five hundred dollars for Joe, if taken within the limits of the United States; then a thousand, and then fifteen hundred dollars, "an' all expenses clar an' clean, for his body in Easton Jail." Eight hundred for William, and four hundred for Peter, and twelve thousand for the woman who enticed them away. The long Wilmington Bridge was guarded by police officers, and the advertisements were everywhere. The party were scattered, and taken to the houses of different colored friends, and word was sent secretly to Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, of their condition, and the necessity of their being taken across the bridge. Thomas Garrett is a Quaker, and a man of a wonderfully large and generous heart, through whose hands, Harriet tells me, two thousand self-emancipated slaves passed on their way to freedom. He was always ready, heart and hand and means, in aiding these poor fugitives, and rendered most efficient help to Harriet on many of her journeys back and forth. A letter received a

few days since by the writer, from this noble-hearted philanthropist, will be given presently.

As soon as Thomas Garrett heard of the condition of these poor people, his plan was formed. He engaged two wagons, filled them with brick-layers, whom of course he paid well for their share in the enterprise, and sent them across the bridge. They went as if on a frolic, singing and shouting. The guards saw them pass, and of course expected them to re-cross the bridge. After nightfall (and fortunately it was a dark night) the same wagons went back, but with an addition to their party. The fugitives were on the bottom of the wagons, the bricklayers on the seats, still singing and shouting; and so they passed by the guards, who were entirely unsuspicious of the nature of the load the wagons contained, or of the amount of property thus escaping their hands. And so they made their way to New York. When they entered the anti-slavery office there, Joe was recognized at once by the description in the advertisement. "Well," said Mr. Oliver Johnson, "I am glad to see the man whose head is worth fifteen hundred dollars." At this Joe's heart sank. If the advertisement had got to New York, that place which it had taken them so many days and nights to reach, he thought he was in danger still. "And how far is it now to Canada?" he asked. When told how many miles, for they were to come through New York State, and cross the Suspension Bridge, he was ready to give up. "From dat time Joe was silent," said Harriet; "he sang no more, he talked no more; he sat wid his head on his hand, and nobody could 'muse him or make him take any interest in anyting." They passed along in safety, and at length found themselves in the cars, approaching Suspension Bridge. The rest were very joyous and happy, but Joe sat silent and sad. Their fellow-passengers all seemed interested in and for them, and

listened with tears, as Harriet and all their party lifted up their voices and sang:

I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold and dreary land;
The sad effects of slavery,
I can't no longer stand.
I've served my master all my days,
Widout a dime's reward;
And now I'm forced to run away.
To flee the lash abroad.
Farewell, ole master, don't think hard of me,
I'll travel on to Canada, where all the slaves are free.
The hounds are baying on my track,
Ole master comes behind.
Resolved that he will bring me back,
Before I cross de line;
I'm now embarked for yonder shore.
There a man's a man by law;
The iron horse will bear me o'er,
To shake de lion's paw.
Oh, righteous Father, wilt thou not pity me,
And aid me on to Canada where all the slaves are free.
Oh, I heard Queen Victoria say.
That if we would forsake
Our native land of slavery,
And come across the lake;
That she was standin' on de shore,
Wid arms extended wide.
To give us all a peaceful home
Beyond de rolling tide.
Farewell, ole master, etc.

The cars began to cross the bridge. Harriet was very anxious to have her companions see the Falls. William, Peter, and Eliza came eagerly to look at the wonderful sight; but Joe sat still, with his head upon his hand.

"Joe, come look at de Falls! Joe, you fool you, come see de Falls! its your last chance." But Joe sat still and never raised his head. At length Harriet knew by the rise in the center of the bridge, and the descent on the other side, that they had crossed "the line." She sprang across to Joe's seat, shook him with all her might, and shouted, "Joe, you've shook de lion's paw!" Joe did not know what she meant. "Joe, you're free!" shouted Harriet. Then Joe's head went up, he raised his hands on high, and his face, streaming with tears, to heaven, and broke out in loud and thrilling tones:

Glory to God and Jesus too,
  One more soul is safe!
Oh, go and carry de news
  One more soul got safe.

"Joe, come and look at de Falls!" called Harriet.

Glory to God and Jesus too.
  One more soul got safe.

was all the answer. The cars stopped on the other side. Joe's feet were the first to touch British soil, after those of the conductor.

Loud roared the waters of Niagara, but louder still ascended the anthem of praise from the over-flowing heart of the freeman. And can we doubt that the strain was taken up by angel voices, and that through the arches of Heaven echoed and re-echoed the strain:

Glory to God in the Highest,
Glory to God and Jesus too,
  One more soul is safe.

"The ladies and gentlemen gathered round him," said Harriet, "till I couldn't see Joe for the crowd, only I heard 'Glory to God and Jesus too!' louder than ever." William

went after him, and pulled him, saying, "Joe, stop your noise! you act like a fool!" Then Peter ran in and jerked him mos' off his feet — "Joe, stop your hollerin'! Folks'll think you're crazy!" But Joe gave no heed. The ladies were crying, and the tears like rain ran down Joe's sable cheeks. A lady reached over her fine cambric handkerchief to him. Joe wiped his face, and then he spoke.

"Oh! if I'd felt like dis down South, it would hab taken nine men to take me; only one more journey for me now, and dat is to Hebben!" "Well, you ole fool you," said Harriet, with whom there seems but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, "you might a' looked at de Falls fust, and den gone to Hebben afterwards." She has seen Joe several times since, a happy and industrious freeman in Canada.

When asked, as she often is, how it was possible that she was not afraid to go back, with that tremendous price upon her head, Harriet always answers, "Why, don't I tell you, Missus, t'wan't me, 'twas de Lord! I always tole him, 'I trust to you. I don't know where to go or what to do, but I expect you to lead me,' an' he always did." At one time she was going down, watched for everywhere, after there had been a meeting of slave-holders in the courthouse of one of the large cities of Maryland, and an added reward had been put upon her head, with various threats of the different cruel devices by which she should be tortured and put to death; friends gathered round her, imploring her not to go on directly in the face of danger and death, and this was Harriet's answer to them:

"Now look yer! John saw the city, didn't he? Yes, John saw the city. Well, what did he see? He saw twelve gates; three of dose gates was on de north three of 'em was on de east and three of 'em was on de west but dere was three of 'em on de South too; an' I reckon if dey kill me down dere,

I'll git into one of dem gates, don't you?"

Whether Harriet's ideas of the geographical bearings of the gates of the Celestial City, as seen in the Apocalyptic vision, were correct or not, we cannot doubt that she was right in the deduction her faith drew from them; and that somewhere, whether north, south, east, or west, to our dim vision, there is a gate to be opened for Harriet, where the welcome will be given, "Come in thou blessed of my Father."

* * * * *

WILMINGTON, 6th Mo., 1868.

MY FRIEND: Thy favor of the 12th reached me yesterday, requesting such reminiscences as I could give respecting the remarkable labors of Harriet Tubman, in aiding her colored friends from bondage. I may begin by saying, living as I have in a slave State, and the laws being very severe where any proof could be made of any one aiding slaves on their way to freedom, I have not felt at liberty to keep any written word of Harriet's or my own labors, except in numbering those whom I have aided. For that reason I cannot furnish so interesting an account of Harriet's labors as I otherwise could, and now would be glad to do; for in truth I never met with any person, of any color, who had more confidence in the voice of God, as spoken direct to her soul. She has frequently told me that she talked with God, and he talked with her every day of her life, and she has declared to me that she felt no more fear of being arrested by her former master, or any other person, when in his immediate neighborhood, than she did in the State of New York, or Canada, for she said she never ventured only where God sent her, and her faith in a Supreme Power truly was great.

I have now been confined to my room with indisposition more than four weeks, and cannot sit to write much; but I

feel so much interested in Harriet that I will try to give some of the most remarkable incidents that now present themselves to my mind. The date of the commencement of her labors, I cannot certainly give; but I think it must have been about 1845; from that time till 1860, I think she must have brought from the neighborhood where she had been held as a slave, from 60 to 80 persons, from Maryland, some 80 miles from here. No slave who placed himself under her care, was ever arrested that I have heard of; she mostly had her regular stopping places on her route; but in one instance, when she had two stout men with her, some 30 miles below here, she said that God told her to stop, which she did; and then asked him what she must do. He told her to leave the road, and turn to the left; she obeyed, and soon came to a small stream of tide water; there was no boat, no bridge; she again inquired of her Guide what she was to do. She was told to go through. It was cold, in the month of March; but having confidence in her Guide, she went in; the water came up to her armpits; the men refused to follow till they saw her safe on the opposite shore. They then followed, and if I mistake not, she had soon to wade a second stream; soon after which she came to a cabin of colored people, who took them all in, put them to bed, and dried their clothes, ready to proceed next night on their journey. Harriet had run out of money, and gave them some of her underclothing to pay for their kindness. When she called on me two days after, she was so hoarse she could hardly speak, and was also suffering with violent toothache. The strange part of the story we found to be, that the master of these two men had put up the previous day, at the railroad station near where she left, an advertisement for them, offering a large reward for their apprehension; but they made a safe exit. She at one time brought as many as seven or eight, several of whom were women and

