

A decorative border surrounds the central text. At the top left is a profile of a woman's head. At the top right is a man in a hat. On the right side, there are three circular portraits of historical figures: a woman, a man in a military-style uniform, and another man in a hat. The border is filled with intricate floral and leaf patterns.

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AMERICA FIRST

**STORIES FROM OUR
HISTORY**

By

LAWTON B. EVANS



**Chosen and edited for
A Gentle Feast by Julie H Ross**



INTRODUCTION

When children advance beyond the nursery age, no story is so wonderful as a true story. Fiction to them is never as appealing as fact. I have often been faced with the inquiry: whether or not a story is a true one. The look of gratification, when told that "it actually happened," was most satisfying to me as a story-teller.

The nearer a story is to the life and traditions of the child, the more eagerly it is attended. True stories about our own people, about our neighbors and friends, and about our own country at large, are more interesting than true stories of remote places and people. We naturally are interested in our own affairs, and the nearer they are to us the greater the interest we feel.

That history is just a long, thrilling story of the trials and triumphs of pioneers and patriots is well known to those who have had to do with the teaching of history to youthful minds. That the dry recital of political and governmental history

does not interest children is also well known. History should be made vital, vibrant, and personal if we expect children to be stirred by its study.

To gratify the love of children for the dramatic and picturesque, to satisfy them with stories that are true, and to make them familiar with the great characters in the history of their own country, is the purpose of this volume.

It is hoped that through appeal to youthful love of adventure, this collection of stories, covering the entire range of American history, will stimulate the ambition and strengthen the patriotism of those young citizens whose education has been the constant concern of the author for many years.

LAWTON B. EVANS

Augusta, Ga.

THE STORY OF ACADIA



Acadian expulsion By Henri Beau (ameriquefrancaise.org)
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THE STORY OF ACADIA

Once upon a time, in a land of the far north, which we now call Nova Scotia, there lived a company of French people whose ancestors, in

generations back, had come from France to make their homes in the New World.

They were very happy and peaceful, for they were industrious and frugal. In spring and summer there were bright flowers and abundance of fruits, while autumn brought a bounteous harvest. They desired nothing more than to be let alone in their homes, to pursue their daily labors undisturbed, and, on the Sabbath, to worship God in their own way. They called their country Acadia.

So the dark-eyed children wandered through the woods and orchards in the bright sunshine, and through the fields when the grain waved, and over the meadows where the cows tinkled their bells. The fathers of these boys and girls worked in the fields or in their shops; and built little houses by the side of the streams. Their mothers took care of the homes, nursed the babies, and made clothing for the winter.

All day long the colony was very busy. Not a soul who could do anything to help was idle; even the children, when not in school, and even after their hours of play, had their appointed tasks to do. At night the families would gather on the doorsteps, or in winter by the fires, and tell stories of their ancestors who lived in France.

Because their grandfathers and great-grandfathers

had left France to come to America, these people still loved the old country, and considered themselves to be French. They spoke French, dressed in French manner, and kept up the customs of the land in which their forefathers were born.

Thus, for a hundred and fifty years, lived these peasants in the happy valley of Acadia. There were about seven thousand of them, and to them the world, with its quarrels and wars, its rulers and conquests, was of no moment; they cared to have no part in it.

Times of trouble soon loomed up for the Acadians. The land in which they lived became an English possession, and the King of England was their lawful ruler. The simple Acadians, ignorant of dynasties and kings, and loving only the old France of their ancestors, refused to take the oath of allegiance to England.

“We are French people. Our great-grandfathers came from France. We speak French, and our priests tell us to love the land from which we sprang. We cannot forswear our beautiful France,” they said to the British officers.

An English Governor was sent to rule over the country. The French and Indian War commenced, and it was feared the Acadians would send help to the French, even though they promised to be neutral.

“We are French born, and therefore love the French people. You say we are now English subjects by treaty and cession of our land to England. Therefore, we pray you to let us be neutral; we do not want to enter this war, for we would not care to take sides against our King and our people,” replied the Acadians to their new Governor.

But the English were not satisfied with this, and decided upon the harsh measure of moving all the Acadians away from their homes. On the first day of June, 1755, a ship sailed into the Bay of Fundy, and anchored within a few miles of Beau Sejour, the only military post held by French troops.

It took short work to dispose of this fort. In a few months the troops were ready to carry out the order of the English government. The people were again asked if they would take the oath of allegiance to the British King, and again they said, “No.”

It was now August, and the waving fields of grain betokened the industry and thrift of the people. The cattle were lowing in the meadows, and the orchards were heavy with the ripening fruit. The green slopes were dotted with farm-houses, from whose chimneys came the curling smoke of busy housewives, and around whose

doors grew bright autumn flowers nodding to the laughter of little children.

A body of English troops encamped in the village of Grand Pré. An order was issued for all the men to gather at the church on a certain day, in order to hear a decree of the King. The bayonets of the soldiers showed plainly that the men had to obey.

Clad in homespun, wholly unarmed, and innocent of impending misfortune, the men came, at the sounding of the bell and the beating of the drums. Without, in the churchyard, were the women, sitting or standing among the graves of their dead.

Then there arrived the guard from the ship, and the soldiers entered the church. The door was closed, and the men waited in silence to hear the will of the King.

The Commander arose, and held up a paper bearing the royal seal. Then he spoke: "You are convened by his Majesty's orders to be told that all your lands, dwellings, and cattle of all kinds are forfeited to the Crown, and that you yourselves are to be transported from this Province to other lands. Even now you are prisoners."

The men listened to the voice of the Commander as if they did not hear him. They were silent for a moment in speechless wonder. Then, when they

understood the awful meaning of the order, louder and louder grew their wails of anger and sorrow. They rushed, with one impulse, to the door, but in vain; for the soldiers had barred the entrance and held it with their bayonets.

One man, a blacksmith, rose, with his arms uplifted and with his face flushed with passion. "Down with the tyrants of England! We have never sworn allegiance. Death to those foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!" he cried. But the merciless hand of a soldier smote him upon the mouth, and he was dragged to the pavement.

The order was carried out to the letter. In a few weeks, the population of the peaceful valley was launched upon the sea for unknown shores, while the lowing of cattle and the howling of dogs were the only sounds heard from the desolate homes that once were the scenes of peace and plenty.

Some of the people escaped to the woods and were not captured. The others were scattered among the English colonies all the way from Connecticut to Georgia. Many made their way back to Canada, while some few returned to their old homes in Acadia. A number found their way to Louisiana where, on the west bank of the Mississippi, their descendants may still be found.

BLACKBEARD, THE PIRATE

In the days before the Revolution, the high seas surrounding America were infested with robbers, called pirates. Their ships, manned by desperate men, and carrying cannon and arms for fighting, scoured the ocean highways, and attacked peaceable and slow sailing vessels, which they robbed of merchandise; often they killed the sailors and sank the ships.

These pirates had hiding-places along the coast, especially the inlets, where they landed for supplies, sold their prizes, or buried their treasures in secret. A pirate's life was full of adventure. So terrible was the menace from these robbers that every sailing vessel dreaded to meet them on their way across the ocean, or up and down the coast.

Among these pirates was a Captain whose real name was Thatch, but who was known as "Blackbeard." He wore a long black beard, of which he was very careful and proud, but which gave him a frightful look. Around his shoulders was a strap from which huge pistols hung, ready for use in case of battle. About his waist was a belt, holding his cutlass, which was so large and strong that, with one blow, he could cut off a man's head.

He was very cruel and wicked. He never hesitated to kill all the sailors on board a captured vessel, sometimes hanging them to the rigging, and often tying them securely and leaving them on their ship as it went to the bottom. Once he shot several of his own crew when they disobeyed him about a small matter.

The scene of his operations was around the shores of Virginia and North Carolina, and even as far south as the coast of Georgia. He had accomplices on shore, who bought his ill-gotten cargoes, supplied his ships with provisions, and his men with arms. He became so bold and terrible that the people of Virginia fitted out two ships to go after him and to destroy him, if they could.

Only vessels that could sail in shallow water near the coast were sent out, and these, under the command of Lieutenant Maynard. For many days the ships sailed around, looking for Blackbeard and his crew. After a while the pirate ship came into view, and hoisted her flag with the skull and cross bones, calling on Maynard to surrender. But instead, Maynard hung out his flag and dared the pirate to come on. Blackbeard drew near, and called out, "Give up your ship at once, I take no prisoners."

Maynard replied, "I shall not surrender, and I

shall not show you any mercy." With that the battle began.

Maynard, after sending most of his men into the hold of his ship for safety, ran alongside the pirate. Blackbeard fired a broadside into Maynard's vessel, and, seeing no men aboard, thought that every one was killed. He therefore ordered his own crew to take possession. When the pirates came aboard, swords in hand, Maynard's men sprang from the hold of their vessel, and desperate fighting began on the deck.

Blackbeard was shot five times, besides being wounded with sword cuts. He fought bravely, calling so loudly to his men, that his voice was heard above the roar of the battle. His pistol was soon emptied, and, seizing another, he leveled it at one of Maynard's men. Just then, however, he received a wound through the head and was instantly killed. His men were taken prisoners and the battle was ended.

Maynard hung the pirate's head before the bow of his ship, and sailed back to Virginia, where the people made a great celebration in honor of his victory.

SUNDAY IN THE COLONIES

All the Colonists were strict in the observance of worship. Sunday was a severe day, and everybody had to be on his best behavior. The first building used for church purposes was the fort, to which every one marched in a body, the men fully armed to protect the congregation from the Indians. Before the fort was finished, the people worshiped under trees, or in tents, or anywhere they could find a place. Many of the earliest meeting-houses were log huts, with mud between the cracks, and with thatched roofs.

These early churches had oiled paper in the windows. When glass was brought over, it was set in by nails, for there was no putty. Neither was there any paint, so the outside of every house was left to turn gray with the weather, or to become moss-covered from the dampness of the grove in which it was usually placed.

Rewards were paid for the killing of wolves, and any one who brought a wolf's head, nailed it to the outside wall of the church, and wrote his name under it. You can imagine what a grim sight the bloody trophies made. All sorts of notices were posted on the church doors, so that everybody

might see them — announcements of town meetings, of proposed marriages, of cattle sales, of rules against trading with the natives; in fact the church door took the place of the newspaper of to-day for spreading the news. It was the only means of advertisement.

In front of the church stood a row of hitching-posts and stepping stones, for nearly everybody rode to meeting. On the green, in front or to one side, were often placed the pillory, stock, and whipping-post.

There were many ways of calling the people to church, such as beating a drum, ringing a bell, or blowing a shell. Many of the churches had a drummer, who went up and down the streets, or else stood in the belfry and drummed. After the signal was given, a man went the rounds of the village, and looked in all the houses, to see that everybody who was able had gone to church. Woe betide the man who was late, or the boy who had skipped away to the woods!

The inside of a Colonial church was simple enough. Overhead, the rafters usually opened to the thatch or clapboard roof; the floors were of earth, or rough boards; and the pews or benches had straight backs and were hard. The pulpit was usually a high desk, reached by a staircase or

ladder, with a sounding board over it. There was no heat in these early churches, for a heating stove was unknown. The chill of the building, — dark and closed all the week, and damp from the shadowed grove, — was hard for every one to stand. To keep from suffering during the long service, the women put their feet in bags, made of fur and filled with wool. Dogs were allowed so that their masters might put their feet under them. In fact, churches appointed dog whippers to control the dogs or to drive them out if they became noisy and unbearable. Some of the women and children had foot stoves, which were little metal boxes on legs, with small holes in the top and sides, and with hot coals inside.

The services were very long, no matter how cold it was. The snow might be falling and the wind blowing, but the people had to wrap up in their furs, snuggle down in the benches, and listen to a sermon two or three hours long. Sometimes a single prayer lasted an hour, while the people knelt on the bare floor. When a church was dedicated, the sermon generally lasted three or four hours. We might well wonder what the preacher could find to say, that it took so long a time to say it!

There was a tithing-man, whose duty it was to

maintain order, and also to keep everybody awake. The men sat on one side of the church, the women sat on the other, while the boys and girls were made to sit near the pulpit. The tithing-man kept close watch for sleepers. He had a long stick, with a rabbit's foot on one end and a rabbit's tail on the other. If a man nodded, or a boy made a noise, the tithing-man struck him a sharp blow on the head. If an old lady closed her eyes, the tithing-man gently tickled her nose with the rabbit's tail. He was generally kept pretty busy toward the end of a long sermon!

During the noon intermission, in the winter time, the half frozen congregation went to the nearest house or tavern to get warm, and to eat a simple Sunday meal. In summertime, they sat on the green and talked in low, solemn tones. After two hours' intermission, the congregation assembled again, and the dreary service was resumed. The singing was very doleful. There were few books, so the deacon or leader gave out the hymn, a line or two at a time. Often, the singing of these psalms or hymns lasted a half-hour, during which the people stood. Altogether, we can easily see that a Sunday service, morning and afternoon, would last seven hours.

In all the Colonies, Sunday was strictly observed. Any unseemly conduct was punished by whipping or by fire. It was forbidden to fish, shoot, sail, row a boat, or do any kind of work on that day. Horses were used only to drive or ride to church. There was little or no cooking, but everybody ate cold food on the Lord's Day. No one was allowed to use tobacco near any meeting-house. The Sabbath began at sunset, on Saturday, and lasted until sunset, on Sunday.

After the Colonists grew better off, they built larger and better churches, sometimes of stone, or brick, and often beautiful in their stately architecture. Many of these churches are preserved at the present day, with their high pulpits, and their big, stiff back benches, or box pews, for the whole family. In all of them, however, the same severity of worship was observed, for it was thought thereby to make a God-fearing and God-serving people.

THE SALEM WITCHES

In olden times nearly everybody believed in witches. These witches were supposed to have sold their souls to the devil, and to have received from him power to ride through the air on broom-

sticks. With "the evil eye," they could make people ill, they could destroy cattle by mysterious diseases, they could blight the crops, and do other impossible and dreadful things. They were supposed to have meetings at night, when the devil came and they received the witches' sacrament. Consequently, everybody was afraid of a witch, and nobody wanted to be called one.

The witches were blamed for everything that went wrong. If children fell suddenly ill, if a horse became lame, if a house burned down, if the butter would not churn, if the cart stuck in the mud, the explanation always was, "A witch did it."

Generally, women, or old men, or ugly, deformed persons were accused of being witches; but sometimes suspicion fastened upon younger persons, and even upon those in high authority. To test whether a person was a witch or not, pins were stuck into the body to find a place where it did not hurt. These were spots where the devil's hands had touched the witch. Another test was by water. The supposed witch was thrown into the water; if she sank and was drowned, she was innocent; if she floated, she was assuredly a witch and must be burned.

The belief in witchcraft and in the punishing

of witches was nowhere stronger than in Salem, Massachusetts. The least suspicious circumstance was sufficient for an accusation. A young girl, thirteen years of age, accused a laundress of having stolen linen from the family. The mother of the laundress rebuked the girl severely for this false charge. The girl became immediately bewitched, or said she was, which amounted to the same thing. Others in her family began to act strangely. Some grew deaf, then dumb, then blind. They barked like dogs and purred like cats if anybody came near.

The town went wild with excitement over the bewitched family. The poor mother of the laundress, who was nothing but a harmless and illiterate old woman, and who had tried to defend her daughter from the charge of stealing linen, was accused of being a witch. She was tried, convicted, and executed.

Shortly afterwards, the child of the minister, nine years old, and his niece, twelve years old, began to act queerly and to suffer great pains. There was nothing the matter with them that a little medicine would not have cured, but they chose to think themselves bewitched. A mixed-race woman, a servant in the house, was also accused, and, being whipped, she tried to secure

her release by confessing that she was really a witch. Of course she was not, but the poor creature would say anything to save herself from torture. The two children were the two most conspicuous figures in the village; they had "fits" and everybody came to the house to see them. They were generally accommodating to all beholders!

An epidemic of witches now broke out in the village. Any one who desired notoriety, or who wished to wreak vengeance upon another, would fall down in a fit and cry out, "Witch! Witch!" The excited town folk would set upon the poor accused one, throw him in prison, and often string him up on the gallows.

An old farmer, who did not believe in witches, sadly beat his servant. "I'll flog the witch out of you," he cried; and before long the servant was perfectly well. But rightly this brought down the people's wrath upon the mean old farmer. They said, "He is a witch himself, for he rebukes the disease in others." And forthwith the farmer and his wife found themselves in the common jail.

So it went, until nineteen persons were put to death on the accusation of being witches. One poor old man, who stoutly maintained that nobody was a witch, was pressed to death between two doors!

One hundred and fifty people were thrown into prison; so many indeed that the jail was full to overflowing. Two hundred and more were accused and left outside the jail for lack of room. It seemed as though everybody in Salem, sooner or later, would have to stand trial for being a witch.

At last, when they began to accuse persons of high rank, such as one of the Judges, the wife of the Governor, and the wife of the minister himself, it brought the people to their senses. Suddenly it occurred to them what fools they had been. Then the jails were opened, and the poor people inside were set free, and allowed to go about their business. The children who pretended they were under a spell were punished; and soon there was nobody under accusation.

Since then, no one has really believed in witches. There never was, nor ever can be, such evil beings, and the people in Salem would have been spared much folly and misery if they had known it. In Salem, there stands to this day one of the old houses, and it is pointed out as "The Witch House."

TRAVELING BY STAGE-COACH

In early Colonial days, the pioneers had to walk or go by canoe from one village or settlement to another. Later on, the trails were improved to the extent that horses could be used; and for a long time this was the only means of travel. Women and children usually rode on a pillion, or on cushions behind a man. Sometimes pack horses followed, carrying the household goods, or provisions for the journey.

One way by which four persons could ride, at least part of the distance, was known as the "ride-and-tie system." Two of the four persons started ahead on foot. The other two, mounted on the saddle and pillion, rode about a mile past the two who were walking, dismounted, tied the horse and walked on. When the two, who had first started, came to the waiting horse, they mounted, rode on past the walking two ahead of them for a mile or more, dismounted, tied the horse and again proceeded to walk. In this way, all four rode half the distance, and the horse had a rest every few miles.

The mail, what there was of it, was carried by post-riders on horseback. The postage was very

high, and was paid for by the person receiving the letter, — if he ever received it! It took about a month to send a letter from New York to Boston, and to get a reply. The mail generally lay in the post-rider's house till he had enough to pay for the trip. When the mail was delivered, it was laid on the table at an inn, and any one could have his letter by paying the innkeeper the postage.

After the Revolution, the roads were widened and made better than the old trails. Hence, wagons, or stage-coaches, came into use for transportation. Traveling by stage-coach lasted until the time of the railroads, and indeed still later in some places in the West. The stage between New York and Philadelphia made the trip in two days, provided the weather was good. From New York to Boston took a week's hard riding.

A passenger from Boston to New York thus describes his journey:

“The carriages were old and shackling, and much of the harness made up of ropes. One pair of horses carried us eighteen miles. We generally reached our resting place for the night, if no accident interfered, at ten o'clock, and, after a frugal supper, went to bed, with a notice that we should be called at three next morning, which generally proved to be half past two. And then, whether

it snowed or rained, the traveler must rise and make ready, by the help of a lantern and a farthing candle, and proceed on his way over bad roads, sometimes getting out to help the coachman lift the coach out of a quagmire or rut, and arrived in New York after a week's hard traveling, wondering at the ease, as well as the expedition, with which the journey was effected."

On good days, in the spring and summer, travel by stagecoach was not disagreeable. The horses were generally good and strong, and the coach rattled along fairly well. The driver had a long horn which he blew when he approached a stopping-place, so as to let the people know the stage was coming. The stops were frequent, and when the coach drove up to a tavern or inn, the passengers would get out for a meal, or else stretch themselves by taking a short walk.

Some of the turnpikes were beautiful and splendid roads. The way from Albany to Schenectady, New York, ran in a straight line, between rows of poplars, with many taverns along the route. Relays of horses were provided every ten miles; teams were changed in a few minutes; and with blowing of horns the coach would merrily depart. It was not at all unusual, over the fine roads, to make one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

But all the roads were not good ones; some of them were very bad indeed. And all the weather was not spring time! In the dead of winter, over a bad road, a stagecoach was anything but pleasant to ride in. There was no way of heating it, and the passengers had to endure hours of freezing cold, with much jolting and hard pulling over bad places. Sometimes, the coach stuck hard and fast in the mud, when all hands had to get out and pull and dig until the wheels were released.

Sometimes the driver had to call to the passengers to lean out of the carriage, first on one side and then on the other, to prevent it from overturning or sticking in a ditch. "Gentlemen, to the right," he would call, upon which all the passengers would rush to the right and lean out of the windows to balance things. "Now, gentlemen, to the left," he would say, and the same thing would be done on the left side.

Along the road were inns or taverns for the travelers. Here, the weary passengers could take their meals, get warm by the fire, and find a bed at night. The cooking was good, the food abundant, and the beds usually comfortable. The charge was not high. One can well imagine how welcome these wayside taverns were to the cold, hungry, and tired folks, when they drove up at dark on a

winter's day, to find a blazing fire in the big front room with its raftered ceilings, a hot supper ready on the table, and a warm bed to sleep in. What matter if they did have to rise by candle light, and be on their way! Nobody traveled for pleasure, anyway, in those days, and so necessity made the hardships endurable.

Many of these taverns had very curious signs hanging outside, with names upon them, such as "The Red Horse," "The Bear and Eagle," "The Anchor," "The Blue Jay," "The Twin Bogs"; and often these signs would be painted to represent the name itself. Even the rooms were sometimes named, instead of being numbered, as in modern hotels. Such names as the "Star Chamber," "Rose Room," "Sunrise Room," "Blue Room," and even "Jerusalem Room" were common.

As one journeyed south, the roads were not so good and the taverns less frequent; because few people traveled by stages in the southern country. Those who traveled at all went in their own coaches, or by horseback. But there were some coaches going over the rough highways, and it was the universal custom for the planters to open their doors for meals and lodging. Eager for news and company they would invite the passers-by to come into the house to be entertained.

Gone is the old stage-coach, with its picturesque history! Nowadays we speed at the rate of a mile a minute over smooth rails, and lay down to sleep to find ourselves several hundred miles away when we awake in the morning.

KING GEORGE AND THE COLONIES

We must not get the idea that the Colonies in America were disloyal in their allegiance to the mother country. On the contrary, they loved the Old England from which their fathers came, and looked forward to a happy development under the British flag.

It was not the English people, but the English King, George III, who caused all the trouble. He had ascended the throne when he was twenty-two years of age. He was nearly forty when the Revolution began. He was obstinate and short-sighted in dealing with his subjects. He believed in the right of kings to have their own way and to him the will of the people counted for nothing as against the will of the King. Whatever George III wanted, he proposed to have people or no people, Colonies or no Colonies. Kings do not act that way nowadays, but then it was different.

