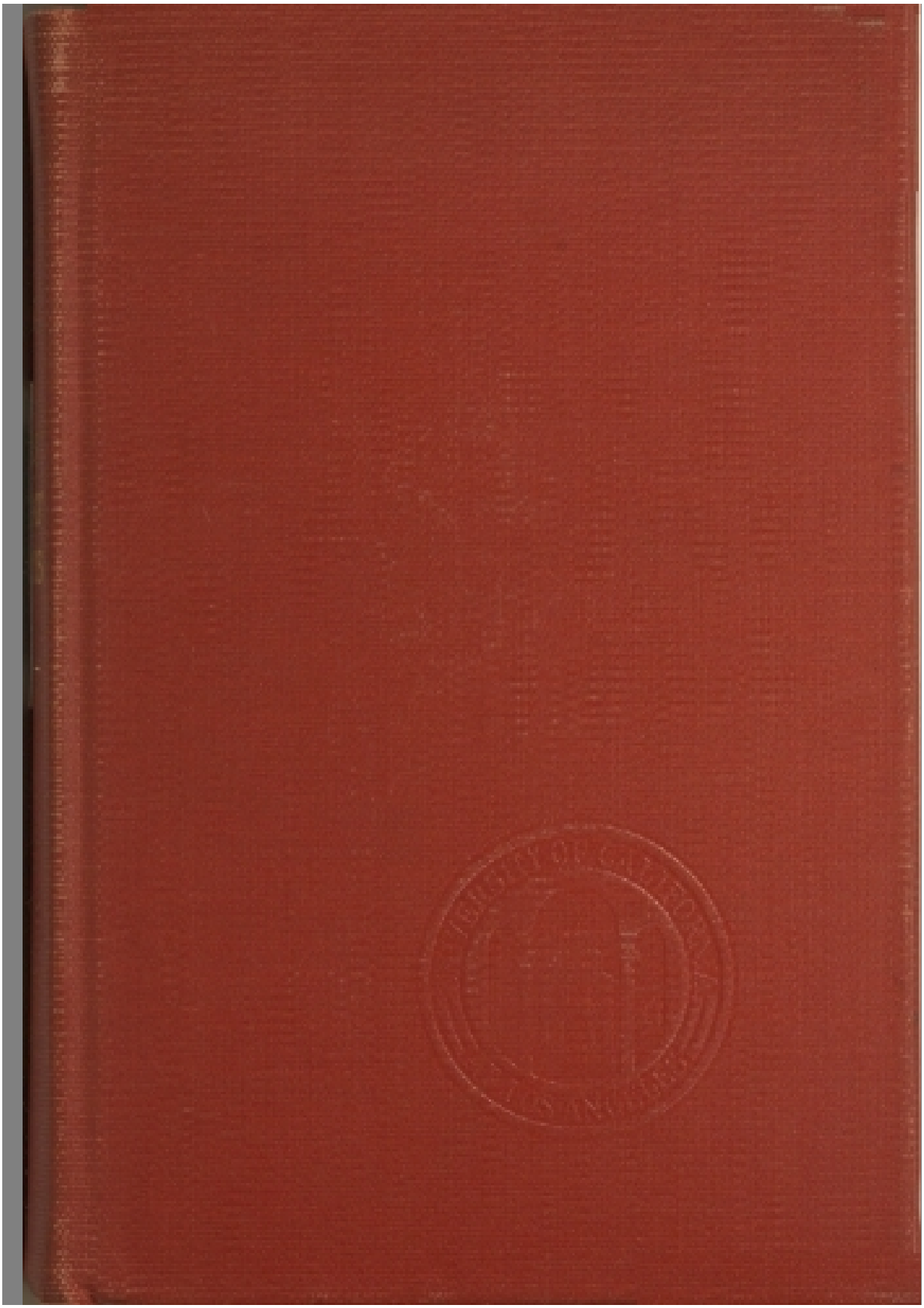

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Title: Good stories for great birthdays

Author: Frances Jenkins Olcott

Release date: September 21, 2017 [eBook #55592]
Most recently updated: October 23, 2024

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/55592

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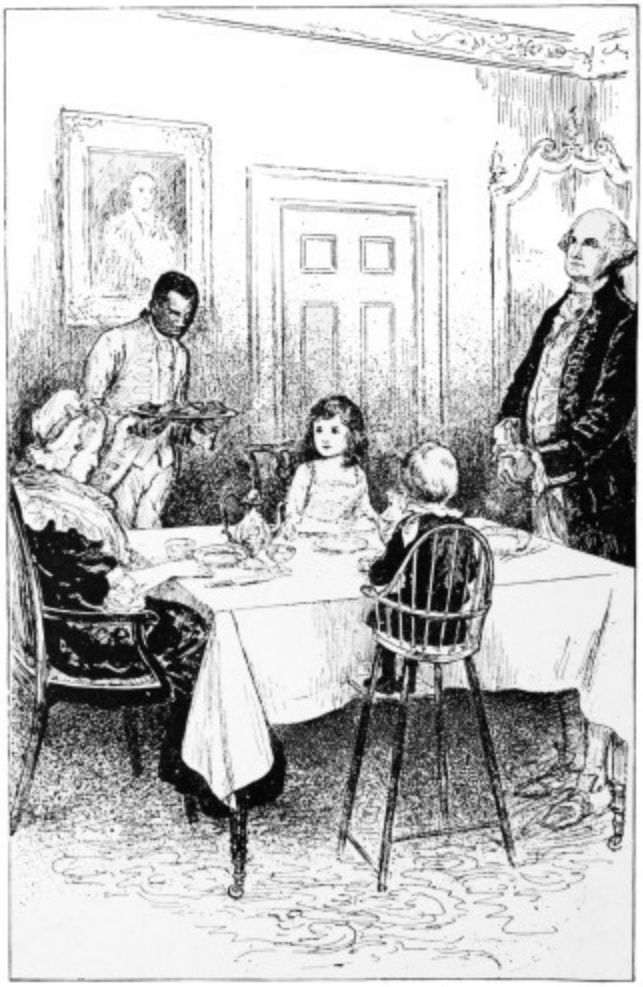
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GOOD STORIES FOR GREAT BIRTHDAYS ***

GOOD STORIES
FOR GREAT BIRTHDAYS



BREAKFAST WITH THE CHILDREN AT MOUNT VERNON

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GOOD STORIES FOR GREAT BIRTHDAYS

ARRANGED FOR STORY-TELLING AND READING ALOUD AND FOR THE CHILDREN'S OWN READING

BY

FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

TO

FRANCES MARY JENKINS OLCOTT
January 25

One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

FOREWORD

HERE are over 200 stories celebrating 23 great birthdays of patriot-founders and upbuilders of the Republics of both North and South America. In the stories are more than 75 historical characters, men, women, and children. The arrangement follows the school-year, beginning in October with Columbus. The book-cover is dressed in George Washington's colours, scarlet and white.

TREATMENT OF HISTORY FOR CHILDREN

These tales are not packed full of dry facts and dates, boring to children. Instead, they treat history in a manner appealing to boys and girls. For it is the strong personalities that moved in the big events of the world, it is the forceful lives of the men themselves, their preparation in boyhood for successful careers, their struggles for right, their heroism, devotion, and high adventure, as well as the why and wherefore of things, which make history an intense reality to children and young folk. American history treated after such a fashion, may be used educationally to develop a fine, true type of Americanism.

So most of the tales presented here are ones of personality, human and alive. They are full of action. Many of them relate deeds of courage, kindness, self-sacrifice, and perseverance. They are of just the right length to read aloud or tell without fatiguing the children. They deal scarcely at all with battle, murder, or sudden death. They stress the intimate, human side of our Patriots, the side not often found in textbooks.

SOME OF OUR HEROES

Here are stories of Washington, Hamilton, John Adams, and John Marshall showing them not cold and wooden, but warm and vital; also tales of great-hearted Lincoln, and of America's very human hero, Roosevelt.

And exceedingly human, too, are Light Horse Harry, the Sage of Monticello, Old Hickory, Brother Jonathan, Old Put, and the Great Commoner, who, with words as powerful as sword-strokes, fought America's battles.

Among the women, the mothers and wives helping to win the Wars for Independence in both North and South America, are Mary and Martha Washington, Abigail Adams, Andrew Jackson's mother, the mother of John Marshall, and the wife of San Martin.

And the children of our foreign born, with how much greater pride may they say, "We are Americans!" when they read about Lafayette, Kosciuszko, Steuben, Haym Salomon, Pulaski, De Kalb, and Irish Moll Pitcher. Then, of course, Columbus the Italian is here, sailing under the gold and crimson banner of Spain.

Our school children, too, may be surprised to learn, that there are 20 robust American Republics to the south of us, with aspirations like our own, and having devoted Patriots. Among their national heroes, are Miranda "the Flaming Son of Liberty," San Martin the great and good, Bolivar the brilliant and victorious, O'Higgins the soldier-citizen, and Brazil's patriot Emperor, Dom Pedro the magnanimous.

All Spanish accents have been omitted—as is sometimes done in English books—so that the names of South American Patriots may not seem strange and foreign to our school children.

NO HISTORICAL FICTION

There is no historical fiction here. The larger number of the stories are original, written purposely for this volume. Every detail is historical, and

every conversation is based on an authority.

A partial list of the histories and biographies consulted while writing the stories, may be found on page xiv. When historians have not agreed as to dates and facts, the most reliable sources have been followed.

Of the stories attributed to authors, some have been recast to meet the requirements of storytelling; others are given verbatim. This provides a selection of tales varied both in style and in treatment. Some of the tales are for children, and some for young people. The book may be useful in all Grades.

No living Americans are celebrated. Those whose birthdays are kept, have passed into history. And since one small volume cannot hold stories about all of our Patriots, a careful selection has been made of tales about Americans whose contributions to the founding of free Government are of vital importance. It is deeply regretted that lack of space precludes the use of other birthdays. Because of copyright restrictions, the Roosevelt section is somewhat limited.

A number of well-known tales which are omitted, may be found in *Good Stories for Great Holidays*.

TEACHING AMERICAN SOLIDARITY

In as far as possible, all tales of sectional differences, of political animosities, and of civil strife, have been avoided. The emphasis in this book is upon American Solidarity.

Pioneers of progress inevitably arouse bitter antagonists. It would require a large volume indeed, to treat of the derogatory statements and written attacks which have been levelled at most of the men whose birthdays we are celebrating. We know that Columbus suffered severely from attacks by enemies, that Washington was one of the “most vilified of men,” and that Lincoln’s detractors were merciless. To-day we may perceive the process of vilification still going on around us. Happily, time has shown that much of the detraction of the past was public slander and clamour, and has consigned it to the rubbish heap of history. In a book of this kind, detractions have little or no place; and it is against the good sense of the best educational principles, to impress the children’s plastic minds with such matters. When the children are older, they will be better able to judge of them intelligently.

HELPFUL TO TEACHERS

May it be said right here, with emphasis, that this book is not intended to take the place of suitable biographies of the men whose birthdays we are celebrating. Entertaining, lively tales should, on the contrary, lead boys and girls to want to know more about their favourite heroes. And the teacher may use these short stories not merely to illustrate American history textbooks, but to strengthen the children's love of Country, to teach them the meaning of American Unity, and to give them a more intelligent reverence for the Constitution.

To aid the teacher and story-teller there is appended on pages 465-483 a *Subject Index*, by means of which any story on a given topic may be quickly found. The Study Programmes, on pages 451-462, are chronologically arranged to illustrate the day's lesson.

FOR MOTHERS, ALSO

But above all else, may this book, day by day, help mothers and educators to bring to the children's remembrance on these great birthdays, something of the devotion, the patience, the sufferings, and the personal sacrifice of the noble men, who, under the good hand of God, laid the foundations of American Liberty and Self-Government.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GRATEFUL acknowledgments are due the following Publishers and Authors, for material from their books:—

To Houghton Mifflin Company for material from books by Edward Arber, Albert J. Beveridge, John Fiske, Henry Cabot Lodge, John T. Morse, James Parton, James B. Thayer, William Roscoe Thayer, and John Greenleaf Whittier.

To the *New York Evening Post* for stories written for its columns by the author of this book.

To the *New York Times* for "A Lock of Washington's Hair," by T. R. Ybarra.

To D. Appleton and Company for extracts from the Poems of William Cullen Bryant, and material from William Spence Robertson's *Rise of the Spanish-American Republics*.

To Charles Scribner's Sons for material from *Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography*.

To Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco, California, publishers of the complete works of Joaquin Miller, for permission to use his *Columbus*.

To J. B. Lippincott Company for material from Charles Morris's *Heroes of Progress*.

To Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company for "Nellie and Little Washington," from Harriet Taylor Upton's *Our Early Presidents, their Wives and Children*.

To the Missionary Education Movement for "Dom Pedro," from Margarette Daniels's *Makers of South America*.

To the Macmillan Company for material from James Morgan's *Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man*.

To Dr. Sherman Williams for "The Boy of the Hurricane," from his *New York's Part in History*, published by D. Appleton and Company.

To Mr. Wayne Whipple for "The Little Girl and the Red Coats," from his *Story-Life of Washington*, published by John C. Winston Company.

To the Brooklyn Public Library, Montague Branch, for the use of its remarkably fine collection of volumes on early American history, many of which are rare and out of print.

To the Staff of the Brooklyn Public Library, Montague Branch, for most helpful co-operation.

. . . . . .

As this book of *Great Birthdays* was several years in the making, it is not possible to cite the many authorities, histories, and biographies which have been consulted. The following titles may give some idea of the kind of research work done, in order to make *Great Birthdays* of value in teaching American History:—

Fiske, *American Revolution*; Garden, *Ancedotes of the Revolutionary War*; Green, *Short History of the English People*; *Journals of the Continental Congress*; Lossing, *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*; Elkanah Watson, *Men and Times of the Revolution*; *Select Letters of Christopher Columbus, with other Original Documents* (Hakluyt Society); *Memorials of Columbus ... translated from the Spanish and Italian*; Lives of Columbus by Irving, Lamartine, and Winsor; *Story of the Pilgrim Fathers* (Arber Reprint); *Mourt's Relation*; *Old South Leaflets*; George Washington, *Journal of my Journey over the Mountains*, also his *Writings*; Ford, *Washington and the Theatre*; George Washington Parke Custis, *Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington*, by his Adopted Son; Headley, *Illustrated Life of George Washington*; Irving, *Life of Washington*; Lossing, *Mary and Martha, the Mother and the Wife of George Washington*; Lodge, *George Washington*, (American Statesmen Series); John Paul Jones's *Letters*, also lives of him by De Koven, Headley, and Mackenzie; Lives of William Penn, by Dixon, Hodges, Janney, Stoughton; Lives of John Marshall, and addresses in his memory, by Beveridge, Binney, Flanders, Rawle, Sallie E. Marshal Hardy (in *The Green Bag*), Justice Story, and Chief Justice Waite; Peters, Haym Salomon; Franklin's *Autobiography*; Humphreys, *Life of the Honourable Major General Israel Putnam* (material obtained largely from Putnam himself); *Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut*, by his descendant Jonathan Trumbull; correspondence, diaries, and speeches of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Lafayette, Pitt, Lincoln, and Webster.

In writing the South American stories, the following have been most useful: Biggs, *History of Don Francisco de Miranda's Attempt to Effect a Revolution in South America*; Palacio Fajardo, *Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America*; *Encyclopedia of Latin America*; Koebel, *British Exploits in South America*, also his *South America*; Captain Basil Hall, *Extracts from a Journal*; Larrazábal, *Simón Bolivar*; Mahoney, *Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela and New Grenada*; Mehegan, *O'Higgins of Chile*; General Miller, *Memoirs in the Service of the Republic of Peru*; Bartolomé Mitre, *Emancipation of South America*; Pan-American Union, *Bulletin*; Petre, *Simón Bolivar*; Robertson, *Rise of the Spanish-American Republics*, also his *Francisco de Miranda* (American Historical Association); Smith, *History of the Adventures and Sufferings of Moses Smith*; also a number of volumes of travel including Lord Bryce, *South America*; and Winter, *Argentina*, and *Chile*.

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Drawn by Frank T. Merrill

OCTOBER 12

COLUMBUS
AND
DISCOVERER'S DAY

The Very Magnificent Lord Don Cristobal Colon, High Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands and Tierra Firma.

COLUMBUS

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout Mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day,
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit Flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a World, he gave that World
Its grandest lesson—
"On! Sail on!"

From Joaquin Miller's
Columbus

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born in Italy, about 1451
First landed on an island of America, October 12, 1492
Sighted South America, 1498
Was sent in chains to Spain, 1500
Returned from his Fourth Voyage, 1504
He died, May 20, 1506
His name in Spanish is Cristobal Colon.

THE SEA OF DARKNESS

BEFORE America was ever heard of, over four hundred years ago, a boy lived in Genoa the Proud City.

He was just one of hundreds of boys in that beautiful Italian town, whose palaces, marble villas, and churches climbed her picturesque hillsides. The boy's name was Christopher Columbus.

Whenever he could leave his father's workshop, where he was learning to comb wool, for his father was a weaver, how eagerly the boy must have run down to the wharfs and sat there watching the ships come and go.

They came from all those parts of the world which people knew about then, from Iceland and England, from European and Asiatic ports, and from North Africa. Caravels, galleys, and galleons, and sailing craft of all kinds, came laden with the wealth that made Genoa one of the richest cities of her time.

The sailors, who lounged on the wharfs, spun wonderful yarns. They told how beyond the Pillars of Hercules which guarded the straits of Gibraltar, there rolled a vast, unknown sea, called the Atlantic Ocean or the Sea of Darkness.

No one, they said, had ever crossed it. No one knew what lay beyond it. All was mystery. And any mariners, the sailors said, who had ventured far out on its black waters had never returned.

Fearful things had happened to such mariners, the sailors added, for the Sea of Darkness swarmed with spectres, devils, and imps. And when night fell, slimy monsters crawled and swam in its boiling waves. Among these monsters, was an enormous nautilus large enough to crush a whole ship in

its squirming arms, and a serpent fifty leagues long with flaming eyes and horse's mane. Sea-elephants, sea-lions, and sea-tigers, fed in beds of weeds. Harpies and winged terrors flew over the surface of the water.

And horrible, they said, was the fate which overtook the ship of any foolhardy mariners who ventured too far out on that gloomy ocean. A gigantic hand was thrust up through the waves, and grasped the ship. A polypus, spouting two water-spouts as high as the sky, made such a whirlpool that the vessel, spinning round and round like a top, was sucked down into the roaring abyss.

These frightful sea-yarns and many like them, the sailors told about the Atlantic Ocean, and people believed them. But the eyes of the boy Columbus, as he sat listening, must have sparkled as he longed to explore those mysterious waters of the Sea of Darkness, and follow them to the very edge of the world.

For all that lay to the west of the Azores, was a great and fascinating mystery, when Columbus was a boy, before America was discovered.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

LISTEN now to some of the stories that the Irish sailors who visited Genoa, told when Columbus was a boy. And people in those days, believed them to be true.

They told how far, far in the West, where the sun set in crimson splendour, lay the Terrestrial Paradise from which Adam and Eve were driven. And other wonder tales the sailors told.

One was the enchanting tale of Maeldune, the Celtic Knight, who seeking his father's murderer, sailed over the wide Atlantic in a coracle of skins lapped threefold, one over the other.

Many were the wonder-islands that Maeldune and his comrades visited —the Island of the Silvern Column; the Island of the Flaming Rampart; the Islands of the Monstrous Ants, and the Giant Birds; the Islands of the Fierce Beasts, the Fiery Swine, and the Little Cat; the Islands of the Black Mourners, the Glass Bridge, and the Spouting Water; the Islands of the Red Berries, and the Magic Apples; and the islands of many other wonders.

Many were the strange adventures that Maeldune had in enchanted castles with beautiful Queens and lovely damsels, with monstrous birds, sleep-giving potions, and magic food.

And the Irish sailors told, also, of good St. Brandan who set sail in a coracle, and discovered the Fortunate Isles. There he dwelt in blessed happiness, they said:—

"And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet;
And his white hair sank to his heels, and his white beard fell to his feet."

And still another tale the Irish sailors told, a tale of Fairy Land, called the Land of Youth. Thither once went Usheen the Irish Bard.

It happened on a sweet, misty morning that Usheen saw a slender snow-white steed come pacing along the shore of Erin. Silver were his shoes, and a nodding crest of gold was on his head. Upon his back was seated a Fairy Maiden crowned with gold, and wrapped in a trailing mantle adorned with stars of red gold.

Weirdly but sweetly she smiled, and sang an Elfin song; while over sea and shore there fell a dreamy silence. Through the fine mist she urged on her steed, singing sweeter and ever sweeter as she came nearer and nearer to Usheen.

She drew rein before him. His friends saw him spring upon the steed, and fold the Fairy Maiden in his arms. She shook the bridle which rang forth like a chime of bells, and swiftly they sped over the water and across the sea, the snow-white steed running lightly over the waves.

They plunged into a golden haze that shrouded them from mortal eyes. Ghostly towers, castles, and palace-gates loomed dimly before Usheen, then melted away. A hornless doe bounded near him, chased by a white hound. They vanished into the haze.

Then a Fairy Damsel rode swiftly past Usheen, holding up a golden apple to him. Fast behind her, galloped a horseman, his purple cloak streaming in the still air, a sharp sword glittering in his hand. They, too, melted mysteriously away.

And soon Usheen himself vanished into the Land of Youth, into Fairy Land.

These are some of the wonder tales that folk used to tell about the mysterious Atlantic Ocean, when Columbus was a boy.

THE ABSURD TRUTH

WHEN Columbus was a boy, there was a story told that the Earth was round. Nearly every one who heard it thought it foolish—absurd.

"The Earth round!" they said; "do we not know that the Earth is flat? And does not the sun set each night at the edge of the World?"

But young Columbus had a powerful, practical imagination. He believed there were good reasons to think that the Earth was not flat. He attended the University of Pavia. He studied astronomy and other sciences. He learned map-making. He read how the ancient philosophers thought the Earth to be a sphere and how they had tried to prove their theory by observing the sun, moon, and stars.

Then, too, there were scholars in Europe, when Columbus was young, who agreed with the philosophers.

But no scholar or philosopher had ever risked his life in a frail ship and ventured across the terrible Sea of Darkness to battle with its horrors, and prove his theory to be fact. The surging billows of the Atlantic with angry leaping crests of foam, still guarded their mystery.

Young Columbus became a sailor, cruising with his uncle on the Mediterranean, sometimes chasing pirate ships. When older, he made long voyages. He learned to navigate a vessel. He visited, so some historians say, England and Thule. They say, too, that Thule was Iceland. Then if he visited Iceland, Columbus must have heard the strange tale of how Leif, son of Erik the Red, the bold Northman, sailed in a single ship over the Sea of Darkness, and discovered Vinland the Good on the other side of the Atlantic.

Columbus talked with sailors about their voyages. He heard how the waves of the Sea of Darkness sometimes cast upon the Islands of the Azores, gigantic bamboos, queer trees, strange nuts, seeds, carved logs, and bodies of hideous men with flat faces, the flotsam and jetsam from unknown lands far to the west.

Columbus's imagination and spirit of adventure were fired. He became more eager than ever to explore that vast expanse of water, and learn what really lay in the mysterious region, where the sun set each night and from which the sun returned each morning.

"The Earth is not flat," thought he, "much goes to prove it. India, from which gold and spices come, is assuredly on the other side. If I can but cross the Sea of Darkness, I shall reach Tartary and Cathay the Golden

Country of Kublai Khan. I shall have found a Western Passage to Asia. I will bring back treasure; but more than all else I shall be able to carry the Gospel of Christ to the heathen."

For Columbus, you must know, was one of the most devout Christian men of his time.

And he signed his name to letters, "Christ Bearing." *Christopher* in the Greek language, means Christ-Bearer. Perhaps, he was thinking of the beautiful legend of St. Christopher, who on his mighty shoulders bore the Christ Child across the swelling river, even as he, Christopher Columbus, humbly wished to bear Christ's Gospel across the raging waters of the Sea of Darkness.

CATHAY THE GOLDEN

WHERE was Cathay the Golden?

Who was Kublai Khan?

One of Columbus's favourite books was written by Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveller, who served Kublai, Grand Khan of Tartary in Asia. Cathay was the name which Marco Polo gave to China.

In his book, Marco Polo told of many marvels. In the chief city of Cathay the Golden, ruled over by Kublai Khan, stood the Grand Khan's palace. Its walls were covered with gold and silver, and adorned with figures of dragons, beasts, and birds. Its lofty roof was coloured outside with vermilion, yellow, green, blue, and every other hue, all shining like crystal.

To this city of Cathay, were brought the most costly articles in the world, gold, silver, precious jewels, spices, and rare silks. The Grand Khan had so many plates, cups, and ewers of gold and silver, that no one would believe it without seeing them. He had five thousand elephants in magnificent trappings, bearing chests on their backs filled with priceless treasure. He had also, a vast number of camels with rich housings.

At the New Year Feast, the people made presents to Kublai Khan of gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, and rich stuffs. They presented him, also, with many beautiful snow-white horses handsomely caparisoned.

These and other wonderful things, did Marco Polo write about in his book, and Columbus read them all.

. . . . . .

At last the time came, when Columbus was fully determined to discover a Western Passage, and thus open a path through the Ocean from Europe to Asia.

The Spanish courtiers laughed at Columbus; they called him a fool and madman to believe that the Sea of Darkness might be crossed. But as the years of waiting went by, Columbus grew stronger in his determination.

The story of his many years of patient but determined waiting in Spain, of his pleadings with King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, for money, men, and ships with which to cross the Ocean Sea, is told in "Good Stories for Great Holidays."

And in "Good Stories for Great Holidays," it is told how at last Columbus was befriended by the Friar Juan Perez. There also may be found the stories of Columbus and the Egg, of his little son Diego at La Rabida, of Queen Isabella pledging her jewels, of Columbus's sailing across the Sea of Darkness, of the mutiny, of his faith, perseverance, and wisdom, and how at last he sighted a cluster of beautiful green islands, lying like emeralds in the blue waters of the Atlantic—all these stories may be read in "Good Stories for Great Holidays."

THE EMERALD ISLANDS

Columbus's Day, October 12, 1492

It was with songs of praise, that Columbus first landed on one of those emerald islands of the New World.

And what delightful islands they were, sparkling with streams, and filled with trees of great height. There were fruits, flowers, and honey in abundance. Among the large leaves and bright blossoms, flocks of birds sang and called. There were cultivated fields of Indian corn.

And there were savages, naked dark-skinned folk, who peeped from behind trees, or ran frightened away. Later they grew bolder, and traded with Columbus and his men. Some of the savages smoked rolls of dried leaves. This was the first tobacco that white men had ever seen. Thus Columbus and his men discovered Indian corn, and tobacco.

As Columbus sailed along the shores of the islands, he watched anxiously for the crystal-shining domes of Kublai Khan's Palace to rise

among the trees. But no Cathay the Golden gleamed among the green, no elephants in trappings of cloth-of-gold, paced the sands.

Instead, all was wild though so beautiful. The only people were the dark-skinned ones, whom Columbus named *Indians*; for he was sure that he had come across the Sea of Darkness by the Western Passage to India.

THE MAGNIFICENT RETURN

It was a day of great rejoicing when Columbus returned to Spain. The whole country rose up to do him honour. Bells were rung, mass was said, and vast crowds cheered him as he passed along streets and highways.

No one called him a fool and madman then. Had he not crossed the Sea of Darkness and returned alive? Neither nautilus, gigantic hand, nor polypus had dared to harm him. The Sea of Darkness was a mysterious gloomy sea no longer, instead it was the wide Atlantic Ocean, a safe pathway for brave mariners and good ships, a pathway leading to new lands of gold and spices far toward the setting sun. And so all Spain did honour to Columbus.

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella eagerly awaited him at Barcelona. He entered that city with pomp and in procession. Balconies, windows, roofs were thronged. Crowds surged through the streets to gaze in wonder on that strange procession, so spectacular, so magnificent.

First came the dark-skinned savage men, in paint and gold ornaments; after them walked men bearing live parrots of every colour; then others came carrying rich glittering coronets and bracelets, together with beautiful fruits and strange vegetables and plants, such as the people of Europe had never dreamed could exist.

Then passed the great discoverer himself, Christopher Columbus, a-horseback, and surrounded by a cavalcade of the most brilliant courtiers of Spain.

He dismounted, and entered the saloon where the King and Queen sat beneath a canopy of brocade. He modestly greeted them on bended knee. They raised him most graciously, and bade him be seated in their presence.

After they had heard his tale with wonder, and had examined the treasures that he had brought with him from beyond the Sea of Darkness, the King and Queen together with their whole Court knelt in thanksgiving to God.

To reward Columbus, his Sovereigns bestowed upon him the titles of Don Christopher Columbus, Our Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies. They also promised to make him ruler over any other islands and mainland he might discover.

Columbus immediately began to prepare for another voyage. With a fleet of seventeen ships, bearing supplies and colonists, he sailed across the Sea of Darkness once more to the islands of the New World. He planted a colony there. He discovered other islands. And he still kept on searching diligently for Cathay the Golden.

Turbulent adventurers, rapacious gold-hunters, and vicious men, were among the colonists. And Columbus, in the name of his Sovereigns, with great difficulty ruled over them all.

THE FATAL PEARLS

Tierra Firme

It was in May, 1498. The fleet of Admiral Don Christopher Columbus, in the name of the Holy Trinity, set sail from Spain for a third voyage across the Atlantic.

It was no longer a Sea of Darkness to Columbus, but a sure pathway to golden lands. There he still hoped to find the Earthly Paradise from which Adam and Eve had been driven. And there too, he still expected to discover Cathay the Golden in Tartary, and Cipango, the great island of the western sea, which we call Japan.

His ships sailed on, now plunging through the lifting billows, now lying becalmed on glassy waters under the fierce rays of the tropic sun, and now moving through a region of balmy airs and light refreshing breezes.

July arrived, yet he had not sighted land. The fierce heat of the sun had sprung the seams of the ships. The provisions were rancid. There was scarcely any sweet water left in the casks. The anxious, watchful Admiral scanned the horizon.

On the last day of the month, came a shout from the masthead: —“Land!”

And Columbus beheld the peaks of three mountains rising from the sea, outlined sharply against the sky. Then he and his men, lifting up their voices, sang anthems of praise and repeated prayers of thanksgiving.

As the ships drew nearer to the three peaks, Columbus perceived that they rose from an island and were united at their base.

"Three in one," he said, and named the island after the Holy Trinity in whose name he had set sail. For he had vowed before leaving Spain, to name the first new land he saw after the Trinity. That is why that island, today, is called Trinidad.

They filled their casks there. Then onward they sailed, skirting the coast of Trinidad, hoping to find a harbour to put into while repairing the ships. Soon, they saw a misty headland opposite the island.

"It is another island," said Columbus.

It was no island. Wonderful to relate, Columbus had just discovered a new Country.

It was the coastline of a vast southern continent. It was *Tierra Firme*. It was South America!

The Pearls

YOUNG Indian braves, graceful and handsome, their black hair straight and long, their heads wrapped in brilliant scarfs, other bright scarfs wound round their middles, came in a canoe to visit Columbus's ships.

Soon after this visit, Columbus set sail again, not knowing that he had just sighted one of the richest and greatest continents on earth. Sailing past the mouths of the mighty Orinoco River, pouring out their torrents with angry roar into the Caribbean Sea, Columbus skirted what is now called Venezuela.

Other friendly Indians came to his ships. It was then that Columbus saw for the first time the pearls which were to help ruin him, and which were to work wretchedness and death for so many poor Indian folk.

Among the friendly Indians were some who wore bracelets of lustrous pearls. The gold and spices got by Columbus on his former voyages were of slight beauty compared with those strings of magnificent pearls.

Columbus examined them eagerly. He longed for some to send back to Queen Isabella, in order to prove to her what a rich land he had just discovered.

He questioned the Indians. Where had they got the pearls? They came from their own land, and from a country to the north and west, they answered.

Columbus was eager to go thither. But first he sent men ashore to barter for some of the bracelets. With bright bits of earthenware, with buttons, scissors, and needles, they bought quantities of the pearls from the delighted Indians, to whom such articles were worth more than gold and jewels of which they had plenty.

Then Columbus, hoisting sail, ran farther along the coast purchasing pearls until he had half a bushel or so of the lustrous sea-jewels, some of them of very large size.

He named a great gulf, the Gulf of Pearls. He discovered other islands, among them the island of Margarita, which means a pearl.

After which he turned his ships toward Santo Domingo, not knowing how tragic a thing was to befall him there, partly on account of the pearls.

COLUMBUS EXAMINES THE PEARLS

The Curse of the Pearls

THOSE fatal sea-jewels had already begun their evil work.

While Columbus was tarrying to collect them, a rebellion fomented by bad men who had taken advantage of his absence, had broken out in the Island of Santo Domingo. When Columbus reached there, he suppressed it. But his enemies hastened to send lying reports about him to the Spanish Court. And the courtiers, who were jealous of his high position, wealth, and power, urged King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to have him deposed.

One of their accusations against him was, that he had held back from his Sovereigns their rightful portion of the rich find of pearls.

So at last, the royal edict went forth that the very magnificent Don Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Indies, should be tried and, if found guilty, deposed and returned to Spain.

The man sent to do all this, and govern in Columbus's stead, was named Bobadilla.

Bobadilla arrived at Santo Domingo with royal commands for Columbus to surrender all power to him, and to obey him in everything. He caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison. He tried and condemned him. He ordered him put into chains. But no one could be found to rivet the chains until one of Columbus's own servants, "a shameless and graceless cook," did so with glee.

Then Bobadilla reigned in Columbus's place over the Indies.

Meanwhile, the grand old Admiral broken in spirit, carped at by his foes, was placed in manacles aboard a caravel.

Bobadilla had given orders that the chains should not be removed, but the humane master of the ship offered to break them.

"Nay," said Columbus with dignity, "my Sovereigns have commanded me to submit, and Bobadilla has chained me. I will wear these irons until by royal order they are removed. And I shall keep them as relics and memorials of the reward of my services."

But when Queen Isabella learned how he had been brought back to Spain in shackles, she was greatly angered. Both Sovereigns commanded that he should be immediately released. And when the venerable Columbus

grown old in her service, entered her presence, Queen Isabella wept bitterly. Columbus fell at her feet, unable to utter a word, so great was his sorrow.

Both Sovereigns promised to restore all his titles and the wealth which had been taken from him by force. But though Bobadilla was finally deposed from power because of his treatment of Columbus and because of his evil rule, yet the royal promise was not fulfilled. His titles and property were never restored to Columbus.

Instead, he was again sent overseas, on a fourth voyage of discovery.

With four miserable caravels manned by only a hundred and fifty men, the gray-headed, weary Columbus set forth once more still hoping to discover the country of Kublai Khan, and find the Earthly Paradise. And this time Columbus took with him his younger son, Ferdinand, who was thirteen years old.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S PAGE

OFF to find Kublai Khan, to drink from his golden cups, to eat from his silvern plates, to ride his elephants, to visit in his great palace, and, perhaps, to discover the Earthly Paradise—what more thrilling adventure could a boy want?

So Ferdinand Columbus, Queen Isabella's page, eager for adventure, set sail with his father Columbus, to cross the Sea of Darkness and explore beyond the emerald islands.

For, while his father, on his former voyage, had been gathering pearls among the Pearl Islands of the New World, the boy Ferdinand, amid the splendour of the Spanish Court, had been waiting upon Queen Isabella.

But now, what a change! Ferdinand was off across the heaving, foaming Sea of Darkness in a small caravel tossed about like a cockleshell on the billows. A tempest with rain, thunder, and lightning arose. It struck Columbus's wretched caravels. They were buffeted by the wind, their sails were torn, their rigging, cables, and boats were lost. Food was washed overboard. The sailors were terrified, they ran about making religious vows and confessing their sins to each other. Even the boldest was pale with fear.

"But the distress of my son who was with me, grieved me to the soul ..." wrote Columbus afterward, "for he was but thirteen years old, and he enduring so much toil for so long a time. Our Lord, however, gave him

strength to enable him to encourage the rest. He worked as if he had been eighty years at sea."

But there was more to trouble plucky Ferdinand than the storm at sea. Columbus, his father, fell sick near to death. There was no one who could direct the ships' course, but Columbus himself. So he had a little cabin rigged up on deck. Lying there, he gave his orders. Presently, to Ferdinand's joy, he grew better.