children. She was well known here in Chester County and Philadelphia, and respected by all true abolitionists. I had been in the habit of furnishing her and those that accompanied her, as she returned from her acts of mercy, with new shoes; and on one occasion when I had not seen her for three months, she came into my store. I said, "Harriet, I am glad to see thee! I suppose thee wants a pair of new shoes." Her reply was, "I want more than that." I, in jest, said, "I have always been liberal with thee, and wish to be; but I am not rich, and cannot afford to give much." Her reply was: "God tells me you have money for me." I asked her "if God never deceived her?" She said, "No!" "Well! how much does thee want?" After studying a moment, she said: "About twenty-three dollars." I then gave her twenty-four dollars and some odd cents, the net proceeds of five pounds sterling, received through Eliza Wigham, of Scotland, for her. I had given some accounts of Harriet's labor to the Anti-Slavery Society of Edinburgh, of which Eliza Wigham was Secretary. On the reading of my letter, a gentleman present said he would send Harriet four pounds if he knew of any way to get it to her. Eliza Wigham offered to forward it to me for her, and that was the first money ever received by me for her. Some twelve months after, she called on me again, and said that God told her I had some money for her, but not so much as before. I had, a few days previous, received the net proceeds of one pound ten shillings from Europe for her. To say the least, there was something remarkable in these facts, whether clairvoyance, or the divine impression on her mind from the source of all power, I cannot tell; but certain it was she had a guide within herself other than the written word, for she never had any education. She brought away her aged parents in a singular manner. They started with an old horse, fitted out in primitive style with a straw collar, a pair

of old chaise wheels, with a board on the axle to sit on, another board swung with ropes, fastened to the axle, to rest their feet on. She got her parents, who were both slaves belonging to different masters, on this rude vehicle to the railroad, put them in the cars, turned Jehu herself, and drove to town in a style that no human being ever did before or since; but she was happy at having arrived safe.

Next day, I furnished her with money to take them all to Canada. I afterwards sold their horse, and sent them the balance of the proceeds. I believe that Harriet succeeded in freeing all her relatives but one sister and her three children. Etc., etc.

Thy friend,

THOS. GARRETT.

The Kindness of a Great Soul*

However great his load, he [Abraham Lincoln] always had a cheerful word or a kind deed for those who were in trouble. One day two women called to beg the release of two men in jail for resisting the draft. Their request led Lincoln to release all the men in the same jail for that offense.

The elder of the women, an aged mother, was much affected, and said to the President quietly as she was leaving: "I shall probably never see you again until we meet in heaven." This touched the President keenly, and one of his friends, observing the effect, told him that he should protect himself against such trying scenes.

"Things of the sort you have just seen don't hurt me," Lincoln replied. "It is the only thing today that has made me forget my condition or has given me any pleasure." Then he added these beautiful words: "Die when I may, I wish it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

* From *Our Patriots*, by Wilbur F. Gordy

A Beautiful Story*

A beautiful story is told of the conversation Lincoln had with a company of ladies who had called at the White House. It was at a time when he was much discouraged, and when his mouth "looked as if it never smiled." Many of the visitors wished that they had not come. Just then a little Quaker lady said something to him, and at once a great change came in his whole appearance.

"Friend Abraham," she said, "thee need not think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. The hearts of the people are behind thee, and thee cannot fail. Yea, as no man was ever loved before does this people love thee. Take comfort, Friend Abraham, God is with thee; the people are behind thee."

"I know it," he answered; and his voice trembled. "If I did not have the knowledge that God is sustaining and will sustain me until my appointed work is done, I could not live if I did not believe that the hearts of all loyal people were with me, I could not endure it. My heart would have broken long ago.

"You have given a cup of cold water to a very thirsty and grateful man. I knew it before. I knew that good men and women were praying for me, but I was so tired I had almost forgotten. God bless you all."

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

Clara Barton*
1830-1912

Clara Barton nursed, cheered, and saved thousands of sick and wounded on the battlefields of America and Europe. No truer words of prophecy were ever spoken than those of a friend of the Barton family when he said of her as a little girl, "She will never assert herself for herself. She will suffer wrong first. But for others she will be perfectly fearless. Throw responsibility on her."

Clara Barton was born in Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1830. As a child she was sensitive and retiring except when she was doing something for others. An older brother injured himself at play so that for two years his life was despaired of. His little sister was his constant nurse and companion during the entire time.

Writing later of this period of her life Clara Barton said, "I almost forgot there was an outside to the house."

When Clara was fourteen years of age she was sent to a boarding school but she became so homesick that she could not stay. On her return her education was continued under a private tutor. When she was sixteen she began teaching in Millward, a little town not far from Oxford.

She spent the next few years teaching in various towns, and everywhere she proved an exceptional teacher.

At the age of twenty this eager student entered Clinton Institute in New York. When she graduated she was per-

* From *Founders and Builders of Our Nation*, by Helen Mehard Davidson

suaded to take a very difficult school in Bardstown. The school authorities could find no teacher able to manage the unruly children who were running wild about the streets. "Give me three months," she said, "and I will teach free." School was started, but only six of the truant pupils appeared. At the end of five weeks every child in town was begging entrance, and the authorities had to put up a large new school to accommodate them all. Miss Barton taught with a loving sympathy and contagious interest that won her the lasting love and enthusiasm of her pupils. Her strength was, however, overtaxed, her voice gave way, and she was compelled to leave the school.

After a short rest she secured a position in the patent office at Washington. While she was there the Civil War broke out. Clara Barton saw, among the first troops to pass through the capital, young men whom she had taught as little boys a few years before. She now determined to devote herself to the needs of her country. No soldier's heart ever beat with nobler patriotism than did that of Clara Barton. In the early days of the struggle when Washington was fearing an attack she said, "I think the city will be attacked within the next sixty days, and when there is no longer a soldier's arm to raise the Stars and Stripes above our Capitol, may God give strength to mine!"

Her quick mind saw instantly what the greatest need was — care for the sick and wounded soldiers who were constantly brought to Washington. Day after day she collected supplies and wrote for more. Personally she met trainloads of soldiers, took them to hospitals, and saw them taken proper care of. But a greater work now loomed before her. She knew that on the battlefields were thousands of wounded soldiers who would die before they could be brought to Washington. Still other thousands were dying because there

was no way of caring for them. She decided to go herself to the fields of battle. Permission was granted her by the government, and Clara Barton became the first woman in America to care for soldiers on the firing line.

For four years this faithful patriot and devoted nurse endured without flinching the most dreadful hardships of the battlefield and witnessed the frightful horrors that war brings. From one scene of battle to another she went, sometimes for days without rest or enough food. But the prediction made of her in her childhood days had come true. The greatest of all responsibilities was hers — that of caring for her country's wounded — and in this work of sacrifice no woman ever rose to greater heights. She continued this great work through the years in the face of sadly inadequate equipment, supplies, and assistance.

At the end of the war it was discovered that there were 80,000 men unaccounted for. To Miss Barton was assigned the difficult task of tracing these soldiers. Everywhere she searched prison records, state records, and burying grounds. In addition she had lists of names of the missing men posted in public places with a request for information from any source. Soon returns began to come. One man alone brought the names of 13,000 of his comrades who had perished at Andersonville. Miss Barton now hastened to Andersonville where she watched over the burial of 12,800 bodies. In her diary she says, "I saw the little graves marked, blessed them for the heartbroken mother in the old Northern home, raised over them the flag they loved and died for, and left them to their rest."

The government voted her a sum of money for her expenses but more was needed to complete the task. To raise this sum Miss Barton undertook a course of three hundred lectures. At the beginning of one of the lectures her voice

suddenly gave way, and she was taken home in a state of physical collapse. A few months later she was ordered by her physician to go to Europe for three years of absolute rest.

Scarcely had she arrived in Europe when the War of 1870, between Germany and France, began. Forgetting the words of her physician she hurried to the front. Her fame had spread before her in Europe, and everywhere she went she was hailed with joy, and honors were conferred on her.

To her great happiness she found in Europe an international organization for the "Relief of the Wounded in War," called the "Red Cross Society." Already twenty-two nations had united in this work.

Under the Red Cross, Miss Barton worked on battlefields and in besieged cities, caring for the sick and wounded, and clothing and feeding the stricken inhabitants of fallen cities and districts. Before she left for America she was as much loved in Europe as at home.

On her return to her native land the one idea in her mind was the founding of the Red Cross in America. She presented her petition to President Hayes, but he referred it to the Secretary of State, who rejected it. Nevertheless Miss Barton was gaining ground with the people. She talked much and wrote much about the Red Cross and everywhere found interested readers and ready listeners.

When Garfield became President she had great hopes of winning him for the cause because he had known and admired her work in the Civil war. Unfortunately he died when the matter was under consideration and again the day of the adoption of the Red Cross was postponed.

One of the objections to the movement was that the United States was at peace, and it was considered doubtful if there would ever again be war. The greatness of Clara Barton now showed itself more than ever before. She said

that the Red Cross should be active not only in times of war but in times of peace when the country or any part of it suffered from flood, fire, famine, wreck, or other calamity.

The happiest day, perhaps, in Miss Barton's life was July 26, 1882, when President Arthur signed the Red Cross Treaty, thus adding the name of the United States to the great international organization. The Red Cross in Europe had been founded to give relief in times of war, but when America joined, Clara Barton's amendment that it should work in peace times during national disasters was voted on and accepted. Miss Barton was chosen first president of the American Red Cross.