When he came to the throne his mother said to him, "George be a king." She taught him to think that he owned his people, and that they should always do his will.

Instead of choosing the wisest and best men in the kingdom to be his advisers and ministers, George III turned to the weaker men, who flattered him and who were ready to do his bidding. It was always one of the "King's friends" who proposed in Parliament the obnoxious measures against America. Finally, the King succeeded in getting a Prime Minister, Lord North, who was willing, in all things, to do as his sovereign wished. In fact, someone has said that, while North was in office, "the King was his own Prime Minister."

In spite of the protest of some really great men in England, who knew the Colonists were ill-treated, the King went blindly and obstinately to work, until the Colonies in America were in complete revolt.

To see how poorly the great mass of the people of England was represented in their Parliament, we should know that, when George III came to the throne, there was a most unequal distribution of seats in the House of Commons. For two hundred years, no changes had been made in the allotment of seats according to the number of the population.

Some very large cities, like Manchester and Sheffield, that had grown up in the meantime, had no representatives at all, while some very small and old places had several representatives. One town, named Old Sarum, went on sending members to Parliament long after it had ceased to have any inhabitants at all.

The result was that many members represented only a handful of voters, many seats in Parliament were bought and sold, and some were given away, as favors. This made an assembly of representatives that did not truly represent the great body of the people, and it, therefore, became easy for the King to secure such laws as he and his friends wanted.

Was it not natural that a corrupt Parliament should do George III's own bidding? He united, with the ruling class, to suppress public opinion in England, and self-government in America. He began to rule the Colonies by royal orders, and sent instructions, over his own signature, to be obeyed in America; otherwise, so he threatened, military force would be used to make the people obey. Colonial assemblies were dissolved, unusual places of meeting were appointed, orders were issued, lands were granted or taken away, and by many other acts the Colonists were treated without consideration.

But the Colonists had many friends among the English people, who sympathized with them in their opposition to the tyranny of the King and his Parliament. They were still English people and English subjects, though their home was across the sea, and they had rights that their relatives and friends in England thought should be respected. So there were many in the old country who believed that the Colonists were right to oppose the King; some voices in Parliament even spoke out bravely in their defense.

One great Englishman, William Pitt, who was the Earl of Chatham, declared in the House of Lords, "This kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the Colonies. I rejoice that America has resisted." After the Revolutionary War had begun, and the King had been forced to hire about 20,000 German troops from the Duke of Brunswick, because the English simply would not enlist for this unpopular war, Pitt said, in another speech,

"My Lords, you cannot conquer America. In three years' campaign, we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow, traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, but your efforts are forever vain and impotent, doubly so from this mercenary aid on which

you rely, for it irritates to an incurable resentment. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms, — never, never, never.”

While the Stamp Act was being debated in Parliament, Colonel Barré, who had fought by the side of Wolfe at Quebec, replied to the statement that the Colonies were children “planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, and protected by our arms,” by exclaiming with great eloquence,

“They planted by your care! No, your oppression planted them in America. Nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! Those sons of liberty have nobly taken up arms in your defense.”

The expression, “Sons of Liberty,” became a popular rallying cry of the Patriots in America.

The quarrel between King George III and the American Colonists grew into the Revolutionary War. During that War, the Colonists had many friends in England, especially in the city of London. As he walked through the streets, William Pitt was loudly cheered for the part he took in defending the cause of the Colonists. When the war was over, many in England were secretly re-

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joiced that the Colonies were independent, and that the will of the foolish King was at last broken.

PATRICK HENRY AND THE PARSON'S CAUSE

Among the noted men in the history of the struggle of the American Colonies against the tyranny of the King of England, none occupies a more striking position than Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia.

His father was a magistrate, of an old Scotch family, whose lack of means kept his son, Patrick, from an education in college. However, young Henry studied at home, and acquired a fair education. He seemed to be ill-fitted for business of any kind. He kept a country store and failed; he tried farming and failed; then he went back to keeping a store and failed again. He became discouraged and idle, and began passing his time fishing and hunting and telling humorous stories to idle companions around the village inn.

Finally, he turned to the law. After studying for a few weeks, he was examined, and allowed to begin practice. It was four years, however, before

he gave any evidence to the world that he possessed those marvelous powers of oratory that have made him famous.

Now, let us see how Henry won reputation in the Parson's Cause. From the beginning, the Colonists of Virginia were accustomed to pay the preacher's salary in tobacco. Each parish minister received so much tobacco out of the amount raised by the tobacco tax. If the price of tobacco was high, the minister had the benefit of the high price. If the price was low, he suffered accordingly. For a long time the ministers took their chances on the tobacco market, and lived in abundance or in want, as the market price went up or down. At best, however, their salaries were never munificent.

In the year 1748, an Act was passed, fixing the annual salary of each parish minister at 16,000 pounds of tobacco. This Act was approved by the King, and became the law in Virginia. Each minister was allotted his tobacco salary, which he sold at whatever price he could get. This went on for a while, until the Legislature passed another Act, paying the minister's salary in paper money, at a fixed price per pound for tobacco. This fixed price was always lower than the market price, and reduced the minister's salary very much.

The Act was clearly unconstitutional, for it did

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not have the consent of the King, and, therefore, could not be law. Besides, it was manifestly unjust to the ministers who were employed under a tobacco contract, and not under a paper money contract. However, the people did not care, for the ministers were unpopular. And as for the King and his consent the Colonies were rapidly becoming rebellious of his authority.

The ministers had to take paper money for their salaries, or receive none at all. They complained to the Legislature, but could get no hearing. They complained to the Governor, but he gave them no consolation. They sent some of their own number to England to lay the matter before the King's Council. There they were told that their cause was just, and that they had a right to sue for damages in the Courts of Virginia. Whereupon they returned home to begin their suits.

One of the cases was brought by Rev. James Maury into the Court of Hanover County. The Judge promptly decided that the Act, paying the salaries in paper money, was no law, and that the ministers were clearly entitled to damages to be fixed by a special jury. The case of the people against Maury seemed hopeless, especially as it was very easy to calculate the difference between the value of the tobacco and the value of the

paper money paid. However, a jury was drawn, and the desperate cause of the people against the clergy was committed to Patrick Henry, then almost unknown as a lawyer and advocate. Indeed, no other counsel or lawyer would take the case, as they said it was a hopeless one, and the people had better pay and be done with it.

Now comes the story of how the world found out the marvelous powers of oratory possessed by Patrick Henry. On the day of trial, the courtroom was crowded with people, the clergy being there in force to witness the triumph of one of their number. On the bench sat Henry's father, the presiding Judge of the trial, who looked with much distrust upon the ability of his son to defend the people's cause.

No one had heard Henry speak before a jury. He was considered an idle young man, of twenty-seven years of age, without learning or ability. He was badly dressed, and appeared ill at ease. When he arose to speak, he did so very awkwardly, and began in a stammering and hesitating manner; so much so that the ministers smiled, the people looked disappointed, and his father sank back in his chair mortified.

But wait, let us see what happened! In a few minutes, the young orator forgot his awkwardness,

and ceased his stammering. His form straightened up, and his eyes began to flash, as he unrolled his invectives against the King, and narrated the grievances of the Colonies. He did not hesitate to call the King a tyrant, who had forfeited all right to obedience. His face began to shine with a nobleness and grandeur which no one ever saw before, and his eyes seemed to hold the lightning of wrath and power. His actions were graceful, bold, and commanding. For an hour he spoke, while the crowd listened as if under the spell of some enchantment. One of them said, "He made my blood run cold and my hair stand on end." As for his father, such was his surprise and joy that, Judge though he was, he allowed tears of happiness to run down his cheeks.

When Henry had finished his great oration, the jury was so overwhelmed by his arguments that they voted Rev. Maury just one penny damage whereas his suit had been for many pounds. In this way did Patrick Henry begin that marvelous career which made him one of the greatest orators this country has ever produced.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

On the night of April 18, 1775, in a suburb of Charlestown, just outside of Boston, stood a strong and keen-eyed man beside a restless horse, ready at a moment's notice to mount and ride hard upon some secret mission. His eye was fixed upon the distant steeple of a church, scarcely to be seen in the darkness, as if he expected some signal to make him spring into instant action.

He had not long to wait. Into the night there suddenly flashed the rays from two lanterns; as soon as he saw them, he grasped the reins of the bridle, leaped into the saddle, and rode swiftly away. The man's name was Paul Revere. The signal was from the steeple of the Old North Church, in Boston, and it had been placed there by a friendly hand to let Revere know that the British troops were moving silently out of Boston to capture the military stores which the Patriots of the Revolution had at Concord, about nineteen miles away.

Swiftly his horse bore Revere past Charlestown Neck. Suddenly two British officers appeared in his path.

“Halt! who goes there?” was the stern command.

Revere made no answer, but turned his horse's head, and went flying back to seek another road. The officers started in swift pursuit, calling out, “Halt, or we fire!”

Revere paid no attention to them, but, spurring his horse onward, turned into Medford Road. One of the officers tried to intercept him by a short cut across the field, but, in the darkness, he fell into a clay-pit, where Revere left him as he went thundering by.

On he went, mile after mile, intent upon arousing the people. At every house he stopped, rapped furiously on the door, or called out from the roadside, “Get up, and arm yourselves. The Regulars are marching to Concord!” And then he would dash away, leaving the occupants to rise and hastily dress themselves.

The British marched out of Boston about midnight. Just at that hour, Revere rode into Lexington with a great clatter of hoofs upon the streets. He galloped up to the house of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, where Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two leading Patriots, were asleep.

“Don't make so much noise,” called out the guard in front of the house, “you will awake the inmates.”

“Noise!” exclaimed Revere. “You’ll have noise enough before long. The Regulars are coming!”

At that moment, a window was thrown open, and John Hancock, looking out, inquired what was the matter. Recognizing Revere, he directed the guard to open the door, and admit the messenger, who soon told his startling tale. Hancock and Adams quickly dressed, and, while Revere set out again on his journey, these two Patriots left Lexington to avoid capture.

Revere was now joined by another rider, named Dawes, who had left Boston at the same time by a different route. Upon these two was put the responsibility of arousing the people. From every house the good men of the countryside rushed out when they heard the news. The Minute Men began to gather, with such guns as they had, and by two o’clock in the morning over a hundred of them had met upon the green in Lexington. As no foe was in sight, and as the air was cold, they disbanded to assemble again at the sound of the drum.

Meanwhile, Revere and Dawes rode toward Concord, six miles off. On their way, they fell in with Dr. Samuel Prescott, to whom they told their story as the three rode along. Suddenly, a group of British officers appeared in the road before

them, and laid their hands upon Revere and Dawes, who were a little in advance. This occurred so unexpectedly that escape was impossible for those two. But Dr. Prescott urged his horse over a stone wall, and was well away before he could be stopped. He alone bore the news to the people of Concord.

When Prescott arrived, at about two in the morning, he at once gave the alarm. The bells were rung, and the people rushed toward the center square where Dr. Prescott addressed them.

“The Regulars are on their way to capture the stores in the warehouse,” he declared. “They may now be in Lexington, and it is certain they will be here before long. Revere and Dawes brought me word. We must remove the stores before the British arrive.”

This was enough. It did not take the people of Concord many hours to put the precious stores in a place of safety.

Meantime, the British had come to the outskirts of Lexington. It was about daybreak, and the drum-beat called the Colonists together on the village green. There were about one hundred stern and determined Patriots, facing five or six hundred British troops. The moment was one of intense excitement, for both sides knew it meant war if a

shot was fired. Captain John Parker, in command of the militia, said to his men:

“Stand your ground; don’t fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.”

The British Commander, Major Pitcairn, drew his pistol, and, pointing at the Patriots, cried out:

“Disperse, you villains! Lay down your arms, you rebels, and disperse!”

The Patriots did not move. The British came nearer, as if to surround Parker’s men. A shot, fired from the British line, was answered immediately by the Patriots. Then Major Pitcairn drew his pistol, and discharged it, calling out, “Fire.” The British then fired upon the Minute Men, killing four of them, after which the others retreated. This was the opening shot of the Revolution, and we shall see how England paid dearly for it.

The British moved on to Concord, reaching there about seven o’clock. They were too late, however, for most of the stores had been removed. They did what damage they could, by knocking open, sixty barrels of flour, injuring three cannon and setting fire to the court-house.

About midday, the British began their retreat. The Patriots had gathered in haste from the neighboring towns, and were preparing to harass the

enemy along the road. Concealing themselves behind houses, barns, roadside walls, and trees, they poured a galling fire into the retreating British. The Red Coats, as the British were called, began to run in order to escape the deadly fire of the farmers, with their rifles and shotguns. The six miles from Concord to Boston were one dreadful ambush. Reaching Lexington, a number of the British fell exhausted on the ground, their tongues parched from fatigue and thirst.

Here they were joined by a large number of fresh British troops, and the whole force proceeded to Boston, pursued by the Patriots up to the very entrance of the city. Altogether, they lost about three hundred men, while the Americans lost only one hundred.

Such was the beginning of the American Revolution. The midnight ride of Paul Revere was a very good beginning for the cause of American freedom.

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 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 FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

Let us learn something of the kind of man George Washington was — the man whom we have long known as the “Father of his Country.” To look at, he was a fine type of man and soldier, — the type that would attract attention anywhere. He was tall, and held himself as straight as an arrow. He was six feet, two inches high, and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. Wherever he went, in whatever company, he was distinguished for his splendid height and erect figure. His eyes were light blue, and so deeply sunken that they gave him a serious expression. His face

was grave and thoughtful, though his disposition was full of cheer and good-will.

In his young days, he was very athletic, with a strong right arm. It is said that he once threw a stone from the bottom to the top of the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, a height of over two hundred feet; and that he threw a piece of slate, rounded to the size of a silver dollar, across the Rappahannock River, at Fredericksburg,—a feat no other man had ever been able to accomplish.

In fact, during the Revolution, though some of the backwoodsmen in the army were men of great size and strength, yet it was generally believed that Washington was as strong as the best of them. One day, at Mt. Vernon, some young men, who boasted of their power, were throwing an iron bar to see who could cover the greatest distance. Washington, watching them, said, "Let me try my hand at this game." Without taking off his coat, he seized the bar, and, to the amazement of the party, threw it a considerable distance further than any of the others had done.

He was a fine wrestler when he was a young man. At one time, he was witnessing a wrestling match, and the champion challenged him to a trial of strength. Washington turned, and, without a word, seized the strong man, and, to the great

amusement of the crowd, threw him flat on the ground. The defeated champion said he felt as though a lion had grabbed him, and, when he hit the ground, he expected every bone in his body to be broken.

Washington was also very fond of parties and dancing. He often rode, on winter nights, a distance of ten miles, to attend a dance, and would reach home just in time for breakfast. He kept this up until he was sixty-four years old, when he had to write to a friend, "Alas! my dancing days are over." He liked to dress well, and was very fussy about the quality of cloth and the fit of his garments. He wore ruffled shirts, silver and gold lace on his hat, scarlet waistcoats, blue broadcloth coats, with silver trimmings, and marble-colored hose. In fact, the "Father of his Country" was something of a dandy, and kept it up to the end of his life.

Like most soldiers, Washington was fond of horses, and was a splendid and daring rider. As he rode at the head of his troops, he was a conspicuous figure. Lafayette once said of him, "I never beheld so superb a horseman." Jefferson wrote, "Washington was the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback."

Washington was very methodical in his habits, and thrifty in business. He kept a diary, putting down daily happenings of his life, and keeping an accurate account of what money he received and how it was spent. He became wealthy, and, at the time of his death, was worth a half million dollars. He was then the richest man in America. His estate at Mt. Vernon covered eight thousand acres, the slaves and laborers numbering five hundred. His orders were, "Buy nothing, you can make yourself." Hence, he was the greatest farmer of the day. He made all his own flour and meal, and even the flour barrels. The cloth for the house and for the farm hands was woven on the premises. Like all rich Virginia planters, he kept open house, and there was rarely a time when his table was without one or more guests. He said his house was more like a tavern than anything else.

He was very correct in his habits. He ate carefully and slowly, and the simplest of food. He was grave and dignified, and seldom laughed, though he was not of a gloomy disposition. In almost every relation of public and private life, his character is worthy of study and of emulation.

NATHAN HALE

Washington's army had been defeated in the battle of Long Island, and, only by a narrow chance did the troops manage to escape to Manhattan Island. The British were threatening New York, and Washington was almost in despair. The one thing he needed most was information concerning the plans of the enemy.

"If I could have someone to go into the enemy's lines, and find out their strength and purpose, I might save my army," he said to one of his officers. "Get me the man if you can."

The officer called his associates together, and put the problem before them, but, one by one, they refused the dangerous task. They knew the perils of the life of a spy. They knew he had to wear the enemy's uniform, or no uniform at all; had to pretend friendship with the foe, to keep an eye on everything, to find out what he could, to draw plans of forts, to secure important papers and keep them hidden, until he could slip back within his own lines. He needed quickness of mind and wit, a heart of courage, and nerve of iron, for he would be surrounded by danger every

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minute, and if he were caught, his fate would be certain death.

At last one officer heard what Washington wanted, and at once said, "I will take any risk for Washington and my country. I am ready to go." His name was Captain Nathan Hale. Hale had been a school teacher before the war. He was young, athletic, brave, and much admired by all who knew him. He was a famous runner, and, when a student at Yale College, held the record for the longest standing jump. When he came to Washington and asked for instructions, the great Chief said,

"My boy, I have little to say. Go into the enemy's lines, find out how many troops they have, where they are placed, and what they intend to do. That is all. Bring me word if you can. If you never get back, remember you are serving your country. God bless you!"

Hale saluted and departed. He took off his uniform, and put on a brown suit and a broad-brimmed hat, the dress of a Quaker school teacher. He went on board a sloop late at night, and was landed near the British outposts. He spent the next day with a farmer nearby, and then, in the afternoon, walked boldly into the enemy's lines.

What he did for the next two weeks no one will

ever know. He acted his part very well, however, for he was not suspected of being a spy. He told the British he was a Quaker, who did not believe in war, and that he wanted to teach school. But he was learning all he could. His eyes were alert and watchful, without seeming to be so. He listened to conversations and, occasionally, when close, he would make drawings of the forts and camp. All his notes were written in Latin, so that they could not be easily read.

At last Hale learned all he thought was necessary. Gathering his material together, he ripped open the soles of his shoes and carefully hid the precious notes therein. Then he was ready to start for home. Washington was looking for him, and, by previous arrangement, was to send a boat for him to take him into the American lines. There was a little tavern at Huntingdon, near the place where the boat was to come. Hale walked into the tavern one day, and sat down, waiting until the time arrived for him to meet his friends.

As he sat there, a man came in and looked him over closely. Hale paid no attention, and the man went out. But Hale had been recognized by someone who knew him, and the man was on his way to the British to report that the school teacher was also an American officer, known as Captain

Nathan Hale. After an hour or two, Hale left the tavern, and walked down toward the shore to meet his boat. But instead of his own boat at the landing, there was a British boat. The officer called out, "Surrender, you spy, or I fire."

Hale knew he was caught, and held up his hands in token of surrender. He was carried to the British Commander, and made no effort to conceal his name or his purpose. They tore open his shoes and found the papers. Then they condemned him to be hanged at sunrise the next day.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and Hale was led out before the gallows, which was nothing but the limb of a tree. "Have you anything to say?" asked the British officer. The brave young patriot looked up into the sky, and then at the rope, which already was around his neck, and slowly replied, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

A few moments later Nathan Hale was dead. His body was probably buried there, under the tree, but nobody to this day knows.

THE BRAVERY OF ELIZABETH ZANE

This is a story of the attack on Fort Henry, a small frontier settlement near where Wheeling, West Virginia, now stands. It was in the summer of 1777, when Simon Girty, one of the worst characters that ever appeared on the stage of American history, led a band of four hundred men in assault upon the fort. Colonel Sheppard was in charge of the fortification, with only forty men. As soon as the movements of Girty and his band became known, the inhabitants of the little town of Wheeling, then composed of about twenty-five log huts, hastened to the fort for protection.

A reconnoitering party was sent out by Colonel Sheppard to discover the whereabouts of the enemy. They fell into an ambush, and more than half of them were victims of the rifle and tomahawk. Another party went to their relief, but most of them also were killed. This reduced the fort to a small garrison. Inside were the women and children, and outside raged a band of four hundred blood-thirsty men, led by a desperate and skillful commander. The situation of Fort Henry was indeed perilous, and all those within seemed doomed.

Colonel Sheppard was not a man to surrender easily. He would rather die by rifle shot, than be burned at the stake. Calling his men around him, he said:

“We must defend this fort to the last man. If we surrender, it means sure death to us all by slow torture, and the women and children will suffer most. Let each man do his full duty, and the women must help.”

Gladly they began their desperate defense. The women cast the bullets, measured out the powder from the scant supply, and loaded the rifles. Among them was Elizabeth Zane, the sister of two of the defenders of the fort. She had recently returned from school in Philadelphia, and knew very little of border warfare, but she had a brave spirit, as we shall see.

Early one morning, Girty and his followers came before the fort with a white flag, and demanded its immediate surrender.

Colonel Sheppard hurled back the defiant reply, “This fort shall never be surrendered so long as there is an American left inside to defend it.”

Girty was infuriated, and, blind with rage, called out, “Then we shall force you to surrender, and not a man or woman shall be left alive in this town.” Turning to his followers, he ordered them to attack the fort.

Unfortunately, some of the log huts of the inhabitants were sufficiently near to afford protection to the these men, so that they could begin their assault under cover. They ran into these huts, and opened fire, but with little effect, for the defenders kept well out of sight. The brave Patriots within were all sharp-shooters, and had no powder to waste; every shot they fired meant the death-knell of some attacker who had exposed himself.

After six hours, the attackers withdrew from the houses to a place nearby, and, for a while, there was quiet. It was fortunate, for, just at that moment, someone brought word that the powder of the fort was nearly exhausted; it would not last an hour longer, and then the Patriots would be at the mercy of their foe.

Ebenezer Zane looked at his own house, about sixty yards away, and said, "There is a keg of powder yonder. If we could get it, we would be safe; but someone will have to go for it."

"Powder," cried Colonel Sheppard, "we will have to get it, no matter what the risk. One of us must go at once."

Who should undertake the dangerous mission? The attackers were in easy gunshot, and it meant death to any one showing himself outside the fort. Colonel Sheppard would not order any person to

go, but instead, called for volunteers. Every man instantly offered to go; not one held back. But just as they were deciding, a woman stepped forward, and said:

“No man can be spared now. We have too few to defend this place. I am the one to go. Unbar the gate and let me out.”

Colonel Sheppard looked at her with great admiration, and, after a few moments, said, “God bless you, my girl, and may you return in safety. Perhaps your going will throw the attackers off their guard. Unbar the gates, men, and let her pass.”