Meanwhile, what was happening to the wicked Bobadilla? That same tempest was doing great things. It was buffeting, lashing, and wrecking a caravel which was taking Bobadilla to Spain. The ship, plunging under the howling, raging, black waters, sank to the bottom of the ocean, taking Bobadilla with it, and the treasure he had stolen from Columbus.

But Columbus's own caravels won safely through the storm and across the Caribbean Sea. They drew near to an unknown shore—the coast of Central America.

There is not space here in which to tell of the many adventures of Columbus and his men, nor of all the things that Ferdinand saw. There were other storms. At one time, the seas ran high and terrific, foaming like a caldron. The sky burned like a furnace, the lightning played with such fury that the waves were red like blood.

The coast of Central America was thickly peopled with savages. Some of them were richly clothed, and wore ornaments of gold and coral, and carried golden mirrors fastened round their necks. Ferdinand saw other savages in trees living like wild birds, their huts built on sticks placed across from bough to bough. He saw strange beasts, beautiful birds, delicious fruits, brilliant flowers, great apes, and alligators basking in the rivers.

There were fights with natives, a massacre of some of his father's men, there was starvation and misery. Then Columbus, after having sailed down the coast and back again, turned the ships homeward.

Then came the most terrible adventure of all. The ships were riddled by worms, their sides were rotten, and the water was pouring through them like a sieve. Columbus reached the lonely island of Jamaica, just in time to drive his two remaining ships on the beach, and save them from sinking.

There for many months Ferdinand was marooned with his father and the men. There was more starvation, a mutiny, and adventures with savages.

Then came the exciting rescue by two caravels.

Such were the adventures of Queen Isabella's page. But he went back to Spain without seeing Cathay the Golden and Kublai Khan's palace.

THE TWIN CITIES

WHILE Columbus was exploring the coast of Central America, he fell sick of a fever. He had a dream. He tells us of this dream in his own letters.

He dreamed that a compassionate Voice spoke to him, bidding him believe in God, and serve Him who had had him from infancy in His constant and watchful care, and who had chosen him to unlock the barriers of the Ocean Sea.

This Voice said many things to Columbus, adding these words, "Even now He partially shows thee the reward of so many toils and dangers incurred by thee in the service of others. Fear not but trust."

And even then, Columbus, though he did not know it, was actually seeing the land where his hopes were to come true. For to-day, we Americans know that while Columbus was exploring inlets and river-mouths on the coast of Central America searching for the Western Passage to Asia, he entered Limon Bay of Panama. He even sailed part way up the Chagres River.

And if his melancholy eager eyes might have been opened, what a vision he would have had of the future! He would have beheld the Caribbean Sea beating on civilized shores. He would have seen Twin Cities rising, their pleasant white, palm-shaded houses smiling in the sun, the Twin Cities of Cristobal and Colon—Christopher and Columbus—proud to bear his famous name. He would have seen those Twin Cities guarding *a Western Passage to Asia*.

He would have perceived in his vision ships, greater than any Spanish caravels, sliding through a Canal the wonder of the world, on their way to and from Asia the Golden.

. . . . . .

But as it was, in a miserable little caravel, tempest-racked, with masts sprung and sides worm-eaten, the weary disappointed Columbus with the boy Ferdinand, returned at last to Spain.

And about two years later, in the City of Valladolid, "the Grand Old Admiral," who had given a New World to the Old, died almost in poverty.

As he passed away, he murmured, “Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.”

THE PEARLS AGAIN

THE curse of the pearls still held strong after Columbus’s death. News of the discovery of the Pearl Islands in the New World, spread rapidly through Europe. Many cruel and greedy pearl-hunters hastened to set out for the islands.

They pillaged the native villages. They hunted the Indians like wild beasts. They forced them to work in the mines. But, worst of all, they made them dive into the deep sea for pearls, under the most horrible conditions.

Then it was that the compassionate friend of the Indians, the humane priest Bartolome de Las Casas, took up their cause and pleaded for them with the Spanish Crown. But Spain was too far away for the Crown to control Spanish officials in America, and do much to lessen the sufferings of the natives.

Thus sorrow and desolation followed the finding of the sea-jewels. In time, they became a rich part of the cargoes of the Treasure Galleons. And they forged one of the first links in the chain of oppression which bound all Spanish America for over three hundred years.

For how this chain was broken by the great Liberators, read:—

Miranda, the Flaming Son of Liberty, page 325; *San Martin, the Protector*, page 235; *O’Higgins, First Soldier, First Citizen*, page 393; *Bolivar, the Liberator*, page 371.

OCTOBER 14

WILLIAM PENN THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA

As Justice is a preserver, so it is a better procurer of Peace, than War.

WILLIAM PENN

Within the Land of Penn,
The sectary yielded to the citizen,
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung
The air to madness, and no steeple flung
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

The Land slept well. The Indian from his face
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place
Of battle-marches, sped the peaceful chase.

. . . . . .

The desert blossomed round him; wheatfields rolled
Beneath the warm wind, waves of green and gold,
The planted ear returned its hundredfold.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

WILLIAM PENN was born in London, October 14, 1644
Received the Charter, granting him Pennsylvania, 1681
Composed the Plan for the Peace of Europe, 1693
He died in England, May 30, 1718.

THE BOY OF GREAT TOWER HILL

In a house on Great Tower Hill near London Wall, was born William Penn, who was to become the Founder of Pennsylvania.

He was christened William after his ancestor, Penn of Penn's Lodge. He was a charming baby, with round face, soft blue eyes, and curling hair. His father, Captain Penn, who had been called home to see the new baby on that first birthday of little William Penn, went back to his ship rejoicing that he had such a handsome son and heir.

When William Penn was ten years old, a strange thing befell him. He was not like other boys. He was quiet and serious. At that time he was a schoolboy in an English village.

One day, he was alone in his room. Suddenly he felt a wonderful peace and an "inner comfort," while a glory filled the room. He felt that he was drawn near to God, so that his soul might speak with him. A strange experience for a boy to have. But it was an experience which helped to shape William Penn's life. From that time on, he believed that he had been called to live a holy life.

When he grew older, his family tried to make him forget this religious experience, but he never forgot. In time he became a Friend—or Quaker. In those days, Friends were bitterly persecuted in England. William Penn suffered imprisonments and persecutions, but always with patient sweetness and endurance.

At last, the persecutions of the Friends made William Penn turn his thoughts toward the New World of America.

HE WORE IT AS LONG AS HE COULD

When William Penn became a Friend, he did not immediately leave off his gay apparel, as other Friends did. He even wore a sword, as was customary among men of rank and fashion.

One day, being with George Fox the great leader of the Friends, he asked his advice about wearing the sword, saying that it had once been the means of saving his life without injuring his antagonist, and that moreover Christ has said, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

"I advise thee," answered George Fox quietly, "to wear it *as long as thou canst*."

Shortly after this, they met again. William Penn had no sword.

"William," said George Fox, "where is thy sword?"

"Oh!" replied William Penn, "I have taken thy advice. I wore it *as long as I could*!"

Samuel M. Janney (*Retold*)

THE PEACEMAKER

"He must not be a man but a statue of brass or stone, whose bowels do not melt when he beholds the bloody tragedies of this war in Hungary, Germany, Flanders, Ireland, and at sea; the mortality of sickly and languishing camps and navies; and the mighty prey the devouring winds and waves have made upon ships and men," wrote William Penn over two hundred years ago.

It was then that William Penn became the peacemaker.

The world was in the midst of a terrible war. William Penn did not believe in war. He had cast aside his own sword for principle's sake, and had bravely suffered persecutions and imprisonments in the Tower of London and in Newgate. Fearlessly now he came forward with a plan for world peace, which he hoped would stop bloody wars, and persuade rulers to arbitrate their quarrels.

He published a "Plan for the Peace of Europe," urging the formation of a league of European countries.

So earnest is this plan and so profoundly thought out, that it has had much influence on rulers and statesmen, who from time to time have held peace congresses in Europe. But rivalry of Nations, has prevented the peace plan from ever being carried out.

"Christians," argued William Penn, "have embrewed their hands in one another's blood, invoking and interesting all they could the good and merciful God to prosper their arms to their brethren's destruction. Yet their Saviour has told them that He came to save and not to destroy the lives of men, to give and plant peace among men. And, if in any sense, He may be said to send war, it is the Holy War indeed, for it is against the Devil, and not the persons of men. Of all His titles, this seems the most glorious as well as comfortable for us, that He is the *Prince of Peace*."

WESTWARD HO, AND AWAY!

THE time arrived when William Penn's peaceful thoughts went sailing over the Atlantic, westward ho, and away! For he was appointed a trustee of Jersey in America. There came to him while he was still in England, news of immense tracts of land lying beyond Jersey, so fertile that under cultivation they would yield harvests unparalleled in his island home. He heard of rich minerals, of noble forests, of river-banks offering splendid sites for towns and cities, of bays where proud navies might ride at anchor.

Moreover, many Friends, who had fled from persecution in England, were settled in Jersey. Their industry had already turned the wilderness into a garden. They were holding their meetings and worshipping God, without fear of constables and fines, of imprisonments and attacks by mobs. In Jersey, they had full liberty of conscience.

And William Penn, as his thoughts sailed westward ho, and away! saw, rising from the sea, bright and fair, a land of refuge not only for persecuted Friends, but for all oppressed people. He determined to found a new State in America, where nobody should be persecuted for religion's sake, where everybody should be free, and where the people should govern themselves. "A holy experiment," he called it.

He presented a petition to Charles the Second, asking for a royal grant of land near Jersey. "After many waitings, watchings, solicitings," the title to a vast tract was confirmed to him under the Great Seal of England. He was to be its ruler and "Lord Proprietor," "with large powers and privileges." He was to make laws, grant pardons, and appoint officials as he saw fit, but subject to the approval of the English Government.

Penn named his land, "Sylvania"; but the King called it Penn-sylvania, in honour of old Admiral Penn, William Penn's father.

Almost the first thing that Penn did was to write to the people already settled in Pennsylvania, "a loving address."

"My Friends," he began, "I wish you all happiness, here and hereafter. These are to let you know that it hath pleased God, in his providence, to cast you within my lot and care....

"You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people."

Thus William Penn promised the People of Pennsylvania, Liberty and the right to govern themselves. And he kept his promises.

John Stoughton (*Retold*)

THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

WITH what delight did William Penn first set foot on the shore of the Delaware River. It was Autumn. The sweet clear air, the serene skies, the trees, fruits, and flowers, filled him with a wellnigh unspeakable joy.

And later, while being rowed up the river in a barge, he saw the ancient forest trees on either bank, their leaves flaming with red, gold, and amber. He saw flocks of wild fowl rise up from the water, and fly screaming overhead. The solitude and grandeur of the wilderness brooded over all.

Meanwhile, farther up the river, a welcome was awaiting him. In a little town, shaded by pine-trees and built on the high shore, there were white men and Indians hurrying to and fro. They were preparing an entertainment for William Penn, their Governor.

The town was Penn's capital city. He had named it Philadelphia, which means Brotherly Love.

And as his barge drew near the City of Brotherly Love, the white settlers, Swedish, Dutch, and English Friends, greeted him heartily, for they already knew how just, gentle, and wise he was.

As for the Indians, so stately in their robes of fur and nodding plumes, William Penn walked with them, and sat down on the ground to eat with them. They gave him hominy and roasted acorns. And after the feast, they entertained him with their sports, jumping and hopping. And William Penn sprang up gayly like a boy, and joining in their games, beat them all, young Braves and old.

And so the Red Men learned to love and trust their great White Father—Onas they called him. For Onas is Indian for a pen, or a quill.

Such was William Penn's happy welcome to the City of Brotherly Love.

THE PLACE OF KINGS

IT was the last of November. The lofty forest trees on the shore of the Delaware had shed their summer attire. The ground was strewn with leaves. A Council-fire was burning brightly beneath a huge Elm, not far from the City of Brotherly Love.

It was an ancient Elm, which for over a hundred years had guarded Shackamaxon, the Place of Kings. For long before the Pale-faces had landed on the shore of the Delaware, Indian Sachems, Kings of the Red

Skins, had held their friendly councils in its shade, and smoked many a Pipe of Peace.

On that November day, the tribes of the Lenni Lenapé under the wide-spreading branches of the Elm, were gathered around the Council-fire. They were seated in a half circle, like a half moon. They were all unarmed.

Among the Chiefs, was the Great Sachem Taminend, revered for his wisdom and beloved for his goodness. He sat in the middle of the half moon, with his council, the aged and wise, on either hand.

They waited.

Then, lo! a barge approached. At its masthead flew the broad pennant of Governor William Penn. The oars were plied with measured strokes, guiding the barge to land. And near the helm sat William Penn attended by his council.

He landed with his people, and advanced toward the Council-fire. A handsome man he was, only thirty-eight years old, athletic, and graceful. His manners were courteous, his blue eyes were friendly. He was plainly dressed, with a scarf of sky-blue network bound about his waist.

Some of his people preceded him. They carried presents for the Indians, which they laid on the ground before them.

Then William Penn approached the Council-fire.

Thereupon the Great Sachem, Taminend, put on a chaplet surmounted by a horn, the emblem of his power, and through an interpreter announced that the Nations were ready to hear William Penn.

Thus being called upon, William Penn began his speech:—

“The Great Spirit,” he said, “who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power.

“It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good.

“We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all to be openness, brotherhood, and love.”

Here William Penn unrolled a parchment on which was inscribed an agreement for trading, and promises of friendship. He explained the agreement article by article. Then laying the parchment on the ground, he said that that spot should ever more be common to both Peoples,—Pale-face and Red Skin.

The Indians listened to his speech in perfect silence, and with deep gravity. And when he was finished speaking, they deliberated together, for some time. Then the Great Sachem ordered one of his Chiefs to address William Penn.

The Chief advanced, and in the Sachem's name saluted him, and taking William Penn by the hand, made a speech pledging kindness and neighbourliness, saying that the English and the Lenni Lenapé should live together in love, so long as the sun and the moon should endure.

Samuel M. Janney (*Retold*)

ONAS

AFTER the Treaty was made at the Place of Kings, the Lenni Lenapé, for many years enjoyed the mild and just rule of their "elder brother Onas." He met them often around the Council-fire, hearing and rectifying their wrongs, adjusting trade matters, and smoking with them the Pipe of Peace.

And William Penn made treaties with the Indians who dwelt on the Potomac, and with the Five Nations. Thus Pennsylvania had quiet; and the Red Men were friends of the settlers. Sometimes they brought the white men venison, beans, and maize, and refused to take pay. Whereas, in the other Colonies, the Indians were dangerous neighbours, cruel and delighting in blood. They had been made suspicious and revengeful by the injustice and wickedness of white men.

So the Red Men of Pennsylvania, trusted William Penn, although he was a Pale-face. What Pale-face had they ever seen like him? A Pale-face was to them a trapper, a soldier, a pirate, a man who cheated them in barter, who gave them fire-water to drink, who hustled them off their hunting-ground.

But here was one Pale-face, who would not cheat and lie; who would not fire into their lodge; who would not rob them of their beaver skins; who would not take a rood of land from them, till they had fixed and he had paid their price.

Where were they to look for such another lord?

So when they heard that Onas was about to sail for England, Indians from all parts of Pennsylvania gathered to take sorrowful leave of him.

After he was gone, they preserved with care the memory of their treaties with him, by means of strings or belts of wampum. Often they gathered together in the woods, on some shady spot, and laid their wampum belts on a blanket or a clean piece of bark, and with great satisfaction went over the whole. So great was their reverence and affection for William Penn, inspired by his virtues, that they handed on the memory of his name to their children.

. . . . . .

When William Penn died in England, the Indians sent his wife a message, mourning the loss of their "honoured brother Onas."

And with the message went a present of beautiful skins for a cloak "to protect her while passing through the thorny wilderness without her guide."

W. Hepworth Dixon and Other Sources

OCTOBER 27

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AMERICA'S HERO

On behalf of all our people, on behalf no less of the honest man of means, than of the honest man who earns each day's livelihood by that day's sweat of his brow, it is necessary to insist upon honesty in business and politics alike, in all walks of life, in big things and in little things; upon just and fair dealing as between man and man.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE SQUARE DEAL

WE of the great modern democracies, must strive unceasingly to make our several Countries, lands in which a poor man who works hard can live comfortably and honestly, and in which a rich man cannot live dishonestly nor in slothful avoidance of duty.

And yet, we must judge rich man and poor man alike by a standard which rests on conduct and not on caste. And we must frown with the same stern severity on the mean and vicious envy which hates and would plunder a man because he is well off, and on the brutal and selfish arrogance, which looks down on and exploits the man with whom life has gone hard.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York City, October 27, 1858
Was appointed Police Commissioner of New York City, 1895
Aided in establishing the Independence of Cuba, 1898
Was elected Governor of the State of New York, 1898
Served as President of the United States, 1901-1909
He died, January 6, 1919.

THE BOY WHO GREW STRONG

Not in a Log Cabin

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, unlike Abraham Lincoln, was not born in a log cabin. On the contrary, he was born to wealth and position in the City of New York.

He was reared in an elegant home and educated in one of the famous universities of the Country. He read law, but he had no need to practise a profession. His father had retired from business, and there was no occasion for the son to take up a business career.

But Theodore Roosevelt preferred for himself a life of toil—the strenuous life.

Ill-health was the first and greatest of all his disadvantages. "When a boy," said he, "I was pig-chested and asthmatic."

From earliest infancy he was called to battle with asthma. It lowered his vitality and threatened his growth. His body was frail, but within was the conquering spirit. He determined to be strong like other boys.

In this, he had the loving help of gentle parents. On the wide back porch of their home in the City of New York, they fitted up a gymnasium, where he strove for bodily vigour with all his might. Although at the start, his pole climbing was very poor, he kept trying until he got to the top. He would carry his gymnastic exercises to the perilous verge of the window ledge, more to the alarm of the neighbours than of his own family.

In the Wide Out-of-Doors

Summer was the season of Roosevelt's delight. Then he ceased to be a city boy. At his father's country place on Long Island, he learned to run and ride, row, and swim. And when the long sleepless nights came, the father would take his invalid boy in his arms, wrap him up warmly, and drive with him in the free open air through fifteen or twenty miles of darkness.

The boy had his father's love of the woods and the fields. He studied and classified the birds of the neighbourhood, until he knew their songs and plumage and nests. He and his young friends could be relied on to find the spot where the violets bloomed the earliest, and the trees on which the walnuts were most plentiful, as well as the pools where the minnows swarmed, and the favourite refuge of the coon.

He was taken to Europe, in the hope that it would benefit his health, "a tall thin lad with bright eyes and legs like pipestems."

When at last, he was ready to go to college, he had vanquished his enemy, ill-health, and was ready to play a man's part in life.

"I made my health what it is," he said later, "I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered Harvard, I was able to take part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred, and I ran a great deal, and, although I never came in first, I got more out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself.

Busting Broncos

After leaving college, young Roosevelt entered politics. Finally, between legislative sessions, he surrendered to his impulses and started for the Wild West.

He left the train in North Dakota at the little town of Medora. The young visitor from the East, sought out two hunters and told them that he wished to go buffalo hunting with them. And he did so, though hunting the buffalo then was no fancy pastime.

It was, in truth, a rare chance to see the Wild West in the last glow of its golden age. Soon it was all to vanish and pass into the most romantic chapter of American history.

Before his first visit was at an end, he had become a ranchman.

The young master of Elkhorn Ranch, brave, outspoken, and always ready to bear his full share of toil, and hardship, was not long in winning the respect and hearty good-will of the bluff, honest men of the Bad Lands.

After only a little experience in ranching, he learned to sit in his saddle and ride his horse like a life-long plainsman.

But he never pretended to any special fondness for a bucking bronco; and a story is told of a trick played on him by some friendly persons in Medora.

He was in town, waiting for a train that was to bring a guest from the East. While he was in a store, the jokers placed his saddle on a notoriously vicious beast, which they substituted for his mount.

When he came out, in haste to ride around to the railway station, he did not detect the deception.

Once, he was on the horse's back, the bronco bucked and whirled to the amusement of the grinning villagers. But to their amazement, the young ranchman succeeded in staying on him and spurring him into a run.

Away they flew to the prairies, and soon back they raced in a cloud of dust and through the town. The friend from the East arrived, and joined the spectators, who waited to see if the young squire of Elkhorn ever would return.

In a little while, he was seen coming along the road at a gentle gait. And when he reached his starting point, he dismounted, with a smile of quiet mastery, from as meek a creature as ever stood on four legs.

He had no use, however, for a horse whose spirit ran altogether to ugliness. When he first went West, he doubted the theory of the natives that any horse was hopelessly bad.

For instance, there was one in the sod-roofed log stable of Elkhorn, who had been labelled *The Devil*. Roosevelt believed that gentleness would overcome Devil. The boys thought it might, if he should live to be seventy-five.

After much patient wooing, Devil actually let Roosevelt lay his hand on him and pat him. The boys began to think that possibly there was something in this new plan of bronco busting.

One day, however, when his gentle trainer made bold to saddle and mount him, Devil quickly drew his four hoofs together, leaped into the air,

and came down with a jerk and a thud. Then he finished with a few fancy curves, that landed his disillusioned rider a good many yards in front of him.

Roosevelt sprang to his feet and on to the back of the animal. Four times he was thrown. Finally, the determined rider manœuvred Devil out on to a quicksand where bucking is impossible. And, when at last, he was driven back to solid earth, he was like a lamb.

In this rough life of the range, the young ranchman conquered for ever the physical weaknesses of his youth, and put on that rude strength which enabled him to stand before the world, a model of vigorous manhood.

James Morgan (*Arranged*)

SAGAMORE HILL

His Home at Oyster Bay

From Roosevelt's Autobiography

SAGAMORE Hill takes its name from the old Sagamore Mohannis, who, as Chief of his little tribe, signed away his rights to the land, two centuries and a half ago.

The house stands right on the top of the hill, separated by fields and belts of woodland from all other houses, and looks out over the Bay and the Sound.

We see the sun go down beyond long reaches of land and of water. Many birds dwell in the trees round the house or in the pastures and the woods near by. And, of course, in Winter gulls, loons, and wild fowl frequent the waters of the Bay and the Sound.

ROOSEVELT BREAKING "DEVIL"

We love all the seasons; the snows and bare woods of Winter; the rush of growing things and the blossom-spray of Spring; the yellow grain, the ripening fruits, and tasseled corn, and the deep, leafy shades that are heralded by "the green dance of Summer"; and the sharp fall winds that tear the brilliant banners with which the trees greet the dying year.

The Sound is always lovely. In the summer nights, we watch it from the piazza, and see the lights of the tall Fall River boats as they steam steadily by. Now and then we spend a day on it, the two of us together in the light rowing skiff, or perhaps with one of the boys to pull an extra pair of oars. We land for lunch at noon under wind-beaten oaks on the edge of a low bluff, or among the wild plum bushes on a spit of white sand; while the sails of the coasting schooners gleam in the sunlight, and the tolling of the bell-buoy comes landward across the waters....

Early in April, there is one hillside near us which glows like a tender flame with the white of the bloodroot. About the same time, we find the shy mayflower, the trailing arbutus. And although we rarely pick wild flowers, one member of the household always plucks a little bunch of mayflowers to send to a friend working in Panama, whose soul hungers for the northern Spring.

Then there are shadblow and delicate anemones about the time of the cherry blossoms. The brief glory of the apple orchards follows. And then the thronging dogwoods fill the forests with their radiance.

And so flowers follow flowers, until the springtime splendour closes with the laurel and the evanescent honey-sweet locust bloom. The late summer flowers follow, the flaunting lilies, and cardinal flowers, and marshmallows, and pale beach rosemary; and the goldenrod and the asters, when the afternoons shorten and we again begin to think of fires in the wide fireplaces.

Theodore Roosevelt

THE CHILDREN OF SAGAMORE HILL

MRS. ROOSEVELT looked after the place itself. She supervised the farming, and the flower gardens were her especial care.

The children were now growing up, and from the time when they could toddle, they took their place—a very large place—in the life of the home. Roosevelt described the intense satisfaction he had in teaching the boys what his father had taught him.

As soon as they were large enough, they rode their horses, they sailed on the Cove and out into the Sound. They played boys' games, and through him, they learned very young to observe nature.

In his college days, he had intended to be a naturalist, and natural history remained his strongest avocation. And so he taught his children to know the birds and animals, the trees, plants, and flowers of Oyster Bay and its neighbourhood. They had their pets—Kermit, one of the boys, carried a pet rat in his pocket.

Three things Roosevelt required of them all: obedience, manliness, and truthfulness.

William Roscoe Thayer

OFF WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

From Roosevelt's Autobiography

ONE April, I went to Yellowstone Park, when the snow was still very deep, and I took John Burroughs with me. I wished to show him the big game of the Park, the wild creatures that have become so astonishingly tame and tolerant of human presence.

In the Yellowstone, the animals seem always to behave as one wishes them to! It is always possible to see the sheep, and deer, and antelope, and also the great herds of elk, which are shyer than the smaller beasts.

In April, we found the elk weak after the short commons and hard living of Winter. Once, without much difficulty, I regularly rounded up a big band of them so that John Burroughs could look at them. I do not think, however, that he cared to see them as much as I did.

The birds interested him more, especially a tiny owl, the size of a robin, which we saw perched on the top of a tree, in mid-afternoon, entirely uninfluenced by the sun, and making a queer noise like a cork being pulled from a bottle.

I was rather ashamed to find how much better his eyes were than mine, in seeing the birds and grasping their differences.

Theodore Roosevelt

THE BIG STICK

I SAW in Roosevelt a strong man, who had taken early to heart Hamlet's maxim, and had steadfastly practised it:—

"Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When Honour's at the stake."

He himself summed up this part of his philosophy in a phrase which has become a proverb:—

"Speak softly; but carry a big stick."

More than once in his later years, he quoted this to me, adding, that it was precisely because this or that Power knew that he carried a big stick, that he was enabled to speak softly with effect.

William Roscoe Thayer (*Condensed*)

A-HUNTING TREES WITH JOHN MUIR

From Roosevelt's Autobiography

WHEN I first visited California, it was my good fortune to see the "big trees," the Sequoias, and then to travel down into the Yosemite with John Muir. Of course, of all people in the world, he was the one with whom it was best worth while thus to see the Yosemite....

John Muir met me with a couple of packers and two mules to carry our tent, bedding, and food for a three days' trip.

The first night was clear, and we lay down in the darkening aisles of the great Sequoia grove. The majestic trunks, beautiful in colour and in symmetry, rose round us like the pillars of a mightier cathedral than ever was conceived even by the fervour of the Middle Ages.

Hermit thrushes sang beautifully in the evening, and again with a burst of wonderful music at dawn. I was interested and a little surprised to find that, unlike John Burroughs, John Muir cared little for birds or bird songs, and knew little about them. The hermit thrushes meant nothing to him, the trees and the flowers and the cliffs, everything. The only birds he noticed or cared for, were some that were very conspicuous, such as the water-ousels —always particular favourites of mine too.

The second night, we camped in a snow-storm on the edge of the cañon walls, under the spreading limbs of a grove of mighty silver fir. And next day, we went down into the wonderland of the Valley itself.

I shall always be glad that I was in the Yosemite with John Muir, and in the Yellowstone with John Burroughs.

Theodore Roosevelt (*Condensed*)

THE BEAR HUNTERS' DINNER

From Roosevelt's Autobiography

WHEN wolf-hunting in Texas, and when bear-hunting in Louisiana and Mississippi, I was not only enthralled by the sport but also by the strange new birds and other creatures, and the trees and flowers I had not known before.

By the way, there was one feast at the White House, which stands above all others in my memory, this was "The Bear Hunters' Dinner."

I had been treated so kindly by my friends on these hunts, and they were such fine fellows, men whom I was so proud to think of as Americans, that I set my heart on having them at a hunters' dinner at the White House.

One December, I succeeded. There were twenty or thirty of them, all told, as good hunters, as daring riders, as first class citizens as could be found anywhere. No finer set of guests ever sat at meat in the White House.

And among other game on the table, was a black bear, itself contributed by one of these same guests.

Theodore Roosevelt (*Condensed*)

HUNTING IN AFRICA

From Roosevelt's Autobiography

THE African buffalo is undoubtedly a dangerous beast, but it happened that the few that I shot did not charge.

A bull elephant, a vicious "rogue" which had been killing people in the native villages, did charge before being shot at. My son Kermit and I stopped it at forty yards.

Another bull elephant, also unwounded, which charged, nearly got me, as I had just fired both cartridges from my heavy double-barreled rifle, in killing the bull I was after—the first wild elephant I had ever seen. The second bull came through the thick brush to my left, like a steam plow through a light snowdrift, everything snapping before his rush, and was so near that he could have hit me with his trunk. I slipped past him behind a tree.

People have asked me how I felt on this occasion. My answer has always been that I suppose I felt as most men of like experience feel on such occasions. At such a moment, a hunter is so very busy that he has no time to get frightened. He wants to get in his cartridges and try another shot.

Rhinoceros are truculent, blustering beasts, much the most stupid of all the dangerous game I know. Generally their attitude is one of mere stupidity and bluff. But on occasions they do charge wickedly, both when wounded and when entirely unprovoked. The first I ever shot, I mortally wounded at a few rods' distance, and it charged with the utmost determination. Whereat I and my companion both fired, and, more by good luck than anything else, brought it to the ground just thirteen paces from where we stood.

Another rhinoceros may or may not have been meaning to charge me; I have never been certain which. It heard us, and came at us through rather thick brush, snorting and tossing its head. I am by no means sure that it had fixedly hostile intentions. And indeed, with my present experience, I think it likely that if I had not fired, it would have flinched at the last moment, and either retreated or gone by me. But I am not a rhinoceros mind-reader, and its actions were such as to warrant my regarding it as a suspicious character. I stopped it with a couple of bullets, and then followed it up and killed it.

The skins of all these animals which I thus killed are in the National Museum at Washington.

Theodore Roosevelt (*Condensed*)

THE EVER FAITHFUL ISLAND

Now, let us see what Theodore Roosevelt did to help establish Liberty in this Hemisphere.

It is a far cry from the Very Magnificent Don Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and discoverer of the West Indies and South America, to plain Theodore Roosevelt of Oyster Bay and citizen of the United States of North America.

Yet it was a very direct cry, a ringing call down through four centuries, a never ceasing plea for Liberty and safety.

And it was plain Colonel Theodore Roosevelt who, with his Rough Riders, helped to break the last link of the chain of Spanish domination in America. Its first link was unwittingly forged by Columbus, when he discovered the gold and pearls of the New World.

Through the many years, Cuba, the "Ever Faithful Island," remained loyal to Spain, while her other American possessions declared their Independence, slipped from her grasp, and set up Republics.

But instead of taking warning from her American losses, Spain continued her policy of repression in Cuba.

Then there arose Cuban Patriots, among them, Gomez, Maceo, and Garcia, who struggled for Cuba's Freedom. There were rebellions, insurrections, and war. Great and terrible were the sufferings of the People.

It is not possible here to give an account of the Cuban War for Independence. But after a terrific struggle, it was finally won in 1898, with the help of our United States. Thus Spain lost her last foothold in America, and withdrew from this hemisphere.

To-day, the Island of Cuba the "Ever-Faithful Island," the "Pearl of the Antilles," is a flourishing Republic with a world commerce. And during the World War, the red, white, and blue, single-bestarred Flag of Cuba, waved over a brave Cuban Army, the ally of the United States.

But as to Theodore Roosevelt's part in liberating the Island, while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President McKinley, we will let one of his biographers tell about it:—

THE COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

> *In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the right and the duty to speak and act, the war in Cuba must stop.*
>
> *President* McKinley

Roosevelt had always felt the danger to the United States of maintaining a despicable or an inadequate Navy, and from the moment he entered the Navy Department, he set about pushing the construction of the unfinished vessels and of improving the quality of the personnel.

He was impelled to do this, not merely by his instinct to bring whatever he undertook up to the highest standard, but also because he had a premonition that a crisis was at hand, which might call the Country, at an instant's notice, to protect itself with all the power it had.

Roosevelt was impressed by the insurrection in Cuba, which kept that Island in perpetual disorder. The cruel means, especially reconcentration and starvation, by which the Spaniards tried to put down the Cubans, stirred the sympathy of the Americans, and the number of those who believed that

the United States ought to interfere in behalf of humanity, grew from month to month.

During his first year in office, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt busied himself with all the details of preparation. And all the while he watched the horizon towards Cuba, where the signs grew angrier and angrier.

But the young Secretary had to act with circumspection. President McKinley, desiring to keep the peace up to the very end, would not countenance any move which might seem to the Spaniards either a threat or an insult.

Early in the evening of February 15, 1898, the U. S. battleship *Maine*, peaceably riding at her moorings in Havana Harbour, was blown up. Two officers and 264 enlisted men were killed by the explosion and in the sinking of the ship.

The next morning, the newspapers carried the report to all parts of the United States, and, indeed, to the whole world. A tidal wave of anger surged over this Country.

"That means war!" was the common utterance.

I doubt whether Roosevelt ever worked with greater relish than during the weeks succeeding the blowing-up of the *Maine*. The Navy Department arranged in hot haste to victual the ships; to provide them with stores of coal and ammunition; to bring the crews up to their full quota by enlisting; to lay out a plan of campaign; to see to the naval bases and the lines of communication; and to coöperate with the War Department in making ready the land fortifications along the shore.

Having accomplished his duty as Assistant Secretary, Roosevelt resigned. He thought that he had a right to retire from that post, and to gratify his long cherished desire to take part in the actual warfare.

General Alger, the Secretary of War, had a great liking for Roosevelt, offered him a commission in the Army, and even the command of a regiment.

This he prudently declined, having no technical military knowledge. He proposed instead that Dr. Leonard Wood should be made Colonel, and that he should serve under Wood, as Lieutenant Colonel.

While Roosevelt finished his business at the Navy Department, Colonel Wood hurried to San Antonio, Texas, the rendezvous of the First Regiment

of Volunteer Cavalry—the Rough Riders!

A call for volunteers, issued by Roosevelt and endorsed by Secretary Alger, spread through the West and Southwest, and it met with a quick response.

Not even in Garibaldi's famous Thousand, was such a strange crowd gathered. It comprised cow-punchers, ranchmen, hunters, professional gamblers, and rascals of the Border, sportsmen, mingled with the society sports, former football players and oarsmen, polo players, and lovers of adventure from the great eastern cities. They all had one quality in common —courage—and they were all bound together by one common bond—devotion to Theodore Roosevelt.

Nearly every one of them knew him personally. Some of the western men had hunted or ranched with him. Some of the eastern had been with him in college, or had had contact with him in one of the many vicissitudes of his career.

. . . . . .

I shall not attempt to follow in detail the story of the Rough Riders, but shall touch only on those matters which refer to Roosevelt himself.

Wood having been promoted to Brigadier General, in command of a larger unit, Theodore Roosevelt became Colonel of the regiment of Rough Riders.

On July 1 and 2, he commanded the Rough Riders in their attack on and capture of San Juan Hill, in connection with some coloured troops.

In this engagement, their nearest approach to a battle, the Rough Riders, who had less than five hundred men in action, lost eighty-nine in killed and wounded.

Then followed a dreary life in the trenches, until Santiago surrendered, and then a still more terrible experience, while they waited for Spain to give up the war.

Under a killing tropical sun, receiving irregular and often damaged food, without tent or other protection from the heat or from the rain, the Rough Riders endured for weeks the ravages of fever, climate, and privation.

Finally, because of Roosevelt's insistence, the Government at Washington, without loss of time, ordered the Army home.

The sick were transported by thousands to Montauk Point, at the eastern end of Long Island, where in spite of the best medical care which could be improvised, large numbers of them died.

But the Army knew, and the American Public knew, that Roosevelt had saved multitudes of lives. At Montauk Point, he was the most popular man in America.

This concluded Roosevelt's career as a soldier. The experience introduced to the Public those virile qualities of his, with which his friends were familiar.

William Roscoe Thayer (*Arranged*)

THE RIVER OF DOUBT

ROOSEVELT decided to make one more trip for hunting and exploration. As he could not go to the North Pole, he said, because that would be poaching on Peary's field, he selected South America.