For thirty years she directed the work of the Red Cross in America. There were fires and floods and storms, in each of which the Red Cross brought aid and encouragement to the stricken people. She sent aid to Russia at the time of the great famine in 1890. When she was seventy-five years old, she herself went to Armenia to help the Christians who were starving and suffering in every way under Turkish rule.

In the year 1902, at the age of seventy-two, Miss Barton was sent to represent the United States at a meeting of the International Red Cross in St. Petersburg, Russia. Her address was received with great applause and the Russian Decoration of the Order of the Red Cross was conferred on her.

Clara Barton's last years were spent at her country home at Glen Echo, near Washington. At her death in 1912, she was probably the best known, as well as the most loved woman in the world.

Our Nation's Debt to Clara Barton

Clara Barton was called "the angel of the battlefields," and we like to remember her kindness to the wounded

soldiers. The greatest thing she did was organizing the Red Cross society in America and getting the United States to join the other nations in this work. This gave our country opportunities for service. When any part of the United States needs help, the whole country can help that part. When any country of the world needs help, the other countries can help that one. The best illustration of this came in the great World War of 1914-19. The United States was able to send supplies of all kinds, ambulances, and nurses, through the Red Cross, during the time before we entered the war. It was Clara Barton's work which made this possible.

Frances E. Willard*

In the making of our republic, women played mostly a silent part. They were the homemakers, and in the days when work was largely done by hand, the ordinary tasks of the household filled much of their time.

In the present age many things that used to keep women busy in the home are done in shops and factories. This has given women a greater freedom to share in the interests of the public good outside the home.

Among the first women to win national fame was Frances E. Willard. She was a gifted teacher who enjoyed her work with young people, but she came to feel a deep interest in the cause of temperance and chose to devote her life to putting down the drink evil.

In 1874 she was made secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union — a national body — and five years later was elected its president. In 1888 she was made president of the World's Christian Temperance Union.

Although she had almost no means of support, she refused to take any money for her services. But this meant real hardship, for she often had to go without bread, and sometimes she walked for miles at a time because she had not even the price of a carfare. Of course, when the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union learned about her poverty, they insisted upon paying her a small salary.

Her beauty of character, her love for others, her

* From *Our Patriots*, by Wilbur F. Gordy

sympathy, and her enthusiasm made her very successful in her work. She gave freely of her strength, using all her powers of body and mind to carry on the great lifework to which she had devoted herself.

In a single year she travelled more than thirty thousand miles, speaking in every State in the Union. During a period of twelve years she made one speech a day, on an average, allowing herself only a scant six weeks in twelve months to spend in her quiet home — Rest Cottage — with the loving companionship of her mother.

Her whole life was an example of unselfish devotion to others. Especially did those women and children who were innocent sufferers from the great curse of drink appeal to her warm heart.

Her mind was very active. Even when going from place to place on the railway train, her pen was busy, her printed work reaching those whom she could not reach by her voice. Though filled with never-ending work, her days were bright with love for the cause to which she was giving her life, and faith in its final victory. It was a joy and an inspiration to know her; and wherever she went, she touched the hearts and quickened the hopes of those who came under her personal influence.

Said a cultivated Southern woman after hearing her speak: "The first time I heard her I lay awake all night for sheer gladness. It was such a wonderful revelation to me that a woman like Miss Willard could exist. I thanked God and took courage for humanity."

It was courage like this that she gave to the thousands who came under the spell of her remarkable personality. They were encouraged not only to do what they could by themselves, but also to unite cheerfully with others in carrying out their plans. To her friends and coworkers she often

said: "Alone we can do little."

Her life and work were not in vain, for the eyes of the nation have been opened to the great waste and wrong of the drink evil, and the temperance cause has come to be one of the leading issues of the day. We are not likely to overestimate the value of Frances E. Willard's patriotic service in making our land better and happier to live in.

Samuel C. Armstrong*
1839-1893

The War of Secession had not ended before the people of this country discovered that they had a great problem to solve. What was to be done with the four million freedmen? For nearly two hundred and fifty years they and their fathers had been slaves. The men and the women were strong in body, but they were like children who had never been taught to care for themselves. They knew how to work, but they had worked only under the eye of an overseer who kept them to their tasks. Whatever they had earned belonged to their masters; what they had to eat and to wear was given to them. They knew nothing about saving or economizing; few had ever had any responsibility; and most of them could neither read nor write. What should be done for these poor and ignorant people?

The negro said, "Teach me to read and to write"; and he went to work to learn the mysteries of the spelling-book and the copy-book. After the Emancipation Proclamation, some negroes were enlisted into the army, and in their tents the spelling-book and the Bible were often found lying side by side with the musket and the knapsack. People from the North opened schools here and there in the South for the freedmen, but only one man was wise enough to see that at that time they needed to be taught something besides the letters of the alphabet in order to make them useful citizens

* From *American Pioneers*, by William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry

of the United States. And this man was Samuel C. Armstrong.

General Armstrong was born in the Sandwich Islands, where his parents were missionaries. There he had seen how much more successful were the schools which taught the natives the use of their hands as well as their brains, than were the schools which made use of books alone. He suggested to a society of Northern people that they start a school in the Southland where the freedmen could be taught not only to earn their living after they were graduated, but to pay their own way while they were in the school — a school that should train them to go out into negro communities and teach not only the children, but the men and the women how to live industrious, honest, pure lives.

People said, "Schools on this plan have been attempted before and have been given up. It won't pay."

"Of course," replied General Armstrong, "it won't pay in a money way, but it will pay in a moral way. It will make them men and women as nothing else will. It is the only way to make them good Christians."

A tract of land of one hundred and twenty-five acres was bought at Hampton, Virginia, and buildings were built. Close by this very place, two hundred and fifty years before, the first shipload of slaves for America was landed. General Armstrong had had no expectation of being closely connected with the school. He had suggested the plan and supposed that others would work it out. One day he received a letter saying that the one who had been first chosen for principal had declined and asking him if he would take the position. He had just before been offered a fine business opportunity; but he answered "Yes," to the letter. "Till then," he said, "my own future had been blind. It had only been clear that there was a work to do for the ex-slaves, and

where and how it should be done." He remained at the head of the school until his death, and to him is due the wonderful success not only of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, but of other schools in the South, which were started on the same plan.

More negroes asked for admission to the new school than could be taken care of. Fathers and mothers who were too old to go to school themselves were willing to make almost any sacrifice that their children might go. It was some time before accommodations were sufficient for the number of students; but the boys cheerfully lived in tents during the cold winter weather, so anxious were they to learn the white man's ways. The boys were taught the proper care of horses and cattle, how to till the land so that it would raise the largest crops, how to make bricks, how to build houses and barns and to follow different trades. The girls were taught how to make clothes, to take care of the sick, and to cook in wholesome and economical ways.

No shiftless or poor work was accepted. General Armstrong continually kept before them that any work, no matter how humble, should be done thoroughly, with the whole heart. This idea of the dignity of labor was entirely new to the freedmen. In the old days they had worked only because they had to work. Now the students were paid for what they did on the school farm and buildings, and in turn they paid for their tuition and for their clothes with the money that they earned. Thus they learned the use and the value of money, as they never could have learned it if the school and its advantages had been a free gift to them.

Hampton Institute was started to help the negroes, but ten years after its beginning, another down-trodden race asked for admission. There had been an insurrection of Indians in the West, and a company of chiefs were brought

as prisoners to old Fort Marion, in St. Augustine, Florida. Colonel Pratt had charge of them, and he believed in keeping them busy. The grounds of the fort were stony and there was little that they could do there, so he found work for them in the town. At first people hesitated to employ them, but the Indians worked with such good-will and to such good purpose that they soon had all the work they could do.

Colonel Pratt also taught them to read and write. He gave them pencils and paper and then, writing the alphabet on the rough walls of the fort, he pronounced the letters carefully and the Indians copied them. The ladies of the town also came to the fort to teach them. And the Indians became so interested that when their days of captivity were over, twenty-two decided to stay in the East. "We have started on God's road now," said Lone Wolf, "because God's road is the same for the red man as for the white man."

Colonel Pratt asked the Hampton Institute to open its doors to them, and they were admitted. The instructors wondered how the Indians and the negroes would get along together, but the red man went cheerfully to work and learned as well as the black man how to use the hoe and the plow, the hammer and the trowel. A year or two afterwards another company of Sioux Indians arrived at Hampton, forty boys and nine girls. It had been hoped that there would be as many girls as boys; but the Indians were much more willing to send their boys than their girls, because in an Indian household, the women do all the work, and the girls were needed at home.

The newcomers were a wild-looking set. They were dressed in the native Indian costume, with bright-colored blankets thrown across their shoulders and their long hair braided in two braids and decorated with pieces of red flannel. They were dirty and repulsive. When they reached the

school, they were met by the Indian students in their neat, close-fitting uniforms. Soon it was noticed that they were talking together in the old sign language. When asked what they said, one replied, "I tell them, look at me: I will give you the road."

The life at Hampton was so different from the old life in the Dakota Hills that it is not surprising that the Indians made mistakes and failed to see the meaning of some of the new things that they saw and heard. The story is told that one of the teachers had tried to show them how they could conquer some of the temptations that came to them. The next day one of the girls came to her crying, "I victory! I victory! Louisa Bullhead got mad with me. She my temptation. I fight her! I victory!"