The gate was opened, and she walked steadily and quickly across the open area toward the house where the powder was. The attackers looked on in wonder, thinking she was coming to them as a captive. But the girl sprang into the house, seized the keg, and reappeared at the door, on her way back to the fort. There was now no time for leisure. She ran as fast as she could with the precious keg in her arms.

With a yell of defiance, the attackers sprang in pursuit, and opened fire upon the fleeing girl. She ran like a deer, swift and straight toward the open gate. Not a shot touched her, though bullets struck the ground about her feet and went flying

around her head. In a few moments, she had reached the fort, and fell into the arms of her friends, who raised a great shout as the gate was barred and the powder was safely in their hands.

“We have a heroine in this fort, and will now conquer or die,” cried the men, as they hastily prepared to meet the next attack. Suffice it to say that they did defend the fort, until help came and the attackers were driven away. And, to this day, the people love to tell the story of how Elizabeth Zane saved the fort, and the lives of those who afterwards helped build a great city.

CAPTURING THE HESSIANS

It was a cold December night, and the little army of General Washington stood upon the banks of the Delaware River, getting ready to cross its icy waters. The men were cold and hungry, tired and discouraged. It seemed as if the war would be lost for lack of men and supplies. The whole country was downhearted.

Not so General Washington. He knew that one victory would raise the hope of the troops and the country, and he proposed to start winning it that night. Over at Trenton were a thousand hired

Hessian soldiers, celebrating Christmas. Washington determined to be on hand at the celebration.

“Courage, my men,” he cried. “Tomorrow will be a great day, if you can stand this night.”

The men got into the boats, and took the oars. Blocks of ice floated by over the frozen river. The wind blew keen and cold. The men shivered and shook, as they steered their boat amid the perils that surrounded them.

At last they were over. What stamping of feet and blowing of hands to keep warm! Then came the long march of nine miles to Trenton, through a blinding snow-storm. Hour after hour passed, while the men stumbled and fell and got up and trudged on and on. No soldiers, except those fighting for home and country and freedom, could have endured through that march. But at last the almost exhausted army came to Trenton.

In the meantime, the hired soldiers of the King of England had been having a great time, drinking and feasting and boasting of what they would do to Washington’s army when next they met. The Hessian Commander at Trenton was named Rall. He had made his headquarters in the house of a merchant, one Abraham Hunt. Rall was very fond of drinking and playing cards. On Christmas night, he and Hunt were in a warm room, before

a big fire, with plenty to eat and drink at hand; a game of cards was in progress. Just at this moment Washington's army was crossing the Delaware, amid the snow and ice.

A servant came in and handed Rall a note. He thrust it into his pocket, saying, "I will read it later on." But it so happened that he forgot the note, and went on playing cards and drinking. Late in the night, he went to bed and slept, and all the while Washington was drawing closer and closer through the blinding snow!

The next day, Washington was before Trenton. The sun was shining, and his troops were eager and ready for battle. Bursting upon the unsuspecting Hessians, the great battle of Trenton began. It did not last long. All the Hessians, one thousand in number, surrendered, after a hundred had been killed. Washington lost four men, two frozen to death and two killed.

Rall was mortally wounded, and borne to a tavern nearby. It was then that he thought of the note in his pocket, and asked for it. When it was opened it was found to contain a warning of the plans of Washington, which had been sent by a Tory, and delivered to a servant in Hunt's house. What a difference in the history of our country, if the note had been read in time for the

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Hessians to have met Washington on his way to Trenton!

It was a great American victory, and brought a happy Christmas season to the Colonies when it became known.

HOW LAFAYETTE CAME TO AMERICA

Lafayette belonged to the highest rank of the French nobility. When he was only thirteen years old, he was left with large landed estates, and the title of Marquis. He went to college in Paris, and, while there, met the King of France, Louis XV, who took him as a page into the royal household. When he was fifteen years old, he was given a military commission through the influence of the Queen.

Soon after this, he was married, and was stationed as Captain of Dragoons, at a fort on the German border. At dinner, one day, he heard someone talking about the Americans and the Declaration of Independence. He listened very attentively, and then said:

“If what you say of those Colonies is true, they deserve their liberty, and I, for one, would like to help them.”

Shortly after this, he heard of the American victories at Trenton and Princeton, and, hastening to the American agents in Paris, he said to them, "I desire to aid America in her fight for freedom. I am willing to go in person, if you can find a way to send me."

But Lafayette was only nineteen years of age, and belonged to the French nobility. France and England were at peace. If he should try to come to America, there might be trouble with the English government, and, besides that, his own King probably would not let him undertake so foolish an enterprise. So the agent said:

"Marquis, you are very brave and you are very wealthy. We cannot help you even if we would, for America has no ships on this side of the ocean. If you desire to go to America, it must of necessity be at your own expense. We shall be glad to know that you have decided to go."

Lafayette, thereupon, went about getting ready. His preparations were made secretly, for fear the King of France would forbid his going on account of the existing friendship with England. At his own expense, he purchased a ship and fitted it out for the voyage. While the vessel was being prepared, Lafayette paid a visit to London so as to remove suspicion from his design.

While he was in London, the British Ambassador at Paris in some way learned of his purpose to go to America, and procured orders for his arrest. Accordingly, when Lafayette reached his ship, and was about to sail, he was arrested by order of the King. Letters were sent to him by all his noble relatives, telling him how foolish he was, and urging him to abandon his purpose. His wife wrote to him, however, not to give up his enterprise, but to go to America if he could find a way to do so.

Lafayette was not to be stopped by orders from the King or any one else. So, while the arresting party was on the way to Paris, the bold young nobleman blackened his face, put on false hair and old clothes, and passed the guards, making them think he was a black laborer.

After a few hours, the guards discovered the trick played upon them; a great stir and commotion followed. Swift horses were saddled, and men went galloping in the direction the escaping Marquis had taken. But Lafayette had three hours start, and was driving the best horses that could be found. He was headed for the border of Spain, after passing which he would be safe from arrest.

In spite of the furious pursuit, Lafayette at last

was safe; in a short while he was on board his own vessel and ready to set sail. With him were eleven officers bent on the same mission. His departure created a great sensation in France and England, but Lafayette cared very little for that.

The Captain of his vessel did not know where he was bound, until Lafayette ordered him to steer for the shores of America. The Captain was alarmed and said, "I dare not do so. The English will capture us." To which Lafayette replied, "If you do not do as I tell you, I shall put you in irons. This is my vessel, and I will order it wherever I desire." Thereupon the Captain steered the ship for America.

The voyage was long and stormy, but at last Lafayette and his party arrived one night near Georgetown, South Carolina. At first they were taken for the enemy, but, as soon as it was known who they were, the people of Georgetown and Charleston entertained them with great hospitality. Their arrival in America created a greater sensation than their departure from Europe, for the fortunes of the American army were at a low ebb just at this time, and the people were much discouraged.

Lafayette and his party proceeded by land to Philadelphia, where Congress was then in session. Upon his arrival, he wrote a letter to the President

of that body, asking leave to enter the army as a volunteer, and to serve without pay. But Congress had no idea of letting so brave a man take such a low position; he was at once given the rank of Major-General.

He then lacked one month of being twenty years old. Those who saw him, at the time, described him as tall and slender, very graceful in his movements and gracious in his manners. He talked rapidly, with many gestures, and, when he spoke of liberty for the Colonies in America, his eyes shone very brightly and his face expressed his great emotion.

Soon afterwards, Lafayette met Washington at a dinner party in Philadelphia. The two men looked at each other with interest. Washington was tall, dignified, and forty-five years of age. Lafayette was hardly more than a college boy, slender and enthusiastic. After the dinner was over, Washington took him aside and said:

“Sir, I thank you for the sacrifice you are making for the cause of America. I shall be glad to have you a member of my military family.”

Thus began the intimacy between these two great men, which was never for a moment interrupted. Washington loved Lafayette as a son, and learned to trust him as a General of ability and

courage. He served in many battles with distinguished gallantry.

When Lafayette went back to France to get more aid for America, he was forgiven for running away, and was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. France became the ally of America in the War for Independence, and Lafayette raised large sums of money for the Colonists. The head of the French Ministry laughingly said:

“It is a fortunate thing that Lafayette did not take it into his head to strip his Majesty’s palace of all its furniture to send to his dear Americans for I verily believe the King now would refuse him nothing.”

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 stanch 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 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 sur-

prise 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 Washington.

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.

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 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.

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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."

MARION, THE SWAMP-FOX

The army of the American General, Gates, had crossed the Pee Dee River, in South Carolina, and was pushing forward to encounter the British who were overrunning that portion of the country. On the march, there suddenly appeared a body of twenty men who asked that they might join the army. It was a sad lot of ill-clad and badly-equipped men and boys, some white and some black, all mounted on the worst looking horses you can imagine. The soldiers of the regular army broke into laughter when they saw this motley crowd of volunteers. And yet this very band was destined to become famous, for its leader was Francis Marion, the Swamp-Fox of South Carolina.

Marion himself was small in size and thin-faced — a modest man, of no better equipment than his

men, and riding a horse of which no one could be proud. But his eye flashed with a brave spirit, and he had the manner of a man of high adventure.

General Gates gave no welcome to this ragged soldiery, and, when Marion modestly offered some advice about the best methods of dealing with the British in the South, the conceited General told him he needed no assistance in that line, which was far from the truth.

Governor Rutledge knew Marion, and realized what his service would mean; so a commission as Brigadier-General was given him, much to the delight of his men, who were glad to be under so brave a leader. With this commission, and with his force increased to a hundred or more men, he rode away to carry on warfare according to his own ideas.

The swamps were his headquarters. In their impenetrable thickets, he found hiding-places for his men, from which they could emerge at any time to strike stinging blows at the enemy; and into which they could retreat, safe from attack. No force dared follow them into the dangerous morasses. His little company was constantly changing, at one time numbering several hundred and then shrinking to a mere handful.

The swamps could not feed a large army; still

there were game in abundance, and fish to be had in the streams. The nearby farms afforded grain for the horses, and occasional food for the men. The camp was in the middle of some swamp, on dry land, surrounded by thickets and cane-brakes; the paths leading in and out were known only to the men themselves. It was a safe retreat, from which the little band could saunter forth like a drove of hornets, whose blows struck deadly terror to the foe.

A young British officer was sent from Georgetown to treat with Marion for the exchange of prisoners. Marion was glad enough to be rid of prisoners, because he had to guard and feed them. The British officer, by Marion's command, was blindfolded, and led through the swamp to the camp of the brave patriotic leader. When he arrived, and the bandage was removed, he was amazed to see the hiding place of Marion and his men, with great trees around, and deep swamps on every side. In their rough uniforms, the men, lying about, looked more like a band of outlaws, than a camp of soldiers.

He was still more surprised when he saw Marion himself. Instead of a burly giant, there stood a small, quiet man, of polite manners, roughly clad and poorly equipped. Little in his appearance

would indicate that he was the dreaded leader, who had spread terror throughout the South among the enemies of his country.

The business of exchange having been arranged, Marion turned to his guest, and said,

“My dear sir, I should be glad to have you dine with me. It has been some time since you have had food, and you will feel better for having eaten. Our dinner is nearly ready.”

The officer readily consented, and looked forward to the enjoyment of a meal for which he was quite eager. In a few minutes, a log was brought, upon which the officer and Marion took their seats. Then the cook appeared, carrying a large piece of bark, upon which there were some roasted sweet potatoes.

“Help yourself,” said Marion. “This is all we have for dinner today,” and, taking a large potato he broke it in two, and placed it before his guest.

“Surely, you have more food than this!” exclaimed the astonished soldier. “This cannot be your ordinary fare.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Marion, “only we have more than usual today, there being a guest to serve!”

The officer ate his potato in silence. On returning to Georgetown, he resigned his commission,

saying that a people who could live on such simple fare in order to gain their liberty should be allowed their independence.

For many years, Marion and his men carried on their rude but effective warfare, and, in the end, did such valuable service to the American cause that the large armies of General Greene were enabled to drive the British from the Southern States.

OUTWITTING A TORY

During the Revolution, the soldiers of Sumter and Marion in the South were very annoying to the British Commanders. The most notorious of these Commanders was Colonel Tarleton, and many are the stories of his cruelty. He was active in plundering and burning the homes of the sturdy Patriots. Tarleton liked nothing better than to destroy the fields and harry the family of some patriot soldier who happened to be away with Marion or Sumter.

Not all the inhabitants of the country were Patriots. Some still adhered to the British cause. These were bitterly hated by their neighbors, and were called Tories.

During one of the raids of Colonel Tarleton, a

young Scotchman, named MacDonald, one of Marion's soldiers decided to play a trick upon a man living in his neighborhood, whom he suspected of being a Tory. As soon as MacDonald heard that Tarleton was near by, he put on a British uniform, and, early one morning, calling at the house of the man, said to him:

"The compliments, sir, of Colonel Tarleton, who sends you his respects as being one of the friends of the King."

"Come in! come in!" cried the Tory, much delighted to have a visit from a British officer. "You say that Colonel Tarleton sends me his compliments, and knows that I am a friend of the King? Why, indeed, I am, and am ready to show it at any time. Tell the Colonel so."

"That I will," replied MacDonald. "But Colonel Tarleton is already in need of your aid, and desires me to beg of you one of your fine horses for him to ride. He will use it in driving these rebels out of the country."

"One of my horses!" cried the old Tory. "That I will, gladly. He shall have the best in my pasture. I shall get him at once. I am honored to furnish the Colonel with a horse!"

Whereupon the Tory called his slave, and gave orders that the best horse in his stable

should be brought out and made ready for the British officer to take away with him. While the servant was gone, the Tory brought out rich food and wine, and spread it before MacDonald, who did not hesitate to eat and drink to his heart's content.

When the horse arrived, a beautiful young animal, the sly old Tory said,

"Now, you tell the Colonel I send this with my compliments, and, if I find he can ever do me a favor, I shall come to ask him."

"That I shall, the very next time I see him," said MacDonald, and rode away on the full-blooded steed. But, instead of going to the headquarters of the British Army, MacDonald rode off to the swamps, where Marion and his men were in hiding. Here he told them how he had fooled the old Tory. They laughed a long time over the story.

"Of course we could have taken the horse anyhow, but I wanted to be sure he was a Tory, and then, I enjoy a joke. I would like to hear what he will have to say when he finds out his mistake," declared MacDonald to his companions.

The next morning the old Tory went to see Colonel Tarleton, and presented himself with a smiling face. Tarleton received him coldly, and inquired his business.

“How do you like the horse I sent you yesterday?” asked the smiling Tory.

“What horse?” demanded Tarleton. “No one sent me a horse yesterday or any other day.”

“Why, a British officer came to my house, and said you sent him for one of my fine horses; I gave it to him, with a saddle and blanket, a pair of silver mounted pistols, and a rain coat; and he had, heavens knows how much, food and drink,” cried the bewildered Tory.

“Somebody has been fooling you, old man. I have not seen or heard of your horse,” said Tarleton, turning away.

The Tory now realized the trick that had been played upon him. He swore roundly that he would get even with those rascally rebels, if it took him the rest of his life. He then went home in a great rage; but he never saw his fine horse again.

As for MacDonald and his new friend, they became inseparable. It was a beautiful horse, sixteen hands high, with the eyes of an eagle, and a proud spirit in his veins. The road was never too long for him, and the run never too swift. He learned his master's voice and whistle, and, when he heard the call, he came like the wind, bearing him swiftly into battle, or safely beyond the reach of his enemies.

SUPPORTING THE COLORS

Among the heroes of the Revolution, none were more famous for their adventures than Marion's men. They lived in the woods and swamps, sometimes a large body, and sometimes a small body but always ready to sally forth under their leader, Francis Marion, to punish the enemy.

The best known of all these men was Sergeant William Jasper. He was very brave, and in no way did he seem to fear for his life. At the battle of Fort Moultrie, Jasper was busily engaged. While the struggle was at its height, with danger at its greatest, he saw the flag of the fort fall outside the works. It had been carried away by a shot from the enemy.

Without a moment's hesitation, he leaped over the walls of the fort, jumped down into the ditch, and picked up the flag where it lay on the ground. Coolly fastening it to a rod, which was used for wiping out the cannon, he leaped back on to the wall of the fort, and stuck the rod in the sand of the breastworks.

Shot rained thick around him, and it seemed every moment as if he would be killed. But he finished his work, left the flag waving defiance to

the enemy, and quietly took his place in the ranks with his men.

General Moultrie was so struck with admiration by this deed that he unbuckled his own sword, and handed it to Jasper, saying, "Take this, and wear it. You have committed a deed of great bravery, and I honor you for it."

When the soldiers were hiding in the woods of South Carolina, Jasper was often sent into the British lines to find out what the enemy was doing. He was a good scout, and could so change his appearance that nobody recognized him. His favorite amusement was to pretend to be a simple-minded countryman, who had something to sell. In this guise he would find his way into the British camps. There he would abuse the Americans and praise the British, but his keen eye meanwhile learned a great deal that would be of value to his Commander.

Upon one of these risky visits, Jasper and a friend, named Newton, saw a body of American prisoners brought in. The wife of one of them had come along, carrying a little child. She was crying, and seemed in great distress, for she knew her husband had once been a soldier on the British side, and had deserted to fight for his own country. This meant quick trial and certain death for desertion.

Jasper felt sorry for the couple, and resolved to rescue them, if he could. The prisoners started, under escort, for Savannah, where they would stand trial. Jasper and Newton quietly left the British camp, and went in an opposite direction, after pretending that "the scoundrels ought to be shot."

Soon, they turned, and made their way back toward Savannah. The two had no guns, nor weapons of any kind, but they were determined to rescue the unfortunate prisoners, if they could.

Within two miles of Savannah, they stopped on the edge of a forest, near a spring; there they hid themselves, awaiting the arrival of the prisoners and their guard. It was not long before the party, consisting of ten British soldiers in charge of the prisoners, came into view.

The soldiers were tired. The spring looked cool and inviting, and the day was warm. Leaning their guns against the trees, they took off their knapsacks, drank freely of the water, and lay down to rest. Two soldiers only were left in charge of the guns and the prisoners. The latter sat on the ground, and Jasper could see the woman near her husband, with the baby asleep in her lap.

"Now is the time," whispered Jasper to Newton. At the word, the brave men sprang from the

thicket, seized the guns from the trees, and shot down the two sentinels. The others cried out in dismay and sprang to their feet. But it was too late, for they found their own guns levelled at them, by two very brave and determined Patriots. "Surrender at once, or you are dead men," cried Jasper.

The British threw up their hands, and became the prisoners of those whom, a short while before, they had been guarding. The party then turned about, on their way now to the American camp.

Not long after this, Jasper was among the troops that assaulted Savannah, trying to capture it from the British. The column to which he belonged had pressed forward over ditches and parapets, and had planted the flag of South Carolina on the works of the enemy.

A storm of shot and shell drove back the Carolinians, and cut down the staff that held the flag. Jasper saw that the flag would fall into the hands of the British, and ran back to get it; in doing so he received a mortal wound.

He was borne from the field, and carried to his death-bed. He exclaimed, "I have at last got my furlough."

AMERICA FIRST

ELI WHITNEY INVENTS THE COTTON GIN

When we read about the millions of bales of white cotton raised in the South every year, it is hard to believe that cotton itself was considered only a garden plant until after the Revolution. A plantation of thirty acres of cotton near Savannah yielded what was then a very large crop. Just after the war with Great Britain, eight bags of cotton were shipped to England, and were seized by the Custom House officials, on the ground that so much cotton could not be raised in the United States.

The cotton which grows in the uplands of the South is known as short staple cotton, and its lint adheres very closely to the seed. At first this lint had to be picked off by hand, which was a slow process. A man and his family could hardly clean more than eight or ten pounds a day. In case of a large crop, there were not hands enough to separate the lint from the seed. Therefore, cotton was not profitable, and, in consequence, not much of it was raised. In the year 1791, only three hundred and ninety-one bales were exported from the United States.

In 1792, a young man, named Eli Whitney, was living in Georgia, at the home of Mrs. Nathanael Greene, a few miles from Savannah. He was born in Massachusetts, and had just graduated from Yale College. He had come to Savannah to practice law, and to eke out his income by teaching school. Mrs. Greene had invited him to live at her plantation, and to help her with the education of her children.

Whitney had always shown a certain skill in making useful articles, and in mending broken things. Nothing was needed around the Greene house or farm that Whitney could not make; nothing that he could not fix. Mrs. Greene said to him one day, "Mr. Whitney, I believe you can make anything. Sooner or later, you will hit upon a fortune."

One day some visitors expressed their regret that it was such a hard matter to clean the upland cotton; they said it was a pity there was not a machine for that purpose.

Mrs. Greene replied, "There is a young man here who can make anything. His name is Eli Whitney. I believe he could invent a machine for cleaning cotton."

Whitney was sent for, and listened to stories of the trouble the Southern farmers were having with the cotton seed. He had never seen any cotton

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up to that time, but he cheerfully undertook to work up some scheme. He watched the seed-pickers, and brought some of the ripe cotton-bolls to his room, where he began to pick out the seed himself. He soon thought of a plan for a machine, and set to work building it. It was a hard task, for he had to make his own tools, wire, and nails.

Whitney toiled for several months on his invention, and at last had ready for its trial test his cotton engine, or cotton-gin, as it is called for short. It was a simple device, consisting of a revolving cylinder, covered with short teeth that passed through a stationary comb. The teeth caught the lint, and dragged it through the comb, leaving the seed behind. It was very crude, but even this first gin could do more work than twenty men. All the machines made since that day have adhered to the same idea, though the modern ones are a great improvement on the ones first made.

Mrs. Greene and another friend were the only ones allowed to see Whitney's first gin. They were so delighted when they witnessed how fast this little hand-turning machine could clean the seed, that they could not keep the secret. Others soon heard of it, and one night Whitney's shop was broken open, and his model machine was stolen and carried away.

This was a great blow to Whitney, for, before he could make a new one, and get it patented, other machines, based on his invention, were in operation. In after years, this gave him a great deal of trouble, and, in fact, kept him from making a fortune out of his gin.

A patent was secured for the Whitney cotton-gin in 1794. Soon, others began to claim that they had made gins before Whitney's appeared. Many lawsuits began to dispute Whitney's rights, and the juries did not give the poor inventor much satisfaction. In fact, he spent much money, with little benefit to himself.

At any rate, the world knows that Whitney invented the cotton-gin. As soon as gins could be bought, the farmers began to plant cotton plentifully. By using the gin, they could clean a thousand pounds a day, instead of only eight or ten pounds, as before. More farmers started planting cotton and land was cleared for cultivation. Sadly, more slaves were bought in to raise the crop as growing cotton became a profitable industry throughout the South.



Lewis and Clark at Three Forks,
Edgar Paxson, source: Wikicommons

THE EXPEDITION OF LEWIS AND CLARK

The purchase from France, in 1803, of the great territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, known as Louisiana, gave to the United States a vast domain almost unknown to the white man.