He had long wished to visit the Southern Continent, and invitations to speak at Rio Janeiro and at Buenos Aires, gave him an excuse for setting out.

He started with the distinct purpose of collecting animal and botanical specimens, this time for the American Museum of Natural History in New York, which provided two trained naturalists to accompany him. His son Kermit, toughened by the previous adventure, went also.

Having paid his visits and seen the civilized parts of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, he ascended the Paraguay River, and then struck across the plateau which divides its watershed from that of the tributaries of the Amazon. For he proposed to make his way through an unexplored region in Central Brazil, and reach the outposts of civilization on the Great River.

The Brazilian Government had informed him that by the route he had chosen, he would meet a large river—the River of Doubt—by which he could descend to the Amazon.

There were some twenty persons, including a dozen or fifteen native rowers and pack-bearers, in his party. They had canoes and dugouts, supplies of food for about forty days, and a carefully chosen outfit.

With high hopes, they put their craft into the water and moved down stream. But on the fourth day, they found rapids ahead. And from that time

on, they were constantly obliged to land and carry their dugouts and stores round a cataract.

The peril of being swept over the falls, was always imminent, and as the trail, which constituted their portages, had to be cut through the matted forest, their labours were increased. In the first eleven days, they progressed only sixty miles. No one knew the distance they would have to traverse, nor how long the river would be broken by falls and cataracts, before it came down into the plain of the Amazon.

Some of their canoes were smashed on the rocks. Two of the natives were drowned. They watched their provisions shrink. Contrary to their expectations, the forest had almost no animals. If they could shoot a monkey or a monster lizard, they rejoiced at having a little fresh meat.

Tropical insects bit them day and night and caused inflammation and even infection. Man-eating fish lived in the river, making it dangerous for the men when they tried to cool their inflamed bodies by a swim.

Most of the party had malaria, and could be kept going only by large doses of quinine. Roosevelt, while in the water, wounded his leg on a rock; inflammation set in, and prevented him from walking, so that he had to be carried across the portages.

The physical strength of the party, sapped by sickness and fatigue, was visibly waning. Still the cataracts continued to impede their progress and to add terribly to their toil. The supply of food had shrunk so much, that the rations were restricted, and amounted to little more than enough to keep the men able to go forward slowly.

Then fever attacked Roosevelt, and they had to wait for a few days, because he was too weak to be moved. He besought them to leave him and hurry along to safety, because every day they delayed consumed their diminishing store of food, and they might all die of starvation.

They refused to leave him, however. A change for the better in his condition came soon. They moved forward. At last they left the rapids behind them, and could drift and paddle on the unobstructed river.

Roosevelt lay in the bottom of a dugout, shaded by a bit of canvas put up over his head, and too weak from sickness even to splash water on his face; for he was almost fainting from the muggy heat and the tropical sunshine.

Forty-eight days, after they began their voyage on the River of Doubt, they saw a peasant, a rubber-gatherer, the first human being they had met.

Thenceforward they journeyed without incident.

The River of Doubt flowed into the larger river, Madeira; where they found a steamer which took them to Manaos on the Amazon.

During the homeward voyage, Roosevelt slowly recovered his strength, but he had never again the iron physique with which he had embarked the year before. The Brazilian Wilderness stole away ten years of his life.

He found on his return home that some geographers and South American explorers laughed at his story of the River of Doubt. He laughed, too, at their incredulity; and presently the Brazilian Government, having established the truth of his exploration and named the river after him, *Rio Teodoro*, his laughter prevailed. He took real satisfaction in having placed on the map of Central Brazil, a river six hundred miles long.

William Roscoe Thayer (*Arranged*)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE evil men do lives after them; so does the good. With the passing of years, a man's name and fame either drift into oblivion or they are seen in their lasting proportions.

You must sail fifty miles over the Ionian Sea and look back, before you can fully measure the magnitude and majesty of Mount Ætna. Not otherwise, I believe, will it be with Theodore Roosevelt, when the people of the future look back upon him. The blemishes due to misunderstanding will have faded away. The transient clouds will have vanished. The world will see him as he was....

Those of us who knew him, knew him as the most astonishing human expression of the Creative Spirit we had ever seen. His manifold talents, his protean interests, his tireless energy, his thunderbolts which he did not let loose, as well as those he did, his masterful will sheathed in self-control like a sword in its scabbard, would have rendered him superhuman, had he not possessed other qualities which made him the best of playmates for mortals.

He had humour, which raises every one to the same level. He had loyalty, which bound his friends to him for life. He had sympathy and capacity for strong, deep love. How tender he was with little children! How courteous with women! No matter whether you brought to him important things or trifles, he understood.

I can think of no vicissitude in life in which Roosevelt's participation would not have been welcome. If it were danger, there could be no more valiant comrade than he. If it were sport, he was a sportsman. If it were mirth, he was a fountain of mirth, crystal pure and sparkling....

But yesterday, he seemed one who embodied Life to the utmost. With the assured step of one whom nothing can frighten or surprise, he walked our earth as on granite. Suddenly, the granite grew more unsubstantial than a bubble, and he dropped beyond sight into the Eternal Silence.

Happy we who had such a friend! Happy the American Republic which bore such a son!

William Roscoe Thayer (*Condensed*)

OCTOBER 30
JOHN ADAMS
THE SON OF LIBERTY
SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

I have passed the Rubicon: swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my Country, is my unalterable determination.

JOHN ADAMS

INDEPENDENCE DAY

I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival.

It ought to be commemorated as the Day of Deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty.

It ought to be solemnized with pomp, and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, tend illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, for ever more.

JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS was born in Braintree, or Quincy, Massachusetts, October 30, 1735
Was a member of the Committee that framed the Declaration of Independence; and he signed the Declaration
Was Commissioner to France, 1778
Was Ambassador to England, 1785
Became Second President of the United States, 1796
He died on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Fourth of July, 1826

A SON OF LIBERTY

THERE was no loftier genius nor purer Patriot during the struggle for Independence, than John Adams.

He was born at Braintree—now a part of Quincy—Massachusetts. He was descended from Henry Adams who came to America during the reign of Charles the First. On his mother's side, he was descended from John Alden, the Pilgrim Father who came over in the *Mayflower*. Thus, from both sides of his house, John Adams inherited staunch, fearless, English blood and love of Independence.

He went to school in Braintree, and later graduated from Harvard University. After which he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He married Abigail Smith of Weymouth, Massachusetts. They made their home in Boston.

It is not possible here to tell all that John Adams did for America. He was an ardent Patriot, a Son of Liberty, serving the country at the risk of his life. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was a member of the Committee appointed to frame the Declaration of Independence. He signed the Declaration. He was sent abroad on foreign missions. He was elected Vice-President, and afterward called to be second President of the United States. He lived to see his son, John Quincy Adams, made sixth President of the United States.

He died on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, at the great age of ninety-one.

Benson J. Lossing and Other Sources

THE ADAMS FAMILY

JOHN ADAMS was not the only great American Patriot in his Family. His cousin, Samuel Adams, was a popular and fearless leader in the movement for Independence. His activities were so feared by England, that the Government issued orders for his arrest and trial for high treason.

Abigail Adams, John Adams's wife, was one of the noble American women who helped to win the War for Independence. She kept her husband informed of the movements of the British around Boston, while he was attending the Continental Congress. She wrote him many patriotic letters, which are inspiring reading to-day. She signed some of them "Portia," so that if they fell into the hands of the enemy, no one could tell who wrote them. She sent many of the letters to her husband by secret messengers.

Their son, John Quincy Adams, became sixth President of the United States.

His son, Charles Francis Adams, and the latter's two sons, Charles Francis and Henry Adams, served the Country in important offices, at home and abroad. They were historians and statesmen.

John and Abigail Adams, their son and his two sons, kept diaries or wrote letters, memoirs, and biographies, which form a vivid and intimate story of many historical events dating from the War for Independence down nearly to our own time.

Thus America has to thank the Adams Family for historical records of great importance.

AID TO THE SISTER COLONY

It was a clear and frosty night—that night, when the moonbeams fell on the tea thrown overboard by the Boston Tea Party. Paul Revere, all booted and spurred, was ready for a famous ride—not the one to Lexington, but to Philadelphia this time. Soon he was off and away, galloping southward, spreading, as he rode along, the astonishing news that Boston Town had at last defied King George. There were public rejoicings everywhere, as the news was passed along.

"This," said John Adams exultingly, "is the most magnificent movement of all!... This destruction of the tea is so bold, so daring, so firm, intrepid and inflexible!... What measures will the Ministry take in consequence of this? Will they resent it?—Will they dare to resent it?—Will they punish us? —How?"

. . . . . .

John Adams did not have to wait long to find out—*how*. For King George decided to punish the people of brave Boston Town, by starving them into submission. The Boston Port Bill was passed in England. A British Fleet blockaded Boston Harbour. No ship could go in or out; all supplies of food and fuel were cut off. The Boston folk suffered starvation, disease, and death; but they would not submit. Their misery became almost unendurable.

Then it was that Massachusetts' sister Colonies roused themselves.

Samuel Adams of Boston sent a circular letter to each of the Colonies asking for help. Food, fuel, and money came pouring in.

All that Summer, Boston, suffering, impoverished Boston, lay upon every loyal American heart. Each province, county, city, town, neighbourhood, sent its contribution.

Windham, Connecticut, began the work of relief, and sent in, with a cordial letter of applause and sympathy, “a small flock of sheep.” Two hundred and fifty-eight sheep was Windham’s notion of a small flock!

New Jersey soon wrote that she would be glad to know which would be more acceptable to a suffering sister, cash or produce. “Cash,” replied Boston, “if perfectly convenient.”

Massachusetts farmers supplied grain by the barrel and bushel. The Marblehead fishermen forwarded “two hundred and twenty-four quintels of good eating-fish, one barrel and three-quarters of good olive oil”—with money to boot.

North Carolina promptly sent two sloop-loads of provisions. South Carolina’s first gift was one hundred casks of rice.

And Baltimore Town contributed three thousand bushels of corn, twenty barrels of rye-flour, two barrels of pork, and twenty barrels of bread.

Virginia!—there seemed to be no end to Virginia’s gifts!

And as the cool season approached, the farmers could be more liberal. Flocks of fat sheep and droves of oxen, together with hundreds of cords of wood, grain, and money in plenty, helped to relieve the suffering town. From New York they came, and from Maryland, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, from the three counties on the Delaware, and from every little mountain-town in New Hampshire and Vermont.

As for Canada, from cold and remote Quebec came some wheat, and from Montreal a hundred pounds sterling.

The letters that accompanied the gifts, and the grateful answers from the Boston Committee, would fill a large volume.

“Boston is suffering in the common cause,” said her sister Colonies.

“If need be,” said George Washington of Virginia, “I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head, for the relief of Boston.”

James Parton, and Other Sources (*Retold*)

A FAMOUS DATE

SEPTEMBER 5, 1774! What a famous date in American history! And in the history of the whole World!

On that day, met for the first time, the Continental Congress of America.

From Colony after Colony, the delegates came riding into Philadelphia. George Washington of Virginia came with fiery Patrick Henry, and Edmund Pendleton, "one of Virginia's noblest sons." There came Cæsar Rodney, "burley and big, bold and bluff," with Thomas McKean and George Read, all from the three counties on the Delaware, and Roger Sherman with Silas Deane of Connecticut, and John Jay and Livingston of New York. From Rhode Island, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina, the eager delegates came riding into the City of Brotherly Love. And, of course, John Adams and Samuel Adams, representing the suffering Colony of Massachusetts Bay, were on hand when Congress opened.

Among its first acts, the First Continental Congress sent a letter to General Gage; an address to the People of Great Britain; one to the People of Quebec; and a Petition to King George, setting forth the grievances of the American Colonists, the violations of their rights as free Englishmen, and asking for justice, but strongly urging a renewal of harmony and union between the Colonies and the Mother Country, England.

American histories tell how King George disregarded that Petition. American histories, also, tell how William Pitt and other great English statesmen, nobly defended America, as you may see if you read the story of William Pitt, on page 93.

WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING!

WHEN Paul Revere came galloping into Lexington, after warning the countryside that the British were coming to seize the powder and shot, he roused Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were staying with friends.

Paul Revere was come to warn them also; for the British General Gage had given orders for their arrest, and intended to send them to England to be tried for high treason.

The British Government was specially afraid of John Hancock, one of the most daring and active of the Boston Patriots. "The terrible desperado," he was called by that Government.

While he and Samuel Adams were escaping from Lexington and hurrying across some fields Samuel Adams exclaimed:—

"Oh, what a glorious morning is this!"

It was the morning of the Battle of Lexington, when the shot was fired that was heard round the world.

After the Second Continental Congress opened, John Hancock was chosen to preside, while the Congress discussed how to defend the Country.

JOHN TO SAMUEL

NEW ENGLAND was in arms. Lexington and Concord had been fought, and Boston was being besieged by the New England Army.

The Congress was discussing the defense of the whole Country. There were some members who wished the Congress to take over the New England Army and appoint a Commander-in-Chief.

It was then that John Adams met his cousin Samuel Adams, in the State House yard. This is the way John Adams tells it:—

" 'What shall we do to get Congress to adopt our Army?' said Samuel Adams to John Adams.

" 'I will tell you what I am determined to do,' said John to Samuel. 'I have taken pains enough to bring you to agree upon something; but you will not agree upon anything. And now I am determined to take my own way, let come what will come!'

" 'Well,' said Samuel, 'what is your scheme?'

"Said John to Samuel, 'I will go to Congress this morning, and move that a day be appointed to take into consideration the adoption of the Army before Boston, the appointment of a General and officers; and I will nominate Washington for Commander-in-Chief!' "

A GENTLEMAN FROM VIRGINIA

So it happened, that John Adams rose in his seat, and moved that the Congress should adopt the Army of New England men, and appoint a Commander-in-Chief, adding, that he had in mind some one for that high command, "a gentleman from Virginia, who is among us, and very well known to all of us; a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents and excellent universal character,

would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the Colonies better than any other person in the Union."

Every one knew whom John Adams meant. And George Washington, who was sitting near the door, was so overcome by modesty, that he sprang up and darted into the library close by.

But his modesty did not prevent his election. He was unanimously chosen Commander-in-Chief; while the army of New England men was adopted by Congress and named "the Continental Army."

Later, when Washington's appointment was announced in the Congress, he rose in his place, and said most earnestly:—

"Since the Congress desire, I will enter upon the momentous duty and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause.

"But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with."

But far-sighted John Adams was delighted. He was enthusiastic. "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington," he wrote to a friend, "a gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of his Country.

"His views are noble and disinterested. He declared, when he accepted the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling pay."

And to Abigail Adams, his wife, far off in Braintree, guarding her children from battle, and murder, and from sudden death, John Adams wrote:—

"I can now inform you, that the Congress have made choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave George Washington, Esquire, to be General of the American Army."

He wrote thus joyously on the 17th day of June,—while on that very day, Abigail Adams and little John Quincy Adams were standing on a hilltop watching Charlestown burn and fall into ashes.

THE BOY WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

“My head is much too fickle, my thoughts are running after birds’ eggs, play, and trifles, till I get vexed with myself,” wrote little John Quincy Adams, nine years old, to his father John Adams.

Those were terrible times. Little John Quincy’s thoughts were running after other things besides birds’ eggs. He could hear the thunder of British cannon and the answering roar of American guns. There was fighting very near him. From a hilltop, he could see the battle raging. He knew that some of the American boys who were fighting, were from Braintree.

Sometime before, little John Quincy and his mother, Abigail Adams, had escaped from their home in Boston, and had taken refuge in Braintree, which was not far away. Now they were living in constant terror for fear the British should attack Braintree. His father, John Adams, was not there to protect him. He was attending the Continental Congress in Philadelphia.

On the 17th of June, 1775, the British cannonading began in the direction of Charlestown. John Quincy and his mother climbed the hill, and watched the battle. With terror-stricken eyes, the boy saw Charlestown go up in flames and fall in ashes. And as for Abigail Adams, she trembled with fear lest the British should attack Braintree next; and then what would become of John Quincy and the other children?

So John Quincy and his mother watched the famous battle of Bunker Hill. And while they were listening to the cannon and the guns, their beloved friend, Dr. Joseph Warren, the noble Patriot who had joined the American forces as volunteer, fell mortally wounded.

And when the news of his death reached Braintree, John Quincy burst into tears, for Dr. Warren had been the family physician, and had once saved the boy from having a broken finger amputated.

And through those exciting times, John Quincy was a staunch boy-patriot. When he was only nine years old, he became his mother’s post-boy, riding to Boston and back, eleven or more miles each way, to get news for her.

And every morning before he climbed out of bed, he did as his mother had taught him. After he had said the Lord’s Prayer, he recited:—

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest,
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To watch the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping Hermit there.[1]

Thus the boy-patriot did what he could. And when he grew up, he served his Country so well in many important matters, that he was called to her highest office, and became the sixth President of the United States.

HOW SHALL THE STARS BE PLACED?

On that great day, when the Congress of the United States adopted the Stars and Stripes as our National Flag, it resolved that the union should be Thirteen Stars, white in a blue field, representing a new Constellation.

And a new Constellation it was, Thirteen Stars of the Thirteen States united as one, a Constellation destined to shine on all the World—Liberty enlightening the World!

But how should the Stars be grouped upon the Flag?—that was the question.

John Adams suggested that they should be arranged in the form of the Constellation Lyra, the beautiful cluster of stars shining in our northern night.

But the new Constellation of American Stars could not be arranged thus to look well. So it was decided to place them in a circle, for a circle has no end. And it was hoped that as the Country grew larger, adding more States and a new Star for each State, that the circle would widen.

And it has widened and widened, until there is no longer any room for a circle on our Flag; but spangled like the sky at night, it has become the Star-Spangled Banner.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

A MYSTERIOUS foreign stranger suddenly appeared in New York City, after John Adams had retired from the presidency. He was handsome, with beaming hazel eyes and flashing white teeth. He was graceful, with courtly manners. He called himself George Martin.

But what his real name was, or what his mysterious purpose was, only a few people knew.

He was dined and toasted by New York officials. He went to the City of Washington on his secret mission. He was granted private interviews by the President and Secretary of State. He talked much about his friends Catherine the Great of Russia and William Pitt of England. He seemed to know the secret plots and political intrigues of Europe.

Then he vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

A few weeks later, John Adams heard the astounding news. The stranger was no other than the celebrated South American Patriot, Don Francisco de Miranda. He had sailed away secretly from New York in a little ship laden with arms and ammunition. And, what was worse, he had taken with him a band of young American men, some of them mere boys; and he was sailing toward the Spanish main with the intention of freeing South America from Spanish rule.

He had taken with him young William Steuben Smith, John Adams's grandson. Young Smith was a college boy, very bright and courageous, and thirsty for adventure.

"What do you think were my sensations and reflections?" wrote John Adams to a friend. "I shudder to this moment, at the recollection of them! I saw the ruin of my only daughter and her good-hearted, enthusiastic husband, and had no other hope or wish or prayer than that the ship, with my grandson in it, might be sunk in a storm in the Gulf Stream!"

For young William Steuben Smith's father was surveyor of the port of New York, and had allowed Miranda's ship to clear with arms and ammunition in its hold, to be used against Spain with whom we were at peace.

Then came to John Adams the terrible news, that Spanish armed vessels had captured some of the American boys. His grandson had been captured, and thrown into a dungeon in a dark, filthy fortress in Venezuela. He was to be tried as a pirate taken on the high seas, and without doubt he would be hanged.

The Spanish Ambassador, who had known John Adams in Europe, hastened to offer his services. He would intercede with Spain for the grandson, he said.

"No," said John Adams to a friend; "he should share the fate of his colleagues, comrades, and fellow-prisoners."

But happily it was all a great mistake. Young Smith was not hanged as a pirate. He had not been captured at all. Instead, he was sailing gayly on in Miranda's Mystery Ship. He had been made aid-de-camp and lieutenant-colonel, and had donned Miranda's brilliant uniform.

For the story of what happened further to the Mystery Ship, see page 335.

HIS LAST TOAST

It was the last day of June, 1826. In five days, it would be the Fourth of July—the Fiftieth Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. John Adams had been one of the committee to frame the Declaration.

A neighbour was sitting with John Adams in his home in Quincy—that used to be Braintree. Ninety and one years old was John Adams!

The neighbour was to be orator at the annual banquet on the Fourth of July. He had called to ask John Adams to compose the toast.

"Independence for ever!" said John Adams.

But would he not wish to add something further to the toast, asked the neighbour.

"Not a word," replied John Adams.

The Fourth of July dawned. The great Patriot lay dying. At the setting of the sun, those who stood beside him heard him whisper:—"Thomas Jefferson still lives!"

As the sun sank out of sight, a loud cheering came from the village. It was the shouts of the people at the words of his toast:—"Independence for

ever!”

The cheering echoed through the room where John Adams was. But before its last sounds could die away, the great Patriot had passed into history and eternity—on the Fourth of July,—on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence!

NOVEMBER 15

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM DEFENDER OF AMERICA

The Colonists are ... equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind, and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen.

WILLIAM PITT

He at once breathed his own lofty spirit into the Country he served, as he communicated something of his own grandeur to the men who served him.

"No man," said a soldier of the time, "ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet, who did not feel himself braver when he came out, than when he went in."

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

He stands in the annals of Europe, "an illustrious and venerable name," admired by countrymen and strangers, by all to whom loftiness of moral principle and greatness of talent are objects of regard.

THOMAS CARLYLE

William Pitt was born in England, November 15, 1708
Created Earl of Chatham, 1766
He died May 11, 1778
He was known "as the Great Commoner," while in the House of Commons; as "Chatham," after he entered the House of Lords; and as "the Elder Pitt," to distinguish him from his son William Pitt, called "the Younger," who likewise was a great statesman.
There are American towns and cities named in honour of William Pitt, our Defender; among them, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Chatham, N. Y.; and Pittsfield, Mass.

THIS TERRIBLE CORNET OF HORSE

In the hilt of Napoleon's ceremonial sword, was set a huge diamond, one of the largest in the world. It had been brought from India by "Diamond Pitt" of England, who had sold it to the Regent of France.

"Diamond Pitt," was Thomas Pitt. An adventurous young sailor, he had gone to India, and had started in business for himself as a trader.

The British East India Company claimed the monopoly of trade in India. When the bold young Englishman, without so much as "by your leave," started an opposition business, the Company determined to crush him.

It set its powerful legal machinery to work. But it was one thing to try to crush Thomas Pitt, and quite another thing to do it. He fought desperately for his rights. Though he was arrested and fined he still kept on trading, in defiance of the Company. He battled so successfully and for so many years, that at last for its own protection, the Company was forced to take him into its service.

He rose to be Governor of Madras. He became known as "Diamond Pitt," because he was always in search of large diamonds. Thus he procured the famous "Pitt Diamond," which found its way into Napoleon's sword.

With a part of the fortune which "Diamond Pitt" got from its sale, he bought an estate in England. Later he became a member of Parliament.

"Diamond Pitt's" grandson, William Pitt, was not a strong boy. He spent much time with his books. He liked to read Shakespeare aloud to the family. He enjoyed reading the *Faëry Queen*, in which the Red Cross Knight, fearless of harm or evil thing, rides about rescuing the innocent and helpless.

Though he was not strong in body, William Pitt had an iron will. He had "Diamond Pitt's" indomitable courage and the fighting qualities with which the sailor had matched his strength against that of the powerful East India Company.

William Pitt attended Oxford University. When he was twenty-three, he was commissioned Cornet of Horse in the King's Blues.

The fearless Cornet of Horse was soon elected to the House of Commons. He started his political career in the House with a fiery, sarcastic speech supporting the Prince of Wales, who was at enmity with the King his father.

William Pitt was a born orator. He was tall, elegant, and graceful. His eyes were bright and piercing. He spoke with dignified gesture. And he delivered this speech with such strength, magnetism, and irony, that the Prime Minister exclaimed, “We must muzzle this terrible Cornet of Horse!”

To muzzle him, he tried, at first with promises of reward. But William Pitt was incorruptible. He would not sell his honour. Then influence was brought to bear, and the young Cornet of Horse was dismissed from the army.

But this very act, by which his enemies planned to muzzle William Pitt, brought him before the public eye. His fearlessness and remarkable oratory advanced him daily with both Parliament and People.

In time, William Pitt became a leading power, at first in the House of Commons, and afterward, when he was created Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords. He served twice as Prime Minister of England; and he laid the solid foundations of the British Colonial Empire.

But more than all else, he was an Englishman defending the unalienable rights of all Englishmen. He steadfastly combated those political evils in the British Government, which, at that time, were threatening to undermine English Liberty as set down in the Magna Carta and safeguarded by the English Constitution.

THE CHARTER OF LIBERTY

The Signing of the Magna Carta, 1215

O Thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine,
Who wrenched their rights from thee!

What wonder if in noble heat,
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

ALFRED TENNYSON (*Condensed*)

MAGNA CARTA! The Great Charter of the liberties of Englishmen!

At Runnimede, the freemen of England through the action of their Barons, forced King John to sign and seal the Magna Carta. His tyrannous power was torn from him. He was forced to pledge himself to violate no longer the rights and privileges of English freemen.

For, from times remote, human rights and liberties, protecting them from oppression by rulers, had been theirs by laws and by common consent.

About a hundred years after the signing of the Magna Carta, the great principle, that English freemen should not be taxed without representation, was established.

When King Charles the First broke his promises to respect the rights of his subjects, he was tried and executed. When King James the Second governed in despotic manner, exercising what he believed to be the "divine right of Kings," he lost his throne.

What has this to do with America and William Pitt? Everything!

During the reigns of the Stuart Kings, large sections of America were explored and settled by English freemen, who came to America to escape persecution, and to enjoy English Liberty which at that time they could not possibly have had in England.

The Stuart Kings believed in "divine right," which means that the King is the Lord's annointed, and that neither Parliament nor People may

question any of his acts; and that no matter how cruel or tyrannous a King may be, the People must submissively obey him.

The Magna Carta and the English Constitution protect the English People against this doctrine of "divine right."

So, when during the reign of these Kings, men and women fled from England to find Liberty and refuge in America, they brought with them their ancient institutions, the rights and privileges guaranteed them under the Magna Carta.

There were other Englishmen equally courageous, equally liberty-loving, who came to seek their fortunes and build homes in the New World. They, too, brought with them their rights and privileges.

These English pioneers hewed their way through the savage wilderness. Many of them were massacred by Red Men, while their homes were burned; some of them were carried into captivity and tortured. Yet the great body of undaunted English settlers, resolutely kept on pushing their frontiers westward. They laid out farms and plantations, they built villages and towns, they founded churches and schools. They obtained charters from far away England, confirming their rights. And through God's blessing they prospered, and became strong and rich.

Other liberty-loving folk, the Dutch, settled in great numbers in what is now New York and New Jersey; while many settlers from different parts of Europe, came to the New World to build homes for themselves and their children.

The very air of America breathed freedom. The magnitude of the country and the difficulties of pioneer-life helped to invigorate, expand, and make indomitable those ideals of English Liberty which the first settlers and frontiersmen had brought with them.

When King George the Third inherited the British Crown, he was unable to understand the free spirit of Englishmen. And he was far from realizing its tremendous growth in the New World.

He taxed the Americans without representation. He placed a standing army in the Colonies, without their consent. He blockaded the Port of Boston to force her to submit to his unjust laws. In some cases, trial by jury was abolished. These are some of his tyrannous violations of the rights and privileges of English freemen.

The People of America, in indignation, petitioned the King for redress.

There was no redress.

So the People of America rose in arms; and, in the true spirit of Magna Carta, they issued the Declaration of Independence.

Now, we shall see what William Pitt had to do with all this.

AMERICA'S DEFENDER

> "*For the defence of Liberty, upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, it is a ground on which I stand firm, on which I dare meet any man.*"
>
> "*This Country had no right under Heaven to tax America! It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy.*"
>
> "*If I were an American," he exclaimed, "as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my Country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!*"
>
> WILLIAM PITT, *Earl of Chatham*

IT was natural that an English statesman who sincerely and firmly believed in the rights of all Englishmen, should become the defender of America. And her loyal friend and champion was William Pitt. By the weight of his eloquent speeches, he fought her battles in Parliament.

When the Stamp Act was passed, he was absent from his place in Parliament, because of illness. But later, he was present. Leaning on his crutch, for he was still very sick, he indignantly arraigned the British Ministry which had brought about the passage of the Act.

> "When the resolution was taken in this House to tax America," he said, "I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it!
>
> "The Colonists are the subjects of this Kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen; equally bound by its laws, and equally participating in the Constitution of this free Country. The Americans are the sons ... of England!"

And when one of the members made a speech abusing the Americans, defending the Stamp Act, and accusing Pitt of sowing sedition among the American Colonists, he rose and answered:—

> "The gentleman tells us," he said, "America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of Liberty, as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest.
>
> "In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this Country can crush America to atoms. I know the valour of your troops, I know the skill of your officers.... But on this ground,—on the Stamp Act—when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it!

"In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution along with her.

"Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your Countrymen?

"Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is really my opinion. It is that the Stamp Act *be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately*."[2]

. . . . . .

And whether the Stamp Act was repealed "absolutely, totally, and immediately," John Fiske tells in his thrilling history, "The American Revolution."

THE SONS OF LIBERTY

WILLIAM PITT was not the only English statesman who championed America. There was Lord Rockingham, at one time Prime Minister of England, also the Earl of Camden, and the celebrated Charles James Fox.

And there was Edmund Burke, "one of the earliest friends of America," with his scratch wig, round spectacles, and pockets stuffed with papers. He pleaded our cause so brilliantly that his hearers were dazzled by his oratory "with its passionate ardour, its poetic fancy, its amazing prodigality of resources, the dazzling succession in which irony, pathos, invective, tenderness, the most brilliant word-pictures, the coolest arguments, followed each other."

And among America's British friends, was Colonel Barré, a member of the House of Commons. In an indignant speech against the Stamp Act, he referred to the American Patriots as "Sons of Liberty."

When his speech reached America, the name "Sons of Liberty" was adopted by secret societies pledged to resist the Stamp Act.

In Boston, the Sons of Liberty held meetings under the Liberty Tree, a huge elm; they met also in Faneuil Hall, since called "the Cradle of American Liberty." In New York City, the Sons of Liberty erected a tall Liberty Pole, and defended it against the Red Coats.

All over the Country, the Sons of Liberty were active, sometimes too violently so, in the cause of American Independence.

A LAST SCENE

IN 1778, a dramatic event took place in the House of Lords.

William Pitt, old now and wasted by disease, but the fire of whose genius still burned bright and clear, was about to speak.

France had acknowledged the Independence of the United States. Germany was planning to do so; while Spain stood ready to enter into an alliance with the Americans. England was at war with France. The situation of England seemed desperate.

And on that dramatic day in the House of Lords, the Duke of Richmond was about to move that the royal fleets and armies should be instantly withdrawn from America, and peace be made on whatever terms Congress might see fit to accept.

But William Pitt would not willingly consent to a step that seemed certain to wreck the Empire his genius had won for England.

He had got up from his sick bed, and had come into the House of Lords to argue against the motion.

Wrapped in flannel bandages, and leaning upon crutches, his dark eyes in their brilliancy enhancing the pallor of his careworn face, as he entered the House, supported on the one side by his son-in-law, and on the other by that younger son who was so soon to add fresh glory to the name of William Pitt, the peers all started to their feet, and remained standing until he had taken his place.

In broken sentences, with strange flashes of the eloquence which had once held captive ear and heart, he protested against the hasty adoption of a measure which simply prostrated the dignity of England before its ancient enemy, the House of Bourbon.

The Duke of Richmond's answer, reverently and delicately worded, urged that while the magic of Chatham's name could work anything short of miracles, yet only a miracle could now relieve them from the dire necessity of abandoning America.

Chatham rose to reply, but his overwrought frame gave way, and he sank in a swoon upon the floor.

All business was at once adjourned. The peers, with eager sympathy, came crowding up to offer assistance, and the unconscious statesman was carried in the arms of his friends to a house near by, whence in a few days he was removed to his home.

There, after lingering between life and death for several weeks, on the 11th of May, and in the seventieth year of his age, Lord Chatham breathed his last.

The man thus struck down like a soldier at his post, was one whom Americans, no less than Englishmen, have delighted to honour.

John Fiske (*Retold*)

DECEMBER 2

DOM PEDRO THE SECOND THE MAGNANIMOUS THE BEST REPUBLICAN IN BRAZIL

TO
H. M. DOM PEDRO II
EMPEROR OF BRAZIL
SCHOLAR AND SCIENTIST, PATRON OF
ARTS AND LETTERS
STERLING STATESMAN AND MODEL MONARCH,
WHOSE REIGN OF HALF A CENTURY HAS BEEN
ZEALOUSLY AND SUCCESSFULLY DEVOTED TO
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, INDUSTRIAL
ENTERPRISE, AND THE ABOLITION
OF SLAVERY
THROUGHOUT THE VAST AND OPULENT
"EMPIRE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS"

Dedication by FRANK VINCENT

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL

With clearer light, Cross of the South shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies:
And thou, O River, cleaving half the earth,
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves,
Thy joy's long anthem pour,
Yet a few years (God make them less!) and slaves
Shall shame thy pride no more.
No fettered feet thy shaded margins press,
But all men shall walk free.
Where, thou the high-priest of the wilderness,
Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted Ruler, through whose mouth
The word of God is said
Once more:—"Let there be light!"—Son of the South,
Lift up thy honoured head,
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward; thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battleship may fail,
But safe shall Justice prove;
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail,
The panoply of Love.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(*Condensed*)

DOM PEDRO was born December 2, 1825
Was made Emperor at five years of age, April 7, 1831
Visited the United States, 1876
His daughter, Princess Isabel, emancipated the slaves, 1888

He abdicated, and Brazil was proclaimed a Republic, 1889
Dom Pedro died, December 5, 1891.

THE BRAZILS MAGNIFICENT

ROBINSON CRUSOE, after escaping from Moorish slavery with the boy Xury, was rescued by a Portuguese ship bound for South America. He was carried by the ship's captain to the Brazils.

There he settled, bought a plantation and made a fortune. Then, away from those same Brazils, he sailed and was wrecked and cast upon his Desert Island.

Magnificent and rich were Robinson Crusoe's Brazils, or the Country of Brazil, stretching vast and unknown far westward into the interior of the continent. Near the sea-coast, in the parts inhabited by civilized men, were plantations of coffee, tobacco, and fruits. Primeval forests covered the shores of the rivers whose mighty waters rushed far out into the ocean. Fierce savages roved the forests. There were gold, spices, and diamonds in Robinson Crusoe's Brazils, and rare woods, brilliant birds, butterflies, and flowers.

And so is the country of Brazil to-day—a magnificent land! Only there are cities there now, and towns and villages. And to-day, Brazil is a Republic with a Constitution like that of our own United States.

In Robinson Crusoe's time, Brazil was owned and ruled by the Kingdom of Portugal, just as other parts of South America were owned and ruled by the Crown of Spain.

How Brazil won Independence and became a Republic, is a fascinating story.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS

BRAZIL, on which the Southern Cross of four bright stars, looks down, first became a Kingdom, then an Empire and after that a Republic.

When Napoleon's Army threatened to invade Portugal, the Royal Family of Portugal fled in terror of their lives. They escaped from Lisbon, crossed the Atlantic, and found refuge in the royal Colony of Brazil.

In 1815, Brazil was declared a Kingdom, though still to remain a part of Portugal. The first and only European Kingdom in America!

When the time arrived, that the Royal Family might safely return to Portugal, the King left his son, Dom Pedro, to be Regent or Governor of Brazil.

But the Brazilians had grown used to having their King live among them. More just laws and greater privileges were theirs, when their ruler lived in the land. He could understand their needs better than if he ruled them from Europe. So the Brazilians became dissatisfied, when their country was reduced once more to the state of a Colony.

Dom Pedro was a patriotic Brazilian, and ruled the Country without much regard to Portugal's wishes. Trouble soon arose between the Mother Country and Brazil. Dom Pedro proclaimed the Independence of Brazil, September 7, 1822. An Empire was established, and Dom Pedro was made Emperor under a Constitution.

But as time went on, the Emperor did not uphold the People's rights; so he was forced to abdicate in favour of his little son, Dom Pedro, who was only five years old.