As the days went by they won other victories than this. The boys learned how to conquer their old habits of idleness and sloth, and to accustom their hands to other tools than the rifle and the knife. The girls overcame their indifference to dirt and filth. Their dull Indian faces grew brighter as their minds became filled with noble thoughts, and they took pride in doing even simple work well.

The Dakota Indians had not been at the school long before a company of chiefs came on to Hampton to see the work that their children were doing. They were especially anxious to see the progress that Ara-hotch-kish, the son of their second chief Hard Horn, who had not been able to come with them, had made. They were taken to the paint shop where Ara-hotch-kish was painting pails. He finished the pail he was painting and took up another. If the chiefs pressed so closely as to interfere with his work, he calmly pushed them away. Once in a while he glanced at them from the corners of his eyes; but he paid no further attention to them, though it was evident that he thoroughly enjoyed

letting the old chiefs see that he could do something that they could not do.

It was not long before Indian boys and girls did not have to be coaxed to go east to school. Hampton could not take care of them all, so the Government established a school for them at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and placed Colonel Pratt at its head.

Let us now see how the negroes put into practice what they learned at Hampton. The story of the life of one of its most famous graduates will show what the race can do. Not long after the school was started, a negro boy named Booker T. Washington arrived at Hampton. He had come all the way from West Virginia. So long as his money lasted, he rode on the train; when it was gone, he walked. He had slept anywhere he could find a shelter and was so dirty that the teachers hesitated to take him in. It seemed as though there could be no good in him. As a test he was given a room to clean. He swept the floor three times and dusted it four times. Not a speck of dust could be found by the teacher after the most careful search, and she said, "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

We can hardly imagine the change his new life was to him. He had never seen a bathtub or a tooth-brush and had never slept in a bed with sheets. The first night he went to bed with both sheets over him; the second, with both under him; but by the third night he slept with the sheets in their proper places. Washington learned quickly and made rapid progress. He learned a great deal from books and from the industries of the school, but most of all was he influenced by the beautiful character of General Armstrong. He resolved that in his turn he would do all that he could for his race. After his graduation he remained six years at Hampton as a teacher. Then one day General Armstrong received a letter

asking if he could recommend a man to start a school for negroes in Alabama. General Armstrong replied that he did not know of any white man that would do, but if they were willing to try a colored man, he had one that he could recommend. The school authorities trusted in the wisdom of General Armstrong, and Booker Washington was placed at the head of the new school. Under his leadership Tuskegee has become famous, and its pupils in their turn are going out to make the lives of their people better and brighter.

It is not possible for all black men to be Booker Washingtons any more than it is possible for all white men to be General Armstrongs. But in their different ways most of the graduates of Hampton and of the other colored schools are doing what they can to help their race. In one of the towns of Alabama is a colored storekeeper. He has accumulated considerable property, but every year he raises a pig as an object lesson for the farmers around him. "I can't start a school here," he said. "I tried to and could not; but if I can't do that, I can at least teach the farmers how to raise hogs as I learned to raise them."

When General Armstrong died, he was buried in the school graveyard, "in the next place," as was his wish. No sermon praising his deeds was preached, and only a granite boulder marks his grave. He needed no memorial of bronze or of marble, for his monument was the useful lives of thousands of negro and Indian men and women. "It pays to follow one's best light," he said, "to put God and country first, ourselves afterward."

Booker T. Washington*

Pioneer of Negro Progress

Near the end of the days of slavery, on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia, was born a negro boy who was destined to lift himself, by moral and mental strength, into the ranks of the great men of the world…. Freed from slavery only forty years ago, not yet freed from ignorance, the negro race has had little opportunity to develop the powers it may possess. Frederick Douglass, an able and brilliant orator of the times before the war, was the only man of negro blood who raised himself to a national reputation before the coming of Booker T. Washington, of whose striking career it is our purpose now to speak.

Born in a tumble-down log-cabin on an old Virginia plantation, the boy named came into a world in which he was expected to play so small a part that no record was kept even of the year of his birth. All he knew of it was that it was some time in the years 1858 or 1859. His father, a white man, he never knew. He knew no name except Booker, by which he was called during his few years of slave life on the plantation. A mere toddler as he was, only six or seven years old when the war ended and freedom came, he was kept busy at odd jobs, cleaning the yard, carrying water to the men, taking corn to the mill, and, as he says, at times falling from the horse with his bag of corn and sitting in tears by the wayside until some one came along to lift him up again.

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* From *Heroes of Progress in America*, by Charles Morris

Schooling was not thought of for any one with a black skin, though the little slave boy already felt a thirst for knowledge. He tells us how he would carry the books of his young mistress when she went to school and gaze wistfully through the door into the schoolroom, closed against all of his color, but which seemed to him like a paradise to which he was denied entrance.

The slaves, he tells us, knew well the purpose of the war. They had a system of wireless telegraphy of their own, by which they often heard of events in the field before their masters. The fact that "Massa Linkum" had set them free was quickly spread among them, and when the war ended and they could move about without hindrance, many of them hastened to test their new liberty by leaving the plantations on which their lives had been spent.

Booker's reputed father, who had been a slave on a neighboring plantation, made his way to West Virginia, where he got work in the mines and soon sent for his wife and children. Here little Booker was put to work in a salt furnace. His childish desire to learn grew intense as time passed on. The art of reading seemed something magical to the child, who had an alert brain under his sable skin; and, getting possession in some way of a book, he pored over it intently, with no one to help, for all around were as ignorant as himself. All he succeeded in doing was to learn the alphabet from it; the joining of the letters into words was beyond his childish powers.

Some time later a young negro opened a school in the vicinity, but, to his keen disappointment, his father would not let him go, insisting that he should keep at work. Determined to open the closed door of knowledge, he managed to get some lessons at night from the teacher, and appealed so earnestly that his father finally consented to his going to

day school for a few months, if he would work in the furnace until nine o'clock in the morning and for two hours in the afternoon after school had closed.

Little Booker was willing to do anything to gain an education. His thirst for knowledge had grown with his years, and there was no danger but that he would be a diligent student. But his first day at school brought him in face of a distressing difficulty. When the teacher called the roll he learned that every boy there had at least two names. He felt a deep sense of shame at the fact that he had only one. He had never been called anything but Booker, and knew of no other name. But a native shrewdness made him equal to the situation. When the teacher asked for his name he calmly replied that it was Booker Washington, appropriating the name of the Father of the Country without a qualm of conscience. Later on his mother told him that his real name was Booker Taliaferro, but he clung to the name he had adopted, and has ever since been known as Booker T. Washington.

From the salt furnace the boy was transferred to a coal mine, a change, in his opinion, much for the worse; but a few months later he got a place as servant in the house of Mrs. Ruffner, the wife of the mine owner. Mrs. Ruffner had the name of being a hard mistress, with whom no servant would stay more than a few months, but Booker soon found that the trouble was more with the servants than with the mistress. What she demanded was that they should keep things clean and do their work promptly and systematically. When her new boy learned what she wanted he did his best to please her, and instead of a harsh taskmaster found her considerate and just. He stayed with her a year and a half, and might have stayed much longer, for he had made Mrs. Ruffner a kind friend, but for a new desire that stirred his

soul.

One day, while in the coal mine, he had heard two miners talking about a great school for colored people somewhere in Virginia. He heard also that worthy students could work out part of their board and be taught a useful trade. The news filled him with an intense eagerness to go to this wonderful school, and in the fall of 1872, when he was thirteen or fourteen years old, he determined to get there if it was possible.

His mother strongly opposed the idea, and gave her consent only after long pleading. But the colored people of the vicinity favored it, education seeming to them like an inestimable treasure. Some of them helped the boy with a little money, and at length, with a very slender purse, he set out on his long journey to Hampton, five hundred miles away.

He had expected to ride there, but his first day's journey in the stage coach showed him that his funds would not carry him a fifth of the way, and he changed riding for walking, except when he could beg a ride. He reached the city of Richmond at length. His pockets were empty, and Hampton still far away. No lodging was to be had for a wandering colored urchin, and that night he slept under a raised part of the board sidewalk. The next day he earned a little money by helping unload a vessel at the wharves, and this he kept at for several days, still sleeping under the boards. Years afterwards, when he visited Richmond as a distinguished man, he sought out this spot in the streets and looked with pathetic interest upon his first sleeping place in Virginia's capital city. When he reached Hampton at length, he had just fifty cents with which to get an education in the famous institute.

A sorry picture was the vagrant student when he presented himself tremblingly before the head teacher of the

institute. Ill-clad, begrimed, hungry-looking, he waited with sinking heart while others were admitted, but no attention paid to him. At length, after a weary probation, the teacher looked him over disapprovingly, and put a broom into his hands, telling him to sweep one of the recitation-rooms. Now young Booker's severe training under Mrs. Ruffner served him well. He swept and dusted that room so thoroughly that when the teacher, a Yankee housewife, came in she could not find a speck of dust hiding anywhere. "I guess you will do to enter this institution," she said.

The boy had swept his way into her good graces. She offered him a position as janitor, which enabled him to pay his board, and was ever afterwards his good friend. General Armstrong, that faithful friend of the blacks who was at the head of the institution, was so pleased with the earnestness and intelligence of the boy, one of the youngest under his care, that he induced a friend to pay the $70 a year for the little lad's tuition, and thus he was fairly launched upon the highroad of education.

That Booker worked hard we may be assured. His diligence, fidelity, and studiousness won him friends on all sides. He got work outside during the vacations, and after two years paid a visit home, only to see his mother die. She had been a good mother to him, and he mourned her loss.