At that time, there were but two large towns in the whole area. New Orleans had, perhaps, eight or ten thousand wooden houses. The streets were dirty and ill-paved. The population numbered eight or ten thousand people. St. Louis was a fur-trading post, of not more than a thousand souls, many of whom were boatmen or traders among the native tribes of the West. There were a few scattered villages along the rivers, but the great body of the territory was filled with native tribes

of whose nature the whites were entirely ignorant. So far as the country was concerned, very little was known about this land.

President Jefferson resolved to find out more about this vast domain which had doubled the territory of the United States, and which had cost only fifteen million dollars to purchase. He looked about for the man to send on a mission of exploration. He selected his own secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis, who invited Captain William Clark, the brother of George Rogers Clark, to join him.

Both were young men, who had seen service on the border; both were Virginians; and both entered into the enterprise heart and soul. They were directed to note carefully every detail of the country, and to find out all they could about the native tribes.

The journey was a long one — two thousand miles at least, and most of it had to be covered on rivers unknown to the explorers. With a party of forty-three brave men, they started from St. Louis, in May, 1804, on their toilsome way up the Missouri River.

It was a pleasant time of the year, and for days the party sailed or rowed their boats up the yellow stream, enjoying the beautiful country through which they were passing. Great trees, hanging

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their branches to the water's edge, meadows filled with flowers, thickets full of birds and game, were passed day after day.

At night, they would tie up to a bank where there was a spring, or clear stream of fresh water; then they would build a big camp fire of drift-wood, cook their evening meal, station sentries on the lookout for natives or wild beasts, and lie down to sleep.

Late in July, the Platte River was reached. Selecting a shady and comfortable camp, the explorers sent messages to the natives to come to a friendly meeting. A great crowd arrived, and received presents of flags, tomahawks, knives, beads, looking-glasses, red handkerchiefs, and gaudy coats; they vowed eternal friendship to the white man. The natives danced around with as much glee as a lot of children. Why should they be at war with those who brought them such beautiful gifts?

The party continued on its way. The summer was passing, and the autumn was coming on. Great herds of buffaloes came down to the river to drink; great flocks of white gulls passed them overhead, while the woods were full of plums, grapes, and berries. Game and fish were to be had in abundance. The travelers fared well, and were very happy, though the nights were getting

cold, and the camp fires on the banks had to be kept going all the time.

In the autumn, they reached the country of the Mandans, where they decided to spend the winter. Friendship was soon established by the gifts of beads and looking-glasses. The time was spent in hunting, fishing, and talking. One night, by the camp fire, an old Chief rose and said,

“Far to the setting sun, my brother will find a deep gorge cut through the mountains. Down this gorge pours the mighty river with a roar like the thunders. Over it stands always a deep mist. High up in a dead tree, an eagle has built his nest. My brother cannot go there by the big canoe. Stay here with us.”

But Lewis replied, “The great father has sent me to see beyond the mountains, and to find the big water of the sea. In the spring, I must go, and those with me must go also. When the snow melts I shall be gone.” So, when the flowers bloomed, Lewis and Clark made ready to move.

Leaving their native friends, the party pushed on. But now the real troubles began. The navigation of the river became more and more difficult. Sometimes they had to drag their canoes along by tow-lines, or carry them around the shoals and shallows. Their hunters kept them

supplied with bear meat, venison, and other game.

They reached and passed the Yellowstone. In May, they came in sight of the Rocky Mountains. The river grew swifter and smaller, and traveling became more and more difficult. Lewis and Clark went scouting in every direction, climbing the bluffs to get a view of the country. Often they saw great herds of buffaloes feeding on the prairies.

At evening, they always halted, the events of the day were noted down in their diaries, the difficulties of the journey discussed, and plans for the next day decided upon. Fresh logs were piled upon the blazing fire, sentinels were posted, and the men stretched themselves upon the ground for sleep. By daybreak they were up and moving.

In June, Captain Lewis saw in the distance a thin, cloudlike mist, rising out of the plain. He did not doubt but that it was the Great Fall, of which the Mandans had told him. In a few hours, the party stood upon the brink of the chasm, and saw the river pour its great flood through the gorge. Even the eagle's nest was there, just as the Mandans had told him.

There were thirteen miles of cascades and rapids. The Missouri rushed headlong over precipices and through cañons a thousand feet deep. It was a

sublime sight, and these were the first white men to behold it.

The boats were abandoned, for the river was now too narrow and wild for navigation. No natives could be found anywhere to guide them across the mountains, so the party took to a well-beaten trail, which at last gave out high up in the mountains.

Lewis left the party in camp, and set forth alone to find his way over the mountains. It was a terrible task, beset with danger on all sides, but at last he crossed the divide, and came upon a village of the Shoshone or Snake tribes, to whom he told his story. They were amazed that he could have crossed the mountains without a guide, and on foot.

Going back with these natives to direct him, Lewis at last brought the whole party over, and the journey was resumed. It was now winter again. The snow fell and the water froze. There was little to eat, and the men grew discouraged. Their food consisted mainly of dried fish. When a horse gave out, it was killed and eaten. They learned to eat dog-meat, and to be glad to get it. This was the hardest part of their journey.

At last, ragged, half-starved, and footsore, the explorers came out on the other side of the moun-

tains, more like fugitives than conquerors of a great wilderness. They had traveled four hundred miles on foot, through the tangled forests and over mountains. They looked more like natives than white men, and were in such a weak condition that they would have been easy prey, if the savages had been unfriendly.

But their troubles were over. After resting with a friendly tribe, they built canoes and embarked upon the stream that led into the Columbia River. More and more villages appeared, more and more game was to be found, and the streams were full of fish. So they fared well.

Finally, they entered the Columbia River, and, late in the fall, their canoes floated into the mouth of that great river in view of the Pacific Ocean. They had reached their goal at last!

Here the winter was passed. In March, 1806, the explorers began their journey home, which, after many adventures, was safely reached. They had been gone two and a half years. Everybody had given them up for lost or dead. Hence, there was great surprise and joy at their return.

PIKE EXPLORES THE ARKANSAS VALLEY

Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike was a bold young adventurer, who, when twenty-seven years of age, undertook to explore the country between Arkansas and the Red Rivers, in the same way that Lewis and Clark had explored the region of the Missouri River.

In July, 1806, Pike and his men, full of courage and high spirits, left St. Louis in row-boats. They were prepared for the usual hard journey that awaited explorers of the far west, with all its dangers and discomforts. Their boats made about fifteen miles a day. They lived on deer, turkeys, and bears which they easily killed in their hunting trips along the banks of the river.

They turned into the Osage River, and, about the middle of August, reached some native villages where they were welcomed by the dusky Osage warriors, and refreshed after their tiresome trip.

Here Pike mounted his men on horses, and made ready for his long journey by land.

Their first destination was the Pawnee villages far away on the Platte River, where a tribe of natives lived whose friendship for the Americans was uncertain. On September 1, the party drove away full of hope and confidence. With them rode a band of Osage warriors for a short distance, to show them their good-will and to do them honor.

In a few days the party rode across the dividing ridge, and the prairies of Kansas spread before them. Far as the eye could see, the rich land stretched, level and beautiful, covered with tall grass and low-growing bushes. A few hills, here and there, broke the monotony of the landscape. Occasionally, a group of trees could be located, and there, beneath the branches the Indians buried their dead to keep the bodies from the devouring wolves and coyotes. It was a wonderful country, which in future years was to be the greatest grain-growing section of the world.

At last, Pike came to the Pawnee villages. The reputation of this tribe boded no good to his mission of friendship. He was far from home, and his band was few in numbers. Just before he arrived, a body of three hundred Spanish soldiers, from New Mexico, had been there, and sown dis-

trust and enmity for the Americans. When Pike arrived, with his twenty-three men, the natives did not try to conceal their disdain.

“Our friends, the Spaniards, have many warriors, on strong horses, and bring many presents. You are nothing beside them, and we do not fear you,” said the Chief to Pike.

Pike replied, “There are few of us here, but there are many of us where I come from. The Spaniards are many here, but few at home. We bring friendship and peace. You had best listen to us, and not to the Spaniards.”

But the natives would not attend his councils, and looked on with sour faces when Pike raised the American flag in their villages. They probably thought he was trying to amuse them by some sort of game, but they refused to be amused.

After leaving the Pawnee villages, Pike’s party continued its westward journey, going up the Arkansas River, looking for its source. Toward the beginning of winter they reached the Spanish Peaks, where the river, growing smaller all the time, finally was lost among the hills. They were now in the land that afterwards became Colorado.

Before them lay a lofty peak, which Pike determined to climb, that he might get a better view of the country. Day after day he struggled

through the tangled brush, over gullies, and up the steep sides of the mountain. Every night brought him and his men nearer the top. Amid many difficulties, he reached a great altitude, and at last, on the very summit, saw the wonderful plains and prairies of Colorado spread before him.

The high point was afterwards named "Pike's Peak," in honor of the intrepid explorer. Today, a railway track is laid to the top of the same mountain, and in summer many visitors take, in perfect comfort, the same wonderful climb that Pike and his men took with such hardship.

Winter now set in. The rivers began to freeze, the snow fell and covered the trails, the wood became too wet to burn, and Pike and his men endured untold misery. Trying to find his way back to the head waters of the Red River, he missed his way, and the party wandered like lost men through the hills, without shelter and often without food. Men with less courage and strength would have perished in the terrible hardships they endured.

At last they built a block-house for shelter, and settled down to wait. Pike sent one of his men to hunt for Santa Fé, the Spanish town, and to bring succor. When the messenger reached Santa Fé and told his story, the Spaniards listened with

some distrust, but sent a squadron of horse to find Pike and his men.

Reaching the brave little party, the Spaniards arrested Pike for being on Spanish territory; they suspected him of having designs on New Mexico. Pike was glad enough to be rescued, no matter what the Spaniards thought of him. Here is how he, himself, describes what befell him and his men, when they reached Santa Fé:

“When we presented ourselves at Santa Fé, I was dressed in a pair of blue trousers, moccasins, blanket-coat, and a cap made of scarlet cloth, lined with fox skins, and my poor fellows in leggings, breech-cloths, and leather coats. There was not a hat in the whole party. Our appearance was extremely mortifying to us all, especially as soldiers. Greater proof cannot be given of the ignorance of the people here than their asking if we lived in houses or in camps, or if we wore hats in our country.”

After a brief detention, as prisoners, and largely because of satisfactory explanation on Pike's part, the explorers were sent back to the United States under an armed escort, though Pike's papers were taken from him, so that he had to supply the details of his explorations as best he could from memory.

STORIES OF OUR OWN HISTORY

OLD IRONSIDES

The good ship *Constitution* was built by order of Congress to fight the pirate ships of Algeria. She was built in Boston, and was designed to be a little bigger and a little better than any other fighting ship of her kind afloat.

The *Constitution* was made of the best material and with the greatest care. Workmen searched the lumber-yards of the South for oak, cedar and pine. Paul Revere, who made the famous midnight ride, furnished the copper. It took three years to build the frigate, and, when she was done, her timbers had seasoned until they were hard as iron.

The *Constitution* played her part in the war against the pirates of the Barbary Coast in Africa. For two years there was plenty of fighting, in which the frigate seemed to bear a charmed life. She never lost her mast, nor was she ever seriously injured in battle or in storm. She never lost a commanding officer, and only a few of her crew were killed.

It was during the War of 1812 that the *Constitution* won her chief glory. Her most remarkable feat was her escape from a British squadron.

At daybreak, toward the middle of July, 1812, off the New Jersey coast, the frigate found herself surrounded by a fleet of British ships that had crept up in the night. They were waiting for dawn to begin the attack. Captain Isaac Hull was in command of the *Constitution*, and had no idea of surrendering his ship. He thought only of means to escape from his danger.

Not a breath of air ruffled the water, and the sails of all the ships were useless. One of the British frigates was being towed by all the boats of her squadron, so as to get her near enough to the *Constitution* to open fire. The boats then expected to bring other frigates into position, and thus begin a general battle. This would seal the doom of the *Constitution*. Without wind, there was no chance for her to get away. But Hull was not to be caught. He thought of his anchor and windlass.

"How much water have we under this ship?" he shouted. Upon being told he had twenty fathoms, he cried out,

"Bring up the anchor and all the spare ropes and cable. Then all hands to the boats!"

The order was quickly obeyed. Putting the anchor into a boat, it was carried a mile ahead and dropped into the ocean. The ropes and cables attached to it were still fastened to the windlass.

The men on the ship began to wind up the windlass, and gradually drew the boat along to the place where the anchor was dropped.

Then the anchor was moved ahead another mile, and the boat drawn up again. In this manner, slow progress was made through the water, but it was better than not making any headway at all.

The pursuit was kept up for two days. But slowly the *Constitution* gained on her pursuers, until, after a two days' chase, the enemy was four miles astern.

A squall gave Hull his chance to open sails and hide behind the rain and cloud-banks. In a few hours, the weather cleared, and the British were almost out of sight. They soon abandoned the chase, and Hull took his frigate into Boston harbor, amid the cheers of the people.

In less than two weeks, he was out again, searching the ocean for British craft, and ready to give battle to any vessel he might meet. The British had a fine frigate, named the *Guerrière*, commanded by Captain Dacres, who was a personal friend of Captain Hull. The *Guerrière* had challenged any vessel of the American fleet to battle, and was cruising on the Atlantic, waiting for an answer. The *Constitution* went out to accept the challenge.

Years before this, Dacres and Hull had been talking about a possible battle between their frigates. "If we ever meet in combat, I wager a fine hat I will make you surrender," said Dacres to Hull.

"Agreed," was the laughing reply of Captain Hull. "I expect to win that hat some day."

In August, about seven hundred miles from Boston, the two vessels met. The *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* were the finest frigates in the world, their Commanders equally brave, their men equally matched. It was a question of ship management and gun power.

The British frigate flung out a flag of defiance from each topmast. Her guns began to roar, but the balls fell short of the *Constitution*.

"Don't fire until I give the word. Let the two vessels draw near together before we open. Keep steady and ready, and never mind their guns," said Hull to his men.

The two ships drifted nearer and nearer. The enemy's broadsides tore through the rigging of the *Constitution*. One of the enemy's balls struck the side of the vessel, and fell into the sea. A sailor, looking overboard, said,

"See the balls falling away from her. She's an old ironside, sir, an old ironside."

From that time on, the *Constitution* was called "Old Ironsides."

The two vessels came fairly abreast, near enough for the men to see each other, and for good pistol shot.

"Ready, men, do your full duty and fire," shouted Hull.

Broadside after broadside was poured into the *Guerrière*. First her mizzen mast fell, then her foremast was cut down, then her rigging and flag; she was soon a helpless hulk in the water.

Dacres surrendered, and came on board the *Constitution* to deliver his sword to his old friend. But Hull smilingly said,

"No, Dacres, you can keep the sword, for you are too brave a man to be without one. I want that hat you and I wagered some years ago."

When "Old Ironsides" sailed into Boston on the last day of August, you may well believe the people shouted themselves hoarse, and waved flags, and hung out bunting, and gave grand dinners in honor of this great naval victory.

TECUMSEH

Tecumseh was probably the one of the greatest Native Americans. He was the most eloquent orator ever known among the native tribes. When he spoke, his voice was deep and full, like an organ, his face shone with emotion, and his words were remarkable for their poetic beauty.

His father was a Shawnee warrior, and was killed in battle with white settlers, when Tecumseh was a mere child. This impressed him with a great resolve to keep the white men out of the native lands, and to fight them whenever he could.

He possessed a sensitive dignity, as is shown by the following incident. Upon one occasion, when he came with his warriors to hold a conference with General Harrison, he looked around, after he had finished his address, to find a seat. Seeing that none had been reserved for him, he appeared offended.

A white man, seated near General Harrison, arose and offered him his seat, saying, "Your father wishes you to sit by his side."

"The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. I shall sit in his light and rest on her

bosom," said Tecumseh. Whereupon, he sat down on the ground, in the full light of the sun.

Tecumseh was a noble soldier, and never allowed any prisoners to be tortured. He promised General Harrison that, in case of war, he would not permit his warriors to massacre women and children. He faithfully kept his word. At the siege of Fort Meigs, the natives began murdering their prisoners. Tecumseh ran in, and, brandishing his tomahawk, bade them stop at once. Turning to General Procter, who stood looking on, he cried out,

"Why do you permit this outrage? Why did you not stop those men, and save those wretched prisoners?"

Procter replied that the natives could not be restrained, and that he could not prevent the massacre.

Tecumseh was furious at this, and said, "Be-gone, you coward. You are not fit to command men. Go and put on a petticoat, and sit with the women, where you belong."

Procter was not a brave soldier, and, at one time, burned his stores and abandoned his fort, even though he had a thousand men and three thousand native allies. Tecumseh was so dis-

gusted with his cowardice, that he compared him to a fat dog, who barked and held his tail high, when there was no danger, but who howled, and dropped his tail between his legs and ran, whenever any one attacked him.

When Tecumseh went to Alabama to stir up the Creek Indians against the whites of that section, he found them unwilling to rise against their neighbors and friends. All his eloquence failed to move them, and, to all his appeals and threats, they merely shook their heads. Finally, in a burst of anger, he cried out,

“Your blood is white, and no longer runs red like the rising sun. You do not fight because you are cowards and are afraid to fight. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me, but you shall believe it. I am going back to Detroit. It will take me many days, but when I reach there, I shall tell the Great Spirit, and I shall stamp my foot on the ground, and shake every house in your village.”

So saying, he left, and journeyed northward. The Creeks counted the days until he should reach home. Strangely enough, about the time he was due there, an earthquake shook the village. The Creeks rushed wildly for their dwellings, crying out,

“Tecumseh has arrived in Detroit; he has told the Great Spirit; we feel the stamping of his foot!”

The last battle in which this warrior was engaged was that of the Thames. The Americans had been pursuing the British and their native allies for some time, until Tecumseh was tired of the disgraceful state of affairs, and told the British officer, Procter, that he would retreat no longer. “We will stand here and give battle,” said he. “I and my warriors were not made for running away from our enemies.”

The result was the battle of the Thames. At the opening of the conflict, Tecumseh turned to his friends, and said,

“Brother warriors, I shall never come out of this battle alive. I go there to die, but I go. My body will remain on the field, I know it will be so.”

He unbuckled his sword, and handed it to one of his Chiefs, and said, “When my son becomes a great warrior, give him this sword, and tell him his father died like a brave Chief and a hero. Tell my people I died for their rights.” With that, he also took off the British uniform, which he had been wearing, and put on his own native dress and war-paint.

The battle raged for a while with fury. Procter at last fled through the swamps and wilderness, escaping with a few followers. Tecumseh, however, brandishing his club, rushed upon his pursuers, and fell, pierced with many wounds.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

During the War of 1812, the British fleet blockaded our ports and sailed up our rivers to attack our cities and forts. Thus, they entered the Chesapeake Bay, and landed troops outside Washington City.

A battle was fought near there, but the British were not stopped from pursuing their way to the capital. The city was in great danger and the people hastened to gather their possessions and made their escape. There were only eight thousand inhabitants in Washington at that time. It was a small town, as compared with its great size and splendor, to-day.

A messenger rode in haste to bid the people flee. He came to the White House, where Dolly Madison, the wife of President James Madison, was waiting for her husband. He called out to her, "Mr. Madison says go, or the house will be

burned over your head. The British are on the way to the capital. There is no time to lose. Escape as quickly as you can."

Dolly Madison did not go at once, but set about gathering the Cabinet papers, and the Declaration of Independence, which she made a servant pack in a trunk. Then she ordered a large portrait of Washington to be cut out of its frame, and rolled up so she could take that too. Having done these things, she escaped with her treasures, just as the British were entering the city.

The soldiers marched into the deserted town, and burned the Treasury Building, the Public Library, and the White House. A notorious officer, named Cockburn, followed by a mob of soldiers, entered the new Capitol, climbed into the Speaker's chair, and called out: "Shall this harbor of Yankee Democracy be burned?"

The mob of half-drunken soldiers called out, "Aye," and proceeded to apply the torch to the building.

Dolly Madison found refuge with her friends in the country. When she and the President returned to Washington, they had to live in a rented house.

About three weeks after the burning of the city, the British began to attack Fort McHenry, which was built to protect the harbor of Baltimore. One

evening, the British sent two bomb vessels, and a number of barges, filled with soldiers, to pass the fort and assail it in the rear.

But the noise of their oars was heard in the darkness, and an order was given to open fire on them. A deadly discharge was poured out from Fort McHenry upon the creeping craft, with the result that nearly all of them were sent to the bottom.

The English suffered so much from this repulse that they abandoned the attack and sailed away.

During the bombardment, Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer, was sent, under a flag of truce, to convey a message to the British fleet. His purpose was to secure the release of several prisoners.

After delivering his message, Key and his party were on the point of departure, when an officer said,

“Mr. Key, I have orders to detain you and your party until the bombardment is over. You will, therefore, remain here.”

Key did not like to be held, but there was no help for it. So he and his associates were kept in a little vessel moored to the side of an English ship, under guard of a body of soldiers. Here, on the deck, they witnessed the bombardment of the fort.

All night long the shells were fired. Key watched each one as it fell upon the fort, and listened for each explosion. Suddenly, before the morning dawned, the firing ceased.

“Has the fort surrendered, or have the British abandoned the attack?” was the anxious thought in the minds of the weary watchers.

There was no way to find out until day came. “If the flag is still flying, then the fort has not surrendered,” said Key to his companions. Anxiously they paced the deck.

As day dawned, they turned their glasses toward the fort, and, to their great joy, they saw the flag was still there. Key was overcome with emotion. Drawing a letter from his pocket, he wrote on the back of it the opening lines of our national song, “The Star-Spangled Banner.”

Later in the day, a small boat took him back to Baltimore. On his way he completed the poem. That very night, he corrected it, and wrote it out as we now have it. The next day, he showed the poem to a friend of his, who was so pleased that he had it printed in a Baltimore paper.

When the words appeared, they were eagerly memorized by an actor, named Charles Durang, who stood on a chair and, for the first time, sang them to a crowd. Then, everybody joined in.

Soon the piece was being sung all over the country. It is our great national song, and whenever it is played or sung, we rise reverently and uncover our heads, proud of our great 'flag and of the deeds of valor it has encouraged.

TRAVELING BY THE CANAL

Long before the days of railroads and automobiles, the people of the country had to travel from one place to another by means of stage-coaches and wagons, over rough roads, and with a great deal of discomfort. The pioneers made use of the rivers when they could, for traveling by water was much easier than jolting, or sticking in the mud every few miles.

The people began to think of a system of waterways, or canals, to connect the rivers with one another, and to open up communication with the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. The greatest of all these channels is the Erie Canal, extending from Albany, on the Hudson River, to Buffalo, on Lake Erie. By it, an all-water way was secured from New York to the Great Lakes, opening up traffic between the East and the rapidly growing West.