After which, Dom Pedro the First, sailed away to Europe, leaving little Dom Pedro the Second, to rule in his stead.

MAKING THE LITTLE EMPEROR

"THE King is afloat! God save the King!" were the shouts which rang through the streets of Rio Janeiro, for now that their Emperor Pedro the First had abdicated and escaped on an English man-o-war, the people were giving themselves up to rejoicing.

"The King is afloat! God save the King!" was the cry of the townspeople and the streets, festooned with coffee branches, were made to glow with coloured silks, while the balconies were thronged with señoritas in all their finery of brilliant dresses, garlands, fluttering fans, and feather flowers.

They were witnessing the triumphal entry into his capital of the new Emperor, Dom Pedro the Second, the little lad of five and a half years old.

First in the procession of the Child-Emperor, were justices of the peace bearing green flags. Then came the little Emperor.

And what a figure was this! A tiny infant in a huge state-coach, dragged by four strings of excited mulattoes! He cried, and at the same time waved a

white handkerchief.

The tender-hearted Brazilians, every man and woman of their number a child-adorer, were altogether overcome by the sight, and even the choir that accompanied the procession, was touched. Its triumphant chant died away in an emotional quiver.

With great pomp, little Pedro was installed as Emperor, the eyes of the enthusiastic spectators swimming with tears, as he was carried out of the chapel in the arms of an old chamberlain.

Later, while sitting in a little chair at the window of the palace, he reviewed the troops of his Empire.

But though little Pedro was now Emperor of all Brazil, he was too young to rule. A Regent ruled for him for ten years, while Pedro studied and prepared himself to govern his People.

W. H. Koebel and Other Sources

THE PATRIOT EMPEROR

I

Viva Dom Pedro the Second!

At last a large political party in the capital grew tired of installing Regents and electing new ministers, and insistently demanded that the Emperor himself begin to reign, although legally he was still too young. According to the Constitution, an Emperor reached his majority at the age of eighteen, and Dom Pedro was only fifteen. But in spite of his youth, Dom Pedro the Second was declared constitutional Emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil. Viva Dom Pedro the Second!

So mature was the young Emperor in mind and appearance, that he was well fitted to play the part of an eighteen-year-old. His tutors were the best that could be found in Europe or South America, and he was a brilliant student. He had a trick of relighting his lamp at night and studying for a while after every one had gone to bed. Natural history, mathematics, and astronomy were his favourite subjects at that time.

But in the course of his life he studied almost everything under the sun, and he could talk fluently on any subject in English, German, French, Italian or Spanish; he read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. When he was sixty he

learned Sanskrit. His library was packed with histories, biographies, encyclopædias, and law-books.

Besides his library the Emperor loved peace, happiness, and prosperity. These were his gifts to Brazil during his long reign, while surrounding Nations were struggling with anarchy and civil war.

Before Dom Pedro was eighteen, he signed a contract of marriage with a Princess whom he had never seen, Theresa Christina Maria, sister of the King of the two Sicilies. A Brazilian squadron conducted her to Rio, and the city received her with splendid ceremonies.

II

My People

UNDER Dom Pedro's guiding influence, Brazil gained steadily in power, importance, and reputation. Home industries and foreign commerce doubled. Telegraphic communications were established with the United States and Europe. Good steamship lines, both coastwise and oceanic, made Brazil accessible to all the world. Public property was opened to settlement, and the Government became as hospitable to all foreign enterprise as it had before this been exclusive.

Above all things, Dom Pedro wanted to stimulate the love of knowledge among his People, to give the boys and girls of every class an equal chance. Free public schools were established all over the Empire.

One time, the Emperor learned that 3,000,000 francs had been pledged by citizens for a fine bronze statue of himself to be given the place of honour in a city square. Dom Pedro, expressing his deep gratitude, said that it would please him far more if the money could be used for public schools instead. The grade and high school buildings of Rio have always been noted for their beauty, size, and equipment.

While so many of the South American States were lagging far behind the times, Brazil, under Dom Pedro, caught up with other progressive Nations of the World. Liberty of speech and religious tolerance were not even questioned, but taken for granted.

III

Emancipating the Slaves

1888

THE greatest national event during Dom Pedro's reign was the Abolition of Slavery, and no one worked harder to bring it to pass than the Emperor himself.

The African slave-trade had been abolished in 1850 and from that time on public opinion grew more and more in favour of Emancipation, in spite of the strong opposition of planters and wealthy slave owners.

Following Dom Pedro's example, many high-minded citizens freed their own slaves. The slave was enabled to free himself in many ways, such as raising his own purchase money. The incentive to do this was great, for an ambitious slave had plenty of chance to rise in the world.

Dom Pedro's dearest wish was that he might live to see every slave in the country a free man, and this wish came true in the last year of his reign.

He had gone abroad in poor health, leaving his daughter Isabel as Regent. When Congress met, the Princess Isabel railroaded the Abolition Bill through both Houses in eight days, and signed the bill which put the law into immediate effect.

IV

The Empire of the Southern Cross—No More!

SOON after the humane Princess Isabel had freed the slaves, Dom Pedro came hastening home from Europe. He landed in Rio, and was received with genuine enthusiasm. But his loved personality could no longer stand between the throne and the widespread desire for a Republic together with the popular discontent aroused by the Princess's acts.

In 1889, a Republican revolt took the whole Empire by surprise. It had long been brewing beneath the surface, but so great was the Emperor's popularity that Republicans had tacitly agreed to postpone the new Government until his death.

A rumor that Dom Pedro might abdicate in favour of Princess Isabel, and thus initiate another generation of monarchy, precipitated the Revolution. The Republican leagues, with the backing of the army and navy, refused to wait any longer.

Dom Pedro, summoned from Petropolis by telegram, found a Provisional Government already organized when he reached the capital. In the Imperial Palace at Rio, surrounded by insurgents, the old Emperor was told briefly that his long reign was over.

"We are forced to notify you," said the ultimatum, "that the Provisional Government expects from your Patriotism the sacrifice of leaving Brazilian territory with your family in the shortest possible time."

Dom Pedro the Second replied simply:—

"I resolve to submit to the command of circumstances and will depart with my family for Europe to-morrow, leaving this beloved Country to which I have tried to give firm testimony of my love and my dedication during nearly half a century as chief of the State. I shall always have kind remembrances of Brazil and hopes for its prosperity."

The next day the Imperial Family sailed for Lisbon.

In three days' time a monarchy had been overthrown *without bloodshed* or opposition. The Emperor, who had sometimes been called the best Republican in Brazil, was replaced by a military dictator.

The homesick Emperor, living in European hotels or rented villas, "always remained as one on the point of departure, as if he ever expected to be recalled by his former subjects, a hope which till the last moment would not die out of his heart."

Margarette Daniels (*Arranged*)

THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL

BRAZIL, whose name originally meant the Land of Red Dye Wood, is to-day, the United States of Brazil with a Constitution like our own. It has a President, Vice-President, and House of Congress, and an army and navy. It has railroads, beautiful cities, many towns, and a world commerce.

Brazil exports quantities of rubber, sugar, coffee, and other products. The milky juice of the caoutchouc or rubber, is gathered largely from the wild rubber-trees growing in the tropical forests far in the interior of Brazil, or along the banks of the Amazon. Our United States receives great shipments of this rubber. The coffee-trees flourish in the famous red earth of Brazil, producing large crops of the delicious berry, to make happy the breakfast tables of the world.

There is the friendliest of relations between our United States and Brazil. It is no uncommon sight to meet Brazilian sailors in their picturesque uniform, at home on the streets of New York City. And when the statue of Bolivar, the Liberator of Venezuela, was unveiled in Central Park in 1921, there was present a detachment of Brazilian Marines detailed from their

battleship anchored in New York Harbour. They made an imposing appearance, filing down the park-slope of Bolivar Hill, in the military procession which accompanied President Harding.

The year 1922, the one hundredth anniversary of Brazilian Independence, has been celebrated by People of the United States. Out of friendship for Brazil, they have presented her with a statue of Liberty cast in bronze. Liberty holds aloft two entwined banners, the Brazilian Flag and the Stars and Stripes. The Brazilian Government has selected one of the most prominent spots in the city of Rio Janeiro, as a site for the statue.

DECEMBER 20

WILLIAM BRADFORD

AND

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town, by Zuyder Zee:
"Rise up, my Children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.
There is an Empire in the West
Which I will soon unfold,
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold."

. . . . . .

They left the towers of Leyden Town,
They left the Zuyder Zee,
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be."

J. E. Rankin

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

So they left that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting place near twelve years.

But they knew they were Pilgrims, and looked not much on these things; but lift up their eyes to the Heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits.

Governor William Bradford

WILLIAM BRADFORD was born about 1590
The *Mayflower* reached Cape Cod; Mayflower Compact signed, November 11, 1620
The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, probably December 20, 1620
William Bradford died, May 9, 1657

THE FATHER OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES

WILLIAM BRADFORD'S birthday, we celebrate on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. We do not know the exact date of his birth.

He was just an ordinary boy living in a small English village. He was brought up by relatives, for his father and mother had died when he was a child. They had left him a small fortune, so he was not in want.

When about twelve years old, he began to read the Bible. It interested him so much, that when older he attended the meetings of some neighbours who were studying the Bible and worshipping God in their own little Assembly. Separatists, they were called, for they had separated from the Established Church of England.

In those days, it was a crime in England for any one to hold or attend religious meetings of Separatists. The Bible printed in the English tongue, had long been forbidden reading, but in William Bradford's days, it was beginning to be read quite widely, specially by Separatists.

These poor people's Assemblies were watched by spies and informers. Separatists were arrested and imprisoned, while some were executed. Others fled into Holland—brave liberty-loving Holland—where there was no persecution for religion's sake.

William Bradford became a Separatist. When about eighteen years old, he, too, fled into Holland, where he might serve his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in full liberty of conscience.

For ten years or more he lived in Holland. He was a member of an English Separatist Church in Leyden, under the gentle rule of its beloved pastor, John Robinson.

The Separatists believed that every man in the church-congregation should have a voice in its management; thus they elected their pastor.

The time came when a part of Pastor Robinson's congregation decided to emigrate and seek a home in the New World. The leaders of this little band of Pilgrims—the Pilgrim Fathers, we call them—were William Bradford, John Carver, and Edward Winslow. With them went William Brewster, who was to be their pastor in the New World. Miles Standish, also, went with them, and became the Captain of their small army, which defended them against the Indians.

So the Pilgrim Fathers, together with their wives, little ones, and men and maid servants, said farewell to Holland's hospitable shore. Soon after, they sailed from England in the *Mayflower*, to found a settlement in the savage New World, under the rule of England.

They took with them the seeds of American Independence. They had left England so that they might have the freedom which was theirs by rights. They were come to America so that they might govern themselves, every man having a voice in the government of the new settlement as well as in the management of his own congregation. This principle of self-government, the Pilgrims embodied in the famous Mayflower Compact, an agreement which they drew up and signed the day they reached New England.

Meanwhile, far to the South of New England another Colony of Englishmen had planted and was fostering other seeds of American Independence.[3]

But let us see what became of William Bradford, since we are celebrating his birthday. We will let Cotton Mather tell it in his own quaint style:—

"The rest of his days were spent in the services and the temptations of that American wilderness. Here was Master Bradford, in the year 1621, unanimously chosen the Governor of the Plantation. The difficulties whereof were such that if he had not been a person of more than ordinary piety, wisdom, and courage, he must have sunk under them." He served for thirty-seven years, "in every one of which he was chosen their Governor, except the three years wherein Master Winslow and the two years wherein Master Prince, at the choice of the people, took a turn with him.... But the crown of all was his holy, prayerful, watchful, and fruitful, walk with

God.... He died May 9th, 1657, in the 69th year of his age, lamented by all the Colonies of New England as a common Blessing and Father to them all."

THE SAVAGE NEW WORLD

It was November, 1620. The ocean swelled angrily. A cold wind was blowing, as day broke over the gray water. Sea-gulls swooped and wheeled around the good ship *Mayflower*, which, with tattered sails, was driving through the billows. For over two months she had been on her way from Plymouth, England, carrying the Pilgrims. And, now, while the dull day was breaking, suddenly a cry was heard:—

"Land Ho!"

The Pilgrims came crowding to the deck, fathers, mothers, children, men, and maid-servants. They looked eagerly toward the west. They saw the coast of the New World, as the ship rushed nearer, low with a white line of surf beating against its wooded shore.

It was a very new, strange, savage world awaiting them, full of unknown horrors and Indians. Yet the Pilgrims were not fearful. Had they not committed themselves to God's will? And was not this to be their home, the land to which He was bringing them? So they fell on their knees, and blessed Him who had guided them safely through storm and stress.

The wide bay where they first anchored—Cape Cod Bay—was wooded to the water's edge, with pines and oaks, with sassafras and juniper, with birch and holly, ash and walnut. Whales swam spouting around the ship, while flocks of wild fowl flew screaming overhead.

And when at last the Pilgrims went ashore in that uninhabited spot, how briskly the mothers and sisters rubbed and scrubbed, as they washed the Pilgrims' clothes. For it had been a frightful two months' voyage, with so many storms and so much sickness aboard, that little washing had been done. And the first thing the Pilgrim Mothers did, was to hold a great wash day.

And while the women washed, the carpenter repaired the ship's shallop; for William Bradford and some of the others wished to explore the coast, in order to find a safe and pleasant spot for their settlement.

While the shallop was being got ready, the Pilgrims decided to send out a party by land, to see what the country was like.

And many thrilling adventures, the Pilgrim Fathers had before they discovered a site, and built Plymouth Town.

On their first adventure, they saw Indians in the distance. They walked through fields of corn-stubble which belonged to Indians. They found a white man's kettle and the ruins of a cabin. They dug up a fine, great, new basket filled with corn, red, yellow, and blue. They took the corn with them, intending to search out the owner, and pay him well.

On the second adventure, they found empty Indian wigwams, more corn, and the grave of a man with yellow hair.

On the third adventure, they left their shallop, at night, to camp on shore. In the gray dusk of morning, a band of fierce Nauset Indians attacked them. A flight of brass-headed or claw-tipped arrows came flying across the Pilgrims' barricade. The Pilgrims fired their guns, and the Nausets, whooping loudly, bounded away into the dusk. The Pilgrims pursued them for a short distance.

Though many arrows had fallen around them, none of the Pilgrims were hurt. They gave thanks to God for their deliverance; and, after naming the spot The *Place of the First Encounter*, they sailed away in their shallop to explore the coast near by.

Then, at last, they discovered a beautiful site for their town, situated on a fine harbour. They returned to the *Mayflower*, with the good news. And a few days before Christmas, the *Mayflower* anchored in the harbour, and the Pilgrim folk landed on Plymouth Rock.

On Christmas day, they began to build Plymouth Town.

WELCOME, ENGLISHMEN!

"WELCOME!"

That cry—just one English word—sounded through the street of Plymouth, and startled the Pilgrims. They caught up their muskets and ran from the houses.

A tall naked savage, his lank hair clinging to his shoulders, was stalking along the street, holding a bow and arrows.

"Welcome!" he shouted.

The Pilgrims returned his greeting.

He was Samoset, Chief of Pemaquid, he told them. He had journeyed from very far off. He had learned English among the Englishmen who sometimes came to fish off the coast of his country.

The Pilgrims, glad to talk with a friendly Indian, invited him to eat with them. Then, as the wind was rising, they wrapped a warm coat around his naked body. They gave him biscuit with butter, and cheese, and a piece of cooked duck; all of which he seemed to relish hugely.

And in answer to their questions Samoset told them many things about that country. As for the Nauset Indians, who had attacked them so fiercely at The Place of the First Encounter, he said that these Nausets hated all white men because a certain Englishman, one Captain Hunt, a short time before the Pilgrims landed, had cruelly deceived the Nauset Indians, kidnapping twenty of them, and selling them to other white men.

All this and much more, Samoset told the Pilgrims. He stayed with them that night. The next day they sent him away with a gift of a knife, a ring, and a bracelet. He went off promising that he would come soon again and bring other Indians to trade with them.

But the Pilgrims were troubled, for they had not found the owners of the buried corn.

LOST! LOST! A BOY!

THERE were children on the *Mayflower*—Oceanus Hopkins who was born at sea, Peregrine White who gave his first baby-cry soon after the *Mayflower* reached the New World, Francis Billington who almost blew up the *Mayflower*, while trying to make fireworks, and John Billington.

John was a mischievous youngster, and so lively that the Pilgrim Fathers had to keep a stern eye upon him. But in spite of their watching, he got lost. For one day, soon after the Pilgrims were settled in Plymouth, he slipped out of the town, and into the woods that stretched farther than eye could see from the top of the highest tree.

That night when John did not come home, the Plymouth folk were worried. Where was the boy? they asked. How had he managed to slip from the town without being seen? Had he strayed into the woods? Had a savage caught him and carried him off?

Governor Bradford sent a party to look for him. They scoured the woods about, but there was no John.

Five days went by,—five anxious days for the Plymouth folk. And John had not returned when a message came from the friendly Indian, King Massasoit, saying that the Nausets had the lad. The Nauset Indians were the same fierce savages who had attacked the Pilgrims at The Place of the First Encounter.

A shallop was launched and victualed; and the next morning ten of the Pilgrims, with Tisquantum, their Indian interpreter, set sail for Nauset.

It was a dangerous trip. At first the day was calm and bright, then came on a storm of wind with thunder and lightning, that lashed the little ship; while a waterspout almost broke over her. "But GOD be praised!" says the *Pilgrim Chronicle*, which tells about *the lost boy*, "GOD be praised! it dured not long, and we put in that night for harbour at a place called Cummaquid, where we had some hope to find the boy."

But they didn't find him there. "The Nausets have got him," said the friendly Cummaquid Indians, when they came down the next morning to catch lobsters. And they invited the Pilgrims to come ashore and eat with them. So six of them landed, hoping to learn something more about John.

Iyanough, the handsome young Cummaquid Chief, welcomed them heartily. He made a feast of venison and maize cakes. And after they had eaten, he offered to go with them to help rescue John. So the Pilgrims put out to sea again, taking Iyanough and two of his braves. They made the best speed possible, for they were anxious to find what had happened to the boy.

The tide was out when they reached Nauset, and the water was so shallow that they had to anchor at a distance from land. Iyanough, his braves, and Tisquantum, went ashore to find Aspinet the Nauset Chief. They hoped to persuade him to give up John, if he was still alive.

Meanwhile, crowds of Nauset Indians came running down to the beach. They waded out from shore; and soon they were swarming around the shallop. The Pilgrims stood guard to keep them from boarding her, for they remembered all too well, how these same savages had attacked them with showers of brass-headed arrows.

Finally, they allowed two of the Indians to climb into the shallop. And what was the Pilgrims' delight when they found that one of the two was part owner of the corn dug up at Cornhill. They welcomed him gladly. They told him that they wished to pay for the corn. They asked him to come to Plymouth for the payment. He promised that he would.

By this time the sun was setting, but Iyanough had not returned with news of John. This made the Pilgrims all the more anxious.

After sunset, they saw a long train of Nauset Indians come winding down to the beach. At their head, walked their haughty Chief Aspinet. He drew near to the edge of the beach. Some of his warriors stood guard with their bows and arrows ready to shoot. The others laid down their weapons and followed Aspinet into the water. They began to wade out toward the shallop. And whom should the Pilgrims see sitting on the shoulders of a big Indian, but John himself, covered with strings of beads! He had been visiting in the Nauset village, where his new friend the big Indian had feasted and entertained him in his wigwam.

And while the Indian was giving John over to the Pilgrims, Aspinet announced that he and his people wished to make peace with the white men. So the Pilgrims made peace with him, and presented him with a strong English knife. They gave another one to the big Indian in return for his kindness to John. Aspinet and his warriors then went back friendly and satisfied, to their village.

So the lost boy was found.

And so the buried corn was paid for at last.

THE RATTLESNAKE CHALLENGE

It was just before Christmas, when a strange Brave came into Plymouth town, carrying a bundle of new arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake-skin.

He asked for Tisquantum. When they told him that Tisquantum was away, he smiled and seemed glad. He laid down the skin, and turned to run out of the town.

JOHN BILLINGTON BROUGHT ON THE SHOULDERS OF AN INDIAN

But Governor Bradford did not like his looks nor his queer gift, so ordered Captain Standish to seize him. The Captain laid hold of him, and locked him up for the night. At first the poor Indian shook so with fear that he could not speak. Then as they questioned him gently, he grew calmer. And when they promised to set him free if he would tell who had sent him, he confessed to being a messenger from Canonicus, the great Chieftain of the Naragansett Indians, a People powerful and many thousands strong.

Governor Bradford, in the morning, set him free, bidding him go back to Canonicus and tell him that if he would not live at peace with the white men, as their other Indian neighbours did, the white men would show him their wrath.

The messenger listened quietly. He refused all offers of food, but thanked the Pilgrims for their kindness. Then he sped away to his master.

When Tisquantum came back, they asked him what the rattlesnake-skin meant.

To send a rattlesnake-skin meant an enemy, he said. It was the same as sending a challenge.

In answer, Governor Bradford stuffed the skin full of powder, and sent it back by an Indian runner to Canonicus.

The runner delivered it with such terrifying words of defiance, that Canonicus would not even touch it for fear of the powder and shot, nor would he let the rattlesnake-skin stay overnight in his village. The runner refused to take it back to Plymouth. Canonicus then gave it to one of his own Indians, who had it posted from place to place, until at last it was returned to Governor Bradford—*unopened*!

THE GREAT DROUGHT

How the Pilgrims' little farms did flourish! Rye, barley, maize, oats, beans, and peas grew and thrived; also parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, melons, radishes, and beets. In the gardens, were fragrant herbs. Refreshing watercresses grew wild in the meadows; while fruit ripened on the trees, which the Pilgrims had found already growing in the land.

But early during the third Summer, destruction threatened those little farms. There was a great drought. For many weeks, scarcely a drop of rain fell.

The corn, oats, rye, and barley, drooped their yellowing blades. The beans stopped running, and lay parched and shrivelling. The other vegetables were turning yellow. Unless rain should fall soon, the Pilgrims knew that they and their little children must starve when Winter came.

To add to the misery of it all, a ship laden with supplies, which had been sent from England, was missing. Nothing had been heard of her for months. And now, during the great drought, the wreck of a ship was cast on shore.

In sorrow and anxiety, the Pilgrims met together for a day of public fasting and prayer.

We will let Edward Winslow himself, tell what happened:—

> "But, Oh! the mercy of our God! who was as ready to hear as we to ask!
>
> "For though in the morning when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear and the drought as like to continue as ever it was, yet our Exercise (public worship) continuing some eight or nine hours, before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides.

"And on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain continuing some fourteen days and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived.

"Such was the bounty and goodness of our God!

"So that having these many signs of God's favour, and acceptation, we thought it would be great ingratitude if secretly we should smoother up the same or content ourselves with private thanksgiving, for that which by private prayer could not be obtained.

"And therefore another Solemn Day was set apart and appointed for that end. Wherein we returned glory, honour, and praise, with all thankfulness to our good God which dealt so graciously with us."

Governor Edward Winslow (*Condensed*)

The story of "The First Harvest Home in Plymouth" may be found in "Good Stories for Great Holidays."

JANUARY 7

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM
"OLD PUT"

The picturesque wolf-slayer, a brave and sterling Patriot.

JOHN FISKE

There was a generosity and buoyancy about the brave old man, that made him a favourite throughout the Army; especially with the younger officers, who spoke of him familiarly and fondly as "Old Put."

WASHINGTON IRVING

General ISRAEL PUTNAM was born in Massachusetts, January 7, 1718
Moved to Connecticut, 1740
Left his plough to fight at Bunker Hill, 1775
He died, May 29, 1790.

SEEING BOSTON

IT was before the War for Independence. A country boy in rough homespun clothes was walking along the streets of Boston. He was staring at the shop signs and windows. It was his first visit to the big city. He had never seen such interesting things before. The boy was Israel Putnam, the son of a farmer.

A city boy, much bigger than Putnam, saw him wandering about staring curiously at everything. He thought that it would be safe to bully such a raw-looking boy. Stepping up to Putnam, he began to make fun of his coarse clothes and his awkward walk.

Putnam stood it as long as he could, for though he was known as a fighter at home, he never provoked a quarrel. But now, as he saw a crowd gathering which seemed to enjoy his humiliation, his blood rose. He turned on the big boy, and gave him such a drubbing that the crowd cheered with delight. The boy slunk off, and Putnam walked away and had no more annoyance.

That was the kind of boy—and man too—Israel Putnam was; slow to anger; but when once roused by injustice, nothing could hold him back.

THE FIGHT WITH THE WOLF

ISRAEL PUTNAM grew older, married, and went to live in Connecticut. He had a stock farm.

One winter, wolves began to kill his animals. There was a she-wolf, particularly fierce and ravenous, who had lost the toes of one foot. She attacked and devoured animals for miles around.

During a single night Putnam lost seventy fine sheep and goats, besides having many lambs and kids badly torn. In the morning he found around the fold the tracks of the she-wolf's toeless foot.

Putnam and some of his neighbours traced her to a cave about five miles away. Then they returned home.

The next morning they started out with dogs, guns, and brimstone. The dogs chased the wolf into her cave, but came running out again torn and yelping. Putnam and the men built a fire in the cave-entrance. They threw on brimstone which gave out choking fumes. They threw on straw which made a thick smoke. But there were no signs of the wolf. All was quiet in the cave.

It grew to be nearly ten o'clock at night. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter the cave, but he would not stir. Putnam, then, asked his negro man to go in and shoot the beast. But the black man, shivering with fright, refused to crawl in.

Putnam grew angry. In spite of all that his neighbours could say, he threw off his coat and lighted a torch. Then, tying a rope around his legs, he gave the end to his friends, saying when he signaled to pull him out.

In he went, headfirst, holding the lighted torch before him. Stooping, he groped his way into the body of the cave. The torch made a dim circle of light; all the rest of the den was in terrifying darkness. Silence like death was around him.

He cautiously proceeded onward to an ascent. As he was slowly climbing it on hands and knees, he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the she-wolf just in front of him. Startled at the sight of the flaming torch, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sullen growl.

Putnam kicked the rope, and his friends, who were listening with painful anxiety and who heard the growling of the beast, pulled him out so quickly that his shirt was stripped over his head and his body was badly cut.

After he had adjusted his clothes, he loaded his gun with buckshot. Then holding the torch in one hand and the gun in the other, he entered again. This time the wolf assumed a still more fierce and terrible aspect, howling, rolling her eyes, and snapping her teeth. Then she dropped her head between her legs making ready to spring.

At this moment Putnam raised his gun and fired.

Stunned by the noise and suffocated with smoke, he felt himself being jerked backward out of the cave. His friends had heard the shot, and were pulling the rope.

He rested a few moments in the fresh air, while letting the smoke dissipate. Then in he went a third time.

The wolf lay stretched on the floor as if asleep. He put the torch to her nose to make sure that she was dead. Then he took her by the ears and kicked the rope.

His friends, with loud cheers, drew him out, and the wolf with him.

FROM PLOUGH TO CAMP

ISRAEL PUTNAM did not stay on his farm. When the French and Indian War broke out, he enlisted. He served as major. He had many thrilling escapes from Indians. Once he was captured and tortured by savages, but was rescued by the French.

After many years' service, he resigned and went back to his farm. When the news of the Battle of Lexington reached him, he was ploughing. He left his plough in the field, and unyoked his team. Then, in his old farm-clothes, he sprang on a horse and galloped off to Governor Trumbull for orders.

"Go," said the Governor, "to the seat of action."

"But my clothes, Governor!" exclaimed Putnam.

"Oh, never mind your clothes," answered he, "your military experience will be of service to your countrymen."

"But my men, Governor! What shall I do about my men?"

"Oh, never mind your men," said he, "I'll send your men after you."

So without waiting to change his soiled farm-clothes, Putnam put spurs to his horse and in a single day rode all the way to Cambridge.

He attended a council of war held by the Americans, returned to Connecticut, raised a regiment, and went back to Cambridge in time to take part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. There on Prospect Hill he unfurled the new Banner of Connecticut, which, as a cannon fired a salute, was seen to rise and unroll itself to the wind.

When Washington, appointed by Congress to be Commander-in-Chief, arrived at Cambridge, and saw the redoubts that had been cast up by Putnam and his men, he said to Putnam:—

"You seem, General, to have the faculty of infusing your own spirit into all the workmen you employ."

Washington had brought with him a commission from Congress, making Israel Putnam a Major-General.

HE MADE WASHINGTON LAUGH

GENERAL PUTNAM once had the honour of making Washington laugh heartily.

It was during the Siege of Boston.

There was a traitor in camp. No one knew who he was. A strange woman —a spy—had delivered a letter, intended for him, to the wrong person. It was laid before Washington. It was in cipher. Washington ordered the woman to be arrested, but she was gone.

Not long after, as Washington was standing in the upper window at Headquarters, he saw the oddest sight.

It was stout "Old Put" himself, in all his regimentals, mounted on his horse, proudly cantering up to Headquarters. Behind him, seated on his saddle-bow and hanging on like grim death, was a very fat woman. "Old Put" had captured the spy.

Washington burst into a hearty laugh. He hurried to the top of the stairs, just as "Old Put" escorted the fat woman into the hall. Washington, as gravely as he could, called down, in his severest tones, that unless she confessed *everything*, a halter was waiting for her.

She confessed immediately, and the traitor in camp was found.

A GENEROUS FOE

ISRAEL PUTNAM was brave, bluff, and honest, and he was also compassionate.

During the French and Indian War, the enemy's wounded lay dying and neglected on one of the battle-fields.

After the fierce fighting was over, Putnam himself hurried out onto the field, to tend the poor fellows. He gathered them together into one place. He gave them what food and drink he could get. He furnished each with a blanket. Under one badly wounded French sergeant, he placed three blankets, and laid him in a comfortable position against a tree.

Gratefully, the suffering man squeezed his hand, while Putnam said reassuringly:—

"Ah! depend upon it, my brave soldier, you shall be brought to the camp as soon as possible, and the same care shall be taken of you as if you were my brother."

At the Battle of Princeton a Scotch Captain of the British Army was desperately wounded in the lungs and left for dead. Putnam found him in great pain, with no surgeon, and without any friend to cheer him. He had him supplied with every comfort and the best of care.

One day, when Putnam was visiting him, the Scotchman said:—

"Pray, sir, what countryman are you?"

"An American," answered Putnam.

"Not a Yankee!" exclaimed the Scotchman.

"A full-blooded one," replied Putnam.

"I'm sorry for that!" rejoined the Scotchman with an oath. "I did not think there could be so much goodness and generosity in an American, or, indeed, in anybody but a Scotchman!"

Thanks to Putnam's friendly Yankee care, the Scotchman recovered.

PUTNAM NOT FORGOTTEN!

WHEN General Putnam, full of years and honours, retired from the Army, Washington wrote him a letter telling him that he was entitled to full pay till the close of the War, and afterward to half-pay. The letter was cordial and warm, and in it Washington said:—

"Among the many worthy and meritorious officers, with whom I have had the happiness to be connected in service through the course of this War, and from whose cheerful assistance and advice I have received much support and confidence ... the name of Putnam is not forgotten, nor will it be but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled for the preservation and establishment of the Rights, Liberties, and Independence of our Country....

"I commend you, my dear sir, my other friends, and with them the interests and happiness of our dear Country, to the keeping and protection of Almighty God.

"George Washington"

JANUARY 11

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
DEFENDER OF THE CONSTITUTION
THE CONSTITUTION; OR, THE NEW ROOF
1787

Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be
A Federal Head o'er a People that's free!

Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete,
The World shall admire Columbia's fair seat;

Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof;
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON (*Condensed*)

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

He gave the whole powers of his mind to the contemplation of the weak and distracted condition of the Country.... He saw ... the absolute necessity of some closer bond of Union for the States.... He saw at last his hopes fulfilled; he saw the Constitution adopted, and the Government under it established and organized.

The discerning eye of Washington immediately called him to the post which was far the most important in the administration of the new system. He was made Secretary of the Treasury. And how he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole Country perceived with delight and the whole World saw with admiration.

DANIEL WEBSTER

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was born in the West Indies, January 11, 1757
Came to New York City, 1772
Signed the Constitution, 1787
Was appointed first Secretary of the Treasury, 1789
He was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel, 1804

THE BOY OF THE HURRICANE

ON the 11th of January, 1757, there was born on the little West Indian island of Nevis, a boy who was to become one of the foremost citizens of his adopted Country, and who was to have a large part in determining its Independence, its form of government, and in working out the details of its administration. This was Alexander Hamilton.

His mother died when he was very young. His father was not so situated as properly to care for his son, so he was sent to the adjoining island of St. Croix, to live with his mother's relatives, who were people of means.

He was given a place in their counting-house, where he acquitted himself with much credit, though the work was not at all to his liking.

When Hamilton was only fifteen years old, a terrible hurricane swept over the island. The sea was lashed into fury. The storm swept across the land, uprooting trees, and carrying devastation in its path. Even the bravest of the inhabitants were greatly frightened, and many were terror-stricken. But young Hamilton watched the storm with the greatest interest and without fear.

A few days later, an account of the storm appeared in a paper printed in a neighbouring island. The account was so vivid, the word-painting so marvellous, that the people were certain some writer of note must have been among them without their knowledge. And when they learned that the account was written by Alexander Hamilton, and he a mere boy, they were greatly astonished.

They felt that such a lad should have a better chance for education than St. Croix could afford, and a wider field in which to exercise his talents. His friends raised a fund for him, and he was sent to America. He entered a

preparatory school at Elizabethtown in the Jerseys. He then went to New York City, and entered King's College, now Columbia University.

At this time, he was disposed to side with the friends of the King of England in the controversy between the Colonists and the Mother Country; but after he had been at college for half a year, he made a visit to Boston where he heard Samuel Adams, James Otis, and other Patriots, and came back a most earnest Patriot himself.

About the time of the breaking out of the War for Independence, Hamilton organized a company of the college students who adopted the name "Hearts of Oak." Later Hamilton was appointed the Captain of the first company of artillery raised in the Colony. He so thoroughly drilled and disciplined it, that the attention of General Greene was attracted. He sought the acquaintance of Hamilton, and spoke most enthusiastically to Washington about him, saying that he was a natural master of men, and a young man worthy the attention of the Commander-in-Chief.

Sherman Williams (*Arranged*)

CALL COLONEL HAMILTON

WHILE young Hamilton was directing his battery during the passage of the Raritan, Washington, who was anxiously watching the passing of the troops, observed Hamilton's skill and courage. He ordered one of his officers to find out the young man's name, and tell him to report at Headquarters.

Therefore, as soon as possible, young Hamilton hurried to Headquarters. As a result of this interview, Washington made him a member of his own staff. Hamilton became Washington's private secretary.

Many a night, after long hours of work together, Washington and Hamilton would retire to their rooms. Then suddenly a courier with important despatches would gallop up to Headquarters. Washington would arise, read the despatches and say:—

"Call Colonel Hamilton."

And the young secretary would come and take his dictation.

Washington had the greatest confidence in Hamilton's judgment. So much did Washington value his advice, that when he wrote his "Farewell Address," "acting as every wise man would do under the circumstances," he asked Hamilton for his opinion, as he also asked James Madison for his.

Washington desired to get the different points of view of two large minds, on so important a document.

A STRUGGLE

AFTER the Constitution of the United States had been framed by the Constitutional Convention, a severe political struggle took place to bring about its ratification by the States themselves. There were selfish political interests at work to prevent ratification.

The influence of Alexander Hamilton, through his speeches and writings, so brilliant and convincing, did much to bring the People of the United States to understand the absolute necessity for a strong Federal Union and for a Constitution to safeguard the liberties of the Country.

In the State of New York, the opposition to ratification was most violent. But Alexander Hamilton, during weeks of furious debate in the State Convention, spoke again and again in defense of the Constitution. And when the weary weeks of contention were passed, the vote was taken; and Alexander Hamilton's arguments had won votes enough to carry the ratification of the Constitution. He had saved the day.

"HE KNOWS EVERYTHING"

"HE knows everything," said Robert Morris to President Washington.

Robert Morris, during the War for Independence, had been Superintendent of Finance. When Congress needed funds, when Washington wished money with which to pay the soldiers, Robert Morris provided the means since his private commercial credit was great. Men had confidence in his business ability and honour.