His term at Hampton ended in 1875, but his connection with the institution did not cease, for after a time he was made a teacher in the night-school and also put in charge of the Indian inmates. The opportunity of his life, for which he had been unwittingly preparing, came in 1881, while he was still night-school teacher at Hampton. An application had come to General Armstrong for some one to take charge of a colored normal school at Tuskegee, Alabama. The kindly superintendent, who knew well the capability of his night-

school teacher, offered him the position, and Booker, with some natural hesitation, agreed to try.

Tuskegee was a town of about two thousand population, nearly half of them colored. It was situated in the Black Belt of Alabama, negroes being plentiful and education sparse. The legislature had voted an annual appropriation of $2000 to pay the running expenses of the school, but when the new teacher reached Tuskegee he was disappointed to find that no building and no equipment had been provided. There were plenty of scholars, but that was all.

Booker went to work with a will, determined to make the most of his chance. The best place he could get for a school-house was an old shanty near the colored Methodist church, and here he opened with thirty students, ranging from fifteen to forty years of age, most of them having already served, in some fashion, as school-teachers. The roof was so leaky that when it rained one of the students had to hold an umbrella over him as he taught.

After three weeks Miss Olivia A. Davidson came to the school as a co-teacher a bright girl, with new ideas, who afterwards became Mr. Washington's wife. Booker Washington was a born man of business from the start. After he had been in Tuskegee for three months an abandoned plantation near by was offered for sale for the low sum of $500. He determined to obtain it if possible, and succeeded in borrowing from the treasurer of the Hampton Institute $250 for a first payment. The remaining sum was raised by various measures in time to make the final payment and secure the property.

The mansion house of the plantation had been burned down. The buildings remaining consisted of a cabin which had been used as the dining-room, a kitchen, a stable, and an old henhouse. The latter two were used for school

purposes, and the others as residences. The first animal obtained was an old, blind horse. It was the pioneer in a troop of animals which now embraces over two hundred horses, oxen, and cows, about seven hundred hogs, and many sheep and goats, while the original tumble-down buildings have been replaced by a large number of well-built structures, nearly all erected by the students themselves.

The new principal was a man of ambitious views and genius for affairs. His first daring undertaking was to build a $6000 school-house without a dollar of capital. But he had already won a reputation for ability and integrity and help came in. The necessary lumber was supplied by a dealer in the vicinity who insisted on sending it and waiting for pay. Contributions came from many sources, and the building was completed and paid for. By this time the strenuous and self-sacrificing efforts of the young teacher and the remarkable results he was achieving with the smallest means were becoming known and appreciated throughout the country, and aid began to come in from many sources. He made in subsequent years frequent lecturing tours in the North, describing with simple eloquence the character and needs of his work, and obtaining in this way the annual amount necessary for its prosecution.

His purpose was to develop at Tuskegee an educational and industrial school, teaching the essential elements of education while making each student familiar with some trade, and in this he has had so signal a success that he is looked upon as having solved the problem of the future of the negro in America. It has throughout been his purpose to make his students capable, self-supporting, and self-respecting, a design which has been carried out to a highly gratifying extent, while the present school at Tuskegee has given birth to various offsprings in which the same methods are

pursued.

All the ordinary trades are taught in the institution, especially the various branches of farming. Twenty-five separate industries are carried on by the students, the object being to train the colored youth in self-supporting occupations, while the girls are taught the branches most useful to them. Washington holds that the race problem will be solved when the negro becomes a valuable workman and financially independent, and he has done noble work in the effort to bring this about.

The leaky cabin with which he began is now superseded by forty or more handsome and well-adapted buildings, large and small, all but four of which have been erected by student labor, even to the making of the bricks and the sawing of the planks. The thirty students with whom he began have increased to over eleven hundred, and his solitary labors have been replaced by the work of some eighty instructors, while the old shanty of 1881 has grown in the short space of twenty years to an extensive group of edifices, and his fragment of meeting-house ground to a broad estate of 2460 acres, the whole valued at over $300,000, and with an endowment fund of $215,000. This looks like a magical result from the work of the ragged and penniless boy who made his way on foot to Hampton Institute in 1872, and we cannot but look upon Booker Washington as an extraordinary man.

This was the state of affairs in 1900. Since then the development has continued, and the endowment fund has been greatly increased by the generous gift from Andrew Carnegie of $600,000, to be used as Mr. Washington wishes, except that he and his wife shall be provided for out of its proceeds. Carnegie says of Mr. Washington: "To me he seems one of the greatest of living men, because his work is unique, the modern Moses who leads his race and lifts it

through education to even better and higher things than a land overflowing with milk and honey. History is to tell of two Washingtons, one white, the other black, both fathers of their people."

Carnegie is not alone in this opinion. There are many who look upon Booker T. Washington as one of the greatest of living men. He has won the respect and admiration of the South as well as of the North. He went far to win the South by his highly effective address at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition of 1895. The Boston Transcript said of this speech: "It seems to have dwarfed all the other proceedings and the Exposition itself. The sensation it has caused in the press has never been equaled." Its purpose was to show how the whites and blacks could live together in harmony in the South.

Since then Tuskegee has become a place of pilgrimage for our Presidents on their journeys through the land. President McKinley visited it, with the general approbation of the people, and in 1905 President Roosevelt did the same. In history there are few examples of so remarkable a career as that of this Moses of the negro race.

James Jerome Hill*
1838-1916

The cotton gin of Eli Whitney soon caused the amount of cotton raised to increase greatly, and this made clothing cheaper and more plentiful. The reaper invented by Cyrus H. McCormick enabled the farmers to grow a much greater amount of wheat, and so give every one enough white bread. In the East there were some short lines of railroad, but elsewhere there was still no way to send clothing or machinery or food overland except the slow method of hauling it in wagons drawn by horses. The next man we are to read about built railroads to carry these inventions and products across the country.

James J. Hill was born in the province of Ontario in Canada, September 16, 1838. His father was a farmer and James's boyhood was spent in the country and in a small village.

At the age of five he started to school, walking two and a half miles, even on the coldest winter mornings. He had a good teacher and he was a faithful pupil. He really preferred reading to play, and he was fortunate in having a few good books. Newspapers and books were rare in that new country, where people had little time for reading, but James's father owned the works of Shakespeare, the poems of Burns, a Bible, and a dictionary.

At ten the boy entered the Rockwood Academy, where

* From *Founders and Builders of Our Nation*, by Helen Mehard Davidson

he studied English literature, Latin, Greek, algebra, and geometry. At thirteen he read a life of Napoleon, which influenced him greatly. He realized the power of perseverance and self-confidence. He made up his mind that success was possible to any one if he had the will to carry his plans through.

He was fond of outdoor exercise and sports, especially hunting and fishing. He continued to hunt and fish in the vacations all through his busy life, and he never lost his pleasure in these sports.

When James was fourteen the death of his father compelled him to leave school and he became a clerk in a village store. At the end of his first four weeks of work he received his pay.

"I never felt so rich," he said; "I never expect to feel so rich again in my life, as when I looked at those four dollars and when I handed them over to my mother."

He worked faithfully and his employer, an elderly Scotchman who was not given to praise, said to him:

"If ye keep on ye'll make your way in the world."

The Youth Goes West

At seventeen he left home and started west, intending to go at least as far as the Pacific Coast. He even thought of becoming a sailor and visiting the countries of the Orient. To cross the country in those days was a great undertaking. The only railroads were a few short lines in the East. Where it was not possible to go by boat, men had to ride on horseback or in the covered wagons called prairie schooners. There were no good wagon roads and on such a journey it took weeks to go from New England to the Mississippi. Chicago was only a village, and west of the Mississippi lay an unknown wilderness.

But the youth set out with great hopes and high ambitions. He had gone only as far as Syracuse, New York, when the few dollars he had started with were used up, and he found himself penniless. But this was not a great difficulty to a strong young man who had set out to see the world. He went to work with a will and earned the money for his journey as he went west.

Hill reached St. Paul in July, 1856, expecting to join a party of hunters and go with them to the Pacific Coast. To his disappointment he found when he arrived that the last party had left and there would not be another expedition west until the following spring.

He went to work in St. Paul, which was not much more than a trading post. But it was an important settlement for several reasons. It was an outpost in the great Northwest, and hither traders from long distances brought their valuable pelts and furs. It was on the Mississippi, and already a line of steamboats was running daily between this town and Galena, Ill. New settlers were constantly coming to Minnesota, and this territory hoped soon to be admitted as a state.

All this meant progress and was of great interest to the bright young man. He became a clerk in the office of the steamboat company and throughout the remainder of his life his chief interest was in transportation.

His leisure time was spent mostly in reading and he acquired a fund of general information. The story is told that he once offered to sit up at night with a sick friend. He read a book on engineering steadily all night long. When asked if he intended to be an engineer Hill said:

"I do not know. You see, I am only a young man yet, and a knowledge of engineering may prove useful some day."

He not only read a great deal but he remembered what he read, storing in his mind information which would be

useful in the future. He understood the machinery of the steamboat; he learned business methods; he studied the materials and uses of different coals; and he informed himself upon the best methods of farming.

With all his study he loved fun, and made good friends who liked his jokes and appreciated his kindness and generosity.