The Canal was a great enterprise. It took eight years to build, was three hundred and sixty-three miles long, forty feet wide, and, at first, only four feet deep. Later on it was made seven feet deep. It cost something over seven million dollars to construct, an expense which was borne by the State of New York. Governor DeWitt Clinton was the genius of the Canal, and devoted his energies to making it a success. People laughed at him, and called the Canal "Clinton's Ditch." But he went on, year by year, with an army of workmen, cutting down trees, leveling land, blasting through rock, building stone aqueducts across streams, and constructing locks from one level to another. ,

At last, the Canal was completed, in 1824. Governor Clinton went through it on the first boat. It was named the *Seneca-Chief*, and was drawn by four gray horses. It started from Buffalo, on its way to Albany. The boat carried a bear, two boys, two eagles, and other things representing the Great West; also a keg of water from Lake Erie to empty into the Atlantic Ocean, so as to show that the waters of the two great bodies were united at last. Cannon, stationed one every five miles from Buffalo to New York, announced the progress of the boat. It took eighty-one minutes to let the people in New

York know that the boat had started from Buffalo. All along the way, she was greeted with the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, the waving of flags, and the shouting of enthusiastic people. When the boat arrived in New York, a great celebration was held in honor of the event.

The canal-boat was a curious affair, about eighty feet long and twelve feet wide and three feet draught. On its deck was a cabin, in which were cramped sleeping-quarters. In the daytime, the bunks were folded out of sight, to make room for the tables at which the passengers ate. It was drawn by horses or mules, hitched to a long tow-line, and its speed was about two miles an hour. It was against the rules to go faster than four miles, for fear the wash of the water, caused by the motion of the boat, would damage the banks.

Stops were frequent, and passage through the locks caused much loss of time. Now and again, the passengers got off the boat to look around, and often they were left behind. Then they had to run along the banks, overtake the boat, and scramble aboard the best way they could. In fine weather, they sat in chairs on the deck outside the cabin, and enjoyed the scenery as they glided slowly along. Small villages were passed, then farms and forests. The canal wound among the

hills, and went straight across a level area. Sometimes, when the weather was good, the passengers were allowed to walk on the tow-path by the side of the canal. It was a slow but pleasant journey; fortunately, in those days, nobody was in a hurry.

One of the inconveniences was the frequency of the low bridges, under which the boat had to pass. If a passenger was not constantly on the lookout, he would be swept off the deck by a bridge, and find himself in the water. It was the helmsman's duty to cry out, "Low bridge," and then all the passengers would either have to duck their heads or go below. It was accounted great fun to leap from the deck on to the bridge, as the boat approached it, and then, having crossed, to leap back on the boat again.

Thus, the boat went along, full of freight in the hold, and passengers in the cabin and on the deck. It took six or seven days to cover the entire distance. We can cross the continent, or the Atlantic Ocean, in that time now, and go the same distance in less than a day.

On wet and cold days, travel by the Canal was not pleasant, for the passengers had to stay in the cabin, and suffer the discomfort of close quarters, with nothing to see and nothing to do.

After the coming of railroads, the Erie Canal

ceased to be popular as a means of passenger travel. It was too slow and uncomfortable. But for freight it is still used.

LAFAYETTE'S RETURN TO AMERICA

In 1824, Lafayette, now an old man, longed to visit once more the people of America, and to see again the scenes of his youthful glory. Congress at once invited him to be the nation's guest.

More than forty years had passed since he had come to America's aid. The thirteen colonies were now twenty-four states. The nation was prosperous, peaceful, and powerful — a republic of twelve million people. Towns and villages had sprung up, and even the Far West was being opened to adventurous explorers and settlers.

Death had claimed many of the intimate friends of Lafayette. Washington had been dead for twenty-five years. Greene, Wayne, Marion and Morgan were all gone. Lafayette was the last surviving Major-General of the Revolution. But there were many veteran soldiers yet alive, and there was an entire nation of grateful people to welcome him to the shores of America.

Lafayette himself had had a busy and turbulent

career since his part in the American War for Independence. He had fought the battles of liberty in his own country and had for five years been a prisoner in an Austrian dungeon. But in spite of this exciting life, he was still a strong and vigorous man.

In appearance, he was very tall and rather stout. He had a round face, with regular features and a high forehead. His complexion was clear, and his cheeks were red. He had lost his hair in the Austrian prison, and wore a curly, reddish-brown wig to conceal his entirely bald head.

Accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his private secretary, Lafayette reached New York, in August, 1824. Six thousand citizens, aboard gaily-dressed vessels, went out to meet his approaching ship. With cannon booming from the forts, and with flags flying from every masthead and building, the boat, bearing the distinguished foreigner, came to shore while many thousands of people lined the docks, and shouted, "Welcome, Lafayette! All honor to the nation's guest!"

In a few days, Lafayette went to Washington, and President Monroe formally received him at the White House as the guest of the American people. From that time on, for more than a year,

he was engaged in a long series of receptions and ovations, in every state of the Union.

Having promised to attend the graduating exercises of Harvard College, Lafayette started for Boston. There were no railroads in those days, and traveling was done by carriages. His party, therefore, traveled for five days, from early morning until late at night.

Every village had its triumphal arch, and its procession of citizens and soldiers. Over the streets were mottoes of greeting to the great friend of Washington. Music and banquets and speeches of welcome greeted the party along the entire way.

People gathered from many miles around, and camped along the road to see his carriage pass. A large procession of horsemen followed him, as escort, from place to place. Cannon were fired, bells were rung, and bonfires were built by the eager and grateful crowds.

In this fashion the party came to Boston; and it was thus the people of the United States greeted their guest wherever he went.

A few weeks after his arrival, Lafayette went to Yorktown to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, which had occurred forty-three years before. He was entertained in the house which had been Corn-

wallis's headquarters. Lafayette was provided with a bed; but many distinguished persons had to sleep in tents or on straw upon the floors of the houses, so great was the crowd.

A laurel wreath was offered to Lafayette at Yorktown; after wearing it on his head for a short while, he gave it to his friend, Colonel Nicholas Fish, who had helped him take a fort at Yorktown. "You must wear this also," he said. "It belongs to you more than it does to me."

As these two old comrades later on sailed up the Hudson River, Lafayette turned to Colonel Fish, and said, "Nicholas, do you remember when we were young, how we used to slide down those hills in an ox-sled with the girls from Newburgh?"

Then they fell to talking about the old times during the Revolution; often they would laugh over some remembered incident, and then again their eyes would fill with tears.

In Nashville, Tennessee, the hero was given a rousing welcome. In New Orleans, a band of Choctaw Indians, who had been camped there for a month, awaiting his arrival, marched before his carriage to see "the great warrior, brother of our good father, Washington."

Lafayette visited Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington. He went through the rooms, the halls,

and over the grounds, with which he had been so familiar. He went to the tomb of his good chief, and stood with bowed head before the stone coffin. Reverently, he kneeled and kissed the last resting-place of the great man he had served so well and loved so truly. Tears were in his eyes as he rejoined his waiting companions.

Many other places did Lafayette visit in America. He was present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument; he visited the aged Jefferson in Virginia; he went to Philadelphia.

In September, 1825, he was given a farewell dinner at the White House, by the new President^t, John Quincy Adams, and, shortly afterwards, sailed for France, amid the blessings and prayers of a grateful nation.

AN EARLY JOURNEY BY RAILROAD

Those of us who travel on the railroad trains of to-day, over smooth rails and in comfortable seats, taking our meals in the dining-cars, going to sleep in berths by night, and waking up for breakfast at our destination several hundred miles away, present a strange contrast to those who had the discomfort of early travel.

One of the first railroads of any size and importance, ran between Charleston and Hamburg, S. C., opened in January, 1831. It was a curious-looking affair. The locomotive was small, and, fed

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with fat pine, sent out clouds of smoke and red hot cinders.

The coaches for the passengers were like huge barrels, mounted on trucks. The conductor walked on a little platform outside, and collected fares through small windows. The rails were flat, and the wheels ran in deep grooves. Not being securely fastened to the ties, the rails would sometimes curve like snake heads, and run up through the bottom of the coach, much to the peril and alarm of the passengers.

When the road was opened, the stockholders made of the event a day of great rejoicing, though it was cold and cloudy and the journey anything but comfortable. Great crowds of people along the way met the train, and begged for a ride. At the end of the trip the smoke had so blackened the faces of the passengers that they looked like negroes.

A sad accident befell the locomotive on one of its journeys. The fireman, tired of listening to the escaping steam, and thinking to save power, fastened down the steam valve, and then sat on it to make sure that it was closed. The steam mounted to exploding point, and the man was blown into a nearby cotton patch.

Another early railroad trip was across the Mohawk Valley. On this occasion, the engineer wore

a dress-coat, out of compliment to some very distinguished guests who were aboard. The carriages were the bodies of old stage-coaches placed upon trucks. After collecting the fares, the conductor mounted a seat on the tender of the locomotive, and blew some notes on a tin horn, to signify that all was ready.

Amid the cheers of the crowd the locomotive started. The coaches were joined together by chains, and, as the slack was taken up, the passengers were jolted backward or forward, some of them being thrown from their seats. No one dared stand up, but held on to the seats for dear life.

The fuel consisted of dry pitch, and, when the train was well under way, a cloud of hot cinders, smoke, and sparks came from the funnel of the engine and poured into the coaches. After much coughing and rubbing of eyes, the passengers raised their umbrellas to shelter themselves.

This, however, was no protection, for the umbrellas soon caught fire and had to be thrown overboard. The passengers, in a state of frantic fear, spent their time beating each other with handkerchiefs, hats, and canes, in order to put out the fire that momentarily threatened to catch the clothes and endanger the lives of every one.

But that was nearly a hundred years ago. To-

day, if the railroad tracks of the United States were put in a straight line, they would reach nine times around the globe. One can travel across the continent, from ocean to ocean, with as much comfort as he can have by staying in a hotel or at home.

OLD HICKORY

Andrew Jackson is one of the most picturesque characters in American history. He was born of Scotch-Irish parents on the borderline between North and South Carolina. His father died about the time he was born, and his mother had to support her three boys by spinning flax.

Jackson grew up to be a tall, slender lad, with red hair and a freckled face. He was very wild, quick-tempered, and mischievous. He had many quarrels with his companions, and many fights, but, at home, he was devoted to his mother, and showed kindness to the horses and other animals on the farm. He was a fearless rider, and all his life owned fine horses.

When Jackson was fourteen years of age, the Revolution was still in progress. The British army had swept through the neighborhood of his home, and the boy had seen his relatives and neighbors suffering and dying.

The local church was used as a hospital, and Jackson's mother often went there to nurse the sick and wounded. Andrew and his brother Robert ran errands for her, and were in and out of the church so often that they soon became familiar with the horrors of war.

At one time, Andrew and his brother were taken prisoners by the British, and were confined in the house of their own cousin. The English officers had everything they wished, and one of them ordered Jackson to clean his muddy boots.

Andrew replied, "I am a prisoner of war, and not a servant or a slave. You may clean them yourself."

This enraged the British officer to such an extent that he struck at the boy with his sword, wounding him on his head and hand. Jackson carried the scars with him all his life. Robert also received rough treatment from the brutal officers.

The boys were carried forty miles away, to a prison camp, and not allowed any food or water. There, smallpox broke out, and both boys were quite sick with it. Their mother secured their release, but Robert, suffering from wounds and fever, died two days after he reached home, and Andrew was ill for many weeks. Before he was quite well his mother also died.

At seventeen years of age, he began to study law. When he was twenty-one, he moved to Tennessee, and became a prominent lawyer in that new and wild country. In his efforts to preserve law and order among the frontiersmen and adventurers of that section, he had many personal difficulties. He was hot-tempered and a good shot, and frontier life was rough.

One day, when he was at a public dinner, some of his friends began to quarrel at the other end of the table from where Jackson was sitting. He immediately sprang upon the table, and strode along it, scattering the dishes and glasses as he went. Thrusting his hand behind him, he clicked his snuff-box. Thinking he was about to draw a pistol, the guests ran out in haste, crying in alarm, "Don't shoot, Mr. Jackson! Don't shoot!"

Once, when Jackson was driving along the road, he was stopped by some drunken wagoners, who told him to dance, or they would cowhide him. Jackson coolly said, "I cannot dance in these heavy boots. Let me get my slippers out of my bag."

To this the wagoners agreed, but, instead of slippers, he drew forth two big pistols. Pointing them at the wagoners, he said, "Now dance yourselves, or I will fill you full of bullets." The

wagons danced the best they could, while Jackson roared with laughter.

During the War of 1812, Jackson did great service as a soldier. He fought against the Indians in the South, and was prominent at the battle of New Orleans. A band of Creeks attacked Fort Mimms, in southern Alabama, and killed four or five hundred people. Tennessee raised a body of troops to go after the Creeks and punish them. Jackson was chosen Commander.

He was in bed at the time, suffering from wounds he had received in a quarrel two weeks before. His physician ordered him to stay where he was, but Jackson arose, put his arm in a sling, and, though almost fainting from weakness and loss of blood, he mounted his horse and started on the campaign.

Once, during the campaign, some soldiers grew mutinous because food was scarce, and they threatened to leave. Jackson, with his arm in a sling, rode up to them, and, taking his pistol in his free hand, said, "By the eternal, I will shoot the first man that moves." The soldiers knew he would do it, and there was no further trouble.

His endurance during this campaign earned for him the name of "Old Hickory," because he was

so tough; and because, though he would often bend, he would not break. In appearance, he was tall, erect, and spare, with dark blue eyes and heavy eyebrows. All through life his temper was fiery, and easily aroused when he was opposed.

His greatest fame, as a general, rests upon his victory over the British at the battle of New Orleans. Here, with a force of ill-prepared and untrained men, he gave a crushing defeat to a larger body of splendidly trained English soldiers. Over seven hundred of the enemy were killed, fourteen hundred were wounded, and five hundred were taken prisoners. Jackson had only eight men killed and fourteen wounded.

He became President of the United States when he was past sixty years of age. He was always a plain man of the people, who hated his enemies and wanted them punished; and who loved his friends and wanted them rewarded. He was a strong-minded President, who had his own way without asking advice, and often his was a very good way. Even to this day, he is regarded as among the notable men who have held high positions.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster was born on a farm in New Hampshire. He was the youngest of a family of ten children, and, as a child, was frail and delicate. For this reason, he was much petted by his parents and brothers and sisters, and was allowed to run free in the forests and fields near his home, in the hope that this freedom and exercise would bring him strength of body.

His mother and sisters taught him to read. In after years, he said he could not remember the time when he could not read the Bible. He had a very retentive memory.

His voice was musical, and when he read aloud, he gave great pleasure to those who heard him. Often, the men who came to his father's mill would get him to read to them while they waited for their meal to be ground. Sometimes the farmers, passing the house where he lived, stopped for an hour or two to rest their horses, and then they always sent for the boy, and generally they would say, "Daniel, read us something from the Bible."

Daniel had a brother, named Ezekiel, two years

older than himself, of whom he was very fond. This brother always watched over the delicate boy, and kept him from too much exertion. The father told Ezekiel to let Daniel help him, especially in the light work of the farm. Once, the boys' father returned home from a trip, and asked Ezekiel what he had been doing.

"Nothing, sir," replied the boy.

The father then asked Daniel what he had been doing.

"I have been helping Zeke, sir," said Daniel, with a smile.

One day, when Daniel was at the village store, he saw a handkerchief for sale, on which was printed a copy of the Constitution of the United States. He resolved to be the owner of that handkerchief, and saved enough pennies to buy it. When at last he bought it, he did not rest until he had learned the whole great document by heart. In after years, he became its most able exponent and defender.

Webster's father was poor, and with but little learning himself. He was wise enough, however, to know the value of education. He told his son he intended to send him to college. Webster was so anxious to go that, for a moment, he could not speak for emotion. He afterwards said, "A warm

glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept."

He became one of the greatest orators this country has produced, but, at first, he was much frightened when he stood before an audience. At school the boys made fun of him and of his clothes. Such ridicule caused him to be sensitive.

He said of this time, "Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse it in my room over and over again. But when the day came, and all my companions were on hand, gazing at me, and I was required to stand before them, I was so frightened that I could not utter a word."

After leaving college, Webster began his law career in his native state. He moved to Boston later on, where he built up a large practice. He was soon called into political life, and spent thirty years in the service of his state. He was a close student of the Constitution, an orator of tremendous force, and a profound thinker on all political questions of his day.

Webster overcame the weakness of his boyhood days, and grew into a vigorous man. His appearance was noble, sturdy, and dignified. His eyes were dark, and his brow was massive. People said, "When Webster walks the streets of Boston, he makes the buildings look small." Once he

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visited Europe, and some one, passing him in the street, remarked, "Surely, there goes a king." A great wit, looking at his dignified appearance, declared, "He is a small cathedral by himself." Some one else said, "I hardly believe any man can be as great as Mr. Webster looks."

He is best known for his wonderful oration in defense of the powers of the Constitution to maintain an unbroken union of the states. A great debate was held in the Senate of the United States on the subject, and against Webster was Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, who spoke on the right of a state to declare null and void within its borders any act passed by Congress.

Hayne made a great argument, and Webster replied to him the next day. He had but one night for preparation, but he remarked to a friend, "That is enough. All my life I have been making ready for this occasion." On the morning of his reply, he said, "The people shall learn this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand the Constitution to be."

When he spoke, the galleries were crowded, the senators were all in their places, and every one realized a crisis was at hand. Webster took four hours, delivering one of the greatest speeches of his life.

At the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument, he delivered another great oration. Thousands of persons were present, and the crowd pressed forward so eagerly that they came near carrying away the platform on which the speakers were sitting.

Webster appealed to them to stand back. "We cannot, Mr. Webster," they cried; "it is impossible." "Impossible!" thundered the great orator, "I tell you that nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill."

The people, moved by his eloquent words, rolled back like waves from the shore.

HENRY CLAY

This is the story of a poor boy, who, through his own energy and ability, rose to a position of power and usefulness. There are many such stories to be told in the history of our country.

Henry Clay was born in Virginia. His father died when he was a child, leaving a large family and a small farm. The brave mother had to struggle hard to provide for her children, and could give them but a limited education. All the schooling Henry had, he gained in a little log-cabin in the country.

He had to work on the farm, and to help at the house. This meant getting up at daybreak and going to bed early. As soon as he was big enough to guide a plow, he was intrusted the plowing and cultivating. All this gave vigor of body and independence of mind.

One of his duties was to ride an old horse to the mill, with a bag of corn or wheat for a saddle and to bring back the meal or flour for the use of the family. In after years, he was called millboy of the Slashes," because the Slashes was the name of the district in which he lived.

When Clay was about fifteen, he moved Richmond, and became a copying clerk in one of the Courts. It was his duty to keep a copy of the records. When he first entered the office he was tall and awkward, and was dressed in a ill fitting suit of homespun clothes which his mom had made for him. But Clay had a genial, sort of nature, which did not mind what others said about him, and he soon made many friends.

Moreover, he was a careful clerk who wrote with a good hand. Whenever the Judge wished a task particularly well done, he selected Clay for the job. When the day's work was over, Clay went home to read, while the other clerks went out for amusement.

He now began to study law, and was soon admitted to the bar. He felt that he could become a great orator, and made special effort to train his voice and memory. He would read some good book, such as a history, and then attempt to recite the words or repeat the sense of what he had just read. In this way he learned history, and cultivated an excellent command of language.

It was also his custom to go into the woods, sometimes in his barn, and try out his speeches. He would select some subject, think carefully over all he wished to say upon it, and then rehearse by himself, or with only the cattle as audience. Thus he acquired the power of continuous speech.

He organized a debating club among the young men of Richmond, and they met regularly to discuss the burning questions which were then disturbing the public mind. In all these ways — by study, practice, and persistence, — he laid the foundation for his great career as a lawyer and statesman.

When Clay was twenty-one, he moved to Kentucky and began to practice law. He was successful from the start, and had many clients. It was said that no murderer, who was defended by Clay, ever suffered the extreme penalty of the law. His nature was sympathetic, especially toward the poor,

and he was always glad to take their cases, and see that they secured justice.

Throughout his life, he was most polite and attentive in his manners. At one time, he was riding with his young son, when they met a slave who lifted his hat most respectfully. Clay replied to the greeting, but the son did not notice the old man. Clay turned to his son and said, "My boy, will you allow a slave to be more polite than you are? Courtesy towards others is always the mark of a true gentleman."

So pleasing was Clay in his manners that, upon one occasion, a political enemy refused to be introduced to him, saying, "I am afraid to meet Mr. Clay for fear his fine manners will change my opposition to him into admiration and support."

He held many public offices, and served the country most notably during a long life. He was greatly beloved by the people of Kentucky, so much so that it became a common jest to say, "When Henry Clay takes snuff, everybody in Kentucky sneezes." But he could not please all the time, and often had to explain to his people the reasons for his actions.

Upon one occasion an old hunter became dissatisfied with the way Clay had voted upon certain measures, and declared he would not support

him again. Clay met him a few days before the election, and said to him,

“You have a fine rifle that has not often failed you. Sometimes, however, it flashes in the pan, and it does not go off. Do you throw it away, or do you try it again?”

The hunter looked at Clay, and replied,

“Well, I pick the flint, and wipe out the barrel, and try it again. Any rifle will flash sometimes.”

“Well,” responded Clay, “I am a pretty good rifle, and if I have flashed in the pan once or twice, why throw me away?”

The man agreed that this suggestion was just, and voted for Clay the rest of his life.

Henry Clay always used his powers of persuasion to keep peace and harmony among the quarreling sections of the country. He tried to avert strife and war, and to be a peace-maker. For this reason he is called “The Great Pacificator.”

He was a statesman of rare courage, as well as of remarkable power. He never went against his conscience for the sake of retaining office or of winning high positions. Once, when told that certain measures of his on compromising the disputes about slavery would ruin his chances to become President, he replied,

“I would rather be right than be President.”

He never *was* President, though he was a **candidate** for that high office. But it is to his **greater** fame that he would not sacrifice any **principle** to win popular favor, or high position, or **private** gain. He was really a great man, for his **policy** was to do without rather than do what he **thought** was wrong.

JOHN C. CALHOUN

Webster, Clay, and Calhoun are known as the great trio. They were all poor boys, they all worked on farms, and became great by force of keen intellect, hard study, and high resolve. They lived about the same time, and were concerned with the same great national questions.

Calhoun was born and reared in South Carolina. When he was a boy, he worked in the fields with his father, and listened to stories of the Revolution, as the two sat by the fire on winter nights. From the first he loved to listen to the deeds of great men.

He grew up to be a quiet, thoughtful, studious boy, fond of rambling through the woods, and equally as fond of reading history. The schools at that time were poor, and Calhoun did not have much chance to get an education. Besides, he had to work on the farm.

He spent his spare time reading such books as he could borrow from his friends, or buy from his

small stock of money. When his father died, he took charge of the farm. He soon determined that he would be a farmer for life.