Once, when Congress was utterly without cash, Robert Morris supplied the Army with four or five thousand barrels of flour. And when France sent troops to America to fight for us, Robert Morris personally borrowed through Count Rochambeau, money for our Country's use.

When Robert Morris sought to procure for Congress, money from abroad, he borrowed large sums through the Patriot, Haym Salomon, "the little friend in Front Street."

So after Washington was elected President, and while he was making up his Cabinet, he visited Robert Morris, and said:—

“The Treasury, Morris, will of course be your berth. After your invaluable services as Financier of the Revolution, no one can pretend to contest the office of Secretary of the Treasury with you.”

This flattering offer, Robert Morris promptly declined, adding:—

“But, my dear General, you will be no loser by my declining the Secretaryship of the Treasury, for I can recommend to you a far cleverer fellow than I am, for your minister of finance, in the person of your former aide-de-camp, Colonel Hamilton.”

“I always knew Colonel Hamilton to be a man of superior talents,” said Washington, “but never supposed he had any knowledge of finance.”

To which Robert Morris replied:—

“He knows everything, sir! To a mind like his, nothing comes amiss.”

Washington then appointed Hamilton to be Secretary of the Treasury.

Hamilton took up his duties. The Country and the States were in debt. He organized the finances of our young and new Nation, putting them upon a sound basis; he provided funds with which to pay the National debt, so that the United States of America “might command the respect of the Nations of the World.”

It was Alexander Hamilton who laid the foundations of the financial system of our Republic.

JANUARY 17

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
THE AMERICAN SOCRATES

We have reason to be thankful he was so long spared, that the most useful life should be the longest, also that it was protracted so far beyond the ordinary span allotted to man, as to avail us of his wisdom in the establishment of our own Freedom.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

OUR COUNTRY

Dr. Benjamin Franklin to General George Washington

I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our Country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the War is over; like a field of young Indian Corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which in that weak state, by a thundergust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye not of its owner only, but of every observing traveller.

March 5, 1780

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, January 17, 1706
Went to Philadelphia, 1723
Through his diplomacy, France was persuaded to recognize the United States by treaty, February 6, 1778
He signed the Constitution of the United States, 1787
He died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790

THE WHISTLE

TOLD BY FRANKLIN HIMSELF

WHEN I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one.

I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation. And the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself:—

"*Don't give too much for the whistle!*"

And I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle*.

From The Whistle

THE CANDLE-MAKER'S BOY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a boy, used to work in his father's shop at the Sign of the Blue Ball. His father was a tallow chandler, and made soap and candles.

The boy got up early, cut wicks for candles, filled moulds with tallow, ran errands, and tended shop. Though he worked hard and honestly, his heart was not in his work. He wanted to go to sea. His elder brother, a sailor, had come home; and he told the most thrilling tales of his adventures. So Benjamin Franklin could not get the sea out of his mind.

He grew to detest the trade of tallow chandler, and hankered more and more for the sea. His father, wishing him to give up thoughts of a roving life, took him to talk with joiners, bricklayers, turners, and other workmen, and to watch them at work. But none of their trades appealed to the boy.

His place was at home his father urged, adding:

"Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before Kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

THE BOY OF THE PRINTING PRESS

BUT Benjamin Franklin did not run away to sea. He became a printer's boy.

Because he liked books, he was apprenticed to his brother James, who had set up a printing press in Boston. To James's house he went, taking with him his collection of precious volumes.

There he worked hard by day, and read and studied at night. Recollecting his father's favourite proverb, "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before Kings," Franklin saved his money, and worked early and late.

When James began to issue a newspaper, Franklin helped him print it, and delivered copies to customers. He wrote articles and slipped them under the printing-house door, and James published them, without knowing who was their author. Later Franklin wrote clever, audacious, and humorous articles on the questions of the day, which were widely read and much talked about.

So things continued until he was seventeen years old, when he ran away —but not to sea. He and his brother quarrelled often. Benjamin the apprentice was saucy and provoking, and James the master was hot-tempered and beat his younger brother severely. After a particularly bad quarrel, Franklin sold some of his books, and took passage on a sloop bound for New York.

Arriving at New York, he found no employment there, and went on to Philadelphia.

THE THREE ROLLS

EARLY in the morning of an October day, young Benjamin Franklin, seventeen years old and seeking his fortune, reached Philadelphia. He was tired and hungry, and had only a dollar of his little fund left.

He stopped at a baker's, and bought three big puffy rolls. He put a roll under each arm, and, munching the third, walked along Market Street.

In the doorway of a house, stood a young girl. She saw the awkward, handsome boy, trudging past hungrily eating a big roll. She laughed to herself; she thought it funny to see him with his broad-brimmed hat, knee-

breeches, and buckled shoes all shabby and dusty, and his great pockets stuffed with stockings and shirts.

So she laughed to herself, did Deborah Read. And little she knew that in a few years, she would become that boy's wife! But so it happened.

Young Benjamin Franklin found work in a printer's shop. He came to lodge at Deborah Read's home. In a few years, he owned his own printing press. He married Deborah Read. He became a well-known printer. He issued an influential newspaper, and published "Poor Richard's Almanack." He was industrious, studious, thrifty, and prosperous. In time, he became the most famous and learned citizen of Pennsylvania, and a great American Patriot.

STANDING BEFORE KINGS

WHEN the American Colonies rose against the exactions of England, Benjamin Franklin was called upon to serve his Country as a diplomat in France and England.

"My father," wrote Franklin, "having among his instructions to me when a boy frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, 'Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before Kings; he shall not stand before mean men,' "I from thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encouraged me, though I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before Kings*, which, however, has since happened, for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honour of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner."

THE WONDERFUL KITE EXPERIMENT

IN Benjamin Franklin's time, there were no electric trains, no telegraphs, telephones, radiographs, and radiophones. The driving and lighting power of electricity was not understood. People did not know that lightning was due to the presence of electricity in nature.

Benjamin Franklin, who was keen and inquisitive, made scientific experiments with the Leyden jar and with simple machines which produced electricity by friction. He discovered that in certain ways, the action of electricity and lightning was the same, and he observed that electric fluid might be conducted along a pack-string.

So he determined to prove that electricity and lightning were the same, by drawing lightning down from the clouds along a pack-string. He used a silk kite, with a sharp-pointed wire fastened to its framework, and a silk ribbon tied to the end of the kite-string holding a metal key in place.

He secretly flew the kite during a June thunderstorm. And as he saw the kite-string stiffen in a strange way, he eagerly laid his hand against the key. Instantly he felt a shock of electricity pass through him. He had made one of the most important discoveries of all ages!

FRANKLIN AND THE KITE EXPERIMENT

His discovery was soon known throughout the world. Men made other experiments, and in time invented the wonderful electrical machines and devices which we enjoy to-day.

THE RISING SUN

WHEN the Federal Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia, General Washington was unanimously made President of the Convention. He took the chair with diffidence. He assured the members that he was not used to such a situation, that he was embarrassed, and he hoped they would excuse his errors. And in what masterly fashion he conducted the convention, history shows.

Behind his chair was painted a picture of the sun. After the debates were over and the Constitution was adopted, Benjamin Franklin, who had just signed the immortal Document, turned to some of the members. He drew their attention to the sun behind General Washington's chair.

"I have often and often," said Franklin, "in the course of the session and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting, sun."

TO MY FRIEND

From Franklin's Will and Testament

MY fine crabtree walking-stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the Cap of Liberty, I give to my friend and the friend of Mankind, General Washington.

If it were a Sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it.

Benjamin Franklin

FEBRUARY 12

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all Nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

March 4, 1865

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a Nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honoured grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born, February 12, 1809
Was elected President, 1860
Issued the Emancipation Proclamation, New Year's Day, 1863
Was re-elected, 1864
He was assassinated, 1865

THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING

IT was only a small cabin in a forest-clearing in the wilderness of Indiana. It stood on a knoll overlooking a piece of ground where corn and vegetables grew. In the woods around the cabin were bear, deer, and other wild creatures. The furniture was rude, brought from the East, or made of logs and hickory-sticks, while the bed was a sack of leaves. In the big fireplace, the logs cut from the forest, burned with a cheerful blaze.

And there lived little Abe Lincoln, nine years old, with his father and sister and his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

Abe was born in Kentucky. When he was seven, his family moved to the cabin in Indiana. He helped clear the way through the wilderness to the new home. So with swinging the axe and blazing trails, he was made unusually large and strong for his age, alert and courageous—a real backwoods boy.

He could shoot, fish, cut down trees, and work on the farm in the clearing. In his veins ran the red blood of Kentucky pioneers. His grandfather, in the days of Daniel Boone, had been killed by an Indian, while Abe's father—a child then—had been rescued from this same Indian by his brother, Mordecai Lincoln, a daring lad, who shot the savage with his dead father's rifle, so saving his little brother.

HOW HE LEARNED TO BE JUST

Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that Faith, let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *from his speech at Cooper Institute*

But it was not all work for Abe on the new farm in Indiana. He picked wild plums and pawpaws in the woods, and ate corn dodgers, fried bacon, roast wild turkey, and fish caught in the Indiana streams. He went to school

when he could, which was not often, for in those days schools were few and far between, and teachers were not many.

But little Abe had the best teacher of all, his mother, Nancy Lincoln. For, though his father could scarcely write his own name, his mother could read, and she loved books. She taught her little son his letters and how to read. Often they sat together in the cabin, Abe and his sister at their mother's knee, while she read the Bible to them.

"I would rather my son would be able to read the Bible, than to own a farm, if he can't have but one," she said.

She was a beautiful woman, slender, sad, and pale, with dark hair. She was more refined than most women of those hardy pioneer times, but she could use a rifle, work on the farm, spin, and do other housework. Because of her gentle and firm character, she was loved and respected not only by her husband and children, but by her neighbours.

Above all things she had a deep and tender religious spirit which she shared with Abe and his sister, Sarah. She taught Abe to love truth and justice and to revere God. In time he could repeat by heart much of the Bible, and, when he grew up, he thought and wrote in the simple, clear, and forceful language of the Bible. And he learned from it his ideas of right and his scorn of wrong, making him "Honest Abe."

OFF TO NEW ORLEANS

YOUNG Abe Lincoln went on several flatboat trips carrying produce down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

One of these trips made a deep and lasting impression upon him. In New Orleans, he visited the slave-market. There negro men, women, and children were bought, sold, and flogged. Wives were torn from their husbands, children from their mothers, and auctioned off like cattle.

The anguish of these scenes wrung Lincoln's heartstrings. With quivering lips, he said, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard."

John Hanks, a relative who was with him at the slave-market, said in after years:—

"Lincoln saw it; his heart bled; said nothing much, was silent, looked bad. I can say it, knowing him, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinions of slavery. It run its iron into him, then and there."

THE KINDNESS OF LINCOLN

The Little Birds

WHEN Lincoln was a lawyer, one day he was going with a party of lawyers to attend court. They were riding, two by two, on horseback through a country lane, Lincoln in the rear. As they passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees, his friends missed him.

"Where is he?" they asked.

Just then Lincoln's companion came riding up. "Oh," replied he, "when I saw him last, he had caught two young birds that the wind had blown out of their nest, and was hunting for the nest to put them back."

After a little while, Lincoln rode up, and when his friends rallied him about his tender heart, he said:—

"I could not have slept, unless I had restored those little birds to their mother."

Rescuing the Pig

ANOTHER time, Lincoln was riding past a deep miry ditch, and saw a pig struggling in the mud. The animal could not get out, and was squealing with terror.

Lincoln looked at the pig and the mud, and then at his clothes—clean ones, that he had just put on. Then he decided in favour of the clean clothes, and rode along.

But he could not get rid of the thought of the poor animal struggling so pitifully in its terror. He had not gone far when he turned back.

He reached the ditch, dismounted, and tied his horse. Then he collected some old wooden rails, and with them made a foot-bridge to the bottom of the ditch. He carefully walked down the bridge, and caught hold of the pig. He pulled it out, and setting it on the ground, let it run away.

The screaming, struggling pig, had spattered Lincoln's clean clothes with mud. His hands were covered with filth; so he went to the nearest brook, washed them, and wiped them on the grass.

Later, when telling a friend about his adventure, Lincoln said that he had rescued the pig for purely selfish reasons, "to take a pain out of his own mind."

Opening Their Eyes

It was toward the close of the Civil War, the crisis had come, and the end of the long struggle was in sight. The Union troops were hemming in Richmond. President Lincoln went himself to City Point, and there he remained, anxiously waiting.

In his tent lived a pet cat. It had a family of new-born kittens. Sometimes, the President relieved his mind by playing with them.

Finally Richmond was taken, and Lincoln prepared to visit the city. Before he left his tent, he picked up one of the kittens, saying:—

"Little kitten, I must perform a last act of kindness for you before I go. I must open your eyes."

He passed his hand gently over its closed lids, until the eyes opened; then he set the kitten on the floor, and said:—

"Oh! that I could open the eyes of my blinded fellow-countrymen as easily as I have those of that little creature!"

LINCOLN AND THE CHILDREN

Hurrah for Lincoln!

Abraham Lincoln loved children, and even strange children were drawn to him, as though they had known him all their lives. Here are a few of the stories told about Lincoln and his child-friends.

Soon after Lincoln was elected President, he went to Chicago, where he was welcomed with shouts and cheers.

Later, as he sat in a room talking with friends, a little boy was led in. At the sight of the President-elect, he took off his hat and swung it, shouting:—

"Hurrah for Lincoln!"

Lincoln rose, and catching the little fellow in his strong hands, tossed him to the ceiling, shouting:—

"Hurrah for *you*!"

Only Eight of Us, Sir!

On this same visit to Chicago, while Lincoln was talking with visitors, a little German girl, heading a delegation of other girls, walked timidly up to him.

"What do you want, my little girl? What can I do for you?" he asked kindly.

"I want your name," she said.

"But there are many other little girls that want my name, and as I cannot give it to them all, they will feel hurt if I give it to you."

She looked around at her companions, and said, "Only *eight* of us, sir!"

Lincoln could not resist that, so he sat down immediately, and forgetting his other visitors, took eight sheets of paper and wrote a line and his name on each. These he gave to the little girls, and they went away happy.

He's Beautiful!

ONCE a little girl's father took her to call upon Lincoln. She had been told that he was very homely. But when he lifted her on his knee and talked to her in his kindly, merry way, she turned to her father, and exclaimed:—

"O Pa! He isn't ugly at all! He's beautiful!"

Please Let Your Beard Grow

But there was another little girl who did not think so. She lived in Westfield, in the State of New York. She had seen Lincoln's picture, and did not like it; so after his election she wrote a letter asking him to let his beard grow, as she thought it would make him better looking.

Lincoln enjoyed the letter very much.

“HE’S BEAUTIFUL”

It happened later that he was on a train passing through Westfield, and, as the train stopped for a few minutes, he was asked to address the people at the station. He told about the letter, and stroking his chin, added:—

“I intend to follow her advice!”

He then called for the little girl. She came forward, and he greeted her kindly.

Three Little Girls

ONE day, after Lincoln had gone to Washington, three little girls, the children of a workingman, went to the White House on a reception day. They joined the throng, and were pushed along until they came to where Lincoln was shaking hands with each of his visitors.

When the children reached him, they were so bashful, that they did not dare to put out their hands. But Lincoln saw them passing by, and called:—

"Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?"

Then, stooping over, he kept every one waiting while he shook hands with each child.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE BIBLE

LINCOLN'S love of truth, justice, and mercy, his detestation of everything ignoble, brutal, or mean, were taught him or strengthened in him from childhood through his reading of the Bible.

The language of his speeches and writings was forceful and direct like the English of the Bible, and such a phrase as "A house divided against itself," he took from the Bible.

While President, he used to carry a New Testament with him; and he could quote whole passages. He used often to rise early in the morning to get time to read and pray before the pressing business of the day began.

He read the Bible aloud to the coloured servants of the White House. Once, when a Committee of Coloured People waited upon him, to present him with a fine copy of the Bible, he took it and made a speech to them, a part of which was:—

"In regard to this great book, I have but to say, it is the best gift God has given to man. All the good Saviour gave to the World was communicated through this book. But for it, we could not know right from wrong. All things most desirable for man's welfare, here and hereafter, are to be found portrayed in it.

"To you I return my most sincere thanks for the very elegant copy of the great Book of God which you present."

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN SPEAK

A LINCOLN ORDER

To the Army and Navy

THE President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the

military and naval service.

The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labour in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity.

The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High.

"At this time of public distress"—adopting the words of Washington in 1776—"men may find enough to do in the service of God and their Country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality."

The first General Order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended:—

"The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavour to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest Rights and Liberties of his Country."

November 15, 1862.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our Fathers brought forth on this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The World will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly

advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom; and that Government of the People, by the People, for the People, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

November 19, 1863.

The following famous stories about Lincoln are in "Good Stories for Great Holidays": A Solomon Come to Judgment; The Colonel of the Zouaves; Courage of his Convictions; George Pickett's Friend; He Rescues the Birds; His Springfield Farewell Address; Lincoln and the Little Girl; Lincoln the Lawyer; Mr. Lincoln and the Bible; A Stranger at Five-Points; Training for the Presidency; Why Lincoln was called "Honest Abe"; The Widow and her Three Sons; The Young Sentinel.

FEBRUARY 22

GEORGE WASHINGTON
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

LORD BYRON

LINCOLN ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington. We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of Civil Liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendour, leave it shining on.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *February 22, 1849*

WASHINGTON was born, February 22, 1732
Was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, 1775
Was made President of the Federal Convention for Framing the Constitution, and signed the Constitution, 1787
Was inaugurated, first President of the United States, 1789

Issued his "Farewell Address," 1796
He died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799

THE BOY IN THE VALLEY

THE boy George Washington was magnificently strong and tall, with firm muscles and powerful body. He could run, leap, wrestle, toss the bar, and pitch quoits. He rode fiery horses and hunted foxes. He was a silent, determined lad, truth-telling, with a wonderful grip on his temper. By the time that he was sixteen he was an excellent surveyor.

And he was a proud and happy boy when, one spring day, he leaped on his horse, and, with a companion, rode away into the Wilderness on a real job of surveying.

Lord Fairfax, his close friend, owned a great estate of over five million acres stretching to the westward. A part of the estate was a wilderness, and lay on the other side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It had never been surveyed. Squatters were stealing the land. So Lord Fairfax had sent sixteen-year old George Washington to survey it for him.

As the boy rode over the mountains, and guided his horse down the steep trail into the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, Spring was busy all around him. Cascades and torrents of snow-water were rushing from the mountain-tops to feed the bright Shenandoah River—"The Daughter of the Stars," the Indians called the river.

The boy spent the better part of the first day riding through fine groves of sugar maples, and admiring the trees and the richness of the land. Here and there showed the little clearings, where the squatters were preparing their small farms for crops of tobacco, hemp, and corn.

For some days, he surveyed along the banks of the river and in the valley, roughing it at night. And many were the adventures he had about which he has written in his diary.

Sometimes he slept before the camp-fire or in a hut, at others in a tent. Once, he was nearly burnt to death when his straw bed caught fire. He roasted wild turkeys, and ate off chips for plates. He swam his horse through swollen streams, and followed the rough roads made by the squatters.

But his most exciting adventure was with Indians.

On the bank of the Potomac stood a little cabin. Near it was hung a huge kettle suspended over a place always ready for a fire. The cabin belonged to Cresap, a frontiersman, and so did the kettle. He kept the fireplace and everything in readiness for the passing Indians to cook their meals. The grateful Red Skins called him "Big Spoon."

Rain and floods drove Washington to the cabin. Big Spoon invited him to stay until the bad weather was past.

On the third day, Washington looked out and saw a band of Indians carrying a scalp, come toward the cabin. It was a war-party returning from a raid.

Big Spoon greeted them heartily, for everybody was welcome at his place. The Indians built a fire, sat down in a circle, and held a big celebration. Then they performed a war-dance, while their musicians played on drums made of pots half full of water, with deerskin stretched tightly over them.

And as Washington watched their savage antics, he little dreamed how soon he himself would be fighting with Red Skins.

When his surveying was finished, he returned home to make his report. Lord Fairfax was delighted with his careful work and fine maps. In fact, to-day the surveys Washington made when a boy, stand unquestioned; they are so perfect.

Roughing it in the Shenandoah Valley was not the last of Washington's adventures in the Wilderness. He was appointed public surveyor. For the next three years, he spent a great deal of time in the wilds, with settlers, frontiersmen, trappers, and Indians.

He grew to be over six feet tall, and remarkably strong and rugged. He overcame difficulties and faced dangers through pluck and perseverance.

He became a Colonel of a Virginia regiment. He acquired military training and widened his knowledge of handling all sorts of men.

What he learned about Indian warfare and life in the forests and in the Wilderness, taught him the caution and knowledge which he showed while guarding the retreat of what was left of Braddock's troops.

So his adventures while a boy in the Valley, and his experiences as a young man roughing it on the frontier, fighting with Indians, carrying

messages through the Wilderness, and serving as a soldier,—all prepared Washington to become the Liberator of our Country.

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER

Molly Ball of Virginia, Molly Ball with hair like flax and cheeks like mayblossoms,—as she is described in the fragment of a quaint old letter,—married Augustine Washington of Virginia, and became the mother of George Washington.

Washington was like his mother in qualities of character. He had her strength of will, love of truth, firm purpose, high sense of duty, dignity, and reverence.

All these noble qualities were strengthened and made practical by her careful education and discipline.

When he became great, she was quietly proud of him. And when people spoke warmly of his glory and success, she would say:—

"But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery. Still, George will not forget the lessons I early taught him. He will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise."

When she was informed by special messenger that Cornwallis had surrendered, she exclaimed:

"Thank God! war will now be ended, and peace, Independence, and happiness, bless our Country!"

After the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington visited his mother at Fredericksburg, where she was living in her own little house. She was about seventy-five years old.

He reached Fredericksburg surrounded by his numerous and brilliant suite. He dismounted, and sent to inquire when it would be her pleasure to receive him.

Afoot and alone, he walked to her house. She was by herself, employed in a household task, when she was told that the victor-chief was waiting at her door. She bade him welcome by a warm embrace, calling him "George," the dear familiar name of his childhood.

She spoke to him of old times and old friends, but of his glory, not one word.

Meanwhile, in the town of Fredericksburg there was excitement and rejoicing. The place was crowded with foreign and American officers. Gentlemen from miles around were hastening into town to congratulate the conquerors of Yorktown.

The citizens got up a splendid ball in Washington's honour, to which his mother was specially invited.

The foreign officers were eager to meet their Chief's mother. They had heard of her remarkable character. They expected to see her enter the ballroom in glittering attire, clad in rich brocades, like the noble ladies of Europe.

How surprised they were, when, leaning on her son's arm, she entered dressed simply. She was dignified and imposing. She received quietly all the compliments and attentions showered upon her. At an early hour she wished the company much pleasure, saying that it was time for old folk to be in bed.

She retired leaning on the arm of her son.

"If such are the matrons in America," exclaimed the foreign officers, "well may she boast of illustrious sons!"

George Washington Parke Custis and Other Sources

WASHINGTON'S WEDDING DAY

WASHINGTON plighted his troth with Martha Dandridge, the charming widow of Daniel Parke Custis. She was young, pretty, intelligent, and an heiress.

It was a brilliant wedding party which assembled on a winter day in the little church near Mrs. Custis's home. There were gathered the gay, free-thinking, high-living Governor, gorgeous in scarlet and gold; British officers, red-coated and gold-laced; and all the neighbouring gentry in their handsomest clothes.

The bride was attired in silk and satin, laces and brocade, with pearls on her neck and in her ears. While the bridegroom appeared in blue and silver trimmed with scarlet, and with gold buckles at his knees and on his shoes.

After the ceremony, the bride was taken home in a coach and six, Washington riding beside her, mounted on a splendid horse, and followed by all the gentlemen of the party.

Henry Cabot Lodge (*Arranged*)

WASHINGTON AND THE CHILDREN

I

THERE were two joyous little people who went to live with the bride in her new home at Mount Vernon. They were her two children, Jack Custis, six years old, and his sister Patsy, just four years old.

Washington gave them little ponies to ride. He bought fashionably dressed baby dolls for Patsy, silver shoe and knee buckles for Jack, and for both of them toys, gingerbread-figures, sugar-images, and little books with coloured pictures in them. He gave them each a Bible bound in turkey leather with their names printed in gilt letters on the inside covers.

II

WASHINGTON loved all children. He always smiled at them. He was specially popular with boys.

When he rode in state to Independence Hall in his cream-coloured coach drawn by six bays, and with postilions and outriders, boys were always at hand to cheer as he drove by. And when he returned to Mount Vernon, there were other boys waiting to welcome him. He could always count on boys, wherever he went, to shout and wave their hats. He used to touch his own hat to them as politely as if they were veterans on parade.

After his great dinners at Mount Vernon, as soon as the guests were done eating, he would tell his steward to call in the neighbours' boys, who were never far away at such a time. In they would come, crowding around the table, and make quick work of the cakes, nuts, and raisins the guests had left.

At twilight, Washington had a habit of pacing up and down the large room on the first floor with his hands behind him.

One evening, a boy who had never seen him, climbed up to a high open window to look in at him.

The boy fell and hurt himself. Washington heard him cry, and sent a servant to see what was the matter.

The servant came back and said, "The boy was trying to get a look at you, sir."

"Bring him in," said Washington.

And when the boy came in, he patted him on the head, saying:—

"You wanted to see General Washington, did you? Well, I am General Washington."

But the little fellow shook his head, and replied:—

"No, you are only just a man. I want to see the President."

Washington laughed, and told him that he was *the President* and a *man* for all that. Then he had the servant give him some cakes and nuts, and sent him away happy.

Grace Greenwood and Other Sources (*Retold*)

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE RED COATS

WHEN Washington with the Army entered Boston after the British had evacuated the city, he made the best tavern in town his Headquarters. It had been the British Headquarters. The tavern-keeper's little girl was running about very much interested in all that was going on.

Washington called her to him, and holding her on his knee, asked:—

"Now that you have seen the soldiers on both sides, which do you like best?"

The little girl hesitated, but like the great Washington himself, she could not tell a lie, so she said:—

"I like the Red Coats best."

Washington laughed at her frankness, and said gently:—

"Yes, my dear, the Red Coats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting."

Wayne Whipple (*Retold*)

NELLIE AND LITTLE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON loved children, and, as he had none of his own, he adopted two of his wife's grandchildren, Nellie Custis and George Washington Parke Custis.

The little boy was known as "Washington." Nellie was a beautiful child with smiling black eyes and thick curly brown hair; while her brother was of very light complexion.

They had good times together at Mount Vernon. There was a delightfully fearsome pack of hounds in the kennel; French dogs, the gift of Lafayette, “fierce, big-mouthed, savage.” And there were litters of beautiful puppies.

The stables were full of horses, fine creatures for pets and playfellows. Nellie liked to be with the horses, and was constantly alarming her grandmother as she flashed by the windows or down the lanes, mounted upon some half-broken colt.

The children loved old Nelson, Washington’s war horse. They used to climb upon the fence to pat his forehead, as he came racing up to greet his master.

There were many other animals—gifts to Washington of friends and admirers.

Among them were Spanish jackasses, Chinese pigs, and Chinese geese.

There was always something going on to interest the children. They might run down to the river-landing to see what strange fish “Daddy Jack” had caught; day in and day out, “Daddy Jack” was always fishing there in his canoe. Or they might go to meet the hunter “carrying his gun and pouch, his body wrapped with strings of game, his dogs at heel.” They liked to look at the game, and smooth the thick feathers or soft fur. There were birds, squirrels, wild turkeys, molly cotton-tails, wily ’possums, and canvas-back ducks.

Coaches of company, too, were coming and going. State dinners were cooked and served to nobles and dignitaries.

And when the children ran about the gardens, they saw rare things growing—“fig-trees, raisins, limes, oranges, large English mulberries, artichokes.”

Then there were the mills to visit, the smithy, the shops, the fields, and the negro-quarters, all in company with their dear adopted father, Washington himself.

But the children and indeed every one looked forward to the evening, when Washington sat with them. This was the children’s hour, when by the uncertain twinkle of the home-made candles, they danced and sang their little songs.

The curled darling of the house was “Master Washington”—George Washington Parke Custis. Many years later, when Lafayette visited Master

Washington, then grown up, he told how he had first seen him on the portico of Mount Vernon, a little boy, a very little gentleman, with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of Washington's hand, which finger was so large that the little boy could hardly hold on to it.

As for Nellie, she wanted to romp and play from morning till night. She did not like to have her hair dressed with feathers and ribbons. She did not enjoy her books and music. And she used to cry for hours together, while her determined grandmother stood guard over her, keeping her at practice on the beautiful harpsichord, which Washington had given her.

As for Washington, he tried to lighten little Nellie's tasks, and used to carry her off for a gallop or brisk outdoor walk.

He was always extremely fond of little girls. He liked other little girls beside Nellie. He had with him her pretty sister, Elizabeth, when he sat for one of his portraits. And in the most critical week of his Presidency, Washington went to the house of one of his cabinet officers, and played with his little daughters.

Harriet Taylor Upton (*Retold*)

Many of the stories in this book are from the Life of Washington, by his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis.

SEEING THE PRESIDENT

SOMETIMES, when President Washington went on a journey in his state-coach, he wanted to travel quietly, without attracting people's attention. So he charged his courier, who rode on ahead, to make all necessary arrangements at inns, but to tell no one but the landlords, that the President was coming.

Often, however, the news leaked out, and was flashed throughout the countryside. Trumpets were blown, as the veterans of the War for Independence gathered to welcome their Chief. Village cannon roared. Every village and hamlet poured out its folk to greet the man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

As for the school children, how eagerly they hurried to get their lessons, so that as a reward, they might see *General Washington*.

And when at last he did come, how happy the children were to be presented to him. With delight, they listened to his kind voice, felt the

kindlier touch of his hand, and even climbed on his knee to look up into his smiling face.

George Washington Parke Custis (*Retold*)

NELSON THE HERO

THERE was one old horse at Mount Vernon, after the War for Independence, who was a hero. He was never ridden. He was cared for kindly. He grazed in a pleasant paddock.

That was Nelson, Washington's favourite and splendid charger, which he had ridden on the day of the surrender at Yorktown. He was a light sorrel, with white face and legs.

Now that he was old, he was petted and cared for. Whenever Washington made the rounds of his kennels and stables, he stopped at the paddock. Then the old war-horse would run neighing up to the fence, proud to be caressed by the hand of his master.

George Washington Parke Custis (*Retold*)

CARING FOR THE GUEST

Told by the Guest Himself

I HAD feasted my imagination, for several days, on the near prospect of a visit to Mount Vernon, the seat of Washington. No pilgrim ever approached Mecca with deeper enthusiasm.

The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table, by ourselves, without the least interruption after the family had retired.

I was extremely oppressed with a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted from the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so.

As usual, soon after retiring, my cough increased.

When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened. And, on drawing back my bed-curtains, to my utter astonishment, I beheld Washington himself standing at my bedside with a bowl of hot tea in his hand.

Elkanah Watson (*Condensed*)

THOUGHTFUL OF OTHERS

ONCE, when Washington was stopping for refreshment at a house in Jersey, some one told him that a wounded officer was there, who could not bear the slightest sound.

During the meal, Washington spoke in an undertone, and was careful to make no noise.

After he had left the table, however, his officers began to talk in loud voices. Instantly, Washington softly opened the dining-room door, entered on tip-toe, took a book from the mantelpiece, and stole out of the room without uttering a word.

His officers took the hint, and were silent.

THE CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST

A man who'd fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm a-soldiering to go;
But having gained his point, he had, like me,
Returned his own potato-ground to see;
But there he couldn't rest;—with one accord
He's called to be a kind of—, not a Lord,—
I don't know what—he's not a great man, sure,
For poor men love him, just as he was poor!
They love him like a father or a brother!

This little verse is from "Darby's Return," a play that President Washington went to see. The moment he entered the theatre the whole audience rose to its feet and cheered. And when "Darby" said these lines, the audience stared hard at Washington to see how he would take them. He looked horribly embarrassed. But when "Darby" quickly added that he had not seen the "man" at all at all because he was so plainly dressed that he passed by unnoticed, Washington burst into a hearty laugh.

IN the ancient days of Rome, a terrible enemy threatened the city. There was no Roman general wise enough to lead the army against the foe. There was just one plain Roman citizen whom the people trusted. They believed that he had the wisdom to save them. This was Cincinnatus the Curly-haired. They sent hasty messengers to bid him come to the aid of Rome.

The messengers found him tilling his land, for he was a farmer. His feet were heavy with damp earth and his clothes covered with soil. He listened

to their message, and to the request of the Roman Senate that he should come at once to the aid of his Country.

He called his wife to bring his toga from their hut. After he had wiped off the dust and sweat, he put on his toga and went with the messengers.

So he saved Rome.

Thus it was with Washington.

When the call came for him to save his Country, he left his plantation. So did many farmers and planters; at a moment's notice they left their farms and plantations, took up their muskets and answered the call of their Country. They became officers in Washington's Army.

After the war, these officers formed a society, called the Society of the Cincinnati, naming it after the patriotic old Roman farmer.

To it belonged Washington, Hamilton, Lafayette, Kosciuszko, and many other American and foreign officers, who had served with honour in the Continental army. To-day their descendants, one representing each officer, belong to the Society of the Cincinnati.

The French members presented Washington with a magnificent badge of the Order, studded with about two hundred precious stones—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and amethysts.

Washington himself is called:—

"Yes—one—the first—the last—the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West."

BROTHER JONATHAN

I do hereby earnestly recommend it to all ... to meet together for social prayer to Almighty God ... that He would ... preserve our precious Rights and Liberties ... and make us a People of his praise, and blessed of the Lord, as long as the sun and the moon shall endure.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL,
to the People of Connecticut, June 18, 1776

PATRIOTIC and plucky was Connecticut, the State of the Charter Oak. It had been a liberty-loving Colony from the days when its first settlers, with their wives, children, household goods, and cattle, came through the howling Wilderness—literally howling with savage Pequot Indians—and settled on

the banks of the beautiful Connecticut River, whose name in the Indian language means Long River.

Those brave settlers came into the Wilderness so that they might have religious and civil Liberty. Almost, their first act was to frame in 1639, a Constitution for their own government. It was the first Constitution in America to make no mention of allegiance to King or Great Britain. It breathed the free spirit of American Independence over a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence.

Is it strange, then, that Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut under King George, should have been a Patriot?

He was more than loyal to American freedom. He was Washington's friend and supporter. He supplied Washington with soldiers and ammunition. He supplied more than half the powder used at Bunker Hill.

There is a tale, that once when Washington was hard put to it for ammunition, and it looked as though the campaign would fail for lack of powder and shot, Washington said to his officers, "We must consult Brother Jonathan."

Then Washington consulted Governor Trumbull, and got his powder and shot.

After that, whenever a difficulty arose in the Army, the men would say, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." So the saying became a byword.

Later, people nicknamed the United States, "Brother Jonathan," just as England is called "John Bull."

THE BLOODY FOOTPRINTS

It was the terrible winter of 1777. The snow lay thick on the ground, and the cold was piercing. Through the snow, a detachment of Patriot troops was wearily plodding toward winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Half-naked, hungry, and numb with cold, they pushed on.

Presently Washington rode slowly up after them. He was eying the snow intently through which they had marched. There was something on its frozen surface, something red that he had tracked for many miles.

Saluting the commanding officer, Washington drew rein.

"How comes it, sir," he said, "that I have tracked the march of your troops by the bloodstains of their feet upon the frozen ground? Were there

no shoes in the commissary's stores, that this sad spectacle is to be seen along the public highways?"

"Your Excellency may rest assured," replied the officer, "that this sight is as painful to my feelings as it can be to yours. But there is no remedy within our reach. When the shoes were issued, the different regiments were served in turn. It was our misfortune to be among the last to be served, and the stores became exhausted before we could obtain even the smallest supply."

Washington's lips compressed, while his chest heaved with the powerful emotions that were struggling in his bosom. Then turning toward the troops, with a trembling voice, he exclaimed:—

"Poor fellows!"

Then giving his horse the rein, he rode sadly on.

During this touching interview, every eye had been bent upon him; and as those two words warm from the heart of their beloved commander and full of commiseration for their sufferings, reached the soldiers, there burst gratefully from their lips:—

"God bless your Excellency, your poor soldiers' friend!"