When the news of the outbreak of the Civil War reached the far Northwest, Hill was fired with patriotism and set to work to raise a company of cavalry. He also joined the "Pioneer Guards" — a company of volunteers – and hoped to belong to the First Minnesota Regiment. In this he was disappointed because he could not pass the physical examination. While still a boy he had lost the sight of one eye in an accident, and now this prevented his entering the army. He had to content himself with doing all he could for the soldiers.

Travel in the Northwest

He succeeded as a clerk and advanced in business, always planning for better transportation for the great Northwest. By 1865 he was in business for himself and in 1871 he had established a steamboat line on the Red River as far north as Winnipeg. He made his first trip to Winnipeg overland through the deep snow with a dog team. He took many-such journeys, one of which he wrote about as follows:

> I remember my first trip out of North Dakota. I had slept at Tongue River in the northern part of the state, and it was a gray, misty morning. I was on horseback and had an Indian guide, and he had a cart and an extra pony. I know that I fell asleep on horseback, and the horse awoke me by snorting. I looked ahead, and in the fog, sitting on a knoll, was a wolf. I thought

> that wolf was bigger than a horse. He got up, looked over his shoulder at me, walked away, and I haven't seen him since.
>
> Down near Georgetown I was crossing on ice which looked as though it might be all right. All of a sudden it gave way, and as I didn't know how deep the water was, I had occasion to think of all the good things and all the bad things I had ever done between the time I started down and when I struck ground, with the water reaching to my vest pockets. It was hard work getting back to the ice again, but at last I got on a small pile of earth, heaped up by a beaver when the water was not so high, and by that help was able to get up again and continue to Georgetown.

Hill now owned the only system of freight and passenger traffic between St. Paul and Winnipeg, but the method was slow. For some distance people had to travel by big sleds or on horseback, while packages were hauled by ox team. The traffic was fast outgrowing this method of transportation, and two rival railroads were planning to extend their lines clear up into Canada.

The Railroad King

Then Hill's opportunity came. With his partners, Kittson and Smith, he bought the small railroad known as the St. Paul and Pacific. This purchase took every dollar the firm had, and was a great risk. The other two men were doubtful and would never have consented to the undertaking if Hill had not persuaded them by his enthusiasm.

His knowledge of the Red River country, which he had explored years before with his team of dogs, and his experience in transportation, were needed now. He used them so well that in a few months he and his partners were making money out of their railroad.

But Hill had an ambition much greater than money-making. He wanted to see a railroad reaching across the United States from coast to coast. He realized what such a railway system would mean to the country. The railroad was necessary to open up the Northwest to settlers. The gold of California, the fruit of Washington and Oregon, the wheat of southern Canada — all these needed a railroad to carry them to the East.

After Hill became joint owner in his first railroad he bent his energies to the one thing he wanted to accomplish. In 1893 the Northern Pacific was completed to the Pacific Coast. This connected with the eastern lines so that the railroad reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A few years later he held more interest than anyone else in three different railway systems, and was called the railroad king.

He succeeded because he would not be defeated and because of his knowledge of men, his thorough understanding of business, his ability to look ahead, and his fearlessness. In great things as well as small he was absolutely honest. When he was tempted to do a dishonest thing he replied, "It was not necessary to bribe me to do the fair and respectable thing toward so close a neighbor as the Union Pacific; and, on the other hand, I could not be bribed to do wrong in any way."

Our Debt to Hill

By building his railroad Hill hastened the settlement of the Northwest and also its development. He added greatly to the wealth and prosperity of our country. He opened the way to the most wonderful scenery in America — that in the Canadian Rockies — and made it possible for people living anywhere in the United States to journey quickly, easily, and comfortably to such beautiful places as Glacier

National Park.

In five days now one can travel from New York to San Francisco, and letters come and go as quickly. The oranges and grapes of California and the apples of Washington are sent all over the United States and arrive fresh and delicious. These and many other advantages are ours because of the railroads which now reach everywhere.

Hill long ago saw the need for saving or conservation, of which we now hear so much. He wrote: "The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the coming of a day when we shall not have enough food for our people. The farmers must save food in the future just as they built up great stores of it in the past."

Jane Addams*
1860-1935

Jane Addams spent her childhood on a farm near the small town of Cedarville, Illinois. Her father was the village miller, and she liked to go to the mill with him and see the grain made into flour.

Her home was a comfortable farm-house with wide, open spaces around it. When she saw small houses crowded together in a city, she asked her father why people lived in dirty, ugly places.

She was not satisfied with his answer, and said, "When I grow up I shall have a large house but it will not be built among other large houses. It will be right in the midst of the horrid little houses." She was not strong as a child, and became sensitive and thoughtful. She had a dreadful fear of doing wrong, and once, when she had told a lie, she could not sleep. She crept down the dark stairs, through the still darker hall, and found her father. When she had confessed her sin, he said, "If I have a little girl who told a lie, I am glad that she feels too badly to go to sleep afterwards."

Jane admired her father greatly and felt unworthy to be his child. She considered him tall and handsome and herself undersized and ugly. She imagined he was ashamed of her and did not want people to know she was his child. She would slip out of church and walk home with her uncle so her father would not have to walk with her. But one day

* From *Founders and Builders of Our Nation*, by Helen Mehard Davidson

when she had gone alone to the village she met her father, unexpectedly. He was talking with several men but he stopped to smile at her and bow politely. This delighted the shy child and helped her to realize that her father was her good friend.

As Jane grew older he talked over with her the events of the day. He encouraged her studies, especially history. Once to increase her interest he offered her five cents for every account she could give of a Greek hero, and ten for her story of the life of any signer of the Declaration of Independence. The offer was eagerly accepted, for it made history a game.

She went to the village school and studied hard. She always planned to go to college, and when she was seventeen she entered Rockford College. While there she planned to study medicine and she did begin a medical course. But she was not strong enough for this work, and had to give it up.

Her Trip to Europe

After she had grown stronger she took a trip to Europe with a friend, Miss Ellen Gates Starr. They made great plans for sightseeing in the Old World. They wanted especially to visit the spots of historic interest and see the paintings and statuary. But in the first large city they visited, Jane Addams found poverty and suffering greater than she had ever dreamed of. So impressed with this was she that she lost interest in travel merely for enjoyment. She felt she must do something to make life better for the very poor and she came back to America. Two years later she went abroad again, but this time it was to study how she could best help the poor people.

Hull House

Jane Addams turned to Chicago because she felt the

poor in a great city were so much worse off than those in smaller places. She and Miss Starr found a large house surrounded by tenement buildings occupied mostly by foreigners. Once it had stood alone in a large yard but the city had gradually grown up around it.

This house had been built by a Mr. Hull and was still called the Hull house. Miss Addams and her friend went to live in it. Because they settled there to live among the poor people, it was called a settlement.

A few repairs were all that was needed to make it a pleasant home. There was a cheerful big fireplace in the large hall which they took for a living-room. Miss Addams added to the furnishings pictures and books of her own to make it as homelike as possible. It was ready and opened in September, 1889.

There was a two-fold purpose in the Hull House plan. The House was first of all to be a friendly home for the poor neighbors, a place where they could find comfort and happiness. These neighbors were mostly immigrant families who had only recently come to America. Their lot was hard to hear, especially in the case of the women and children. The men soon found work and gradually learned enough English to understand and be understood. But the women had to stay at home and work hard in these strange surroundings. Usually there were several little children. To be transplanted from the country into a big city of another land was a great change, and these women needed to learn about the different living conditions. They needed to know how to cook the strange foods, how to get about on street cars, how to care for their babies in the city. They needed very much to learn English so they could talk with their neighbors, who had come from some other foreign country. Most of all they needed friends who would teach them these things and

show them how to be good Americans. This is what the residents of Hull House intended to do.

The second object of the settlement was to furnish opportunities for service. Men and women responded enthusiastically to the idea, and Hull House was soon filled with eager teachers and workers.

By visiting their neighbors in a friendly way the Hull House workers were able to get them to improve their ways of living. The settlement offered games, reading and parties to give the young people entertainment and the right sort of fun. The beauty of the House itself was a constant appeal to the visitors' artistic natures. Best of all, the neighbors felt that the residents at the settlement had a sympathetic interest in their lives, and that they had found friends in this strange land.

Educational Work

Through her work among the immigrants, Miss Addams came to realize their longing for knowledge. Some of the people who had come to live and work at Hull House were young men and women just out of college. Eagerly they set to work to organize literary clubs and classes for study. They had a Shakespeare, a Browning, and a Dante club. One day a foreign woman told Miss Addams that her mind was so filled with Shakespeare's characters during her long hours of sewing in a shop that she could not remember what she thought about before she joined the club.

There was a reading circle where they read and talked over good books. This was of great help to the foreigners in speaking and understanding English. There were also clubs in which they discussed politics. These discussions helped the immigrants to understand the means of government in America, and to be better citizens.

There was a kindergarten for the little children, and a day nursery for the still younger ones. Many of these mothers went out to work by the day, and had been obliged to leave their little children at home alone. Some terrible accidents had resulted, children had fallen and others had burned themselves. How gladly these working mothers must have welcomed a place where their children could be safe and happy while they were away!

There were clubs for boys where they learned wood-carving, metal work, photography, printing, and shoe repairing. The girls had courses in cooking, sewing, and millinery.

Jane Addams did not forget that people all need good, wholesome fun. Hull House was open to the neighborhood and here they gave their parties and their entertainments. There were dances, concerts, and children's parties.