His brother, however, would not hear of this; he wanted John to be a professional man. Arrangements, therefore, were made to send him to school for two years, and then to Yale College for the study of law.

He was about twenty years of age when he entered Yale, and he became the leader of his class. He sometimes would get into discussions with the President of the College over political matters, and expressed himself so openly and so ably that the President became filled with admiration.

Upon one occasion, Calhoun was asked his views on a certain point in politics. He arose and stated them so clearly and powerfully that the President of Yale was thunderstruck! He afterwards said, "That young man, Calhoun, is able, very able. He will become a great man, possibly the President of the United States."

But, like Webster and Clay, Calhoun was destined never to reach that high office. His very nature made him unsuited to the demands of political campaigns. Such men as Calhoun need no office to fix their places in history.

After studying law for several years, he began to practice in South Carolina, but he confessed he did not enjoy it. He called reading law "a dry and solitary journey." He preferred history, and loved to study and discuss the political issues of the day.

He soon entered public life, and was sent to Congress just about the time the War of 1812 began. His associates were charmed with his powers of oratory. His great blue eyes glowed like coals of fire, his hair fell in masses about his broad forehead, and his full voice poured forth a rich volume of ringing words.

When Andrew Jackson was President, Calhoun had become one of the great leaders of the nation. It was the time of heated agitation over the question of the tariff. The Northern States wanted a heavy tariff to protect the home manufacture of goods, thus keeping out foreign competition. The Southern States wanted a low tariff, or none at all, so that they could buy goods anywhere at the cheapest prices.

It was a bitter controversy between the two sections, and Calhoun was ever the leader of the Southern States in their demand for a low tariff. At last, when the protective tariff bill of 1832 was passed, Calhoun wrote a letter to the people of

South Carolina, advising them not to submit to it.

“It is unjust to the people of the South. It makes them pay high prices for everything they buy. It takes money out of their pockets, and puts money into the purses of the Northern manufacturer,” he argued.

The Northern manufacturers replied, “Without the tariff, we shall have to close our mills; we cannot go on with low prices for we cannot make the goods at such a rate. Our workmen will be dismissed, and our mills will be idle.”

Thus the two sections stood on the subject of the tariff. Calhoun advised the Legislature of South Carolina to nullify the tariff law, so far as that state was concerned. South Carolina followed his advice, and passed an ordinance to that effect. Thus, Calhoun led his state into open opposition to the laws of Congress.

President Jackson was resolved to carry out the laws, and he would have forced a conflict with South Carolina had not wiser measures prevailed to prevent a rupture.

Clay proposed a compromise, which both sections could agree to, and argued this remedy with so much force that South Carolina withdrew her ordinance, and the tariff was modified. Thus the crisis passed.

THE HEROES OF THE ALAMO

The Alamo is a fort in the town of San Antonio, Texas. It was built by the early Spaniards for a Mission; though the walls were strong and thick, they were only eight feet high, and ill-adapted for defense. Unsuitable as it was for warlike purposes, the Alamo was destined to be the center of one of the most heroic conflicts in American history.

Soon after Texas had declared her independence of Mexico, and had become a Republic, the Texans drove the Mexicans out of San Antonio, and took possession of the town. Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, swore vengeance against the rebels, and sent an army to punish them. It would have been well if the Texans had retreated, for they were few in strength, and poorly provided with food and ammunition, while the Mexican army numbered thousands.

But the Texans were heroes, and had no thought of retreating. When Santa Anna appeared near the town, the little force of two hundred Texans, under command of Colonel Travis, withdrew into the Alamo, and prepared for defense. The Colonel wrote a letter to his friends, in which he said, "I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor or that of his country."

Among the defenders of the fort was David Crockett, the famous hunter of West Tennessee. He possessed wonderful skill with his rifle, which he called "Old Betty," and rarely missed a shot. Besides that, he was always in good humor, with lots of fine stories of his own adventures to tell. No wonder he was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Another defender of the Alamo was Colonel James Bowic, the inventor of the Bowie knife, a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong and resolute man.

Santa Anna planted his cannon around the Alamo, and began a steady bombardment. He waved a blood-red flag before the town to show the Texans what they might expect if they were overcome. Knowing their fate, the band of two hundred began their stout resistance.

At the close of the third day, Santa Anna's

forces had increased to four thousand men, and the Texans were already worn out by excessive toil and watching. The end was not far off. The brave defenders knew that an assault would carry the fort; they were doomed. Travis called his soldiers, and assigned them their places.

“Men, you are worn out by three days of fighting, with little rest, and scant food. Outside are thousands of Mexicans thirsting for your blood and mine. They are getting ready to make an assault upon this fort. All I ask of you is to fight to the very last, and die like men.”

They went to their posts, grimly determined to slay as many Mexicans as they could before they, themselves, were slain. All night long the watch was kept up. At daybreak the Mexicans advanced with scaling-ladders, which they placed against the walls. Up these ladders, the Mexican soldiers clambered, only to be hurled back by the defenders at the top. Again and again the Mexicans rushed up, and again and again were they met with bullet, knife, and club. Hundreds fell, but there were still hundreds to take their places.

After several hours, the defenders were exhausted; the assailants by hundreds climbed over the walls, and attacked them from all sides. James Bowie, too ill to stay in the fight, had crept to

his rooms and his bed. Here some Mexicans found him, and cruelly stabbed him to death; then they mutilated his body.

Davy Crockett stood in one room, surrounded by dozens of his enemy, his rifle in hand. He had long since fired his last bullet, and had brought down dozens of his foes. Now, using his gun as a club, he laid about him, right and left, felling Mexicans at every blow. At length, the brave hunter fell, pierced with many bullets. Not far away Colonel Travis was doing noble service. With a dozen Mexicans surrounding him, he hurled his great gun about his head, and mowed them down like grain. But he could not withstand the numbers, and fell amidst his victims.

It was soon over. All the defenders, to a man, were slain, not one being left alive. But of the Mexicans, more than five hundred died on that bloody day. A thrill of horror went through Texas and the whole country, when news of this tragedy became known. In the subsequent battles between Texas and Mexico, the battle-cry of the Texans was, "Remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo!"

SAM HOUSTON WINS FREEDOM FOR TEXAS

You have been told the story of the Alamo. The patriots of Texas had still other grievances against Santa Anna and the Mexicans. The defenders of Fort Goliad, led by Colonel Fannin, with over four hundred men, had surrendered, and had been given solemn assurance of protection. They were immediately divided into small companies, marched in different directions out of town, and shot in cold blood, not a man being left alive. This was a merciless massacre, and infuriated the Texans still more.

Santa Anna now thought he was a conqueror. He had dealt with Travis, at the Alamo, and with Colonel Fannin, at Fort Goliad, but he still had Sam Houston to deal with. We shall now see how Santa Anna met his fate.

General Sam Houston was the leader of the Texans in their revolt against Mexico. His army was small, not more than seven or eight hundred men, and he had to watch very carefully for an opportunity to fight his stronger antagonist. At last, Houston took a stand at the San Jacinto

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River, and resolved, then and there, to **pay the score for the Mexican outrages.**

It was not long before the enemy came in sight. Their bugles rang over the plains as the vanguard approached, eighteen hundred strong. They were very showy in appearance, but Houston knew they were not much, as soldiers and fighters. He grimly watched their coming. Turning to his men, he addressed them thus,

“Men, there come the Mexicans, and with them is Santa Anna. They are many times our number, but they are Mexicans and we are Texans. If you wish to fight, here is your chance and now is the time. Remember, it is for liberty or it is for death. Men, remember the Alamo!”

His soldiers shouted, “We are ready, and we remember everything.”

As they stood behind their breast works, awaiting the attack, a soldier rode up to General Houston and saluted. He said, “General, I have cut down the bridge, according to your orders.” Houston smiled, and nodded his head, for he knew now that Santa Anna could not escape across the river, should he be defeated.

The day wore on, and the Mexican army halted, about noon, to rest and prepare for the attack. The soldiers began to cook their food, the officers

lay down, and Santa Anna went to sleep. Houston said to his men, "Why wait for them to attack? Let us take them unawares."

The word was passed along the line, and, in a few moments, the whole Texan army was in double-quick, headed for the Mexican camp. As they ran, they shouted, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

The Mexicans sprang to their arms, the officers leaped from their couches, and Santa Anna woke up. It was too late, however, for the Texans were upon them. The Mexicans fired on the approaching troops with little effect. A ball struck General Houston in the ankle, inflicting a painful wound, but the old hero kept his saddle until the action was over.

The Mexicans began to give way before the well-ordered advance and constant fire of the Texans. In fifteen minutes, they were in a panic of flight, the Texans in mad pursuit, filling the air with their cries, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" The Mexicans dropped everything and fled. Behind them they left their cannon loaded, and their cooked food untouched. Some awoke just in time to flee, not waiting to dress. Others, playing games, threw down their cards, and hurried away as the Texans entered their tents.

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The pursuit was kept up till night, by which time most of the Mexicans were prisoners of war. Over six hundred were killed, while over seven hundred were captured. Everything was taken, and Santa Anna escaped.

The next day, a body of Texan cavalry, scouring the country for prisoners, and especially watchful for Santa Anna himself, saw a Mexican, whom they called upon to surrender. The Mexican threw himself upon the grass and covered his head with a blanket. They had to drag him to his feet, before he would answer them at all.

He then kissed the hand of the leader of the party, and said he was but a private soldier. He was much frightened, and begged them not to kill him. Noticing his fine clothes and jewelry, the soldiers took him back to camp. As they passed some Mexican prisoners, they heard one of them cry, "The President! The President! Santa Anna! Santa Anna!"

It was the infamous leader, the President of Mexico, who was now a trembling captive before General Houston, who spared his life. His capture put an end to Mexico's invasion of Texas, and made Houston the idol of the people of that young republic.

THE INVENTION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH

A packet-ship, named the *Sully*, was slowly making its way across the ocean from Havre to New York. Among the passengers was a New York artist, named Samuel F. B. Morse, who had been studying painting in Europe, and was on his way home. He had once been a student at Yale College, where he had become much interested in chemistry and other sciences.

In the cabin, one day, the passengers began talking about improvements in electricity. One of them mentioned that Franklin had sent a current through several miles of wire, with no loss of time between the touch at one end and the spark at the other; also that recent experiments in Paris had proved conclusively that a current went almost instantaneously through a great length of wire run in circles around the walls of a large apartment. Morse listened attentively to the conversation.

“If it is true that a current passes so swiftly through a great length of wire, why could not messages be sent over the wire at any distance?” he inquired. The others agreed that it would be

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a splendid thing if it could be proven possible. Then the subject was dropped. But Morse was not a man to forget, and he kept the idea constantly in his mind.

Day after day, the ship made its way homeward, while Morse worked in his cabin on plans for sending messages by electricity. Before the voyage was ended, he had made drawings of an electric telegraph, and had devised the Morse alphabet of dots and dashes, the system used to-day the world over in telegraphy. His plans included laying the wires underground, afterwards abandoned in favor of stringing them in the air from pole to pole.

Before he left the ship, he said to some of his fellow-passengers, "I believe it will be possible to send a message around the world some day." Then he turned to the Captain: "If you ever hear of the telegraph as one of the wonders of the world, remember that it was invented on the *Sully*." The Captain was more skeptical than the hopeful inventor.

When Morse reached home, he began to work upon his great invention, but progress was slow. For he had to make a living; he was poor, and had no one to provide money for his experiments. At the end of three years, he had a circuit of seven-

teen hundred feet of wire, and a wooden clock, by means of which he succeeded in sending sounds from end to end of the wire. But it was not very satisfactory, and those who witnessed its workings were not at all inclined to invest money in the enterprise.

Morse worked hard and neglected his business as an artist. He fell into abject want, and became poorer and poorer. He often went a whole day without food. Still, he kept to his invention, and did not once lose faith. It is of such courage and endurance that success always is made.

Unable to secure private help, Morse went to Washington and exhibited his apparatus to some Congressman. Then he petitioned Congress for an appropriation to build a line from Baltimore to Washington, a distance of forty miles. But Congress was slow to act, and offered Morse little hope. Day after day passed, and nothing was done.

Finally, the last day and indeed the last hour of the session of Congress arrived. Morse, in despair, had left the capitol building, and had gone to his house, the last hope of securing any appropriation having fled. He felt discouraged and disappointed, and was almost ready to give up the fight.

At the breakfast-table the next morning, a young lady, Miss Annie Ellsworth, met him with a smile. "I have come to congratulate you, Mr. Morse, on the passage of your bill. Congress granted you the money at the very last hour."

Morse was delighted over the news. Congress had given him thirty thousand dollars. He could hardly believe his good fortune. It had been eleven years since he first conceived the idea, and he had surrendered the best part of his life to working out his plans. He now saw success before him, and entered with renewed hope upon his great labor.

The work was hastened. Morse found out that underground wires would be expensive and uncertain; hence he used poles. The telegraph was started from the Washington end, and a year passed before thirty miles of poles were set. The wires were tested as they were placed, and Morse was in constant communication with both ends of the line.

The first public test of the telegraph was made on May 11, 1844. The Whig National Convention, in Baltimore, had, on that day, nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency. The telegraph line was still ten miles from Baltimore. A train full of passengers started from Baltimore to carry



the news of the nomination of Clay to Washington. When they reached the telegraph wire, Morse quietly asked for the news, and sent it on ahead.

The train arrived in Washington an hour or two later, and the passengers were surprised to find that the news they brought was already old news, for everybody in Washington had learned of it over the telegraph! This was a convincing proof that the telegraph could be used to convey intelligence; there was no longer a doubt of its value.

By May 24, the line was completed to Baltimore, and all the tests made. Everything was ready for the public exhibition of what the telegraph could do; the way was open for sending and receiving messages. Miss Ellsworth, who, more than a year before, had delighted the inventor by bringing him good news of the action of Congress, was given the privilege of sending the first message. She chose this line from the Bible: "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT."

With these words the telegraph was born, and its use was spread to all lands. By its means, one can communicate in a few hours with family or friend in the most distant parts of the earth. The happenings of each day, the world over, are gathered in the daily papers by its means; business transactions are made in a few minutes across

continents, and over seas. The telegraph has brought the people of the world into closer communication, has annihilated space and time, and expedited the world's business a thousandfold. And all because one man conceived a great idea, and would not give up until success had crowned his efforts.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

It had been the dream of the early explorers of America to find gold. Thousands had come to these shores in search of the precious metal. Many of them had died in their efforts, all of them endured great suffering, and, in the end, each one of them was disappointed. For over three hundred years the earth kept secret its hiding-place for gold in the New World.

After the Mexican War, California became a territory of the United States. Already a number of settlers were there, attracted by the fertile soil and fine climate. Among them was Captain John Sutter, who had moved to California from St. Louis about ten years before the Mexican War.

Captain Sutter had built a fort on the site of the present city of Sacramento. About fifty miles

above it, in 1848, he was having built a saw-mill on the American River. The mill was finished and started, when the tail-race was found to be too small to carry off the water. To deepen the race, the whole head of water was turned on to wash it out to the required depth.

One of the men, named Marshall, who had charge of the mill, watched the work of the water, and saw many shining particles lodged in the crevices of the rocks, or in the dirt the water had carried down. Thinking these particles might be gold, he gathered a small bag of them, without saying anything to anybody about his suspicions.

As soon as he could leave, without attracting notice, he mounted his horse, and rode to the fort, fifty miles away, in order to show what he had found. He asked to see Sutter alone.

Sutter was surprised at the earnest manner of his foreman, and led the way into his private room; here he locked the door. "What is the matter, Marshall? Is anything wrong at the mill?" asked he.

"Nothing is wrong at the mill, sir," replied Marshall, "but I have something here to show you that may surprise you."

He then handed his employer the bag, which, being opened, was found to contain a handful of

yellow metal, in small flakes and little lumps, which he said he had taken from the mill-race, and which he thought might be gold.

The two men by the light of a candle bent eagerly over the little heap of shining particles. Sutter could not believe it was gold. Marshall declared it was nothing else. Acid was applied, the metal was weighed, and other tests were used, until there was no doubt of the fact.

“You have found gold,” said Sutter at last. “But let no one know of it until I can set my house in order; for this knowledge will change everything here.”

His was an idle request. The next day the secret leaked out at the fort, and the news went at once to the mill. In a week, it was known for miles around, and everybody was saying to everybody else, “Gold has been found at Sutter’s Mill.”

Sutter’s men deserted him in a body, and the saw-mill was left without hands to run it. Every settler and native in the neighborhood began searching the streams, the gullies, the mountain sides, and the bed of the river for gold particles. The miners then began to straggle down to San Francisco with their pouches of gold-dust, and to show them to the people there.

This was enough to start a panic rush for the gold fields. In three months most of the houses in San Francisco, and in Monterey, were shut up, and their occupants turned in mad haste for the hills. Sailors left their ships in the harbor, carpenters abandoned their benches, lawyers closed their offices, physicians deserted their patients, even the newspapers suspended indefinitely.

Everybody who could get a shovel and a pan, and a week's supply of provisions, was off for the mines. The people were as wild for gold-hunting as ever were the Spaniards of former days.

The result was that mills were left idle, fields of wheat were turned over to the horses and cattle, houses became vacant, and farms went to waste. People had no thought for food or anything else.

Tents were built near the mines, and along the river-beds where the gold was found. There were fabulous stories of men who made fifty dollars a day. One miner, with a common tin pan, washed out gold to the value of eighty-two dollars in a single day. A man who made less than ten dollars a day was not considered a good miner.

Prices went bounding higher and higher. Flour was worth fifty dollars a barrel, a common spade sold for ten dollars, rooms were rented for a hun-

dred dollars a month each, and a simple two-story house at Sutter's fort brought five hundred dollars a month as a hotel.

In the meanwhile, gold was found in other areas. Every day new stories were heard of some rich "find" somewhere, followed by a mad rush to the place. In a few months, four thousand people were washing for gold, as if it were the only business in life.

Vessels, returning from San Francisco, carried the wonderful news to all parts of the world. Everywhere was blazoned the story that gold was found in the streams, on the mountain sides, and in the gullies of California. There was a mad race for the gold-fields! Adventures from the islands of the Pacific, from South America, even from China, began to pour in by every arriving ship.

The news reached the Atlantic ports, and society was stirred to its very depths. First there was wonder and distrust, but the stories kept on coming, until the East went wild with the fever for gold. How to get to California was the one great question!

It was three thousand miles across the plains, and a still longer journey by the Isthmus of Darien, or by water around Cape Horn. This did

not deter or dismay the eager people. Ships were fitted out in every port, caravans were made ready for the overland journey, and thousands of gold-hunters started for the land of wealth.

In one year, a hundred thousand people moved into California, coming from all sections of the country, and from nearly all parts of the world.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT

The great rush to the gold fields of California took place in 1849. The "gold fever," as it was called in sport, broke out in many parts of our country, and, indeed in many parts of the world, and thousands of people started for the West. Those who went to California at that time were called "Forty-niners."

The demand for ships was great. Any kind of seaworthy craft was fitted out for the voyage. Even old whale-boats were used, crowded to their limit with passengers. The streets of the seaport towns presented an odd appearance, with men dressed in red woolen shirts, slouch hats, and cow-hide boots, carrying rifles on their shoulders, and wearing pistols and knives in their belts.

Ship after ship sailed on its way around Cape

Horn, or bore the passengers to the Isthmus of Darien. Men of all classes were aboard, — lawyers, doctors, scholars, clerks, farmers, business men, — for all kinds and conditions of men had caught the fever. Love for gold is a magnet that levels all distinctions of society.

The sailing of ships was followed by the march of thousands across the plains. Like colonies of ants, the long trains of wagons crept along the roads, crossing the dreary deserts, climbing the mountains, dragging their weary but hopeful freight of human souls on the long quest. It was a dreadful journey, but there were many at that time who undertook it.

Generally, the gold-hunters started out in a caravan of a dozen or more big canvass-covered wagons, drawn by teams of horses, loaded with provisions for the journey, and with tools for digging. The women and children rode in the wagons, while the men were astride their own horses, carrying guns and pistols for protection.

The caravan usually started from St. Louis early in the spring, so as to get good weather and grass for the teams. Months would pass, however, and winter would be on them before they arrived at their destination. Slowly they wended their way along, the women talking, the children

sleeping or playing, and the men riding ahead. It was a long and tiresome trip.

At night, the caravan would stop at some place where there was water. The teams would be unhitched; the horses fed and watered and bedded for the night. Campfires were then built, and supper was cooked and eaten. As soon as it was dark, everybody went to sleep in the wagons, except those who kept guard.

By daylight, the caravan was astir, and, after breakfast was over, and the sun began to show its first rays, the journey was taken up again. Another twenty or thirty miles were added to the number already traveled.

Sometimes, a band of murderers would sweep down on the caravan, bent on robbing the wagons, and even on killing the travelers. Then would ensue a long battle between the men and the savages. Covered by the wagons, the men would shoot at their assailants, and often drive them away. Sometimes, however, the murderers were so numerous and fierce that nothing was left of the caravan except smoking wagons and the dead bodies of men, women, and children.

If the caravan escaped, there were the blinding sand storms to be encountered, when the trails would be covered, and the travelers would lose

their way. In this manner, many perished of hunger and thirst.

Then, there was the danger from wild beasts that often stampeded the horses or killed them outright. Sometimes water was hard to find, or the grass gave out, or the provisions spoiled, or the teams died. Long after the gold fever had subsided, there might be seen along the plains abandoned wagons or the skeletons of dead animals.

But there were thousands of caravans that made the journey safely. After many weary months, Salt Lake City was reached—a new and small town just founded by the Mormons. Here, the weary emigrants tarried a while to rest and to recruit fresh animals for the remainder of the journey. The Mormons were hospitable, and glad of a chance to make a little profit by caring for travelers.

Then to the road again, struggling through the parched valleys, where horses almost died of thirst, and the women and children cried out in their distress! Up the granite sides of the Sierra Mountains they went, almost dropping from exhaustion, till they came to Sacramento Valley, and Mount Shasta burst upon their view!

At last they were in the land of their dreams, the land of untold wealth for some, and of bitter

disappointment for others! They found San Francisco a city of tents and shanties, scattered about a few wind-swept sand-hills. Everything was rude and disorderly, and everybody lived in great confusion. Rooms cost seven to ten dollars a day. Food was scarce and high. There were no men at work anywhere, and the few women in town wanted exorbitant prices for board.

In this confusion, every man was his own protector, and he placed his trust in his own right arm and quick fire. So long as he was peaceable he was safe, but justice was swift to those who broke the law of the camp.

Thus, the emigrant crossed the land, or sailed the waters, to find the gold fields of the New World.

THE PONY EXPRESS

When gold was discovered in California, thousands of persons moved to the Pacific Coast. The lack of mail facilities for these emigrants was keenly felt. At first, it took months for a man in the East to exchange letters with any one in California.