George Washington Parke Custis (*Arranged*)

AN APPEAL TO GOD

On a cold wintry journey to Valley Forge, Mrs. Washington rode behind her husband on a pillion. He was on his powerful bay charger, and accompanied by a single aide-de-camp.

On his arrival at Valley Forge, Washington placed her in the small but comfortable house of Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher.

So in all the trials of that Winter at Valley Forge, Washington had the most earnest sympathies, cheerful spirit, and willing hands of his loving wife to sustain him and share in his cares.

She provided comforts for the sick soldiers. Every day except Sundays, the wives of officers, and other women too, assisted her in knitting socks, patching garments, and making shirts for the poor soldiers.

Every fair day, she might be seen, basket in hand and with a single attendant, going among the huts and giving comfort to the most needy sufferers.

On one occasion, she went to the hut of a dying sergeant, whose young wife was with him. His misery touched the heart of Mrs. Washington, and after she had given him some food prepared with her own hands, she knelt down by his straw bed, and prayed earnestly for him and his wife, in her sweet serious voice.

But it was not only women who prayed in those terrible days at Valley Forge.

The cold and suffering increased. One day Friend Potts was walking by the creek not far from his house, when he heard a solemn voice speaking. He went quietly in its direction, and saw Washington's horse without a rider tied to a sapling.

He stole nearer, and saw Washington himself, kneeling in a thicket. He was on his knees in prayer to God asking Him for help. Tears were on Washington's cheeks.

And quietly the Friend stole away. On entering his house, he burst out weeping. When his wife asked him what was the matter, he said:—

"If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington. And I feel a presentiment that under such a Commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our Independence, and that God in His providence has willed it so."

Benson J. Lossing (*Arranged*)

FRIEND GREENE

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er.
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

. . . . . .

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly;
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved, in such a cause to die.

From Eutaw Springs, by
Philip Freneau

It was at the Siege of Boston. The troops of the Colonies were raw and uncouth. They were camping separately. Washington was inspecting their camps for the first time. He saw that their shelters were made of anything the soldiers could lay hands on, turf, bricks, sail-cloth, boards, or brushwood. Each soldier seemed to live and do as he pleased.

But when Washington reached the camp of the Rhode Island troops, he perceived neat tents pitched, soldiers well drilled and equipped, and under perfect discipline. He was pausing to look around him with pleasure and approval, when a young officer, vigorous and finely built, stepped forward to greet him, his frank manly face beaming with a cordial welcome.

The young man was Nathanael Greene, Commander of the Rhode Island troops. It was he who had trained them, after studying the manœuvres of the British troops in Boston.

Nathanael Greene was born a Friend or Quaker. When a boy, he worked in his father's forge, and helped on the farm.

He was eager to read. He got together a little library of his own. He studied hard. He liked best to read about military heroes. When he grew older, although he was a Friend, he joined the Rhode Island militia. Later he was appointed Rhode Island's Commander, and led her troops to Bunker Hill and the Siege of Boston.

Washington liked and trusted him at first sight. Later his confidence became friendship.

At Valley Forge, Nathanael Greene gave up active duty in the field, much to his sorrow and regret, and became Quartermaster-General. He gave up his ambitions, in order to help Washington relieve the sufferings of the troops. As Quartermaster-General, he was soon able to supply them with some blankets, clothes, and food, all of which Congress had failed to deliver.

Later Greene's reward of faithful service came. Washington appointed him Commander of the Army in the South. It was a post of great danger; but he conducted his military operations with such courage and sagacity that they led on to completed victory for the American arms at Yorktown.

This is what John Fiske says of Nathanael Greene:—

"The intellectual qualities which he showed in his southern campaign were those which have characterized some of the foremost strategists of modern times.... Nor was Greene less notable for the sweetness and purity of his character, than for the scope of his intelligence. From lowly beginnings he had come to be ... the most admired and respected citizen of Rhode Island."

LIGHT HORSE HARRY

The American Congress to Henry Lee, Colonel of Cavalry:—

"*Notwithstanding rivers and intrenchments, he with a small band ered the foe by warlike skill and prowess, and firmly bound by his humanity, those who had been conquered by his arms.*"

In memory of the conflict at Paulus's Hook,
nineteenth of August, 1779

I

THE most dashing and romantic young soldier of the Continental Army, was Light Horse Harry. His real name was Henry Lee.

He was a small, alert, young man, mischievous sometimes, but always brave. He was a cavalry-leader. He commanded the famous Legion of Light Horse, which took part in so many heroic battles. He was one of Washington's most trusted generals.

His charm and dauntlessness delighted Washington, who showed warm interest in his promotion; perhaps this was because Light Horse Harry's mother had been Washington's young sweetheart in his schoolboy days. "My lowland beauty," he had called her. But she had married a Lee, and not Washington.

Light Horse Harry had many adventures as romantic and daring as himself.

II

LIGHT HORSE HARRY was a favourite at Mount Vernon. He did not stand in any reverential awe of the great Washington.

One day, as they sat at table, Washington mentioned that he wanted a pair of carriage horses, and asked the young man if he knew where they might be bought.

"I have a fine pair, General," replied he, "but you cannot get them."

"Why not?"

"Because you will never pay more than half price for anything; and I must have full price for my horses."

This bantering reply set Mrs. Washington laughing; and her parrot, perched beside her, joined in the laugh.

Washington took this familiar assault upon his dignity with great good humour.

"Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow!" said he, "See, that bird is laughing at you!"

III

WHEN Washington died, it was Light Horse Harry who was chosen by Congress to deliver the funeral oration before both Houses. It was in this oration that he said those famous words:—

"He survives in our hearts—in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affection of the good throughout the World,— ... first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen ... pious, just, humane, temperate and sincere, uniform, dignified and commanding ... the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues."

Washington Irving and Other Sources (*Retold*)

CAPTAIN MOLLY

> Proudly floats the starry banner; Monmouth's glorious field is won;
> And in triumph Irish Molly stands beside her smoking gun.

MOLL PITCHER, twenty-two years old, was dubbed *Captain* at the Battle of Monmouth, and very proud she was of the title. Her real name was Molly

Hays. She carried drinking-water on the battle-field, to refresh the soldiers; so they nicknamed her Moll Pitcher.

At Monmouth, her husband, a Patriot, belonged to Proctor's artillery. Moll was with him on the field. Six men, one after another, were killed or wounded at her husband's gun.

"It's an unlucky gun," grumbled the soldiers, "draw it aside and abandon it."

Just at that moment, while Moll was serving water to the soldiers, her husband received a shot in the head, and fell lifeless under the wheels of that very gun.

Moll threw down her pail of water; and crying, "Lie there, my darling, while I revenge ye!" she grasped the ramrod that the lifeless hand of the poor fellow had let fall, and rammed home the charge.

Then she called to the artillerymen to prime and fire.

It was done. Pushing the sponge into the smoking muzzle of the gun, she performed the duties of an expert artilleryman, while loud shouts from the soldiers passed along the line.

The gun was no longer thought unlucky. The fire of the battery became more vivid than ever.

Moll kept to her post till night closed the action, and the British were driven back by the Patriots, Washington himself leading them to the attack.

It was then that General Greene complimented Moll on her courage and conduct. The next morning he presented her to Washington, who received her graciously, and gave her a piece of gold, assuring her that her services should not be forgotten.

Washington conferred upon her the commission of sergeant, and placed her name on the half-pay list for life.

The French officers, charmed with her bravery, gave her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French line with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns.

She was always welcome at Headquarters. She wore a cocked hat and feather, and an artilleryman's coat over her petticoat.

One day, Washington found her washing clothes, and stopped to chat with her.

"Well, Captain Molly," he said, "are you not almost tired of this quiet way of life; and longing to be once more on the field of battle?"

"Troth, your Excellency," replied she, "and ye may say that! for I care not how soon I have another slap at them Red Coats, bad luck to them!"

"But what is to become of your petticoats, in such an event, Captain Molly?"

"Oh, long life to your Excellency!" said she, "and never de ye mind them at all at all! Sure, and it is only in the artillery, your Excellency knows, that I would sarve, and divil a fear but the smoke of the cannon will hide my petticoats!"

George Washington Parke Custis, and Other Sources

THE SOLDIER BARON

The good Baron found time to prepare a new code of discipline and tactics ... and this excellent manual held its place, long after the death of its author, as the Blue Book of our Army.

JOHN FISKE

WHILE the ragged Patriot Army with Washington starved, froze, and suffered at Valley Forge, there was speeding down from Boston on a fast saddle-horse, a man who was to help them win the war.

His keen hazel eyes looked pleasantly out from under bushy brows. His mouth smiled with good cheer; but he held his head in military fashion. The glittering star of a foreign Order was on his breast, and he carried a letter of recommendation from Benjamin Franklin to George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

He was Baron Steuben, a famous soldier and German hero of the Seven Years' War. He had offered his services to Washington to train the Army, explaining that he wished to deserve the title of a citizen of America, by fighting for her Liberty.

At his side rode his young and waggish French interpreter in scarlet regimentals faced with blue. His bright eyes were always on the watch for a glimpse of pretty American maidens. Behind the two came their servants with the baggage.

It began to snow heavily. Night fell. They drew rein at an inn. It had a bad name; and it was kept by a Tory.

“I’ve no beds, bread, meat, drink, milk, or eggs for you,” said the sullen Tory landlord.

And neither Steuben’s remonstrances nor oaths could make him change his mind.

Steuben’s blood began to boil. “Bring me my pistol!” he cried in German to his servant.

And the landlord, who was smiling maliciously, suddenly felt a pistol pressed against his breast.

“Can you give us beds?” shouted Steuben.

“Yes!” cried the affrighted man.

“Bread?”

“Yes!”

“Meat—drink—milk—eggs?”

“Yes!—yes!—yes!—yes!”

And the trembling landlord scurried around. The table was quickly laid, and food set out. Then after a substantial supper, a comfortable night and a hearty breakfast, the Baron and his men mounted and were off again.

To cut the story short, he was soon at Valley Forge, serving with Washington, and training the troops. They had had little expert military training before. The Baron drilled the soldiers himself. He took a musket in hand and showed them how to advance, retreat, or charge without falling into disorder.

Not only the soldiers, but the generals, colonels, and captains, watched him eagerly and with enthusiasm. Soon the camp was a bustling military training school. The men almost forgot their sufferings, so intent they were on learning. They worked incessantly and with tremendous energy.

But the Baron made it lively for them, for he had a quick temper. He swore at them in three languages; and, when they did not understand that, he called his aide to help him out in English.

Some of the men had thrown away their bayonets, and some had used them for roasting meat. But the Baron soon drilled them to use bayonets with such good effect that when later a column of them stormed Stony Point they took it in a bayonet charge.

He—the bluff Steuben—never failed in bravery on the battle-field. At Monmouth, while the American troops were fleeing in panic, the Baron kept doggedly on with his face to the foe. Meanwhile, Washington, furious and fiery, rallied the soldiers and led them back to victory. "It was now," says John Fiske, "that the admirable results of Steuben's teaching were to be seen. The retreating soldiers immediately wheeled and formed under fire, with as much coolness and precision as they could have shown on parade."

Bluff, generous, kindly, old Steuben still served the Country after peace and Independence came. Then he settled down on his farm of sixteen thousand acres, the gift to him from the State of New York, in recognition of his patriotic services. "Throughout the war," says John Fiske, "Steuben proved no less faithful than capable. He came to feel a genuine love for his adopted Country."

FATHER THADDEUS

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciuszko fell!

THOMAS CAMPBELL

"WHAT do you wish to do?" said Washington.

The young Polish officer with a rugged face, held himself erect.

"I come," answered he, "to fight as a volunteer for American Independence."

"What can you do?" asked Washington.

"Try me!" said the young Pole, his dark eyes flashing pleasantly.

So Washington tried him.

He was Thaddeus Kosciuszko, born in Lithuania, and a Patriot of unhappy Poland.

Poor Poland! Dismembered, patriotic Poland! Again and again she had been betrayed, and divided by her greedy neighbours, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. But always the fires of Patriotism had burned in the hearts of the Poles, and though they had been forced to bow their necks to their enemies they had never bowed their hearts.

And it was a romantic story that had sent young Kosciuszko post-haste from Poland to America. He was poor but of good blood. He had fallen in love with a beautiful and clever Polish girl. Her father was a haughty, rich State official. He would not give his consent to their marriage. So the young lovers eloped. The father pursued them with his men. Kosciuszko fought like a lion to defend his beloved Ludwika. But her father's men wounded him so severely that he fell senseless on the field. Then her father carried Ludwika home, and married her to another man.

When Kosciuszko came to his senses, his Love was gone. Her handkerchief stained with his own blood, lay beside him. He took it up reverently and placed it in his bosom.

Thus disappointed in love, he had left Poland and come to America to forget his grief in fighting for Freedom. For Kosciuszko had been a Patriot and a lover of Liberty for all men, since his early boyhood.

Washington placed him on his own staff. Soon he found that the young man had talent, and was an experienced army engineer. He commissioned him Chief Engineer. Kosciuszko rendered great service to America, but his most important work was on the defenses of West Point.

When our War for Independence was over, he returned to Poland. He became her leading Patriot, defending her against the invasions of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. "Father Thaddeus" his men called him, as he led them into battle.

During his famous defense of Warsaw, he was badly wounded on the battle-field, and captured by Cossacks. He was thrown into a Russian prison; and there he was kept until after the death of Catherine the Great.

He was released by the new Czar, who admired him, and wished to give him a brilliant commission in the Russian Army. But Kosciuszko refused his offer, and went into voluntary exile. He still hoped that some day again he might serve Poland.

His wounds were yet unhealed. There was a sabre-cut across his forehead. There were three bayonet-thrusts in his back. A part of his thigh had been torn away by a cannon ball. Around his forehead, he kept a black band tied over the sabre-cut.

He went into exile, and the people of Poland believed that he was dead.

. . . . . .

It was nearly seventy-five years after that red-letter day in Lithuania, on which Thaddeus Kosciuszko had been born.

It was in 1814, France and Russia were at war. The Russian Army, as it advanced against Paris, was barbarously pillaging the valley of the Seine. The soldiers were burning the cottages of the poor peasants over their heads, and ill-treating the children, women, and aged folk.

Among the Russian troops was a Polish Regiment. And while its soldiers were savagely burning and looting the little houses, an old man with a scar across his forehead, rushed suddenly in among them.

Raging like a lion, he shouted in Polish:—

"When I commanded brave soldiers, they never pillaged—I should have punished them severely! And still more severely would I have punished officers who allowed such disorders as you are all now engaged in!"

"And who are you, my pretty old man," cried the officers with sneers and laughter, "who are you that you dare to speak to us in such a tone, and with such boldness!"

"I am Kosciuszko," was the quick reply.

Each man stood fixed to the spot. Each was paralyzed with astonishment.

There, before them with flashing eyes, stood Poland's hero—the Polish soldiers' "Father Thaddeus."

Then the men threw down their arms to the ground. They cast themselves at his feet. They sprinkled dust upon their heads as was their wild custom at home. They crept close to him, hugging his knees and begging for his forgiveness—for the forgiveness of their "Father Thaddeus."

. . . . . .

When Kosciuszko died in Switzerland, in 1817, there was found in his bosom next his heart, the blood-stained handkerchief which his lost love Ludwika had dropped beside him, so long before.

To-day, in a little chapel at the foot of the lime-planted Hill, the Lindenhof, there is a bronze urn, in which lies the once brave heart of Thaddeus Kosciuszko.

THE LITTLE FRIEND IN FRONT STREET

He entitled himself to the gratitude of the entire Country.
Ex-President WILLIAM H. TAFT

HE was only a little man in his office on Front Street, Philadelphia.

Only a little man—but how great! Without his help our War for Independence might have been lost. He helped to save the Country not with a sword, but by giving all the means that he had and expecting nothing in return.

This little man—his "little friend in Front Street," as James Madison called him—was Haym Salomon, a Polish Jew and a Patriot.

Through Robert Morris, who was Superintendent of Finance, during the War for Independence, Haym Salomon loaned money to establish the Government and to pay the soldiers. Without his money, Washington could scarcely have held the Army together. And all the while, the little friend in Front Street was refusing any interest on his loans; and some of these loans were never repaid at all.

And he not only financed the Nation, but generously made personal advances of money without interest to members of the Government, in order that they might keep on in their patriotic work. "When any member was in need, all that was necessary was to call upon Salomon," said James Madison.

But it was not only by financing our young Nation, that Haym Salomon showed his Patriotism.

He was born in Poland of an intelligent educated family. He knew many languages. He was a friend of Kosciuszko and Pulaski. Because of oppression, he left Poland and came to New York City. He married and settled down to business. He soon found, however, that the Americans were heavily oppressed by England. So he threw himself heart and soul into the cause for Independence.

He became a Patriot. He was arrested by the British, imprisoned, tortured, and condemned to death. He managed to escape, and reached Philadelphia safely. There he opened his broker's office in Front Street. He became a great financier. Henceforward he unselfishly devoted his brains, his energy, and his wealth to help win the War for Independence and build up our Republic.

FAREWELL! MY GENERAL! FAREWELL!

December 4, 1783

THE War for Independence was over.

Thursday the 4th of December was fixed upon for the final leave-taking of Washington with his officers.

This was the most trying event in his whole career, and he summoned all his self-command to meet it with composure.

Knox and Greene, and Hamilton and Steuben, and others assembled in Fraunces Tavern,[4] and waited with fast-beating hearts the arrival of their Chief.

Not a sound broke the silence as he entered, save the clatter of scabbards as the whole group rose to do him reverence. Casting his eye around, he saw the sad and mournful countenances of those who had been his companions-in-arms through the long years of darkness that had passed. Shoulder to shoulder, they had pressed by his side through the smoke of the conflict. He had heard their battle-shout answer his call in the hour of deepest peril, and seen them bear his standard triumphantly on to victory. Brave hearts were they all and true, on whom he had leaned and not in vain.

Advancing slowly to the table, Washington lifted the glass to his lips and said in a voice choked with emotion:—

"With a heart full of gratitude and love, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable."

A mournful, profound silence followed this short address, when Knox advanced to say farewell. But neither could utter a word,—Knox reached forth his hand, while Washington, opening his arms, took him to his heart.

In silence, that was more eloquent than all language, each advanced in turn and was clasped in his embrace.

Washington dared not trust himself to speak, and looking a silent farewell, turned to the door. A corps of light infantry was drawn up on either side to receive him, and as he passed slowly through the lines, a gigantic soldier, who had moved beside him in the terrible march on Trenton, stepped from the ranks, and reaching out his arms, exclaimed:—

"Farewell! my dear General, farewell!"

Washington seized his hand in both of his and wrung it convulsively. In a moment all discipline was at an end; and the soldiers broke their order, and rushing around him, seized him by the hands, covering them with tears.

This was too much for even his strong nature, and as he moved away his broad chest heaved, and tears rolled unchecked down his face.

Passing on to Whitehall, he entered a barge, and as it moved out into the bay, he rose and waved a mute adieu to the noble band on shore.

The impressive scene was over.

J. T. Headley (*Condensed*)

FROM "WASHINGTON'S LEGACY"

OR HIS LETTER TO THE GOVERNORS OF ALL THE STATES

I NOW make it my earnest prayer that God would have you, and the State over which you preside, in His holy protection; that He would incline the hearts of the Citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their Fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field;—and finally that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed Religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy Nation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

8 June, 1783

A KING OF MEN

HAND in hand with ... rare soundness of judgment there went a completeness of moral self-control which was all the more impressive inasmuch as Washington's was by no means a tame or commonplace nature, such as ordinary power of will would suffice to guide.

He was a man of intense and fiery passions. His anger when once aroused had in it something so terrible, that strong men were cowed by it like frightened children. This prodigious animal nature was habitually

curbed by a will of iron and held in the service of a sweet and tender soul, into which no mean or unworthy thought had ever entered.

Whole-souled devotion to public duty, an incorruptible integrity, which no appeal to ambition or vanity could for a moment solicit—these were attributes of Washington, as well marked as his clearness of mind and his strength of purpose.

And it was in no unworthy temple, that Nature had enshrined this great spirit. His lofty stature—exceeding six feet—his grave and handsome face, his noble bearing, and courtly grace of manner, all proclaimed in Washington a king of men.

John Fiske

WHEN WASHINGTON DIED

CRAPE enshrouded the Standards of France, and the Flags upon the victorious ships of England fell fluttering to half-mast at the tidings of his death.

Chief Justice Fuller

LET his countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic General, the patriotic Statesman, and the virtuous sage. Let them teach their children never to forget that the fruits of his labours and his example, *are their inheritance*.

The Senate of the United States, 1799

The following stories about Washington, and the War for Independence, may be found in "Good Stories for Great Holidays": Three Old Tales (the Cherry-Tree Tale); Young George and the Colt; Washington the Athlete; Washington's Modesty; Washington at Yorktown; Washington and the Cowards; Betsy Ross and the Flag; A Brave Girl (General Schuyler's Daughter); A Gunpowder Story (Elizabeth Zane); The Declaration of Independence; Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

FEBRUARY 25

JOSE DE SAN MARTIN OF ARGENTINA THE PROTECTOR

Jose de San Martin, a strong and silent man, whose character and achievements have been little known or appreciated outside his own country ... comes nearer than any one else to being the George Washington of Spanish America.

LORD BRYCE

San Martin, the great Liberator, loved men of audacity and courage. Besides, he was just and compassionate ... courteous to gentle and simple alike ... generous and brave San Martin.

JOSEPH CONRAD

The white-souled San Martin who was without fear and almost without reproach.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

The moral grandeur of San Martin consists in this: that nothing is known of the secret ambitions of his life; that he was in everything disinterested; that he confined himself strictly to his mission; and that he died in silence, showing neither weakness, pride, nor bitterness at seeing his work triumphant and his part in it forgotten.

BARTOLOME MITRE

SAN MARTIN was born in Spanish America, February 25, 1778
Became the Liberator of Argentina, 1812
Was the Hannibal of the Andes, 1817
He and O'Higgins liberated Chile, 1817-20
San Martin resigned after the meeting with Bolivar, 1822
In voluntary exile, he died at the age of 72, August 17, 1850
His body was brought in state to Argentina, 1880

He is called Protector of Peru
His name is pronounced—Hosay de San Marteen

THE BOY SOLDIER

THIS boy soldier, who became a great general and American Patriot, was born in the Indian village of Yapeyu, in the district of Misiones, which is now a part of Argentina.

Misiones is a land of thousands of bright butterflies and brilliant flowers, of plantations and wide forests. In it are abandoned groves of wild oranges and lemons, once belonging to the Jesuit Missions, that gave the name of Misiones to the region.

Though he was born among Indians, the boy soldier was not an Indian. He was of pure Spanish blood. His father was an officer of the Spanish Crown, and was Governor of Misiones. Spain ruled all Spanish America in those days.

The boy soldier's name was Jose de San Martin. Jose, is Spanish for Joseph.

It was an exciting life for Jose, with Indian boys to show him how to shoot wild game, and how to fish in the Uruguay River. Then, there were his father's soldiers to tell him about military life.

Before Jose was eight years old, his father was transferred, and the boy was sent overseas to Spain to attend school in Madrid.

But such an active American boy, accustomed to Indians and frontier life, could not stay long contented in a school in old Madrid. Besides, he had soldiers' blood in his veins. He grew restless. He was only eleven; but he petitioned the Spanish Government to be allowed to enlist in the army.

His petition was granted, and he became a boy soldier.

His uniform was white and blue. His first campaign was in Africa. His first battle was with the Moors.

During the next few years he served so gallantly, that at sixteen he was made a lieutenant. So he became a boy officer.

THE PATRIOT WHO KEPT FAITH

In romantic Spain, there was everything to entice young San Martin to forget his native land so far away, and the little Indian village on the Uruguay.

The crimson and gold banners of Spain waved over victorious battle-fields, the drums beat triumphantly, the trumpets sounded to the charge. There was glamour of combat with Moors and other brave enemies. There were romances of knights and ladies, and legends of Aragon, Castile, and the Alhambra. There were serenades, *fandangos*, and feasts. While in the quaint Spanish towns, maidens with dark witching eyes half hidden by mantillas, peeped through the latticed casements. And they must have peeped out joyously whenever the stalwart, handsome, young San Martin went by.

But he never forgot his native land.

As the years passed, he kept deep in his mind the memories of his childhood. He heard that some of his countrymen in Argentina had formed a Patriot Army, and were trying to gain their independence from Spanish rule. He learned of their unsuccessful attempts and of their sufferings.

San Martin heard, too, that the English Colonies of North America had cast off the rule of their mother-country, England, and had established a free government of the People under a Constitution.

Meanwhile, Napoleon Bonaparte was throwing Europe into confusion, pulling down Kings from their thrones, and setting up whomsoever he wished in their stead. He forced the King of Spain to abdicate, and proclaimed his own brother Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain.

Now the Spanish-American Colonies were the property of the *Kings of Spain*, "the most precious jewel in their crown." Some of the Colonists had remained loyal, but when they heard how their King had weakly abdicated many of them, in disgust, went over to the Patriots' side.

It was then that San Martin, although he had opportunities for rising much higher in the Spanish Army, decided to return to Argentina.

He landed on Argentine soil, March 9, 1812.

As a little boy, he had left Argentina. Now he was returned as a man, offering her his sword, his life, his all. "Forsaking my fortunes and my hopes," said San Martin later, "I desired only to sacrifice everything to promote the Liberty of my native land. I arrived at Buenos Aires in the

beginning of 1812—thenceforward I consecrated myself to the cause of Spanish America."

WHEN SAN MARTIN CAME

TO-DAY, the Republic of Argentina is an immense rich land. It stretches from the Atlantic Coast westward nearly to the Pacific. Its broad *pampas*, or plains, roll almost from the very doors of the beautiful city of Buenos Aires to the foothills of the Andes Mountains. The mighty frozen peaks of the Andes form a wall between the two sister Republics, Argentina and Chile.

Though the breadth of Argentina is so great, its length is even more tremendous. North to South, the Republic stretches from tropic regions of intense heat to the far distant Patagonian land with its sheep-ranches, salt-licks, and arid plains, and still farther southward the Republic stretches toward the Antartic Circle.

The *pampas* are like our prairies. On them herds of cattle graze; and the *gauchos* Argentine cowboys, round up the cattle on the wealthy *estancias* or ranches. On many of these ranches, grow wide acres of the finest wheat and of other grains.

And through the city of Buenos Aires, which has been called the "Paris of America," pass shipments of beef and wheat to help feed the world. In the city's roadstead, are ships from many countries waiting to carry away not only beef and grain, but hides, sugar, and other Argentine produce, as well as Patagonian mutton and wool.

There are flourishing towns and cities in Argentina, and great wealth. Buenos Aires alone has about two million inhabitants. And to Buenos Aires come throngs of immigrants from Europe and Asia, seeking their fortunes in Argentina; just as immigrants land in the City of New York, to find their fortunes in our country.

An immense and rich land is the Republic of Argentina to-day; and her native citizens are one hundred per cent American!

. . . . . .

But when San Martin stepped upon Argentine soil over a hundred years ago, there was no great wealthy Republic. There were only some poor Provinces, struggling with Spain for their Liberty. Buenos Aires was but a Colonial town on the bank of the River of Silver.

There was no forest of foreign ships in the roadstead; for Spain had forbidden trading with any land except herself. There were no great *estancias* helping to feed the world. The whole country was groaning under oppression. Colonists, Indians, and *gauchos*, were in arms to defend her.

The land was swarming with Spanish soldiers and Royalists. The patriot Army was small, scattered, and poorly equipped, and undisciplined. San Martin, with all his military knowledge, came as a Liberator to his Country.

The Patriot Government appointed him to train soldiers and organize the army. He opened a military school. To it thronged the *gauchos*, those daring riders of the plains, also Creoles as the Colonists of pure Spanish blood were called, and Indians, and even slaves, to whom San Martin had promised their freedom.

The Patriots wore cockades of white and sky-blue, the Argentine colours. In time, San Martin had mobilized a well-disciplined army of earnest courageous men.

At San Lorenzo, San Martin won a famous victory. The enemy retreated in headlong flight, leaving behind banner, guns, and muskets. After the battle, San Martin sent supplies to the enemy for the wounded, and exchanged prisoners with them.

This victory put heart into the entire Patriot Army, and assured the final success of the Patriot cause.

ARGENTINA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY

July 9, 1816

THE Birthday of the Argentine Republic was really May 25, 1810, before San Martin came to Argentina. For on that day a group of patriotic citizens of Buenos Aires braved the anger of Spain, set up a People's Government, and convened the first Colonial Assembly in Argentina.

But on July 9, 1816, while San Martin's soldiers were harassing the Spaniards, there assembled at the city of Tucuman, delegates from a number of the Provinces, who declared the "Independence of the United Provinces of the River of Silver (or Rio de la Plata)." The name "Argentine Republic" was not given the Argentine Union until some years later.

Thus, Argentina, while Spain was yet on her soil, bravely declared her Independence.

A GREAT IDEA

GOLD, jewels, spices, and costly woods, in fact much of the stupendous wealth of Spanish America, flowed yearly into Lima, "the City of the Kings" in Peru, on the Pacific, the city founded by Pizarro the gold-hunter.

Triumphantly, Lima lifted the picturesque towers and domes of her palaces, convents, monasteries, and religious schools, and of her ancient cathedral, for Lima ruled not only the Pacific coast of Spanish America, but the whole of Spanish America as well. She was the centre of Spain's power, strength, religion, and wealth in the New World. There, with pomp and pageant, lived the most influential of the Spanish Viceroys, whose word was law. From Lima went forth Spain's armies to crush the Patriots in Argentina and Chile.

So long as Spain should hold Lima, the Patriot cause would be hopeless. On the other hand, if Lima might be taken by the Patriots, then the stronghold of Spanish tyranny would be destroyed.

So thought San Martin; and he began to lay plans to capture Lima, although the city was seemingly inaccessible and lay beyond the Andes Mountains far to the northwest on the Pacific Coast.

The Argentine Government transferred San Martin to the Province of Cuyo, and made him its Governor. There in the lovely city of Mendoza, the city of vineyards, at the very foot of the Andes, he set about raising revenues, and training and equipping an army—a small but strong army of devoted men.

But how to reach Lima? questioned San Martin to himself. Any attempt to lead the army northward to Upper Peru, and over the Andes to Lima, was sure to bring down upon the small body of Patriots, Spain's seasoned troops who held Upper Peru and a part of Argentina.

The only way, thought San Martin, is to cross the Andes, drive the Spaniards *out of Chile*, then joining our forces with those of the Chilean Patriots, go by sea to Lima, and take her from Spain. Peru will yield, and our continent will be free!

THE MIGHTY ANDES

"What spoils my sleep, is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains," said San Martin, as from Mendoza he gazed upon the snow-clad summits of the mighty Andes, whose giant wall

separated the wide plains of Argentina from the sunny smiling valleys of Chile on the Pacific.

Terrible seemed the Andes stretching from North to South like an impassable barrier. Near Mendoza, the barren foothills resembled waves of a petrified sea. Above them soared the central lofty mountain-ranges of conical, sharply defined peaks white with everlasting snow. Over the precipices, wheeled the condors at dizzy height. And down the chasm-rent sides of the mountains, rushed dark torrents of melted snow.

San Martin knew of the rugged defiles, the narrow paths winding along the edges of precipices, the ice-choked passages, the gloomy gorges, and the many unbridged torrents to be crossed, torrents tossing rocks about like straws.

Nevertheless, he determined to lead his Army across the Andes, rescue Chile, and go by sea to Lima.

So without haste, he carefully laid his plans in every detail. He spent two years in raising the Army of the Andes and equipping it. He kept his project of crossing into Chile, secret, lest the enemy should hear of it and guard the mountain-passes.

The enthusiastic and loyal men of Mendoza and of the whole Province of Cuyo, helped him with money and labour. Many of them enlisted. Even the children wanted to help; so San Martin, to keep up their Patriotism, formed them into little regiments and let them drill and carry banners. Their mothers, led by San Martin's wife, a lovely Argentine lady, took off their jewels and sold them. If it had not been for the cheerful spirit of coöperation among the folk of Cuyo, San Martin could not have mobilized his men. For this reason, Mendoza is called "The Nest of the Argentine Eagle."

Bartolome Mitre (*Retold*)

THE REAL SAN MARTIN

AND what was General San Martin like?

Why did the good folk of Mendoza love him and hasten to do all that he asked?

Why did his troops cheerfully submit to terrible privations, and willingly plunge into danger and death if San Martin was with them?

Why, to-day, do the boys and girls of Argentina wish to be like their great and beloved hero—San Martin?

First, because San Martin never thought of himself. The folk of Mendoza offered him a handsome house to live in. He quietly refused it. He gave up to the cause half of his salary as Governor. He accepted the rank of general with the understanding that he might lay it down as soon as Argentina was free. He steadfastly refused all other promotions from his Government. He sent his wife back to Buenos Aires, so that he might live more simply.

He lived frugally, ate little, and worked hard. And what did he look like, this General so strong yet so simple? He wore the plain uniform of the Mounted Grenadiers, with the white and sky-blue cockade in his hat.

He was fine-looking, tall, and muscular. His complexion was olive, his jaw strong, and his lips firm, his black hair thick. His large, jet black eyes looked out from under bushy eyebrows; eyes now kindly and humorous, now piercingly observant. But when he met treachery or cowardice those eyes could frown terribly, and when he faced dangers or great emergencies, they expressed a fiery determined spirit.

A man nobly unselfish, gentle yet forceful, modest, patient, whimsically humorous at times, but always of few words was San Martin. Even strangers who met him were filled with respect and affection for him.

His motto was:—

Thou shall be what thou oughtest to be,
Or thou shall be nothing.

THE FIGHTING ENGINEER OF THE ANDES

AMONG the Patriots of Mendoza was a begging Friar, named Luis Beltran. He had fought in Chile against the Spaniards. He had returned across the Andes to Mendoza with a kit of tools on his back.

He was a clever fellow, a mathematician, a chemist, an artilleryman, a maker of watches and fireworks, a carpenter, an architect, a blacksmith, a draughtsman, a cobbler, and a physician. He was strong and rugged. San Martin made him chaplain. But on learning of his extraordinary gifts, he appointed him to establish an arsenal.

Soon Friar Beltran had three hundred workmen under him, all of whom he taught. He cast cannon, shot, and shell, melting down church-bells when his metal gave out. He made limbers for the guns, saddles for the cavalry,

knapsacks, shoes, and other equipment for the soldiers. He forged horseshoes and bayonets and repaired damaged muskets.

If he stopped to rest at all, he drew designs on the walls of his grimy workshop, for special caissons and wagons to transport army-supplies over the steep passes of the Andes.

Then, he took off his frock, put on the uniform of a lieutenant of the artillery, and became the fighting engineer of the Army of the Andes.

Bartolome Mitre (*Retold*)

THE HANNIBAL OF THE ANDES

I

EVERYTHING was ready.

Friar Beltran's forges, blazing night and day, had turned out thirty thousand horseshoes. His arsenal had produced bullets by the hundreds of thousands. Friar Beltran's carriages for artillery, specially designed for mountain-passes, stood waiting. The guns themselves were to be carried on the backs of mules. Slings had been prepared to hoist the mules over dangerous places; also sleds of rawhide in which the guns might be hauled up inclines too steep for heavily laden mules to climb.

The women of Mendoza, led by Bernardo O'Higgins's mother and sister who were exiles from Chile, had prepared a store of bandages and medicines, and had made uniforms for the soldiers.

All was ready—tents, provisions, herds of cattle, saddles, arms, clothes, water-bottles, cables and anchors for a portable bridge, muleteers and artisans. Nothing was overlooked by the vigilant San Martin.

Silent and reserved, he inspected everything. For he knew too well that the mountains over which he was about to lead his Army, were more lofty and dangerous than the famous Alps. He planned to send the Army through two passes, the highest of which was nearly 13,000 feet above sea-level. The troops would be long on the way, he knew, and the dangers would be terrific.

In January 1817—January is summertime in Argentina—the good folk of Mendoza gathered to say farewell to the Army that they had helped to mobilize, and to which so many of their own men belonged, some of whom they should never see again.