Neighborhood Improvements

Soon the work spread throughout the neighborhood. Living conditions in these tenements were bad. There were filth and darkness and there were flies. Jane Addams began a systematic cleaning-up of the whole district. She took upon herself the disagreeable task of garbage inspection. With volunteer club women to help she appealed to the city council and got the streets paved. Some of the worst houses were torn down and room made for a public playground for the children. Healthful plumbing was insisted upon everywhere.

A gymnasium was built as a part of the settlement, which soon came to consist of a number of buildings. In one there were pictures — copies of the world's great masterpieces — and photographs of famous buildings. This art gallery formed a connecting link for the immigrant between the old home and the new, for many of them were familiar with the art galleries of Europe.

JANE ADDAMS

A Maker of Americans

The goal of all Jane Addams's plans is the making of Americans, and it is because of this that she stands among the Builders of Our Nation. No one can ever know how many sick babies have been saved by the workers from Hull House, how many boys and girls have been taught to love America and appreciate the opportunities our country offers to them, or how many men and women have become good citizens through her efforts.

A Lonely Life on the Frontier*

A European traveler lately visited the Territory of Montana—abandoning the beaten trail, in company only with an Indian guide, for he was a bold and fearless explorer. He struck across the mountains, traveling for two days without seeing the sign of a human being.

Just at dusk, on the evening of the second day, he drew rein on the summit of one of those lofty hills which form the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. The solitude was awful. As far as the eye could see stretched an unbroken succession of mountain peaks, bare of forest—a wilderness of rocks with stunted trees at their base, and deep ravines where no streams were running. In all this desolate scene there was no sign of a living thing.

While they were tethering their horses and preparing for the night, the sharp eyes of the Indian guide caught sight of a gleam of light at the bottom of a deep gorge beneath them. Descending the declivity, they reached a cabin rudely built of dead wood, which seemed to have been brought down by the spring rains from the hillsides to the west.

Knocking at the door, it was opened by a woman, holding in her arms a child of six months. The woman appeared to be fifty years of age, but she was in reality only thirty. Casting a searching look upon the traveler and his companion, she asked them to enter.

The cabin was divided into two apartments, a kitchen, which also served for a storeroom, dining room, and sitting

* From *Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

room; the other was the chamber, or rather bunk room, where the family slept. Five children came tumbling out from this latter apartment as the traveler entered, and greeted him with a stare of childlike curiosity.

The woman asked them to be seated on blocks of wood, which served for chairs, and soon threw off her reserve and told them her story, while they awaited the return of her husband from the nearest village, some thirty miles distant, whither he had gone the day before to dispose of the gold dust which he had "panned out" from a gulch near by.

He was a miner. Four years before he had come with his family from the East, and pushing on in advance of the main movement of emigration in the territory, had discovered a rich gold placer in this lonely gorge.

While he had been working in this placer, his wife had with her own hands turned up the soil in the valley below and raised all the corn and potatoes required for the support of the family; she had done the housework, and had made all the clothes for the family.

Once when her husband was sick, she had ridden thirty miles for medicine. It was a dreary ride, she said, for the road, or rather trail, was very rough, and her husband was in a burning fever. She left him in charge of her oldest child, a girl of eleven years, but she was a bright, helpful little creature, able to wait upon the sick man and feed the other children during the two days' absence of her mother.

Next summer they were to build a house lower down the valley and would be joined by three other families of their kindred from the East.

"When we first came there was no end of bears and wolves, and we could hear them howling all night long. Winter nights the wolves would come and drum on the door with their paws and whine as if they wanted to eat up the

children. Husband shot ten and I shot six, and after that we were troubled no more with them.

"We have no schools here, as you see," continued she; "but I have taught my three oldest children to read since we came here, and every Sunday we have family prayers. Husband reads a verse in the Bible, and then I and the children read a verse in turn, till we finish a whole chapter. Then I make the children, all but baby, repeat a verse over and over till they have it by heart; the Scripture promises do comfort us all, even the littlest one who can only lisp them.

"Sometimes on Sunday morning I take all the children to the top of that hill yonder and look at the sun as it comes up over the mountains, and I think of the old folks at home and all our friends in the East. The hardest thing to bear is the solitude. We are awful lonesome. Once, for eighteen months, I never saw the face of a white person except those of my husband and children. It makes me laugh and cry too when I see a strange face.

"But I am too busy to think much about it daytimes. I must wash, and boil, and bake, or look after the cows which wander off in search of pasture; or go into the valley and hoe the corn and potatoes, or cut the wood; for husband makes his ten or fifteen dollars a day panning out dust up the mountain, and I know that whenever I want him I have only to blow the horn and he will come down to me. So I tend to business here and let him get gold.

"In five or six years we shall have a nice house farther down and shall want for nothing. We shall have a saw-mill next spring started on the run below, and folks are going to join us from the States."

The woman who told this story of dangers and hardships amid the Rocky Mountains was of a slight, frail figure. She had evidently been once possessed of more than ordinary

attractions; but the cares of maternity and the toils of frontier life had bowed her delicate frame and engraved premature wrinkles upon her face: she was old before her time, but her spirit was as dauntless and her will to do and dare for her loved ones was as firm as that of any of the heroines whom history has made so famous.

She had been reared in luxury in one of the towns of central New York, and till she was eighteen years old had never known what toil and trouble were.

Her husband was a true type of the American explorer and possessed in his wife a fit companion; and when he determined to push his fortune among the Western wilds she accompanied him cheerfully; already they had accumulated five thousand dollars, which was safely deposited in the bank; they were rearing a band of sturdy little pioneers; they had planted an outpost in a region teeming with mineral wealth, and around them is now growing up a thriving village of which this heroic couple are soon to be the patriarchs. All honor to the names of Mr. and Mrs. James Manning, the pioneers of Montana.

The traveler and his guide, declining the hospitality which this brave matron tendered them, soon returned to their camp on the hill-top; but the Englishman made notes of the pioneer woman's story, and pondered over it, for he saw in it an epitome of frontier life.

A Daring Rescue Across the Rocky Mountains*

Both Mr. Hinman and his wife were scions of that hardy stock which had, even before the Revolutionary War, set out from Connecticut, and, cutting their way through the forest, had crossed the Alleghany Mountains and river, and pitched their camp in the rich valley of the Muskingum, near the site of the present city of Marietta. Both had also grown up amid the surroundings of true frontier life, and were endowed with faculties, as well as fitted by experience, to engage in the bold enterprise wherein they were now embarked, namely, to cross the Rocky Mountains with a single ox team and establish themselves in the fertile vale of the Willamette in Oregon.

The spare but well-knit frame, the swarthy skin, the prominent features, the deep-set eyes, the alert and yet composed manner; marked in them the true type of the born borderer. To these physical traits were united the qualities of mind and heart which are equally characteristic of the class to which they belonged; an apparent insensibility to fear, a capacity for endurance that exists in the moral nature rather than in the body, and a self-reliance that never faltered, formed a combination which fitted them to cope with the difficulties that environed their perilous project.

As early in the spring of 1845 as the ground would permit, they re-packed their goods and stores, hung out the

* From *Women on the American Frontier*, by William Fowler

white sails of their prairie schooner and pursued their journey up the north fork of the Platte, crossed the Red Buttes, went through Devil's Gate, skirted the banks of the Sweet Water River, and winding through the great South Pass, diverted their course to the north in the direction of the headwaters of Snake River, which would guide them by its current to the Columbia.

At this stage in their journey they consulted a rough map of the route on which two trails were laid down, either of which would lead to the stream they were seeking. With characteristic boldness they chose the shorter and more difficult trail.

Following its tortuous course in a northwesterly direction they reached a point where the path was barely wide enough for the wagon to pass, and was bounded on the one side by a wall of rock and on the other by a ragged precipice descending hundreds of feet into a dark ravine.

Here Mrs. Hinman dismounted from her seat in the wagon to assist in conducting the team past this dangerous point. Her husband stood between the oxen and the precipice when the hind wheel of the wagon slipped on a smooth stone, the vehicle tilted and being top-heavy upset and was precipitated into the abyss, dragging with it the oxen who, in their fall, carried down Mr. Hinman who stood beside the wheel yoke.

He gave a loud cry as he fell, and gazing horror-stricken over the brink Mrs. Hinman saw him bounding from rock to rock preceded by the wagon and oxen which rolled over and over till they disappeared from view.

In the awful stillness of that solitude the beating of her heart became audible as she rapidly reviewed her terrible situation, and taxed her mind to know what she should do. Summoning up all her resolution she ran swiftly along the

edge of the precipice in search of a place where she could descend, in the hope that by some rare good fortune her husband might have survived his fall. Half a mile back of the spot where the accident occurred she found a more gradual descent into the ravine, and here, by swinging herself from bush to bush she managed at length with the utmost difficulty and danger to reach the bottom of the ravine, but could find there no trace either of her husband or of the ox team.

Scanning the face of the precipice she saw, at last, one hundred feet above her the wreck of the wagon, and the bodies of the oxen, which had landed upon a projecting ledge.

At great risk of being dashed to pieces, she succeeded in climbing to the spot. The patient beasts which had carried them so far upon their way were crushed to a jelly; among the remains of the wagon scarcely a vestige appeared of the furniture, utensils, and stores with which it was laden. She marked the track it had made in its descent, and digging her fingers and toes into the crevices of the rock, and drawing herself from point to point in a zigzag course, by means of bushes and projecting stones, she slowly scaled the declivity and reached a narrow ledge some three hundred feet from the ravine, where she paused to take breath.