In 1854, it was proposed in Congress to establish a weekly mail between St. Louis and San Francisco. The time required would be ten days,

and each trip would cost the Government **five thousand dollars**. Congress thought this was a wild scheme, and so nothing was done about it.

California had to content itself with **getting mail** by way of Panama. If the ships were not **delayed**, a letter would be delivered in about **three weeks**. It took so long to cross the continent that, when Utah Territory was created, in 1850, **three months** passed before the news reached Salt Lake City.

Eight years later, the stage-coaches of the Southern Overland Mail covered the distance of **twenty-seven hundred and fifty-nine miles**, between St. Louis and San Francisco, in **three weeks**. The fare was one hundred dollars. The outfit consisted of one hundred stage-coaches, one **thousand** horses, five hundred mules, and **seven hundred and fifty** men, of whom one hundred and **fifty** were drivers. Letters were carried for **ten cents a half-ounce**.

It was a long, tiresome, and sometimes exciting journey. The mail was put in big bags, **securely** strapped on top, or in the back of the stage. The passengers were inside, while the intrepid driver forced his plucky horses from station to **station**, along the rough roads. Often the traveler had to hold on for dear life, while the coach went **over ditches** or down the steep incline of the **moun-**

tains, rocking from side to side, and threatening to pitch over or slide down a precipice at any moment.

Sometimes it rained; it was very cold in winter and hot and dusty in summer; and the war-whoop of the natives suggested the possibility of an attack on the coach. Then again, the bold appearance of a band of highwaymen resulted in a hold-up, while the mail-bags were robbed, and the passengers were searched for their money and jewelry. An attack on the mail-coach was by no means an unusual occurrence.

Horses were changed at regular stations. The passengers alighted, ate their meals, visited awhile, or stretched their cramped limbs while the new teams were being hitched. Then up and in place, — the crack of the whip, a whoop from the driver, and the coach disappeared down the road! Three weeks of this was anything but a pleasant journey.

In 1860, a system of carrying mails and small parcels by the use of ponies was established. It was called the "Pony Express." The schedule was fourteen days in all, by rail from New York to St. Joseph, and thence by running ponies to Sacramento. The little animals made wonderful distance, and were very accurate in their schedule, always arriving on time.

The ponies employed were selected with care for their speed and endurance. They were housed, and fed, and rubbed down with every possible attention. Ten miles, at the full limit of his speed, was demanded of each little animal, if the road was bad, and more, if the road was good.

Across the prairies, where the land was level, and the traveling good, pony and rider flew like the wind, scarcely noticing the sweet grass or the wild flowers by the way. Up the mountain sides, across streams, through the forests, around sharp turns, went the Pony Express at top speed. In summer heat and winter cold, in rain and snow and dust and drought, the rider and his pony made schedule time. At the end of the run, flecked with foam, panting with exertion, and covered with dust or mud, but still full of fire and strength, the pony would be rewarded by a rub down.

The rider dismounted, stretched his legs a little; then he remounted another waiting pony, received his precious bundles, and was off like a flash down the trail on another lap of the journey. Thus, one rider made several changes, and the pony he left behind, after its rest, was prepared for another rider taking him back to his first station.

Nearly two thousand miles had to be covered in

eight days. There was no idling for either pony or rider. Once under the saddle, the little animal leaped to his course like a fire horse to his harness. The rider was trained to the saddle, and could ride better than he could walk.

The packet of letters made a bundle not much larger than an ordinary writing-tablet, but every letter had been paid for, five dollars in advance. There were hundreds of them, written on the thinnest paper that could be found.

Twenty pounds was the limit of the weight of the mail-bag. In all, six hundred and fifty thousand miles were covered by the riders of the company, and only one small package was lost. Each rider was provided with pistols to protect himself from attack, and had to be a courageous, skillful and trustworthy man.

But the Pony Express never paid expenses. It was operated for sixteen months, and lost money all the while. At the end of that time, it was abandoned. When the telegraph was completed across the plains, the rate of postage fell to one dollar a letter, and the pony and his rider went out of business.

However, the Pony Express opened the way for the cross-continent telegraph and railway, and was evidence of how enterprising the early emigrants

were while they were settling and developing the wonderful country beyond the Rocky Mountains.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lincoln was born in a cabin, in a dreary region of the state of Kentucky. It was a one-room house, about fourteen feet square, built of logs. In this one room the family cooked, ate, and

slept. Very few children have started life in so poor and barren a home as did Abraham Lincoln.

When he was seven years old, his parents moved to Indiana, into a wild and wooded region, and there built a rude place to live in. It was still a cabin, with the roughest of furniture. A log, smoothed on one side, was used as a table. The bedsteads were made of poles, fastened to the walls. The chairs were blocks of wood. All the cooking was done in the fireplace.

Here, Lincoln spent his childhood in toil and hardship. The family was poor, and every member had to do hard work on the farm. After laboring all day, the young boy would often lie down before the fireplace, and read by the light of the burning fire. Then, when too tired to read any more, he would climb a ladder, made of pegs driven into the wall, and go to sleep in the loft on a pallet of straw, covered with skins.

He had but little chance to get an education. He did not go to school more than a year, all told, and had very poor teachers. But he learned to read such books as "Æsop's Fables," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the Bible.

He borrowed the "Life of Washington" from a neighbor, and sat up far into the night reading it. He kept it in a crevice in the wall, near his bed,

for safety. One night it rained, and he found the book soaked through and through. The owner made him work three days to pay for it, and then let him have it. It was the first book the boy owned.

He was accustomed to hear every preacher and stump orator that came into his neighborhood. Once, he walked fourteen miles to hear a trial in Court. When one of the lawyers finished his speech, Lincoln walked across the room in his bare feet, with his trousers rolled up, and said quite audibly, "I want to shake your hand. That is the best speech I ever heard." Years after, when Lincoln was President, the lawyer, grown old and feeble, came to the White House and reminded him of the incident.

When Lincoln was about twenty-one years of age, his father and two of his neighbors moved to Illinois. Through mud and water, and over rough roads, Lincoln walked all the way, driving an ox-team. They settled about ten miles from Decatur, and started life afresh.

Lincoln aided in clearing the land, and he fenced it with rails. He helped build the cabins and plant the spring crops. Though he was of age, and could have done as he pleased, he stayed with the family until they had started in their new surroundings.

He needed some clothes, for he still wore the buckskins of the frontier. He bargained with a neighbor to make him a pair of trousers out of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, agreeing to split rails in payment. He had to split fourteen hundred rails before the trousers were paid for.

Lincoln was now a grown man, six feet and four inches tall, spare of frame, but muscular, and in perfect health. He was much beloved by the community in which he lived, and was popular with his companions. He could out-run, out-jump, and out-wrestle anybody in the neighborhood. And, as a rail-splitter, nobody could approach him in the number he could split a day.

For he had precision and power with a sharp ax. Every blow fell in the right place, and with great force. To see him cut down a large tree, and split it into rails, was to witness an exhibition of rare skill.

He was also a good story-teller. All his life he had an inexhaustible supply of funny stories to fit any occasion. He gained a reputation for honesty and square dealing in all his business transactions. That is why he was called "Honest Abe."

One day, a woman came into the store where

Lincoln was engaged as clerk. After she had gone, he noticed that she had given him six cents too much. That night, after his job was finished, he walked five miles to the woman's house to return her the money.

By dint of hard study and hard work, Lincoln began to be a leader in the town of New Salem, where he was employed. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and was elected to the Legislature. He was sent to Congress, and was a candidate for the United States Senate.

As a lawyer, he was very shrewd and successful. Upon one occasion he defended the son of a poor woman, who was accused of murdering a man at night. Lincoln was satisfied in his own mind that the boy was innocent. The trial began, and the witnesses were called.

The chief witness said, "I saw him strike the man and kill him."

Lincoln inquired, "What time was it when you saw him?"

"It was about eleven o'clock," the witness replied.

"How could you see so well at night?" asked the lawyer.

The man replied, "The moon was shining, and I could easily see by its light."

Lincoln sent for an almanac, and showed the jury that there was no moon shining on that night, whereupon the witness retired in confusion, and the man was acquitted of the crime.

In after years, Lincoln was President of the United States, during the trying period of the Civil War. His was a deep responsibility, and he felt the burden of saving the Union very keenly.

He was a man of strong convictions and of great firmness. He was cast by nature in a heroic mold, yet he was always sympathetic and tender in his dealings with men. His disposition was melancholy, in spite of his humor, and he brooded deeply over the welfare of the country. His great hope was to save the Union at any cost, and it grieved him profoundly to see the Southern States secede.

ROBERT E. LEE

Robert E. Lee was the son of General Henry Lee, a hero of the Revolution, known as "Light Horse Harry." He was born in Virginia. He was no more than a mere boy, when his father died, leaving him to the training of a devoted mother. When Robert was not at school, he spent his time with her, helping her to keep house, taking her

out to ride in the old family coach, and reading aloud the books she liked to hear.

Some days, however, he spent in hunting, of which he was very fond. Then he would ride all day with his hounds, or tramp for hours through the woods looking for game. In this way, he developed the splendid strength that never failed him in his after life.

When he was eighteen years old, he went to West Point to be trained as a soldier. He was there for four years, and never received a demerit. He was a model cadet. His clothes were always clean and well cared for. His gun, belt, and sword were as bright as they could be polished. His lessons were studiously prepared. So good a record did he make that he graduated second in his class.

Like many great men, Lee was always gentle, generous, and good. He was simple in his habits, never using tobacco nor any intoxicating liquors. Upon one occasion, a lady gave him a bottle of whisky to use, if he "ever needed it." Lee took it with him through the Mexican War, and then sent it back to his friend, saying, "I have gotten along very well without it, and am returning it to you, for I have never found that I really needed it."

Lee served as a Captain of Engineers during the War with Mexico. It was his duty to make roads and bridges, to plant big guns, to draw maps, and to direct the marches of the fighting men. He was with General Scott in all the big battles, and was of such assistance that that General said, "Lee is the greatest soldier I have ever known."

In after years, General Scott said, "If I knew that a battle was to be fought for my country, and the president were to say to me, 'Scott, who shall be my commander?' I would say 'Robert E. Lee! Nobody but Robert E. Lee.'"

In Mexico, while the battle of Cerro Gordo was raging, Captain Lee heard the cries of a little girl, and, following the sound, found a Mexican drummer-boy badly wounded, and lying on the ground with a big Mexican soldier, who had been shot, fallen on top of him. Lee stopped, had the Mexican thrown off the boy's body, and the little fellow taken to a place of safety.

His small sister stood by, her eyes full of tears, her hands crossed over her breast. Her feet and arms were bare, and her hair hung down in a long plait to her waist. She looked up into the kind face of Captain Lee, and said, in her own language, "I am very grateful, kind sir. May God bless you for saving my brother."

Once, on a long march, a part of Scott's army had lost its way. General Scott sent seven engineers to guide the men into the right road. They had to cross a huge bed of lava and rocks. Six of the engineers came back, and said they could not get across. Captain Lee, however, on foot, and alone, pressed on through darkness and danger, and brought the men out in safety. General Scott said, "It was the greatest feat done by any one man during the war."

When the Civil War came on, Lee resigned from the United States Army to fight for Virginia and the South. He was offered the chief command of the Union forces, if he would remain in the service of the United States. He said to Mr. Blair, who came to offer him this command,

"If I owned the four millions of slaves in the South, I would give them all up to save the Union, but how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native State?"

After the war had been going on for nearly a year, Lee became the commanding General of all the Confederate Army. His soldiers were devotedly attached to him, and had supreme confidence in his ability. They referred to him affectionately as "Marse Robert."

On one occasion, General Lee placed himself at

the head of a body of Texas troops, and, waving his sword, ordered them to follow him into battle. The situation was critical, and Lee wanted to save the day.

But the soldiers would not move. They cried out, "Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear." One of his Generals rode up and, taking his horse by the bridle, said, "General Lee, there are Georgians and Texans here willing to charge, but unwilling to see you in danger. If you will go back, we will go forward."

To this Lee replied, "You are brave men, and do not need me"; and, turning his horse's head, he rode back of the charging lines.

An old soldier relates that one day he was in the trenches, when a big gun was ready to be fired. Lee came in, and walked about, asking after the men and speaking words of cheer. Approaching the big gun, he asked an officer to fire it that he might see the result. The officer hesitated, and said,

"If I fire this gun, the enemy will return the fire at once in great force. Some of us will be killed, but that does not matter so long as you are not here. You might get hurt. If you will retire out of danger, I shall fire it as long as you order, but I beg you not to have it fired while you are here."

Lee was greatly touched by this devotion, and did not insist upon the big gun going into action while he was present.

General Lee ever felt kindly toward Union soldiers. He never called them "the enemy," but always spoke of them as "those people." Once, he remarked about the Northern troops, "Now, I wish all those people would go home and leave us to do the same."

A lady, who had lost her husband in the war, spoke in sharp terms of the North, one day, to General Lee. He said gently, "Madam, do not train up your children as foes of the Government of the United States. We are one country now. Bring them up to be Americans."

Throughout his life, he had but one purpose, and that was to do his duty. He often said, "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language," and, in accordance with this belief, he regulated his great life upon what seemed to him to be the only course he ought to pursue at the time.

STONEWALL JACKSON

His real name was Thomas Jonathan Jackson, and he was born in what is now West Virginia, of poor parents who had to work hard for a living. His father died when he was three years old, leaving his mother to support three little children. They all lived in one room, where the mother taught a little school, and did sewing for her friends and neighbors.

Thomas grew up rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed, with waving brown hair, very determined to have his way, and full of confidence in himself. Fortunately, his way was a good one, and, from the start, he was a very dependable boy.

He was fond of arithmetic, and easily learned all the hard rules and could work any of the problems given him. His other studies were not so easy, but he never stopped anything he had once started, until he had mastered it, or it had mastered him. One of the maxims of his life was, "You may be whatever you resolve to be."

He gained a reputation for telling the exact truth. At one time, he walked a mile in the rain to correct a statement he had made.

“Why do you go to so much trouble for such a mere trifle as that?” some one asked him on his return.

He answered, “Simply because I found out that what I said was not true, and I never carry anything to bed with me that will rob me of sleep.”

He was a leader in sports, particularly in climbing and jumping. He was generally selected as Captain of one side, and this was the side that nearly always won, for he was a master of strategy in games.

At eighteen, he resolved to be a soldier. Dressed in a plain homespun suit and carrying his clothes in a saddle-bag, he rode into Washington, and asked to be made a cadet at West Point, the military academy of the nation. He received the appointment.

His appearance caused much sport among the students there, for he was awkward and ill at ease, but always good-natured. It was not long before his ability to master his studies, however, made him sought after by others, and he soon won admiration and respect.

From early life, he was very religious. He taught in the Sunday-school, and even gathered the slaves of his town together every Sunday afternoon, and made them familiar with the truths

of the Bible. Later on, when he had become a great soldier, it was his habit to go off to a quiet place, and pray before a battle.

When the Civil War began, Jackson threw his lot in with Virginia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army. He was commissioned a General. The first great battle of this war was known as Bull Run, or the Battle of Manassas. The Confederate troops were driven back, but were rallied on a half-plateau by General Jackson.

Here they stood immovable, for Jackson refused to retreat a step. An officer rushed up and said, "General, they are beating us back, and we are without ammunition."

"Then, sir," replied Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet."

A few minutes later, seeing the troops around Jackson, standing their ground so firmly, General Bee, a Confederate officer, cried out to his own men:

"Look at Jackson's brigade! It stands like a stone wall."

After this incident, the great soldier was known in history as "Stonewall" Jackson.

Like many other soldiers Jackson never used coffee, tobacco, or whisky. Nor could he bear to hear any one utter profane language. He never refrained from expressing his disapproval of swearing.

Often, in winter, he would go without an overcoat, saying, "I do not wish to give in to the cold." Once, when told by his surgeon that he needed a little brandy, he replied, "I like it too well; that is the reason I never take it. I am more afraid of it than of Federal bullets."

Jackson always shared the hardships of his men. On one occasion, when his brigade was worn out with marching, he said, "Let the poor fellows sleep. I will guard the camp myself." Accordingly, he acted as sentinel during the night, while his tired men took their rest.

Jackson became the ablest Lieutenant of General Lee, who relied upon him implicitly. He was often sent upon most important and most dangerous missions, but his skill was so great that he always returned victorious. So rapid were the movements of his troops, that they became known as "Jackson's foot cavalry."

At the battle of Chancellorsville, Lee sent Jackson around to the rear of Hooker's army. Jackson fell so suddenly upon the flank of the Federals that they were thrown into confusion. The result

of the attack was to defeat Hooker's plan, and to check his advance.

The victory was dearly bought. Jackson had ridden out in the gathering darkness to reconnoitre the positions of the enemy, and was returning to camp. He ran into a body of his own troops, who, mistaking his party for Federal cavalry, fired upon them. Jackson fell from his horse mortally wounded.

He was borne on a stretcher to a farmhouse near by, where he died after a few days. His final thoughts were of the battle, and he muttered orders to his men as his life ebbed away.

His last words were, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

His death was a great loss to the Confederate cause. Lee wept when he heard the sad news, and said, "I have indeed lost my right arm."

STEALING A LOCOMOTIVE

One day, in April, 1862, a passenger train was on its way from Marietta, Georgia, bound North. At Marietta, about twenty men, in civilian clothes, had boarded the train, nobody paying any special attention to them. Yet these men were bent upon a desperate adventure.

Eight miles beyond Marietta the train stopped ten minutes for breakfast at the station, called Big Shanty. Everybody was hungry, and soon the passengers, the conductor, the engineer, and the fireman were in the breakfast room. The men who had boarded the train at Marietta quietly stole toward the locomotive, instead of following the others. No one paid any heed to their movements, in spite of the fact that a sentinel was walking his beat hardly a dozen steps away.

One of the men climbed into the cab of the locomotive, another slipped in between two cars and pulled out the coupling pin, while the others climbed into an empty box-car. Finally, the man in the cab laid his hand upon the throttle. The engine moved off with three box cars, leaving the passenger coaches standing on the tracks.

The sentinel, in alarm, fired off his gun, and the passengers ran out just in time to see the locomotive and cars disappearing in the distance. The engine had been stolen, and the men were on their way to the Federal lines. The conductor was so frightened by this disaster that he started on a run up the track, in frantic but useless haste to overtake the fugitives. The amazed passengers stood helplessly on the platform, quite powerless to do anything.

The men who had stolen the locomotive were a party of Northern scouts, who had made their way in disguise into the Southern lines, with the intention of stealing a train, burning the bridges behind them, and make useless the only railroad by which troops could be sent to Chattanooga to oppose the Union forces. Their enterprise had succeeded thus far, and they were rapidly making their way North.

Their only peril seemed to be the telegraph wires, by which information could be sent on ahead, and their flight arrested. Therefore, they stopped a few miles out of town while one of the men climbed a pole and cut the wires. Then they started again on their way. Occasionally, they had to stop for wood or water. The leader of the party, named Andrews, answered all questions by saying, "We are taking a train-load of powder to General Beauregard," and pointed to the box-cars as evidence of his statement.

At Kingston, thirty miles from Big Shanty, the party drew into a siding to let a local train go by. Andrews expected to move away after this, but, to his dismay, the train carried a red flag, showing that another train was just behind.

"How does it happen that this road is blocked when I have orders to hasten with this powder to

AMERICA FIRST

General Beauregard?" he asked sharply of the conductor.

The conductor replied, "We have orders to move everything out of Chattanooga, and there are a number of trains on this track. You will have to wait, or run into a collision if you go on." This was bad news for the fugitives, for they had to wait an hour while train after train passed, carrying the red flag. At last, one went by without that signal, and Andrews and his men gladly leaped on board their own train and started wildly up the track, hoping to escape before they were suspected or pursued.

Yet they must guard against pursuit. Stopping their train, they sprang out to tear up the rails of the track in order to check any such danger. Hardly had they gotten out their tools before they heard, far down the track, the ominous whistle of a locomotive, evidently coming under full speed. Abandoning their intention, they sprang aboard in alarm and haste, and started ahead under full steam.

The race was on, for the conductor and engineer of the stolen train had secured another locomotive and cab, and, filling it with soldiers, had started in hot pursuit of the daring scouts. Andrews and his men well knew their fate if they were caught.

They were not only robbers, but they were also spies, and capture meant death.

On went the fugitives at full speed; on came their pursuers hardly a mile behind! The locomotives were well matched, and thundered over the rails at a perilous rate. If the scouts could only stop long enough to tear up a rail, or even to pile up an obstruction of ties, all might be safe, but the pursuit was too hot, and there was no safety except in flight!

Andrews now uncoupled the rear boxcar, hoping thus to wreck his pursuers by a collision. The Confederates saw the danger in time to slow down, pick up the car, and push it on ahead of their engine. Andrews tried the same trick a second time, but again the Confederates caught the boxcar, and went on pushing two cars. On reaching a siding, at Resaca, the Confederate engineer pushed the two cars into a switch and left them there, while he started again in pursuit.

Not far beyond was a bridge, which Andrews hoped to destroy. Setting fire to the third boxcar by means of oil, he stopped it mid-way on the bridge, and left it there in full blaze. The bridge was covered, but fortunately the roof was wet because of recent rains. Dense smoke poured from each end of the blazing car, but the Confederate

engineer was not dismayed. Right into the smoke he ran, caught the box-car on his pilot, and pushed it off the bridge. In a few minutes, the flames were extinguished, and all danger was over.

The fugitives were now in a sad plight. Their wood and water were exhausted, and their steam was getting low. Their engine was slowing down, and escape was impossible. The men sprang from the engine, and rushed into the woods, scattering in every direction.

Soon, the Confederate engine arrived, and a hot pursuit of the fugitives began. The alarm spread rapidly, and the whole country was aroused. In a few hours several of the men were captured. The rest hid in the woods and swamps, and lived the best they could on roots and berries. But by the end of the week, all had been found, and put into prison. The leaders were executed "as spies and robbers."

SAM DAVIS

In times of war it is necessary to have scouts, whose duty it is to go into the enemy's lines, and far into the enemy's country, in order to get valuable information, and bring it back to their commanders.

These scouts are called "spies" by the enemy, and if they are caught they are put to death, by the rules of warfare. They frequently disguise themselves by wearing the enemy's uniform, or the clothes of a civilian. Sometimes they dress and act as if they were quite different persons from what they really are. A young scout may play the part of an innocent old farmer, even of a woman; or take any character that will suit his purpose.

It is a life full of danger and adventure. A scout must be very brave and quick-witted. He has no one to depend upon but himself, and his wits are often called upon to do their best to get him out of trouble. He is sometimes absent for days and even weeks, and no one hears a word from him, until he returns with the information wanted.

He brings word of the size of the enemy's army, of their equipment, and of the strength of their positions. He often learns the plans of their proposed battles, and the next movement of their troops. In this way, his commander will know exactly when to attack his enemy, and how best to defend himself.