The Army broke up its cantonments, and began its march in three divisions, carrying the new flag of the Republic. The women of Mendoza had made it. It was white and sky-blue, like San Martin's first uniform when he was a boy soldier, while on it was emblazoned the face of the Rising Sun.

So with provisions for many days, with armament, munitions, baggage, and great herds of cattle for food, the Army followed the trails that led through the barren foothills toward the high Andes.

The lofty central ranges of the gloomy mountains frowned down upon the soldiers, while the dark passes seemed yawning pitilessly to devour them. But nothing daunted, they courageously continued to climb the foothills toward the mountains.

Bernardo O'Higgins, the Chilean Patriot, led one of the divisions; for Chile had now joined forces with Argentina against Spain.

Higher and higher the Army climbed, scouts clearing the way before it, until it began to enter the passes of the Cordilleras. Then San Martin, who was still tarrying at Mendoza, wrote to a friend:—

"This afternoon I leave to join the Army. God grant me success in this great enterprise!"

Then saying good-bye to the folk of Mendoza, by whom he was so much beloved, he hastened to join one of the divisions.

Day after day, the troops followed the steep ascents and descents, walking close to roaring torrents, crossing craggy peaks and narrow chasms, skirting edges of precipices, wading through snow, and hauling heavy guns and supplies up steep inclines.

Great mountain-ridges, with cañons between, ran north and south, beside numerous lesser ridges; all these had to be crossed to reach Chile. The intense cold on the summits, killed many of the soldiers. While the rarefied air caused numbers to drop down and die from heart failure and exhaustion. Of the nine thousand two hundred and eighty-one mules and the sixteen hundred horses Friar Beltran had in charge, over half perished.

The soldiers, surrounded by the mountain peaks that seemed to touch the sky with their snow-bound jagged tops, were depressed by the awful loneliness. Now and then, a condor wheeled above them. Strange noises, made by gusts of wind in the cañons, sounded like the wails of lost souls. Every step the soldiers took, convinced them that should they be attacked, it

would be impossible to retreat. Such were some of the terrible hardships uncomplainingly suffered by the Army of the Andes.

But the soldiers laughed at despair; a spirit of union and comradeship upheld them. Each corps tried to outdo the others in cheerful endurance.

At last, after more than three weeks, the Army began to defile from the passes into Chile. Then San Martin and O'Higgins, in the great battle of Chacabuco and later at Maipu, won the victory and drove the Spanish Army from Chile.

General Miller and Bartolome Mitre (*Retold*)

II

THUS was accomplished one of the most heroic military feats in history. "The passage of the Andes by the Army of San Martin," says Lord Bryce, "has been pronounced by military historians of authority to have been one of the most remarkable operations ever accomplished in mountain warfare. The forces which he led were no doubt small compared ... to those which Hannibal and Napoleon carried across the Alps. But ... the passes to be crossed were much higher."

Lord Bryce also says that San Martin comes nearer than any one else to being "the George Washington of Spanish America."

And San Martin has been called, "the Hannibal of the Andes."

NOT FOR HIMSELF

HONOURS were showered on San Martin after the battle of Chacabuco. News of his successful crossing of the Andes and of his victory, reached Buenos Aires. All day long shouts sounded through the streets. Cannon roared from the fort and from the squadron in the roadstead. San Martin's portrait was hung where all could see it, draped in flags captured from the enemy.

The Argentine Government decreed a sword and badge for San Martin, and struck medals for his soldiers. They voted a pension of six hundred dollars a year for his little daughter, Maria Mercedes. They also sent him a commission as Brigadier-General, the highest rank in the Argentine service.

San Martin accepted the pension for his little daughter, and laid the money aside for her education. But he refused the commission, asking only for more arms, money, and men, to carry on the campaign.

Meanwhile, the grateful Chilean Government offered to make him ruler of all Chile. But this honour, too, he declined. So his friend and companion-at-arms, Bernardo O'Higgins, in his stead, was elected Supreme Ruler of the country.

COCHRANE, EL DIABLO

"On to Lima! On to Lima!" was now the cry of the Argentine and Chilean soldiers. "Let us drive out the Spaniards! Let us expel them from Spanish America for ever!"

"On to Lima by sea," was San Martin's decision. Meanwhile, O'Higgins was busy equipping a fleet to carry the troops to Peru.

There was, at that time, in England a dauntless, dashing naval-officer, Lord Thomas Cochrane, who was famous for his extraordinary courage and adventures. He gladly accepted the invitation of San Martin and O'Higgins, to become Admiral of the Chilean Navy. And because excitement and danger were as meat and drink to him, he hastened to Chile.

He was welcomed with great rejoicings. His beautiful young wife became one of the belles of Santiago. English, Irish, and American officers, drawn by the fame of Lord Cochrane's daring exploits, arrived in numbers offering their swords to Chile to help win her Freedom.

Then, with the single-star Flag of Chile nailed to his mastheads, Admiral Cochrane swept the Pacific clean of Spanish war-vessels. And so fiery were his attacks, that the Spaniards nicknamed him, "*El Diablo*." "For the very Devil himself, he is," said they.

OUR BROTHERS, YE SHALL BE FREE!

"The Peruvians are our brothers," proclaimed San Martin to his soldiers.

"Remember that you are come not to conquer but to liberate a People!" he proclaimed as soon as the Liberating Army was landed in Peru. For Lord Cochrane had brought them safely thither aboard the Chilean fleet.

Then to the Peruvians, San Martin sent broadcast a proclamation:—

You shall be free and independent. You shall form your government and your laws according to the spontaneous wish of your own representatives. The soldiers of the Army of Liberation, your brothers, will exert no influences, military or civil, direct or indirect, in your social system. Whenever it suits you, dismiss the Army which marches to protect you. A

military force should never occupy the territory of a Free People, unless invited by its legitimate magistrates.

This proclamation aroused the patriotism of many Peruvians, who brought quantities of food and supplies to the Army. While numbers of them joined the Army, including six hundred slaves, to whom San Martin promised their freedom.

Then San Martin prepared to invest Lima, with the help of Lord Cochrane's fleet.

THE FALL OF THE CITY OF THE KINGS

LIMA, "the City of the Kings," stands not far from the sea on a plain near the foot of the Cordilleras.

When San Martin landed in Peru, Lima the proud, the rich, was the seat of the Spanish Viceroy's Court with all its pomp and vices. She was shut in by walls above which rose her turrets and domes. Many of her people were slaves, Indians, or freedmen; the rest were haughty Spanish grandees and rich royalists. Lima was the civil, and military, despot of all Spanish America.

San Martin had now but one thought and aim—to drive the Spaniards from Lima, and make the city independent. He besieged her by sea and land. Through proclamations sent far and wide, he urged the Peruvians to rise up and help gain their own Freedom. Peruvian Colonists, Indians, and slaves flocked to his standard.

The siege began to tell on Lima. Her pride was humbled to the dust. Her food was exhausted. Fresh supplies were cut off by the blockade. The poor suffered dreadful want. The rich were deprived of their luxuries. Rich and poor alike lived in terror of their lives. To add to the miseries of the unhappy city, her officials, who should have protected her, fell to quarrelling among themselves.

On the Fifth of July, universal terror reigned. The Spanish Viceroy had announced that he was about to abandon the city to her fate. Every one believed that San Martin's troops would fall upon her to pillage and burn. At dawn the Viceroy marched out with his troops.

There was one mad rush to escape to Callao, the port of Lima, several miles away. All the people who could, hastened to leave. Crowds of fugitives hurried along the highways, people on foot, in carts, on horseback;

men, women, and children, with bundles and household goods, with horses and mules, and with slaves bending under heavy burdens of baggage and treasure.

Inside the city, there was pandemonium. Women were seen fleeing toward the convents. The narrow streets were choked with loaded wagons and mounted horsemen.

By midday, scarcely a person was to be seen. Those who had been forced to remain, had barred their doors and closed their shutters, and were waiting with fear and trembling for San Martin's troops to fall upon the city.

In the midst of this confusion, the few officials who had not fled, gathered together to consult as to what should be done. They feared an uprising of the slaves or an attack by a mob. But greater still was their fear of the multitude of San Martin's armed Indians, savage and undisciplined, who were surrounding the city. For though the Indians were under the command of San Martin's officers, they seemed likely at any moment, to break loose from restraint and massacre the helpless people of Lima. The Indians were so near that they could plainly be seen, perched on the heights that overhung the city.

The officials, in great terror of mind, wrote a letter to San Martin, entreating him to enter Lima and protect her. The letter was despatched by a messenger.

All night long, a profound silence brooded over the city.

The next morning San Martin's answer came.

It was brief. He would enter the city, he said, only if it was the real wish of the People of Lima to declare their Independence. He had no desire to enter as a conqueror, he declared, but would come only if invited by the People.

And added he, that the People, in the meanwhile, might give whatever orders they desired to his troops surrounding the city; and the orders should be obeyed.

His answer stunned the officials. They could not believe that a conquering general could be so humane to a helpless foe. They thought that San Martin was mocking them. But to put the matter to the test, they sent an order to a commanding officer of a regiment stationed near the city gate, asking him to withdraw his men to a spot a league away. The officer immediately withdrew them.

The good news flew through the city. People went almost mad with joy. Confidence was restored; and parties of picked soldiers were invited in to guard the city.

In a day or two everything was as before. The shops were opened again. Women were seen stealing from the convents. Men ventured into the square to smoke their cigars. The streets were lined with refugees returning to their homes, bringing back bundles, trunks, and treasures. The street criers were bawling their wares; and the city was restored to its usual noise and bustle.

Then a deputation of citizens waited upon San Martin to invite him to enter Lima and proclaim her Independence.

Captain Basil Hall (*Retold*)

SAN MARTIN THE CONQUEROR

A Retreat

THE people watched eagerly to see San Martin enter in state as a conquering general should. The day passed, and he did not come. When it began to grow dark, he rode in through the gate attended by a single aide-de-camp.

And he would not have come then, if he could have helped it. It was his plan to slip unobserved into the city early in the morning before people were up.

But the reason why he had to enter at evening, was this:—

He was tired, and he had just settled down for the night in the corner of a little cottage outside the walls. He was blessing his stars that he was well out of the reach of business, when in came two Friars, who had discovered his hiding place.

Each one made him a long tedious speech; one likened him to Cæsar and the other to Lucullus.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed San Martin, when the Friars had left. "What are we to do? This will never answer!"

"O sir," replied the aide-de-camp, "there are two more of the same stamp close at hand."

"Indeed! Then saddle the horses again, and let us be off!" exclaimed San Martin.

So it happened that the conquering General was forced to retreat, and enter Lima before people were asleep.

The Mother and her Three Sons

WHEN he entered the city, instead of going directly to the palace where he was to lodge, he stopped to call on the Governor.

In a moment, the news of his arrival sped through the city. People came thronging into the Governor's house, and even filled the court and street.

San Martin was forced to stand in the audience-chamber and receive the crowds. Old people and young people pressed fast upon him. But though he was so modest and heartily disliked any show or pretension, he received their praises patiently and kindly.

A handsome middle-aged woman approached him, and as he leaned forward to greet her, she threw herself at his feet. There, clinging to his knees, she looked up into his face, and exclaimed that she had three sons at his service, who, she hoped, would become useful citizens.

San Martin listened to her with respect. As he gently raised her from the floor, she flung her arms around his neck and finished her speech. He replied to her with great earnestness; and the poor woman's heart seemed bursting with gratitude for his attention and kindness.

The Little Girl Who Was Bashful

SAN MARTIN then seeing a little girl about ten or twelve years old, who was too bashful to come forward, lifted the astonished child and kissed her cheek. When he set her down again, the little thing was in such ecstasy that she scarcely knew what to do.

Another Little Girl

SAN MARTIN established his headquarters a little beyond the city-wall. There he was completely surrounded by business. But every man coming out of San Martin's presence, seemed pleased whether he had succeeded in his petition or not.

Among others, an old man came into headquarters holding a little girl in his arms. He had just one request, would the great General please kiss his child? San Martin good-naturedly kissed her, and the father went away radiantly happy.

The Best Cigar

SAN MARTIN lived on the friendliest terms with his officers.

One day, at his own table, he opened his pouch and took out a cigar, rounder and firmer than the rest. He gave it a look of unconscious satisfaction. Just then a voice called:—

"My General!"

San Martin started from his revery, and raised his head.

"Who spoke?" he said.

"It was I," said an officer who had been watching him. "I merely wished to beg the favour of one cigar from you."

"Ah ha!" said San Martin smiling good-naturedly with an assumed look of reproach. And at once he tossed his chosen cigar to the officer.

Duty Before the General

At another time, San Martin was entertaining a visitor on board a schooner. While they were walking up and down, the sailors began to swab the deck.

"What a plague it is," said San Martin, "that these fellows will insist on washing their decks at this rate." Then turning to one of the men, he said, "I wish, my friend, you would not wet us here, but go to the other side."

The sailor, who had his duty to perform and who was too well accustomed to the General's gentle manner, went on with his work, and soundly splashed him and his guest.

"I am afraid," cried San Martin, "we must go below, although our cabin is but a miserable hole! For really there is no persuading these fellows to go out of their usual way."

Captain Basil Hall and Other Sources (*Retold*)

LIMA'S GREATEST DAY

July 28, 1821, Peru's Independence Day

It was Lima's greatest day. It was the 28th of July. It was her Independence Day.

Flowers and perfumes were being showered down from palace-windows and balconies. They fell on the heads of San Martin and many officers, clergy, and officials who were marching through cheering crowds.

They marched to the great square, and mounted a platform. The troops were drawn up in the square.

The Declaration of Independence of Peru was read aloud.

Then San Martin, standing on the platform, unfurled the new flag of the Republic of Peru. As he shook out its scarlet and white folds on which was the face of the Sun rising over the Andes with a tranquil river at their base, he called in a loud voice:—

“From this moment Peru is free and independent by the common wish of the People, and by the justice of her cause, which God defend!”

Then waving the flag on high, he shouted:—

“Long live the Fatherland! Long live Liberty! Long live Independence!”

“Long live the Fatherland!” shouted the crowds, as they caught up his words and passed them along from the square to the streets beyond.

The bells of the city rang out a joyous peal. Cannon were fired. And such a roar of voices went up as was never heard before in Lima.

Then from the platform silver medals were rained down on the crowds. On each was inscribed:—

Lima, being liberated, swore its Independence on the 28th of July, 1821, under the protection of the Liberating Army of Peru, commanded by San Martin.

San Martin adopted the title of "Protector of Peru." He took upon himself the temporary government of the country until its Independence should be assured.

"I do not want military renown," said San Martin, "I have no ambition to be the conqueror of Peru. I want solely to liberate the country from oppression."

HAIL! NEIGHBOUR REPUBLICS!

SAN MARTIN continued to wage his successful campaign against the Spaniards. Now, let us leave him and Peru for a moment.

Let us turn to the United States and see what we were doing about all this.

We recognized our sister Republics for the first time on March 8, 1822.

On that day President Monroe sent a special message to Congress saying, "the Provinces belonging to this hemisphere are our neighbours." He recommended that Congress should recognize as independent Nations, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Mexico, and Argentina, then called La Plata.

Brazil had already acknowledged them; so the United States was the second Power to hold out the hand of fellowship to our neighbours. England followed soon after.

This acknowledgment of a brave People's struggle for freedom, came after more than twenty years of terrible warfare.

Our neighbour Republics—recognized in 1822,—have the honour of having won their own Liberty without the aid of foreign Allies. For though they had the sympathy of all free Peoples, and the moral support of both the English and the United States Governments, and though hundreds of foreign young men—whole legions of them—volunteered in the Patriot Armies and shed their blood for Spanish-American Independence, yet the Patriots of the Southern Republics had to stand up alone and unaided by any Government.

They won their Independence by patient endurance of every conceivable suffering, by rising above momentary defeats, and by courageously persisting to the end under the command of their devoted Liberators.

In the language of San Martin, "God granted them success."

AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS

So at last, the Spanish-American Republics were recognized. Their Freedom was practically won.

But the Kings of Continental Europe felt their thrones tottering and their crowns loosened.

After the wars of Napoleon, the whole of Europe was in political ferment. So it always happens after long wars.

The Peoples of Continental Europe, who for generations had been down-trodden by Kings and Emperors, had learned from the United States and France, of such things as Liberty, Constitutions, and the right of Peoples to a voice in their own government. Everywhere the Peoples of Europe were preparing to demand constitutional governments. Then, too, a wave of infidelity was sweeping through the world, the result of the terrible French Revolution.

Then, in 1815, the three Kings of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, formed a league called the Holy Alliance.

Its original purpose was lofty. It was at first, a very pious affair.

The Holy Allies agreed to take under their Christian protection the Kingdoms of Europe, and to govern their three Peoples as one People by the dictates of the Holy Religion of Christ. They pledged themselves to bring about a reign of charity, justice, and peace for Europe. The Holy Allies claimed to be divinely appointed to do all this. Spain, France, Naples, and Sardinia joined them. England did not become a member for though she has a monarch, she has a Constitutional Government.

It was not long before this Holy Alliance became a hotbed of European intrigue, and developed into a subtle political league to destroy the awakening liberties of the World.

The Holy Allies conspired to put down all democratic principles, and stamp out all representative government from Europe. They also conspired to prevent the formation of any new Republics in other parts of the World, and to chain the liberty of the Press, which is the Voice of the People. Thus these Holy Allies joined forces to uphold the divine right of Kings and the tyranny of absolute monarchies.

Their next move was to promise Spain to help destroy the Spanish-American Republics, and thus restore to her her lost Colonies.

This was after we had acknowledged the Independence of those Republics.

The Holy Allies planned to *invade America* with their Army.

When this news reached the United States, there was a furore. And, when added to this news, it was announced that Russia was laying plans to colonize the Pacific coast of North America, there was great indignation in this country.

It was then, that President Monroe, on December 2, 1823, gave to the World the famous MONROE DOCTRINE, which is this:—

> *To the defense of our own [Government], which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure ... and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole Nation is devoted.*
>
> *That the American continents, by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers....*
>
> *We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. ...*
>
> *But with the Governments (the Spanish American Republics) who have declared their Independence and maintained it, and whose Independence we have ... acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. ...*

This is the MONROE DOCTRINE.

AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS, American Independence, is what it means.

WHAT ONE AMERICAN DID

October 9, 1820

NOW, to return to South America and its struggle:

"That was bravely and cleverly done!" exclaimed Joseph Villamil.

Villamil was an American, a citizen of the United States, who had cast in his lot with the Spanish-American Patriots. At his house in Guayaquil (a city now a part of Ecuador) the local Patriots met to discuss plans.

The Province and city of Guayaquil lay on the northern border of Peru. They were still under Spanish rule. They were garrisoned by 1500 Spanish soldiers.

The Patriots decided to capture the garrison. So while San Martin was preparing to besiege Lima, they set out from Villamil's house, led by a Venezuelan officer. Villamil accompanied them with a band of Englishmen and North Americans, who were eager to help in the attack.

They took the garrison in double-quick time, and with very little bloodshed at that, for scarcely eight men were killed.

"That was bravely and cleverly done!" said Villamil.

And that he himself had fought bravely and cleverly during the attack, was soon proven, for the Provisional Government of Guayaquil despatched him aboard a schooner to carry the good news to Lord Cochrane and San Martin.

Some time after, there took place at Guayaquil one of the most amazing meetings the world has ever seen.

THE AMAZING MEETING

THIS amazing meeting at Guayaquil, was like the dramatic climax of an exciting story.

There was a mystery in it.

It happened a few months after the freeing of Guayaquil. The people of the city, dressed in their gayest clothes, were crowding along the streets, and craning their necks to watch for a procession.

Triumphal arches spanned the streets. On each arch was inscribed:—

BOLIVAR!

And while the people watched eagerly, lo, the new white and blue flag of independent Guayaquil was hauled down from the gunboats on the river, and in its place were run up the red, yellow, and blue colours of the great new Republic of Colombia, which had just been formed to the North of Guayaquil.

Then there was a sudden burst of military music, and under the triumphal arches marched a procession of officers in brilliant uniforms and soldiers with bayonets. And astride his war-horse, cocked hat in hand, rode Simon Bolivar, the Venezuelan Liberator, small, erect, and elegant.

He had been leading his conquering Army down from the North, driving out the Spaniards; while at the same time, San Martin had been freeing the

Republics of Argentina and Chile and convoying his Army up from the South to the liberation of Peru.

It was General Bolivar who had founded the new and great Republic of Colombia, and had given it a constitutional government. He was now come to Guayaquil on his way to liberate Peru.

He rode thus proudly under the arches that bore his name. His alert, bright, black eyes turned to the right and left as he took in every detail around him.

Soon after this, the Amazing Meeting took place.

San Martin the Protector arrived at Guayaquil to confer with Bolivar.

Strong Spanish forces were gathering in Peru, concentrating for a terrible, and final struggle. San Martin's Army had been weakened by disease and losses. He was now come to ask Bolivar to join his forces with the Patriot Army in Peru and so help bring the war to a quick, decisive end.

Thus the two great Patriots met in the gayly decked tropic city. One had liberated all the northern part of Spanish America, the other had brought Independence to two southern Republics: Bolivar small, alert, sagacious, of vivid personality and iron will impatient of restraint, elegantly clad in full dress uniform; San Martin, stalwart, earnest, simple, yet strong, dressed in plain garments.

On the result of their conference, hung the completed Freedom of all Spanish America.

They were left alone.

They conferred for more than an hour.

No one knew what they discussed. But those who caught glimpses of them, said that Bolivar seemed agitated, while San Martin was grave and calm.

After the conference, San Martin sent his baggage back to the ship.

The next day, they conferred again.

Again, nobody knew what they discussed.

That night, San Martin went aboard his ship, and sailed for Peru.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD

Then came the results of that Amazing Meeting.

San Martin returned to Peru, and announced that Bolivar was coming with his Army to aid the Country. He then resigned his command, refusing all the honours heaped upon him by the grateful Peruvian Government. But, he said, that if the Republic of Peru were ever in danger, he would glory in joining as a citizen in her defense.

Then, to the sorrowing Peruvian People, he issued a farewell address, assuring them, that since their Independence was secured, he was now about to fulfil his sacred promise and leave them to govern themselves, adding:—

> "*God grant that success may preside over your destinies, and that you may reach the summit of felicity and peace.*"

That same night, San Martin mounted his horse and rode away into the darkness. He had left Peru forever.

He passed through Chile and laid down his command; then he crossed the Andes to rest for a while on his little farm at Mendoza.

There the terrible news reached him that his wife had died in Buenos Aires. All that she had meant to him, he himself expressed in the simple words:—

"The wife and friend of General San Martin."

His trials were not yet over. For on his reaching Buenos Aires, its officials met him coldly and scornfully. Then San Martin, ill, sorrowful, and forsaken, took his little daughter in his arms, and going aboard a ship sailed for Europe. Thus he left Argentina, and went into voluntary exile.

He never saw Buenos Aires again. Five years later, longing to retire quietly on his farm at Mendoza, he returned to Argentina. He never left the ship. He learned that if he did so, old political factions would rise up again, and civil war might threaten Argentina. So he sailed back to Europe.

There he looked after his daughter's education. And in his old age, he lived comfortably in a small country house on the bank of the Seine. He cared for his garden, tended his flowers, and read his books, until his sight began to fail.

At the age of seventy-two, still a voluntary exile for the good of his Country, he died in his dear daughter's arms.

"I desire," said he, "that my heart should rest in Buenos Aires."

THE MYSTERY SOLVED

WHAT was the mystery, that had made San Martin at the height of his success, bow his head in silence and go into voluntary exile?

His enemies reviled him. Even some of his friends accused him of deserting his post in time of need. But he neither complained nor explained.

A great act of self-abnegation may not be hidden forever. Years passed by, then San Martin's noble purpose came to light.

At that Amazing Meeting, after he and Bolivar had exchanged opposing views as to the best form of government for Spanish America, they began to discuss the liberation of Peru.

Bolivar refused to enter Peru or to allow his Army to do so without the consent of the Congress of Colombia. He politely offered to lend San Martin a few troops, altogether too few to aid in the subjection of the large Spanish forces gathering in Peru for the final decisive struggle.

San Martin, at a glance, read the Liberator's purpose. He saw before him a brilliant General "of a constancy to which difficulties only added strength," who by joining his Army to that of Peru, Argentina, and Chile, could make sure for all time to come, the liberation of the whole of Spanish America. But it was also plain to San Martin that Bolivar would never consent to share his command with any other man.

Therefore, San Martin offered to lay down the sword of supreme command of his forces in Peru, and serve as an ordinary officer under Bolivar.

This Bolivar refused.

San Martin was pushed to the wall. There was left only one of two things for him to do—either to return to Peru and wage an unequal and possibly losing warfare against the Spaniards without the help of Bolivar,—or to withdraw.

He withdrew in silence.

But why in silence? Why did he not explain so that people might understand and not misjudge him?

In a letter that he wrote from Peru to Bolivar, giving his reasons for retiring, he told why he was silent:—

> "*The sentiments which this letter contains will remain buried in the most profound silence. If they were to become public, our enemies might profit by them and injure the cause of Liberty; while ambitious and intriguing people might use them to foment discord.*"

Again he said, “It shall not be San Martin who will give a day’s delight to the enemy.”

And on leaving Peru, he said in his farewell to the People, “My countrymen, as in most affairs, will be divided in opinion—their children will give a true verdict.”

. . . . . .

And their children have justified his faith.

To-day, his body rests in the Cathedral of Buenos Aires.

And to-day the school-children of Argentina are taught to love and reverence the Father of their Country who never thought of himself—Jose de San Martin.

MARCH 15

ANDREW
OLD HICKORY

Our Federal Union: It must and shall be preserved!

ANDREW JACKSON'S *Toast on Jefferson's Birthday*

I want to say that Andrew Jackson was a Tennessean; but Andrew Jackson was an American, and there is not a State in this Nation that cannot claim him, that has not the right to claim him as a national hero....

I should not say that Old Hickory was faultless. I do not know very many strong men that have not got some of the defects of their qualities. But Andrew Jackson was as upright a Patriot, as honest a man, as fearless a gentleman, as ever any Nation had in public or private life.

President THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ANDREW JACKSON was born in the Carolinas, March 15, 1767
Won the Battle of Talladega against the Creeks, 1813
Won the Battle of New Orleans against the British, January 8, 1815
Was made Governor of Florida, 1821
Was elected President, 1828; again, 1832
He died, June 8, 1845
He is sometimes called "Old Hickory"

MISCHIEVOUS ANDY

"SET the case! You are Shauney Kerr's mare, and me Billy Buck. And I should mount you, and you should kick, fall, fling, and break your neck, should I be to blame for that?"

Imagine this gibberish, roared out by a sandy-haired boy, as he came leaping from the door of a log-schoolhouse, ready to defy all the other boys to a race, a wrestle, or a jumping match, while he playfully laid sprawling as many of his friends as he could trip unawares.

There you have Andy Jackson!

Andy, tall, lank, red-headed, blue-eyed, freckled, barefoot, and dressed in coarse copperas-coloured clothes, was the son of a poor Scotch Irish widow. He was born and reared in the Carolinas. He lived with his mother in the Waxhaws Settlement. His home was a log-cabin in a clearing.

His mother earned her living and that of her two youngest boys. She had great ambitions for Andy. She sent him to school in the little log-schoolhouse. And, when she had earned enough money, she paid his tuition at a country academy.

No boy ever lived who liked fun better than Andy. He ran foot-races, leaped the bar, and high-jumped. To the younger boys, who never questioned his mastery, he was a generous protector. There was nothing he would not do to defend them.

But boys of his own age and older, found him self-willed, somewhat overbearing, easily offended, very irascible, and on the whole difficult to get along with.

He learned to read, write, and cast accounts—little more.

James Parton (*Retold*)

READING THE DECLARATION

ANDY was nine years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed at Philadelphia.

In August, some one brought a Philadelphia newspaper to the Waxhaws. It contained a portion of the Declaration. A crowd of Waxhaw Patriots gathered in front of the country store owned by Andy's Uncle Crawford. They were eager to hear the Declaration read aloud. Andy was chosen to read it.

He did so proudly in a shrill, penetrating voice. He read the whole thing through without once stopping to spell out the words. And that was more than many of the grown men of the Waxhaws could do in those pioneer days, when frontier log-schoolhouses were few and far between.

OUT AGAINST TARLETON

ANDREW JACKSON was little more than thirteen, when the British Tarleton with his dragoons, thundered along the red roads of the Waxhaws, and dyed them a deeper red with the blood of the surprised Patriot Militia. For

Tarleton fell upon the Waxhaws settlement, and killed one hundred and thirteen of the Militia, and wounded a hundred and fifty more.

The wounded men were abandoned to the care of the settlers, and quartered in the cabins, and in the old log Waxhaw meeting-house, which was turned into a hospital.

Andrew's mother was one of the kind women who nursed the soldiers in the meeting-house. Andrew and his brother Robert assisted her in waiting upon them. Andrew, more in rage than pity, though pitiful by nature, burned to avenge their wounds and his brother's death. For his eldest brother, Hugh, had mounted his horse the year before, and ridden southward to join the Patriot forces. He had fought gallantly, and had died bravely.

Tarleton's massacre at the Waxhaws, had kindled the flames of war in all that region of the Carolinas. The time was now come when Andrew and Robert were to play men's parts. Carrying their own weapons, they mounted their grass ponies—ponies of the South Carolina swamps, rough, Shetlandish, wild—and rode away to join the patriots.

Andrew and Robert served in a number of actions, and were finally taken captive.

They were at length rescued by their mother. This heroic woman arrived at their prison, and by her efforts and entreaties, succeeded in bringing about an exchange of prisoners.

Andrew and Robert were brought out of prison and handed over to her. She gazed at them in astonishment and horror,—so worn and wasted the boys were with hunger, wounds, and disease. They were both ill with the smallpox. Robert could not stand, nor even sit on horseback without support.

Two horses were procured. One, Mrs. Jackson rode herself. Robert was placed on the other, and held in his seat by some of the prisoners to whom Mrs. Jackson had just given liberty.

Behind the sad procession poor Andrew dragged his weak and weary limbs, bare-headed, bare-footed, without a jacket, his only two garments torn and dirty.

The forty miles of lonely wilderness to the Waxhaws were nearly traversed, and the fevered boys were expecting in two hours more, to enjoy the comfort of home, when a chilly, drenching rain set in. The smallpox had

reached that stage when a violent chill proves wellnigh fatal. The boys reached home and went to bed.

In two days Robert Jackson was dead, while Andrew was a raving maniac. But the mother's nursing and his own strong constitution brought Andrew out of his peril, and set him on the way to slow recovery.

James Parton (*Retold*)

AN ORPHAN OF THE REVOLUTION

ANDREW JACKSON was no sooner out of danger, than his courageous mother resolved to go to Charleston, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, and do what she could for the comfort of the prisoners confined on the reeking, disease-infested prison-ships.

Among the many captives on the ships, suffering hunger, sickness, and neglect, were Mrs. Jackson's own nephews and some of her Waxhaw neighbours. She hoped to obtain their release, as she had that of Andy and Robert.

She arrived at Charleston, and gained admission to the ships. She distributed food and medicines, and brought much comfort and joy to the haggard prisoners.

She had been there but a little time when she was seized by ship-fever. After a short illness she died. She was buried on the open plain, and her grave was lost sight of. Her clothes, a sorry bundle, were sent to her boy at the Waxhaws.

And so Andrew Jackson, before reaching his fifteenth birthday had lost his father, mother, and two brothers. He was an orphan, a sick and sorrowful orphan, a homeless orphan, an orphan of the Revolution.

Many years later on his birthday, on the very same day when he disbanded the Army with which he had won the Battle of New Orleans, he said of his mother:—

"How I wish *she* could have lived to see this day! There never was a woman like her. She was gentle as a dove and brave as a lioness....

"Her last words have been the law of my life. When the tidings of her death reached me, I at first could not believe it. When I finally realized the truth, I felt utterly alone.... Yes, I was alone. With that feeling, I started to make my own way....

"The memory of my Mother and her teachings, were after all the only capital I had to start in life with, and on that capital I have made my way."

James Parton and Other Sources.

THE HOOTING IN THE WILDERNESS

It was night in the Tennessee Wilderness. A train of settlers from the Carolinas, with four-wheeled ox-carts and pack-horses, and attended by an armed guard, was winding its way along the trail through the forest toward the frontier-town of Nashville. They had marched thirty-six hours, a night and two days, without stopping to rest. They were keeping a vigilant outlook for savages.

At length, they reached what they thought was a safe camping-ground. The tired travellers hastened to encamp. Their little tents were pitched. Their fires were lighted. The exhausted women and children crept into the tents, and fell asleep.

The men, except those who were to stand sentinel during the first half of the night, wrapped their blankets around them and lay down under the lee of sheltering logs with their feet to the fire.

Silence fell on the camp.

All slept except the sentinels and one young man. He sat with his back to a tree, smoking a corn-cob pipe. He was not handsome; but the direct glance of his keen blue eye and his resolute expression, made him seem so in spite of a long thin face, high forehead somewhat narrow, and sandy-red hair falling low on his brow.

This young man was Andrew Jackson,—mischievous Andy of the Waxhaws,—now grown to be a clever, licensed, young lawyer. He was going with the emigrant train to Nashville in order to hang out his sign and practise on the frontier.

He sat there in the Wilderness, in the darkness, peacefully smoking. He listened to the night sounds from the forest. He was falling into a doze, when he noted the various hoots of owls in the forest around him.

"A remarkable country this, for owls," he thought, as he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Just then an owl, whose hooting had sounded at a distance, suddenly uttered a peculiar cry close to the camp.

In a moment, young Jackson was the widest awake man in Tennessee.

He grasped his rifle, and crept cautiously to where his friend Searcy was sleeping, and woke him quietly.

"Searcy," said he, "raise your head and make no noise."

"What's the matter?" asked Searcy.

"The owls—listen—there—there again! Isn't that a little *too* natural?"

"Do you think so?" asked Searcy.

"I know it," replied young Jackson. "There are Indians all around us. I have heard them in every direction. They mean to attack before daybreak."

In a few minutes, the men of the camp were aroused. The experienced woodsmen among them listened to the hooting, and agreed with young Jackson, that there were Indians in the forest. Jackson advised that the camp should be instantly and quietly broken up, and the march resumed.

This was done, and the company heard nothing more of the savages.

But a party of hunters who reached the same camping-ground an hour after the company had left it, lay down by the fires and slept. Before day dawned, the Indians were upon them, and killed all except one of the party.

But the long train of emigrants, men, women and children, were safely continuing their wearisome journey through the Wilderness. At last, they reached Nashville to the joy of the settlers there.

And a great piece of news young Andrew Jackson brought with him to Nashville—the Constitution of the United States had just been ratified and adopted by a majority of the States of the Union.

James Parton (*Retold*)

FORT MIMS

THE War of 1812 was made terrible by an uprising of the Indians. The Creeks, incited and armed by British officers, attacked Fort Mims in Alabama, and, with unspeakable atrocities, massacred over five hundred helpless men, women, and children.

The howling savages at their bloody work made so hideous a scene, that even their Chief, a half-breed Indian named Weatherford, was filled with horror. He tried to protect the women and children. But his savage followers broke all restraint, and nothing could stop their cruel butchery. The Creeks ended by setting fire to the ruins of the fort.

This Indian massacre at Fort Mims was one of the bloodiest in history.

The news reached Tennessee, arousing the country. Andrew Jackson rose from a sick-bed, called together an army of volunteers, and led them against the Creeks.

DAVY CROCKETT

"Go ahead!" Davy Crockett's motto

WHEN Andrew Jackson called for volunteers to punish the Creeks, Davy Crockett, the famous Tennessee bear-hunter, came hurrying to enlist. He was a backwoodsman, born and reared in a log cabin in the Wilderness.

Armed with his long rifle and hunting-knife, dressed in a hunting-shirt and fox-skin cap with the tail hanging down behind, he was a picturesque figure.

He was merry as well as fearless, and kept the soldiers in a constant roar of laughter with his jokes and funny stories. He was kind-hearted, and gave away his money to any soldier who needed it.

"Go ahead!" was his motto whenever facing difficulty or dangers.

Some years after the Creek War, he took part in the struggle for Liberty in Texas.

With Travis and Bowie, he defended the Alamo.

"Go ahead! Liberty and Independence for ever!" wrote Davy Crockett in his diary just before the Alamo fell.