A low moan directed her eyes to a clump of bushes some fifty feet above her, and there she caught sight of a limp arm hanging among the stunted foliage. Climbing to the spot she found her husband breathing but unconscious. He was shockingly bruised, and although no bones had been broken, the purple current trickling slowly from his mouth showed that some internal organ had been injured.

While there is life there is hope. If he could be placed in a comfortable position he might still revive and live. Feeling

in his breast pocket she found a leather flask filled with whisky with which she bathed his face after pouring a large draught down his throat. In a few moments he revived sufficiently to comprehend his situation.

"Don't leave me, Jane," whispered the suffering man, "I shan't keep you long." It was unnecessary to prefer such a request to a woman who had gone through such perils to save one whom, she loved dearer than life. "I'll bring you out safe and sound, Jack," returned she, "or die right here with you."

While racking her brain for means to remove him fifty feet lower to the ledge from which she had first spied him, a welcome sight met her eye. It was the axe and the coil of rope which had fallen from the wagon during its descent, and now lay within easy reach. Passing the rope several times around his body so as to form a sling she cut a stout bush, and trimming it, made a stake which she firmly fastened into a crevice, and with, an exertion of strength, such as her loving and resolute heart could have alone inspired her to put forth, she extricated him from his position, and laying the ends of the rope over the stake gently lowered him to the ledge, and gathering moss made a pillow for his bleeding head. Then descending to the spot where the carcasses of the oxen lay she quickly flayed one, and cutting off a large piece of flesh she ransacked the wreck of the wagon and found a blanket and a pot. Returning to her husband she kindled a fire, and made broth with some water which she found in the hollow of a rock.

Gathering moss and lichens she made a comfortable couch upon the rock, and gently stretched her groaning patient upon it, covering him with the blanket for the mountain air was chill even in that August afternoon. The wounded man's breathing grew more regular, the bloody

ooze no longer flowed from his white lips, but his frame was still racked by agonizing pains.

The hours sped away as the devoted wife bent over him; the height of the mountains in that region materially shortens the day to such as are in the valleys, but though the sun sets early behind the western summits twilight lingers long after his departure. When the orb of day had disappeared, Mrs. H. still viewed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, the savage grandeur of the mountains which lifted their heads still glittering in the passing light; and gazing into the profound below she watched the shades as they deepened to blackness.

The ledge on which the forlorn pair lay was barely four feet wide and less than ten feet long. There, on the face of that precipice, one hundred miles from the nearest settlement, all through the lonely watches of the night, the strong-hearted wife, with tear-dimmed eyes, hung over the sufferer. Many a silent prayer in the weary hours of that moonless night did she send up to the Father of mercies. Many a plan for bringing succor or for alleviating pain on the morrow did she devise.

Willpower is the most potent factor in giving a satisfactory solution of the problem of vitality. Just as the gray light was shimmering in the eastern sky the wounded man moaned as if he wished to speak. His wife understood that language of pain and weakness, and placed her ear to his lips. "I won't die, Jane," he said scarcely above a whisper. "You shan't die, Jack," was the reply. A great hope dawned like a sun upon her as those four magic syllables were uttered.

He fell into a doze, and when he woke the sun was up. "Can you stay here all alone for a few hours," inquired Mrs. H., after feeding her patient, "I am going to see if I can fetch

some one to help us out of this." "Go," he answered. Placing the flask and broth within reach of her husband, and kissing him, she sprang up the acclivity as though she had wings, reached the trail and sped along it southward. Fifteen miles would bring her to the spot where the two trails met: here she hoped to meet some wayfaring train of emigrants, or some party of hunters coursing through the defiles of the mountains.

Sooner than she expected, after reaching the fork, her wish was gratified. In less than half an hour six hunters came up with her, and, hearing her story, three of them volunteered to go and bring her husband to their cabin, which stood half a mile away from the trail. A horse was furnished to Mrs. H., and the three hunters and she rode rapidly to the scene of the disaster.

Skipping down the declivity like chamois, and helping their brave companion, who was now quite fatigued with her exertion, they reached the rocky shelf. The mountain air and the delicious consciousness that he would live, coupled with implicit confidence in the success of his wife's errand, had acted like a charm on the vigorous organization of the wounded man, and he begged that he might be immediately removed.

He was accordingly carried carefully to the trail, and placed astride of one of the horses in front of one of the hunters. After a slow march of four hours, he was safely stowed in the cabin of the hunters, where, in a few weeks, he entirely recovered from his injuries.

It might be readily supposed after such a grave experience of the dangers of mountain life, that our heroine and her husband would have been inclined to return to their old home on the sunny prairies of Illinois. On the contrary, they strongly desired to continue the prosecution of their Oregon

enterprise, and were only prevented from carrying it out by the lack of a team and the necessary utensils, etc.

The hunters, learning their wishes, returned to the scene of the mishap, and scoured the side of the mountain in search of the articles which had been thrown from the wagon in its descent. They succeeded in recovering uninjured a large number of articles, including a few which still remained in the wrecked vehicle. Then clubbing together, they made up a purse and bought two pair of oxen and a wagon from a passing train of emigrants, who also generously contributed articles for the use and comfort of the resolute but unfortunate pair.

Such deeds of charity are habitual with the men and women of the frontier, and the farther west one goes the more spontaneously and warmly does the heart bound to relieve the sufferings and supply the wants of the unfortunate, particularly of those who have been injured or reduced while battling with the hardships and dangers incident to a wild country. The more rugged the region on our western border, the more boundless becomes the sympathetic faculty of its inhabitants. Nowhere is a large and unselfish charity more lavishly exercised than among the Rocky Mountain men and women. Free as the breezes that sweep those towering summits, warm as the sun of midsummer, bright as the icy peaks which lift themselves into the sky, the spirit of loving kindness for the unfortunate animates the bosoms of the sons and daughters of that mountain land.

After wintering with their hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman pursued their journey the following spring, and, after a toilsome march, attended by no further startling incidents, reached their destination in Oregon.

There in their new home, which Mrs. H., by her industry

and watchfulness, contributed so largely to make, they found ample scope for the exercise of those qualities which they had proved themselves to possess. It is men and women like these whom we must thank for building up our empire on that far off coast.

The Case of Mr. Tweed*

An actual case may serve to illustrate the danger to the people when public officers become thieves. William M. Tweed, an officer in the city of New York, and a few associates in office, began to take money from the public treasury. They used the money thus obtained to get control of the other offices of the city and of the state of New York. The control of more offices gave them more money. In a few years they controlled the chief offices of the city; they controlled the state legislature, and the chief courts of the city and the state. The possession of these great offices enabled them to steal more money, and to inflict a greater injury upon the people in a single year than it would be possible for common thieves to do in a hundred years. These bold criminals having control of the chief offices in a great state had formed a plan by which they might gain control of the government of the United States. Before this part of their plan could be carried into effect they were found out. It is said that when Mr. Tweed was confronted with the evidence of his guilt he asked in a tone of defiance, "What are you going to do about it?" The people answered this question by making him a fugitive from justice for a few years, and then, a prisoner till he died.

Mr. Tweed thought that he had so many judges and so many powerful friends who would befriend him, that he had so many millions of dollars in money which he had stolen from the people, and with which he could hire so many

* From *First Lessons in Civil Government*, by Jesse Macy

newspapers to speak well of him, that it was impossible for the people whose laws he had violated to do anything to punish him. But the people of New York were fortunate when the evidence of the guilt of Mr. Tweed came into the hands of an honest man, and they were still more fortunate that that honest man had command of a great daily paper.

The Honest Editor

Mr. George Jones was the owner of the New York Times and the evidence of the guilt of Mr. Tweed came into his possession. As soon as Mr. Tweed knew of this he sent an agent to Mr. Jones and offered to pay him five millions of dollars if he would not publish the evidence. The agent said to Mr. Jones, "With five millions of dollars you could go abroad and live like a prince." Mr. Jones replied, "If I should take your money I should after that always know that I was a villain." Mr. Jones published the evidence. The people arose in their might and drove the thieves from office.

Which is better — to be a poor man, and at the same time conscious of being honest and upright, or a rich man, who knows himself to be a villain? We know well that there is but one right answer to this question. Each of us ought to answer strongly and decidedly, "For me, I will be poor and honest rather than rich and dishonest." If at any time we find that we are in doubt as to which we would rather be, we may know at once that we have already begun to have the thoughts of a villain. A truly honest man never has any doubt about a question of that sort.

Why Did the Good Citizens Allow the Tweed Ring to Rob Them?

Before the evidences of guilt against the Tweed ring came into the hands of Mr. Jones, there were thousands of

good citizens in the state of New York who believed that the people were being robbed by the officers of city and state. Many of these good people believed that the sort of crime that was being practiced was more dangerous to their country than an invading army would be. They believed, too, that if they would only unite and put themselves to a little trouble, the wrong might be found out and corrected. Yet, knowing and believing all this, the habit of neglecting public duty was so strong that they allowed the crime to go on for years. This is one of the reasons why I think it is easier to teach a citizen to die for his country in a time of one sort of danger, than it is to get him to change a bad habit of neglecting public duty, when to do his duty would only cause him a very little trouble.

God Give Us Men

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And dam his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J.G. Holland
(Heart Throbs, 1905)

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