Sam Davis was a young Southern soldier, detailed as a scout. He was only seventeen years

old, but he was a fine rider, and knew all the country into which he was expected to go. General Bragg, of the Southern Army, desired to know the strength of the Federal forts in Middle Tennessee, and he selected Sam Davis to bring him the information.

When Davis came before him, General Bragg said, "Davis, I wish you to get this information for me. It is a dangerous task, my boy, but you know the country and you are the best one to go. Be very careful, for if you are caught, you will be shot as a spy. You need not go if you do not wish to."

Davis stood erect, saluted the General, and said, "I am not afraid. I know the country, and am ready to go. I also know the dangers, and what will happen to me if I am caught. What are your instructions, sir?"

He rode off early one morning, dressed in a disguise. What he did, or where he received the information, or from whom he obtained it, will never be known, for it was never told by any one.

After several weeks' absence, Davis had procured all the data he needed, and was on his way back to his own lines. In his possession were very important papers and drawings. As he was riding

along, thinking that in a few hours he would be beyond danger of capture, he saw a body of Federal soldiers in the road. Hoping to pass them without disturbance, he rode boldly on as if he were going to work somewhere.

One of the soldiers said, "We had better stop that boy. He might be a spy." So they called upon Davis to halt, and to get down from his horse. In spite of his protests of innocence, he was searched, and the papers were found in his clothes.

Hurriedly, the boy was taken before the Northern General, and the papers found upon him were shown. He was court-martialed, and, according to the rules of war, was ordered to be shot the next day at sunrise. Davis heard the sentence without uttering a word, or even changing color.

The Northern General was much affected by the brave conduct of the young scout. Sending for him to come to his tent, he said to him,

"My boy, you are very young, and you are very brave. I hate to take a life like yours. If you will tell me who gave you those papers, I will let you go free. Think of your mother and father, and of the life before you, and save yourself."

Davis shook his head, and said, "General, I received those papers from a friend, and I shall not tell his name."

The General then said, "Davis, if you do not tell me the name of your friend, I shall be compelled, by the rules of war, to order you shot to-morrow morning. I hate to do this, for I should like to save your life. But I cannot help you, if you refuse."

Davis answered, "Do you suppose I would save my own life by betraying a friend? I have never betrayed anything in all my life, and I shall not do so now. I would rather die a thousand times than betray any secret committed to my care."

There were tears in the eyes of the General. He thought of his own boys, and of his own scouts who had done similar service for him, and had gotten off safe. Turning to the guard, he said simply, "Take the lad away. It nearly breaks my heart to sign this order."

The next morning, Davis was led before a file of soldiers. At the very last, he was firm in his refusal to give any information as to where he received the papers. Those around him begged him to change his mind, but he answered quietly,

"No, I shall not betray my friend. I have given my word. I am ready to die as a soldier and a man."

The bandage was placed over his eyes, and, in a few moments, the reports of the rifle told of

the end of Sam Davis's life. On the grounds of the capitol, in Nashville, there is a beautiful monument erected to his memory by the State of Tennessee.

AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON

Libby Prison was in Richmond, Virginia. Before the Civil War, it was a tobacco warehouse, close by the Lynchburg Canal, and not far from the James River. It was three stories high in front, and four in the rear, built of brick and stone, with thick partition walls which divided it into three sections, with a cellar under each.

The first floor contained three apartments, one for the prison authorities, one as a hospital, and the third for cooking and dining purposes. The upper stories had sleeping quarters for the prisoners. In this prison, one thousand Union soldiers were confined.

There was little chance of escape from it. A strong guard surrounded the prison, and every precaution was taken. The only attempt at escape that even partially succeeded was made by a number of Union prisoners through an underground tunnel.

The enterprise was undertaken by a few of the

most daring of the Union soldiers, and was carefully kept secret from the others. One of the cellars, reserved for the storage of old boxes and barrels, was used as a starting place. Fortunately, it was never visited by the prison authorities, and, once at work, the prisoners could proceed without much fear of detection or interruption.

How to reach the cellar and begin excavating the tunnel was the first question to be solved. It was decided to remove the stones and brick in the fireplace of the cooking room, and to make a sloping entrance into the cellar. All this work was done at night, with as little noise as possible, by several prisoners who were stone-masons by trade. By day, the bricks and stones were carefully replaced, and all evidence of their labors was covered up. In a few days the cellar was reached, and all was ready to begin digging the tunnel.

This proposed tunnel was to be just large enough to admit one man, crawling on hands and knees. It was to cross a narrow street, and enter a lot used as a stable yard, which was concealed from the street by a high board fence. Once in this yard, and behind the fence, the prisoners would be safe from detection from the street, and could make good their escape through the other side of the stable yard.

The work on the tunnel began. It was eight or nine feet underground, and only one man could dig at a time. The only tools they had were pocket-knives, small hatchets, a broken fire-shovel, and pieces of fire-wood. But the earth was soft, and the prospect of liberty was alluring.

Night after night the work went on, one man digging forward and another one passing the dirt back to others who scattered it on the floor of the cellar and covered it with straw. The air in the tunnel was very close; the positions of the men were cramped; and there was constant danger of the earth caving in. But these daring men worked on, for they were struggling to gain their freedom.

In about three weeks, the tunnel was considered to be long enough, and so the forward workman began to dig upwards. In a short while, he had made an opening, and cautiously stuck his head out. To his dismay he found he was on the wrong side of the fence, and still in the street, with a sentry only a few yards away. Fortunately, the sentry did not see him. Quickly concealing the opening with grass, and packing it from underneath so it would look like a hole in the ground, the workman succeeded in avoiding detection, and work on the tunnel was renewed.

Ten feet further on brought them well inside

the stable yard, and behind the protecting fence. The opening was now made, and, to the joy of the prisoners, the way of escape seemed plain. The evening of February 9, 1864, was appointed as the time to make their dash for liberty. The hour set was nine o'clock. One can well imagine the intense eagerness and excitement with which the men awaited the moment for their adventure.

About one hundred men, who were in the secret, assembled and, in single file, one by one, they crawled through the opening in the fireplace, across the cellar, and into the tunnel. There was no crowding and no rushing. The men proceeded silently on their knees, one behind the other, and climbed out into the stable yard.

As soon as two emerged, they made off together, and, crossing the yard, came into a nearby street. They strolled away, conversing in ordinary tones, as though they were citizens bent on their own affairs. They wore no prison clothes, so their appearance excited no suspicion. In about three hours, one hundred and nine men had escaped, and had scattered through the town. Not one of them had been challenged by the guard, who was pacing his rounds on the other side of the fence.

The fugitives found themselves in well-lighted streets, filled with people, and with shops open.

But they gave no sign of haste. Talking and laughing, they proceeded to the outskirts of the town, and disappeared into the open country.

The absence of so many at roll-call the next morning excited the suspicion of the prison authorities. A search was immediately begun, and, as soon as the facts were established, an alarm was sent out to scour the country for the escaped prisoners. Of those who had gone, fifty-five reached the Union lines in safety, but fifty-four were re-captured.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE

During the Civil War, the harbors of the Southern ports were closely blockaded, so as to cut off supplies from foreign countries. In spite of the watchful gunboats patrolling the coasts, there were many adventurous blockade-runners, that slipped past the patrol, carrying supplies to the Confederacy, and bringing out cotton and other products for foreign trade. The life of a blockade-runner was full of perils and thrilling experiences.

This is the story of how a blockade-runner made its way into Wilmington, North Carolina, which lies about sixteen miles up Cape Fear River. At

the mouth of the river was Fort Fisher, whose guns kept the blockading fleet some distance away, thus giving a blockade-runner a chance to slip in, once under protection of the fort.

The mouth of the river was heavily patrolled by Federal vessels. There were three sections of them, one cordon as near shore as was safe, and two others lying outside, so that a blockade-runner must needs be very alert to get by their vigilance.

The Banshee was a blockade-runner operating from Nassau. On her first run into Wilmington, she left the shores of the Bahamas, and crept noiselessly along, invisible in the darkness, and keeping well out of sight of vessels in the daytime.

During the day, a man was stationed in the cross-trees, and the moment a sail was seen on the horizon, *The Banshee* would turn in the opposite direction, until the sail was lost beyond the horizon. Every time the look-out man saw a sail, he was given a dollar. If the sail was discovered first from the deck, the look-out man was fined five dollars.

Thus, two days passed, and *The Banshee* neared her destination. The night was dark, but calm and clear. No lights were allowed — not even a cigar. The steersman had to see as much of the compass as he could through a shield that came

almost to his eyes. Absolute silence prevailed, as the blockade-runner moved into the danger zone.

At length, they were opposite the mouth of Cape Fear River.

"Better cast a lead, Captain, to find the bottom," whispered the Pilot.

A muttered order down the engine-room tube, and *The Banshee* slowed down, and then stopped. The lead was cast, and the report was "Sixteen fathoms — sandy bottom with black specks."

"Not far enough in, and too far southward," said the Pilot. "We must get away from that bottom before we head in shore."

At the end of an hour, the lead was cast again, and the Pilot whispered to the steersman, "All right, we are opposite the mouth of the river. Starboard, and go easy."

The ship crept along slowly in the darkness. Not a sound was heard except the beat of the paddle floats. Suddenly, the Pilot grasped the Captain's arm.

"There's one of them, on the starboard bow," he whispered.

A moment afterward, a long, low, black ship was seen, not a hundred yards away, lying still on the water. *The Banshee* drifted by as noiselessly as possible. Not a movement was seen on

the patrol boat, and, in a half-hour, it was lost in the darkness.

Not long afterwards came the whispered alarm, "Steamer on the port bow." Another cruiser was close by.

"Hard-a-port," said the Captain to the steersman, and *The Banshee* swung around, barely missing the cruiser.

Hardly had this second ship been passed, before a third one loomed up, dead ahead, steaming slowly across the bows of *The Banshee*.

"Stop her," was the quick order down the engine-room tube, and *The Banshee* lay dead on the water.

"Instead of going round those blockaders, we are going through them," said the Pilot to the Captain. "Our only hope is that they will not recognize us, and will take us for one of them."

Day was not far off, and *The Banshee* must make haste to get inside the cordons of the blockade. She was headed straight for the white line of surf on the shore. As much speed as possible was made, and all eyes were strained for any familiar landmarks.

Daylight now streaked the East. Fort Fisher was some distance off, and the gunboats were still on the watch for blockade-runners. In a

half hour, *The Banshee* would be safe, or else captured.

Six or seven gunboats appeared out of the mist, and headed for the blockade-runner, to discover her identity.

“Full steam ahead, and a race for the fort,” cried the Captain.

Displaying her flag, she ran full steam toward the protecting guns of the fort. It was now a question of speed and distance, for *The Banshee* was discovered, and her purpose was known! Boom! came the roar of guns across the waters. Splash! Splash! fell the shells, uncomfortably near the runner, which was carrying a cargo of ammunition.

But Fort Fisher was now awake, and the guns began to roar. Every minute brought *The Banshee* nearer to safety, and the gunboats into greater danger. The guns from the fort rained shells over *The Banshee*, and into the sides of her pursuers.

With a sullen roar, and a parting shot, the gunboats drew off, and the blockade-runner glided under the walls of the fort.

In and out ran *The Banshee*, trip after trip, bringing in guns, ammunition, and medicines, and carrying out cotton and tobacco. Her daring crew had many narrow escapes before the war came to an end.

AMERICA FIRST**THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SOUTH**

The **horrific** Civil War was drawing to a **close**. The exhausted Confederacy was bleeding to **death**. There was a shortage of men and supplies, **but** the South was hanging on desperately to a **cause** that already was doomed. Grant and Lee were fighting it out in Virginia, while Sherman, the Northern General, having captured Atlanta, was making ready for his march to the sea.

His army of sixty thousand men was **unopposed**. The fair, open country was before them, with the harvests of the fall already gathered in the barns. It was to be a march of destruction, but without violence to the people themselves.

“The people must feel the hard hand of war. It is better to lose property than to lose lives. This is the best means to end the war,” were the reflections of General Sherman, as his men started out on their six-weeks, holiday march to the sea.

The distance was three hundred miles, and the soldiers were told to live on the country, as they advanced. There was no need of wagon trains, when the land was provided with food which was being gathered for the Confederate soldiers in Virginia.

The Federal army spread out to cover a front of forty miles. The men had orders to march about fifteen miles a day, and to forage as they went along. These foragers brought in poultry, vegetables, cattle, and food supplies of all kinds. They had orders not to destroy property needlessly, but these orders were not strictly observed, and, in many instances, farm houses, gin houses, and cotton crops were burned, while fields were laid waste. Often, the horses were taken from the farms, and the cows and hogs were driven away or else slaughtered for the immediate use of the soldiers.

In spite of regulations, a large number of "bummers" and thieves followed the army, who were not responsible to any orders. Before these bandits the Southern people were helpless. They not only robbed houses of their provisions, but took away silver ware, clothing and valuable articles of furniture.

In order to do as much damage as possible, the soldiers tore up the railroad tracks, burned the ties, and, heating the rails, bent many of them around the telegraph poles. In this way, a path of desolation was cut through the heart of the South, that did much to hasten the inevitable end of the conflict.

The Federal army was followed by crowds of freed slaves, many of them neither knowing where they were headed, nor what the march meant. They were just moving along with the soldiers, careless and happy, singing their songs, by night, and helping the marching men, by day.

The soldiers traveled along leisurely. The weather was good, the supplies were sufficient, the march was unopposed. All the telegraph lines were cut, and no news of their whereabouts was sent to the North. They were having a holiday, after the hard fighting of the first part of the year.

Finally, after much anxiety on the part of the North, General Sherman reached Savannah. On Christmas Eve he sent a message to President Lincoln:

“I beg to present to you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty

guns, and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.”

Thus it was that Sherman's army marched through Georgia, doing no violence to the people, but doing a property damage that was estimated at one hundred millions of dollars. Such is the sad havoc of war.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE

At a house, in the little town of Appomattox, Virginia, on April 9, 1865, a memorable event took place. General Robert E. Lee here met General Ulysses S. Grant, and surrendered the Confederate Army under his command.

For four years, the terrible war between the North and South had been going on, until the Southern Army was reduced to a bare handful of ill-fed and badly clothed men. The South had been drained of her men and supplies, and Lee saw it was useless to continue the unequal struggle any longer.

The two great Generals met by agreement in this village to arrange terms for the cessation of hostilities.

The contrast between the two men was striking.

Grant was forty-three years of age, five feet, eight inches tall, with brown hair and full brown beard. He wore a single-breasted blouse, of dark blue flannel, an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside; he was without spurs, and he had no sword. A pair of shoulder-straps was all to show his rank. Around him sat or stood a dozen of his staff officers.

Lee, on the other hand, was six feet tall, and faultlessly attired. His hair and beard were silver gray, and quite thick for one of his age. He was sixteen years older than Grant. He wore a new Confederate uniform, and, by his side, was a sword of exquisite workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was the sword presented to him by the State of Virginia. His boots were new and clean, and he wore a pair of handsome spurs. He was attended by a single officer, his military secretary.

Lee was the first to arrive, and, when Grant entered, he arose and bowed profoundly. Grant and his officers returned the greeting. Grant then sat at a marble-top table, in the center of the room, while Lee sat at a small oval table, near a window.

General Grant began the conversation by saying, "I met you once before, General Lee, while

we were serving in Mexico. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere.”

“Yes,” replied Lee, “I know I met you in Mexico, and I have often thought of it. Those were wonderful experiences for us, when we were young soldiers.”

After a few more remarks about Mexico, Lee said, “I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our meeting is understood. I asked to see you to find out upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army.”

Grant replied, “The terms are that all officers and men surrendered are to be paroled, and are not to take up arms again; and all guns, ammunition, and supplies are to be handed over as captured property.”

Lee suggested that the terms be written out for his acceptance. This was done, Grant adding that the side-arms, horses, and baggage of the officers were not to be included in the terms of surrender. There was no demand made for the surrender of Lee’s sword, nor was there any offer of it on Lee’s part. In fact, nothing was said about it.

When the document was written, Lee took out his glasses, and slowly put them on. Reading the terms of surrender, he remarked,

“I would like to mention that the cavalry and artillery own their horses. I would like to know whether those men will be permitted to retain their own stock.”

Grant immediately replied, “I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and, as the country has been so raided by the armies, it is doubtful if they will be able to put in a crop to carry them through next winter without the aid of the horses they now have. I will instruct the officers to let the men, who claim to own horses or mules, take the animals home with them to work their little farms.”

Lee appreciated this concession, and said, “This will have the very best possible effect upon the men. It will do much toward conciliating our people.” He then wrote out his acceptance of the terms of the surrender.

When this was done, General Grant introduced the members of his staff to General Lee. Some of them Lee had known before, and the conversation became general and cordial. Lee at length said, “General Grant, I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, a number of them officers. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as possible, for I have no provisions for them. I have indeed nothing for my own men. They

have been living for the last few days on parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage.”

General Grant immediately offered to receive the prisoners back into his own lines, and said, “I will take steps to have your army supplied with rations at once.” Turning to an officer, he gave the command for the issuing of the rations to the hungry Confederate Army.

The two Generals then shook hands, and, bowing gravely to the others, Lee prepared to depart. Reaching the porch, he signaled for the orderly to bring up his horse. When it was ready, he mounted and rode away, to break the sad news to the brave fellows he had so long commanded.

The news of the surrender reached the Union lines, and firing of salutes began at several places. Grant sent orders to stop this, saying,

“The war is over, and it is ill-becoming to rejoice in the downfall of a gallant foe.”

When Lee appeared among his soldiers, they saw by his sad countenance that he brought them news of surrender. They stood in silence, as he rode before them, every hat raised, and down the bronzed cheek of thousands of hardened veterans there ran bitter tears.

As Lee rode slowly along the lines, the old sol-

diers pressed about him, trying to take his hand, to touch his person, or even to lay their hands upon his splendid gray horse, thus showing for him their deep affection. Then General Lee, with bare head, and tears flowing, bade adieu to his soldiers. In a few words, he told the men to return to their homes, and begin to rebuild their waste lands.

LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE

A number of years ago, a wealthy, retired merchant of New York City, named Cyrus W. Field, sat in the library of his home, studying a large globe of the world. He was thinking about the electric telegraph that Morse had invented, and was wondering how far it would carry a message.

He was also thinking that Commodore Maury had said to him a short while before that the ocean bottom was a table-land along a certain direction, and could easily hold an electric cable, if it were laid properly.

“What an advantage it would be to civilization if the electric telegraph could be used between countries on opposite sides of the ocean,” he said to himself. “Tomorrow I will speak to my friend Peter Cooper about it.”

The next morning, he not only talked the matter over with Peter Cooper, but wrote a letter to Samuel Morse.

Peter Cooper afterwards said, "I am glad that Field chose me among the first to discuss this great enterprise, but I felt sure at the time that most people would think us crazy."

Cooper, however, agreed to the enterprise, because he saw that a great deal of good could come of it, and he wanted to help his friend, Cyrus Field. Together, they went to their wealthy friends, and raised a large sum of money to form the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

The first undertaking was to lay a line on the ocean bed, from the mainland to the island of Newfoundland. This was readily done, and was a success, showing that cable lines could transmit messages under the water.

Field and Morse then went to England, and appeared before the British Government. "We have come to propose to your lordships that you join us in uniting, by an electric cable, the two great countries of Great Britain and America. It will take a great deal of money, but, in the end it will bring much benefit to both peoples. We are ready to do our part."

"But suppose you make the attempt and fail,

and your cable is lost at the bottom of the sea. Then, what will you do?" asked an Englishman.

"Why, if the cable is lost, I shall lay another, and another, until one does reach and hold. Every cable I lose I shall charge to profit and loss, and then I shall start over again," was the reply of the American.

This so pleased the British that they at once offered to furnish money and a vessel to help lay the cable. Congress also appropriated money, and thus the two Governments were pledged to the great enterprise.

The British ship, *Agamemnon*, and the American ship, *Niagara*, were set apart for the work. Each vessel carried a load of cable, and they sailed from the coast of Ireland. On board the American ship were Field and Morse.

The Niagara began the work. The cable was securely anchored to the shore, and unwound along the bottom of the ocean, as the vessel steamed slowly along. Mile after mile was paid out in this way, the big cylinder slowly revolving, and the long, dark cable falling into the ocean bed. Day and night the work went on, the other vessel standing by to take up the work when the *Niagara* had exhausted her supply of cable.

At the end of three hundred miles there was a

wrench and a tug, and the cable snapped in two. There was a great cry, "The cable has parted; the cable has parted."

Naturally, this caused bitter disappointment and much discouragement. "You will never succeed. It is too great an undertaking. You had better give it up," was all that Field heard on every side.

"I shall not give it up," said he, "but will start in mid-ocean, and let the vessels go in opposite directions, one toward Ireland and the other toward Newfoundland."

And so he did. With a new supply of cable, he started, in mid-ocean, having spliced the ends of the cable together. Each vessel sailed towards its own country, slowly paying out the cable on the ocean bed from the great coil in the stern.

In a few weeks, there came the news, "The cable is laid. The cable is laid." The people were now as excited over the success of the cable as they had been gloomy and doubtful beforehand. Bells were rung, guns were fired, and great placards were hung about the streets of New York. And there were many speeches of congratulation!

On the 16th of August, 1858, Queen Victoria sent a cable message to President Buchanan, and the President sent a courteous reply. They were

messages of friendship and good-will between the two countries, now united by a cable nearly three thousand miles long, over which a message could travel in the fraction of a second.

But amidst all the rejoicing came word that for some reason the cable would not work. No more messages could be transmitted, and nobody could find out the reason why. More than a million dollars had been spent, and nothing profitable had come of it!

Then the Civil War began, and for four years the American people thought of little else than the great struggle. Cyrus Field was forgotten, but *he* did not forget, nor did he lose hope.

“When the war is over, and the mind of the world is settled, I shall try again, — but not until then,” he said to some friends.

At last, the time came, and Field renewed his efforts. He now had but one vessel, *The Great Eastern*. It was a monster ship, remodeled for the purpose of carrying the cable and laying it on the ocean bed. Another failure was added to the list of early attempts, for the cable parted in mid-ocean, and sank to the bottom.

Again an effort was made, and *The Great Eastern* set sail with its coil of cable. This last trip was crowned with success, and the cable was laid.

Then *The Great Eastern* returned to mid-ocean, and began grappling for the cable she had lost on her first voyage. The broken ends were found, welded together properly, and, before the end of 1866, two cables were working between Ireland and America.

Field had labored for thirteen years, and had spent a great deal of money, but at last he had succeeded. More than a dozen cables now cross the Atlantic, and many stretch over the vast bed of the Pacific; all shores are now in touch with each other, and messages can be sent around the world in a few hours.

This is due to the energy and perseverance of the man who did not know how to fail, and who would not give up trying!