CHIEF WEATHERFORD

ANDREW JACKSON carried forward his Indian campaign with crushing effect. Blow after blow fell upon the doomed Creeks, and at the Battle of the Horseshoe, he annihilated their power for ever.

The Creeks were conquered; but their Chief, Weatherford, was still at large. Andrew Jackson gave orders for his pursuit and capture. He wished to punish him for his part in the massacre at Fort Mims.

The Creek force under Weatherford had melted away. The warriors who were left after the battle, had taken flight to a place of safety, leaving him alone in the forest with a multitude of Indian women and children, widows and orphans, perishing for want of food.

It was then that Weatherford gave a shining example of humanity and heroism. He might have fled to safety with the rest of his war-party. He chose to remain and to attempt, at the sacrifice of his own life, to save from starvation the women and children who were with him.

He mounted his gray steed, and directed his course to General Jackson's camp. When only a few miles from there, a fine deer crossed his path and stopped within shooting distance. Weatherford shot the deer and placed it on his horse behind the saddle.

Reloading his rifle with two balls, for the purpose of shooting Big Warrior, a leading Chief friendly to the Americans, if he gave him any trouble, Weatherford rode on. He soon reached the outposts of the camp. He politely inquired of a group of soldiers where General Jackson was. An old man pointed out the General's tent, and the fearless Chief rode up to it.

Before the entrance of the tent sat Big Warrior himself. Seeing Weatherford, he cried out in an insulting tone:—

"Ah! Bill Weatherford, have we got you at last?"

With a glance of fire at Big Warrior, Weatherford replied with an oath:—

"Traitor! if you give me any insolence, I will blow a ball through your cowardly heart!"

General Jackson now came running out of the tent.

"How dare you," exclaimed the General furiously, "ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?"

"General Jackson," replied Weatherford with dignity, "I am not afraid of you. I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior.

"I have nothing to request in behalf of myself. You can kill me if you desire. But I come to beg you to send for the women and children of the war-party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will send out parties who will conduct them safely here, in order that they may be fed.

"I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and children at Fort Mims. I am now done fighting. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. If I could fight you any longer, I would most heartily do so.

"Send for the women and children. They never did you any harm. But kill me, if the white people want it done."

While he was speaking, a crowd of officers and soldiers gathered around the tent. Associating the name of Weatherford with the oft-told horrors of the massacre, and not understanding what was going forward, the soldiers cast upon the Chief glances of hatred and aversion. Many of them cried out:—

"Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Jackson.

And the clamour was hushed.

"Any man," added the General, with great energy, "who would kill as brave a man as this, would rob the dead!"

He then requested Weatherford to alight, and enter his tent. Which the Chief did, bringing in with him the deer he had killed by the way, and presenting it to the General.

Jackson accepted the gift, and invited Weatherford to drink a glass of brandy. But Weatherford refused to drink, saying:—

"General, I am one of the few Indians who do not drink liquor. But I would thank you for a little tobacco."

Jackson gave him some tobacco, and they then discussed terms of peace. Weatherford explained that he wished peace, in order that his Nation might be relieved of their sufferings and the women and children saved.

"If you wish to continue the war," said General Jackson, "you are at liberty to depart unharmed; but if you desire peace you may remain, and you shall be protected."

And as Weatherford desired peace, General Jackson sent for the women and children and had them fed and cared for.

When the war was over, Weatherford again became a planter, for he had been a prosperous one before he led his Nation, the Creeks, on the war-path.

He lived many years in peace with white men and red, respected by his neighbours for his bravery, honour, and good native common-sense.

To the day of his death, Weatherford deeply regretted the massacre at Fort Mims. "My warriors," said he, "were like famished wolves. And the first taste of blood made their appetites insatiable."

James Parton and Other Stories.

SAM HOUSTON

YEARS before the fall of the Alamo, during the Creek War, at the Battle of the Horseshoe, Andrew Jackson had just given the order for a part of his troops to charge the Indian breastwork. The troops rushed forward with loud shouts.

The first in that rush was a young Lieutenant, Sam Houston.[5] As he led the way across the breastwork, a barbed arrow struck deep into his thigh. He tried to pull it out, but could not. He called to an officer, and asked him to draw it out.

The officer tugged at its shaft twice, but failed.

"Try again!" shouted Sam Houston, lifting his sword, "and if you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth!"

The officer, with a desperate effort, pulled out the arrow. A stream of blood gushed from the wound. Sam Houston recrossed the breastwork to the rear, to have it dressed.

A surgeon dressed it and staunched the flow of blood. Just then Andrew Jackson rode up to see who was wounded. Recognizing his daring lieutenant, he forbade him to return to the fight.

Under any other circumstances, Sam Houston would have obeyed without a word. But now he begged the General to allow him to go back to his men. General Jackson ordered him most peremptorily not to cross the breastwork again.

But Sam Houston was determined to die in that battle or win fame for ever. And soon after, when General Jackson called for volunteers to storm a ravine, Sam Houston rushed into the thick of the fight, and the next minute he was leading on his men. He received two rifle-balls in his right shoulder, and his left arm fell shattered at his side. At last, exhausted by the loss of blood he dropped to the ground.

He eventually recovered; and the military prowess and heroism which he had displayed throughout this battle, secured for him the lasting regard of Old Hickory.

Retold from the "Life of Sam Houston"

WHY JACKSON WAS NAMED OLD HICKORY

WHEN Andrew Jackson, with his Tennessee riflemen, was camping at Natchez waiting for orders to move on to New Orleans, he received a

despatch from the War Department. It ordered him to dismiss his men at once.

Jackson's indignation and rage knew no bounds. Dismiss them without pay, without means of transportation, without provision for the sick! Never! He himself would march them home again through the savage Wilderness, at his own expense! Such was his determination.

And when his little Army set out from Natchez for its march of five hundred miles through the Wilderness, there were a hundred and fifty men on the sick-list, of whom fifty-six could not raise their heads from the pillow. There were but eleven wagons to convey them. The most desperately ill were placed in the wagons. The rest of the sick were mounted on the horses of the officers.

General Jackson had three fine horses, and gave them up to the sick, himself briskly trudging on foot. Day after day, he tramped gayly along the miry roads, never tired, and always ready with a cheering word for others.

They marched with extraordinary speed, averaging eighteen miles a day, and performing the whole journey in less than a month. And yet the sick men rapidly recovered under the reviving influence of a homeward march.

"Where am I?" asked one young fellow who had been lifted to his place in a wagon, when insensible and apparently dying.

"On your way *home*!" cried the General merrily.

And the young soldier began to improve from that hour, and reached home in good health.

Many of the volunteers had heard so much of Jackson's violent and hasty temper, that they had joined the corps with a certain dread and hesitation, fearing not the enemy, nor the marches, nor diseases and wounds, so much as the swift wrath of their Commander. How surprised were they to find, that though there was a whole volcano of wrath in their General, yet to the men of his command, so long as they did their duty and longer, he was the most gentle, patient, considerate, and generous of friends.

It was on this homeward march that the nickname of Old Hickory was bestowed upon Andrew Jackson by his men. First of all the remark was made by a soldier, who was struck with his wonderful pedestrian powers, that the General was *tough*. Next it was observed of him that he was as

tough as hickory. Then he was called *Hickory*. Lastly the affectionate adjective *old* was prefixed. And ever after he was known as Old Hickory.

James Parton (*Retold*)

THE COTTON-BALES

We have all heard tell that Andrew Jackson and his riflemen fought the Battle of New Orleans from behind cotton-bales.

This is a mistake. Yet it is true that Old Hickory did commandeer a whole cargo of cotton-bales, and with them built a bastion in front of his guns. But at the very first bombardment, the balls from the British batteries knocked the bales in all directions, while wads from the American guns and spurting flames from the muzzles of the rifles set some of the bales afire. They fell smouldering into the ditch outside, and lay there sending up smoke and choking odours.

When the bombardment was over, the American soldiers dragged the unburnt cotton-bales to the rear. They cut them open and used the layers of cotton for beds.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

The British troops had retreated before the savage crackling of the Tennessee and Kentucky rifles. The American artillery, which had continued to play upon the British batteries, ceased their fire for the guns to cool and the dense smoke to roll away.

The whole American Army crowded in triumph to the parapet, and looked over into the field.

What a scene was gradually disclosed to them! The plain was covered and heaped with the British dead and wounded. The American soldiers, to their credit be it repeated, were appalled and silenced at the sight before them.

Dressed in their gay uniforms, cleanly shaven and attired for the promised victory and triumphal entry into New Orleans, these stalwart men lay on the gory field frightful examples of the horrors of war. Strangely did they contrast with those ragged, begrimed, long-haired pioneer men who, crowding the American parapet, stood surveying the destruction their long-rifles had caused.

On the edge of the woods, there were many British soldiers who, being slightly wounded, had concealed themselves under brush and in the trees. And it was pitiable to hear the cries for help and water that arose from every quarter of the field.

As the Americans gazed on this scene of desolation and suffering, a profound and melancholy silence pervaded the Army. No sounds of exultation or rejoicing were heard. Pity and sympathy had succeeded to the boisterous and savage feelings which a few minutes before had possessed their souls.

Many of the Americans stole without leave from their positions, and with their canteens gave water to the dying, and assisted the wounded. Those of their enemy who could walk, the Americans led into the lines, where they received attention from Jackson's medical staff. Others, who were desperately wounded, the Americans carried into camp on their backs.

Jackson sent a message to New Orleans to despatch all the carts and vehicles to the lines. Late in the day, a long procession of these carts was seen slowly winding its way along the levee from the field of battle. They contained the British wounded.

The citizens of New Orleans, men and women, pressed forward to tender every aid to their suffering enemies. By private subscription, the citizens supplied mattresses and pillows, lint and old linen; all of which articles were then exceedingly scarce in the city. Women-nurses cared for the British, and watched at their bedsides night and day. Several of the officers, who were grievously wounded, were taken to private residences and there provided with every comfort.

Such acts as these ennoble humanity, and soften the horrors of war.

James Parton (*Retold*)

APRIL 13

THOMAS JEFFERSON
THE FRAMER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

All honour to Jefferson—to the man, who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for National Independence by a single People, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth applicable to all men and all times; and so to embalm it there, that to-day and in all coming days, it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE FOURTH OF JULY

1826

"Is it the Fourth?" "No, not yet," they answered, "but 't will soon be early morn.
We will wake you, if you slumber, when the day begins to dawn."
Then the statesman left the present, lived again amid the past,
Saw, perhaps, the peopled Future, lived again amid the Past,
Till the flashes of the morning lit the far horizon low,
And the sun's rays, o'er the forest in the East, began to glow.

. . . . . .

Evening, in majestic shadows, fell upon the fortress' walls;
Sweetly were the last bells ringing on the James and on the Charles.
'Mid the choruses of Freedom, two departed victors lay,
One beside the blue Rivanna, one by Massachusetts Bay.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH (*Condensed*)

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Virginia, April 13, 1743

Framed the Declaration of Independence, 1776

Was elected Governor of Virginia, 1779

Appointed Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, 1789

Elected third President of the United States, 1800

He died on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Fourth of July, 1826

He was called the Sage of Monticello. Monticello was the name of his fine country estate.

THE BOY OWNER OF SHADWELL FARM

THOMAS JEFFERSON was a boy of seventeen, tall, raw-boned, freckled, and sandy-haired. He came to Williamsburg from the far west of Virginia, to enter the College of William and Mary.

With his large feet and hands, his thick wrists, and prominent cheek bones and chin, he could not have been accounted handsome or graceful. He is described, however, as a fresh, bright, healthy-looking youth, as straight as a gun-barrel, sinewy and strong, with that alertness of movement which comes of early familiarity with saddle, gun, canoe, and minuet. His teeth, too, were perfect. His eyes, which were of hazel-gray, were beaming and expressive.

His home, Shadwell Farm, was a hundred and fifty miles to the north-west of Williamsburg among the mountains of central Virginia. It was a plain, spacious farmhouse, a story and a half high, with four large rooms and a wide entry on the ground floor, and many garret chambers above. The farm was nineteen hundred acres of land, part of it densely wooded, and some of it so steep and rocky as to be unfit for cultivation. The farm was tilled by thirty slaves.

And Thomas Jefferson, this student of seventeen, through the death of his father, was already the head of the family, and under a guardian, the owner of Shadwell Farm, the best portion of his father's estate.

His father, Peter Jefferson, had been a wonder of physical force and stature. He had the strength of three strong men. Two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing a thousand pounds, he could raise at once from their sides, and stand them upright. When surveying in the Wilderness, he could tire out his assistants, and tire out his mules; then eat his mules, and still press on, sleeping alone by night in a hollow tree to the howling of the wolves, till his task was done.

From this natural chief of men, Thomas Jefferson derived his stature, his erectness, and his bodily strength.

James Parton (*Arranged*)

A CHRISTMAS GUEST

SHADWELL FARM was a good farm to grow up on. Thomas Jefferson and his noisy crowd of schoolfellows hunted on a mountain near by, which abounded in deer, turkeys, foxes, and other game. Jefferson was a keen hunter, eager for a fox, swift of foot and sound of wind, coming in fresh and alert after a long day's clambering hunt.

He studied hard, for he liked books as much as fox-hunting. Soon he began to be impatient to enter college. Then, too, he had never seen a town nor even a village of twenty houses, and he was curious to know something of the great world. His guardian consenting, he bade farewell to his mother and sisters, and set off for Williamsburg, a five days' long ride from his home.

But just before he started for college, he stayed over the holidays at a merry house in Hanover County, where he met, for the first time, a jovial blade named Patrick Henry, noted then only for fiddling, dancing, mimicry, and practical jokes.

Jefferson and Henry became great friends. Jefferson had not a suspicion of the wonderful talent that lay undeveloped in the prime mover of all the fun of that merry company. While as little, doubtless, did Patrick Henry see in this slender sandy-haired lad, a political leader and associate.

Yet only a few years later, in May 1765, Patrick Henry was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, and Jefferson was become a brilliant

law student.

In 1775, Jefferson was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, that declared the Independence of the United States of America.

James Parton (*Arranged*)

THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION

THE English settlers of Virginia, brought with them English rights and liberties. The settlers and their descendants were "forever to enjoy all liberties, franchises, and immunities enjoyed by Englishmen in England." They received from England the right to make their own laws, if not contrary to the laws of England.

It was a Governor of Virginia who summoned the first representative Assembly that ever met in America, the first American Colonial Legislature. This happened about a year before the Pilgrim Fathers reached the New World, and drew up the Mayflower Compact.

It was not strange, therefore, that Thomas Jefferson, born and reared in the atmosphere of Virginia Freedom, should have been a Patriot who fearlessly defended American Liberty.

He was also a man of unusual intellectual power and a writer of elegant prose. So when Congress appointed a Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, he was made a member of that Committee.

When the Committee met, the other members asked Thomas Jefferson to compose the draft. He did so. The Committee admired his draft so much, that with but few changes, they submitted it to Congress.

After a fiery debate, some alterations being made, Congress adopted Thomas Jefferson's draft, as the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America.

PROCLAIM LIBERTY

July 4, 1776

THE Declaration was signed! America was free!

Joyously the great bell in the steeple of the State House at Philadelphia, swung its iron tongue and pealed forth the glad news, proclaiming Liberty throughout all the land.

The tidings spread from city to city, from village to village, from farm to farm. There was shouting, rejoicing, bonfires, and thanksgiving. Copies of the Declaration were sent to all the States. Washington had it proclaimed at the head of his troops; while far away in the Waxhaws, nine year old Andrew Jackson read it aloud to an eager crowd of backwoods settlers.

The great bell—the Liberty Bell—that had proclaimed Liberty, was carefully treasured. To-day, it may be seen in Independence Hall, as the old State House is now called.

Around the crown of the Liberty Bell are inscribed the words which God Almighty commanded the Hebrews to proclaim to all the Hebrew People, every fifty years, so that they should not oppress one another:—

Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land,
Unto all the inhabitants thereof.

Twenty-three years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, these prophetic words from the Bible had been inscribed upon the crown of that great Bell.

ONLY A REPRIEVE

Fondly do we hope,—fervently do we pray,—that this mighty scourge of War may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THERE were two statements in the Declaration of Independence, which must have profoundly disturbed its Signers:—

"All men are created equal," and have the right "to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

Many of the Signers were slave-holders.

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, the Framer of the Declaration, was an Abolitionist, and an active one, throwing the weight of his great influence against the institution of slavery.

He earnestly believed that all men—white and black alike—are born equal. So, when he was asked to frame the Declaration of Independence, he

put into it a clause condemning the slave-trade, as an "assemblage of horrors." During the debate in the Convention, this clause was stricken out.

Though Jefferson had his reasons for not freeing his own slaves, he continued to speak and write against slavery as a violation of human rights and liberties.

"This abomination must have an end," he said.

There were other Americans who believed as he did.

George Washington, in his Will, left their freedom to his slaves, to be given them after his wife's death. He ordered a fund to be set aside for the support of all his old and sick slaves, and he bade his heirs see to it that the young negroes were taught to read and write and to carry on some useful occupation.

Kosciuszko was Jefferson's intimate friend, and like him a believer in Freedom for all men, without regard to race or colour. Before he left America, Kosciuszko made a will turning over his American property to Jefferson, for the purchase of slaves from their owners and for their education, so that when free, they might earn their living and become worthy citizens.

From the time of Jefferson until the Civil War, slavery to be or not to be, was the burning question. Men and women, specially those belonging to the Society of Friends, devoted their lives to the abolition of slavery.

Many of these Abolitionists were mobbed, and otherwise persecuted, because of their humane efforts. William Lloyd Garrison was the great leader of the Abolitionists. "The Quaker Poet" Whittier was also a leader in the agitation against slavery.

But to go back to Thomas Jefferson: When the Missouri Compromise went into effect, and "the house was divided against itself," Jefferson was deeply and terribly stirred. He looked far into the future.

"This momentous question," he wrote, "like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a *reprieve* only —not a final sentence."

And again he said:—

"I tremble for my Country, when I reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep for ever."

First the reprieve! Then as the crime was continued, the execution of the sentence! Nearly a hundred years of slavery passed after the framing of the Declaration, then on North and South fell the terrible retributive punishment of the Civil War.

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

1826

It was the Fourth of July, the fiftieth anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

In his home at Monticello, Thomas Jefferson had closed his eyes for ever on the Fourth of July, the fiftieth anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

MAY 29
PATRICK HENRY
THE ORATOR OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE

I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death!

PATRICK HENRY

TO THE READER

Whether (Independence) will prove a blessing or a curse will depend upon the use our People make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us.

If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteoutness alone can exalt them at a Nation.

Reader!—whoever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere practice virtue thyself, and encourage it in others.

PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY was born in Virginia, May 29, 1736
He was elected Governor of Virginia, 1776
He died June 6, 1799

THE ORATOR OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE

A Surprise to All

IN 1765, there was an important meeting of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, as the lawmaking body of that Colony was called. They had come together to debate upon a great question, that of the Stamp Act passed by the British Parliament for the taxation of the Colonies.

Most of the members were opposed to it, but they were timid and doubtful, and dreadfully afraid of saying or doing something that might offend the King. They talked all round the subject, but were as afraid to come close to it as if it had been a chained wolf.

They were almost ready to adjourn, with nothing done, when a tall and slender young man, a new and insignificant member whom few knew, rose

in his seat, and began to speak upon the subject.

Some of the rich and aristocratic members looked upon him with indignation. What did this nobody mean in meddling with so weighty a subject as that before them, and which they had already fully debated? But their indignation did not trouble the young man.

He began by offering a series of resolutions, in which he maintained that only the Burgesses and the Governor had the right to tax the People, and that the Stamp Act was contrary to the Constitution of the Colony, and therefore was void.

This was a bold resolution. No one else had dared to go so far. It scared many of the members, and a great storm of opposition arose, but the young man would not yield.

He began to speak, and soon there was flowing from his lips a stream of eloquence that took every one by surprise. Never had such glowing words been heard in that old hall. His force and enthusiasm shook the whole Assembly.

Finally wrought up to the highest pitch of indignant Patriotism, he thundered out the memorable words:—

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—"

"Treason! Treason!" cried some of the excited members.

But the orator went on:

"—*may profit by their example*. If *this* be Treason, make the most of it!"

His boldness carried the day. His words were irresistible. The resolutions were adopted. Virginia took a decided stand.

And Patrick Henry, the orator, from that time was of first rank among American speakers.

"'TREASON! TREASON!' CRIED SOME OF THE EXCITED MEMBERS"

A zealous and daring Patriot, he had made himself a power among the People.

A Failure that was a Success

WHO was this man that had dared hurl defiance at the King?

A few years before he had been looked upon as one of the most insignificant of men, a failure in everything he undertook, an awkward, ill-dressed, slovenly, lazy fellow, who could not even speak the king's English correctly. He was little better than a tavern lounger, most of his time being spent in hunting and fishing, in playing the flute and violin, and in telling amusing stories.

He had tried farming and failed. He had made a pretense of studying law, and gained admittance to the bar, though his legal knowledge was very

slight. Having almost nothing to do in the law, he spent most of his time helping about the tavern at Hanover Court House, kept by his father-in-law, who supported him and his family, for he had married early.

One day there came up a case in court which all of the leading lawyers had refused. What was the surprise of the people, when the story went around that Patrick Henry had offered himself on the defendants' side. His taking up the case was a joke to most of them, and a general burst of laughter followed the news. Yet Patrick Henry won the case!

He was a made man. He no longer had to lounge in his office waiting for business. Plenty of it came to him. He set himself for the first time to an earnest study of the law. He improved his command of language, the dormant powers of his mind rapidly unfolded. Two years after pleading his first case, he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses.

We have seen how, in this body, he "set the ball of the Revolution rolling."

Give me Liberty or Give me Death!

PATRICK HENRY, in his spirit-stirring oration before the House of Burgesses, had put himself on record for all time. His defiance of the King stamped him as a warrior who had thrown his shield away and thenceforward would fight only with the sword.

The Patriot leaders welcomed him. He worked with Thomas Jefferson and others upon the Committee of Correspondence, which sought to spread the story of political events through the Colonies. He was sent to Philadelphia as a member of the first Continental Congress. In fact, he became one of the most active and ardent of American Patriots.

It was in 1775 that Patrick Henry, in a convention, presented resolutions in favour of an open appeal to arms. To this the more timid spirits made strong opposition. The fight at Lexington had not yet taken place, but Henry's prophetic gaze saw it coming. In a burst of flaming eloquence, he laid bare the tyranny of Parliament and King, declared that there was nothing left but to fight, and ended with an outburst thrilling in its force and intensity:—

"There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!

"I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter! Gentlemen may cry Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

"Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death!"

Charles Morris (*Condensed*)

FACING DANGER

It was the last day of August, 1774. The Potomac was flowing lazily past Mount Vernon. The door of the large mansion on the high river-bank stood open. Before it were three horses saddled and bridled. Three men came out of the house.

One was George Washington, large, handsome, resolute, dressed for a long journey. With him, was a tall, angular, raw-boned man, slightly stooping, carelessly dressed, whose dark, deep-set eyes flashed with peculiar brilliance. The third man was equally striking in appearance, well-proportioned and graceful, his face serene and thoughtful.

The tall raw-boned man with deep glowing eyes, was Patrick Henry; the elegant stranger, Edmund Pendleton. They were two of Virginia's most devoted Patriots.

As the three vaulted into their saddles, Washington's wife stood in the open doorway, trying to conceal her anxiety for him under a cheerful manner. Her heart was very heavy. But as the three gave spurs to their horses, she called out:—

"God be with you, Gentlemen!"

And so they rode away. It was dangerous business on which they were bent, as Martha Washington well knew. They were going to attend the First Continental Congress at Philadelphia. They were about to defy England.

But the three rode away from Mount Vernon fearlessly, with her words ringing in their ears:—

"God be with you, Gentlemen!"

JUNE 9

FRANCISCO DE MIRANDA OF VENEZUELA
THE FLAMING SON OF LIBERTY

He took part in three great political movements of his age:—the Independence of the United States of North America; the French Revolution; and the Independence of South America.

From an inscription to Miranda, by the Venezuelan Government

The Prince of Filibusters, the Chief of the Apostles of Spanish-American Independence, and one of the founders of the Republic of Venezuela, Francisco de Miranda will long live in song and story. ...

The career of this Knight-Errant of Venezuela has fired the imagination of many filibusters and revolutionists.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

MIRANDA was born in Venezuela, June 9, 1756
Flew Venezuela's first flag of Freedom, the Red, Yellow, and Blue, March 12, 1806
Signed the Declaration of Independence of Venezuela, July 5, 1811
He died in Spanish chains, July 14, 1816

THE SPANISH GALLEONS

I

HAVE you ever read the voyages and adventures of the handsome young Amyas Leigh, who sailed the Spanish Main with the Seawolf, Sir Francis Drake? Have you read of Ayacanora the Indian Princess with the blowgun, of Salvation Yeo, of the lost Rose of Devon, of the old *Mono* of Panama, and how Amyas and his fellows seized a gold pack-train and captured a Spanish Treasure-Galleon?

One of the most thrilling tales of adventure, of Spanish Gold and Spanish Galleons, is "Westward Ho!" the story of Amyas Leigh. But before

the days of Amyas, Knight of Devon, and of the English Seawolves, the Spanish Treasure Ships began to sail upon the Spanish Main.

These Galleons were like huge floating castles, and were manned by armed Spaniards. They were filled with bars of glittering gold and silver and with other treasure of the New World.

For after Columbus's discovery, there had come to the New World, greedy pearl-seekers and even greedier gold-hunters and slave-traders. They exploited the mines and pearl-fisheries, and, capturing thousands of helpless Indians, sold them to Spanish masters, to do all kinds of hard labour.

Thus Spanish America became a vast treasure-house for the Spanish Crown. Pack-trains of Indian and negro slaves and mules under guard, carrying bullion, gems, fragrant spices, and costly woods, toiled along the steep and narrow trails of the Andes, or threaded the dangerous mountain-passes. These miserable slaves, groaning under their heavy burdens, cringed beneath the lashes of their drivers' whips. They shivered in the piercing cold of the high mountains, and panted from tropic heat, as the pack-trains wound their way across the Isthmus of Panama to the Atlantic side.

There the great Galleons took aboard the gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, spices, and woods, as well as cargoes of slaves, then sailed away with them across the Spanish Main.

But gold breeds robbers. And along the coast and on the Caribbean Sea, swarmed pirate ships waiting to swoop down upon the Galleons. Oftentimes, buccaneers grappled with the Treasure-Ships, putting the Spaniards to the knife, and carrying off the booty to their pirate-islands. So not every Galleon came safely to its Spanish port.

II

AND in order that this stupendous wealth of the West Indies and of *Tierra Firme*, as South America was then called, should belong to no country but herself, Spain sent out Governors to rule with iron hand her Spanish-American Colonies. For the Spanish Crown had Colonies in South America, just as England had in North America. In South America were many important cities and towns.

These Governors were, for the most part, gold-grasping officials. They oppressed the Creoles, as the native-born Americans of pure Spanish blood

were called. And besides the Creoles, there were in Spanish America, Indians, negro-slaves, and people of mixed blood, all subjects of the Crown.

Laws were enforced taxing the People heavily, closing their ports to foreign trade, and forbidding them to manufacture commodities which Spain herself wished to make and sell to the Colonists at exorbitant prices.

Not even the rich Creoles were allowed to travel abroad without permission from the Crown. When in Spain they were treated with contempt. Their education was limited, higher education is not for Americans, decreed the Spanish King. And they might not read books forbidden by Spain. And at that time, the Roman Catholic Church was exercising its power in Spanish America, in much the same fashion as the Established Church of England was misusing its function at the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, Roger Williams, and William Penn.

If any of the Colonists raised their voices in protest, their property was confiscated, and they were arrested. The slightest rebellion was mercilessly punished. Many of the captured rebels were either flung into filthy dungeons to die or were executed.

Large numbers of Indians, negroes and people of mixed blood, perished miserably in the mines and on the plantations, or while deep-sea diving for pearls,—all this to fill the Spanish Galleons with treasure.

III

THEN came the *Liberators*, facing death or cruel imprisonment. But they were strengthened by the justice of their cause, and by the fact that the United States of America had succeeded in separating from her Mother Country, and had established a Republic in which the citizens, rich and poor alike, had a voice in their own government.

It is the story of some of these *Liberators* that is told here, the Washingtons and Lincolns of their native lands, who freed their countrymen from the curse of the Spanish Treasure-Ships, and who established the Latin American Republics.

THE ROMANCE OF MIRANDA

THIS is the romance of Francisco de Miranda of Venezuela, the Flaming Son of Liberty, the Knight-Errant of Freedom, who made Spain tremble.

Romance was in his blood, for Alvaro, his great Spanish ancestor, had won the family coat-of-arms, by rescuing five Christian maidens from pagan Moors. And Miranda's father, an adventurous, bold Spaniard, had crossed the Atlantic in those dangerous days of pirates to seek his fortune in Venezuela.

So the boy, who was to make Spain tremble, was born in Venezuela, and grew up in the City of Caracas. He liked to read and study. He was given a classical education. But the call of romance and adventure was too loud for him to remain quietly at home. When he was sixteen, he sailed for Spain to try his own fortune.

His father was wealthy, and the boy bought a captain's commission in the Regiment of the Princess. He studied military science and fought valiantly against Spain's enemies. He collected books. In fact, he spent a great deal of money bringing books from many countries; only to have some of his precious volumes burned by the Spanish Inquisition, because they taught of *Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty*.

Then came our American War for Independence. While Washington and the Continental Army were fighting for our Liberty, Miranda's romantic career as a Knight-Errant of Liberty, began.

For Spain and France were both at war with England. They sent troops to the West Indies to form an expedition to take away from England, Pensacola, in Florida. Miranda, a high-spirited, executive young officer was chosen to accompany the Spanish troops. So for two years he took part in our struggle for Independence.

But he made enemies among the Spanish officials stationed in the West Indies. They accused him of disloyalty to Spain. He was tried, and banished for ten years. Probably he had aroused their suspicion because, while fighting for our Freedom, he had begun to plan for the Independence of Venezuela.

Thus Miranda became an exile from all of Spain's dominions. Filled with his great idea of Freedom for his Country, he went wandering about Europe armed with papers, maps, and information about Spanish America. He went from Court to Court, from Country to Country—he even visited the United States—trying to persuade some Government to take up the cause of Independence for Spanish America, and to lend him money, men, and arms.

But he found time in the midst of all this roving to become a soldier of France, and to fight for her Freedom during the French Revolution. He had many thrilling adventures, and was imprisoned and escaped. Then he once more took up his wanderings and petitionings.

He was a handsome man. His courtly manners, charm, and eloquence, his burning words of Patriotism, everywhere aroused sympathy. He told of the sufferings of his countrymen, and of the great commercial opportunities which Spanish America offered to whatever friendly Nation would help to gain her Freedom.

Everywhere he was received with attention. The Empress Catherine the Great of Russia became his friend. William Pitt gave him many assurances that England would aid him if possible; while our own Alexander Hamilton wrote him, that he hoped the United States might soon come forward openly to the support of Spanish-American Independence.

Time and again, it seemed as though Miranda were succeeding. But on each occasion international politics interfered, and the Governments withdrew their encouragement.

Spain feared Miranda. She pronounced him a fugitive from justice. Her spies followed him. They searched his papers; and would have seized him and carried him back to Spain, had they not been afraid of his powerful friends in Russia and England.

In Miranda's London home, many Spanish-American Patriots met together, and joined a secret society founded by him. They planned to free Spanish America; and they swore to give their lives and their all to the aid of their Country.

Many years passed by. Miranda was over fifty. Yet he had not struck a single blow for Venezuela. He determined to wait no longer for foreign aid. He believed that the time was ripe to declare the Independence of Spanish America. He believed that the people there were waiting eagerly for him to raise Liberty's standard against Spain.

He had no funds, so he pledged his precious library, which, during so many years, he had collected with such pains, industry, and affection.

Then, with the money thus raised, he sailed for the City of New York.

THE MYSTERY SHIP

Hail! the Red, Yellow, and Blue!
The Tri-Colour that flew
On the winds of the Spanish Main,
Striking the heart of Spain,
Breaking the Tyrant-chain,
With its message of Freedom true!
The Red, the Yellow, the Blue!

IT was early in the year 1806. Near a wharf in Staten Island rode the good ship *Leander* tugging at her anchor.

A crowd of young men, some of them from New York and Long Island, came hurrying onto the wharf. Many were college men, others were working boys. Some were dressed in fashionable clothes; while others, who shouldered their way huskily through the crowd, wore plain homespun and carried kits of tools or bundles of clothes. Among these young men was William Steuben Smith, the grandson of John Adams, ex-President of the United States. With his father's permission he had left college to sail on the *Leander*; but he had not consulted his grandfather.

He and the other young men had signed ship's papers to sail in the *Leander*, yet few of them knew where they were going. It was to be a mysterious voyage. A number of the men had been told that they would get much gold, and at the same time help to free an unknown suffering people from slavery. Others had been persuaded to join the expedition by being assured that they were going south to guard the Washington mail. Few, if any, had seen their new employer and commander, George Martin.

The ship's boats filled rapidly and rowed out to the *Leander*. All the men were set on board. Then she weighed anchor, and, with sails spread, was soon briskly cutting her way through the waves of the outer bay. And when Sandy Hook was passed, she stood out to sea.

Then, there appeared on deck a most romantic figure, in a red robe and slippers. The word went round:—

"It's our Commander, George Martin."

And George Martin, though the young men did not know it, was Francisco de Miranda.

The red robe flapped in the wind around his well-built form. His gray hair, powdered and combed back from his high forehead, was tied behind with a ribbon. While from either ear stood out large, wiry, gray side-whiskers. As he strolled across the deck, examining the young men with his piercing, eager, hazel eyes, he smiled pleasantly, showing handsome white teeth.

They crowded around him, hoping to hear where they were going. Some even asked the question. But he, ignoring it, shook hands with each one, and conversed in a delightful manner, now asking the college men about their studies, and now speaking to the others about their work. Still the mystery remained—whither was the ship going?

Day after day went by, and the mystery deepened. The *Leander* took her course southward. George Martin, mingling with the men, chatted affably. He related his adventures, he told of his sufferings, escapes, and many perils, and of his friendships at Court and of all the romance of his life. Then he waxed warmer, and spoke of his great idea—of *Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty* for all men. Thus he aimed to sow seeds of heroic deeds and Freedom, in the minds of the young men.

Meanwhile, he began to drill the men on deck, assigning officers to duties. He fixed the regimental uniforms; the infantry dress in blue and yellow, the artillery in blue and red; the engineers in blue and black velvet; the riflemen in green; the dragoons in yellow and blue.

From sunrise to sunset there was hustle and bustle on deck. A printing press was set up. At an armourer's bench a man was repairing old muskets, sharpening bayonets, and cleaning rusty swords. Tailors, sitting cross-legged on the deck, were cutting out and stitching uniforms. A body of raw recruits were drilling under a drill-master who looked as bold as a lion and roared nearly as loud.

There was buzz everywhere, and excitement too, for no one yet knew to what land the ship was going. And George Martin, looking mightily pleased, stood watching everybody and everything, and saying, "We shall soon be ready for the Main."

Then a day arrived when several hundred proclamations were run off the printing press. They were addressed to the People of South America, painting strongly their hardships and woes, and promising them deliverance

from Spain. They were signed, “Don Francisco de Miranda, Commander-in-Chief of the Colombian Army.”

Thereupon George Martin—who was Miranda—announced that he expected soon to land on the coast of Venezuela and strike the first blow against Spain.

Some of the young Americans, who were eager to fight anywhere or anybody, and who longed for the glint of Spanish Gold, cheered loudly. But their mates kept quiet, with heavy hearts, for they had begun to wonder whether after all they were not a band of mere filibusters instead of a noble army, since they were sailing under no protecting flag.

Then, too, rumours were going the round, that if any of the men were captured by the enemy, they would be given short shrift and hanged as pirates.

A few days later General Miranda hoisted for the first time the new Colombian flag of Freedom—a tri-colour, the Red, Yellow, and Blue. And as it floated wide on the southern wind, a gun was fired and toasts drunk to the banner that was long to wave—and is waving to-day—over the Republic of Venezuela.

It was the first Flag of Spanish-American Independence.

After the flag-raising the *Leander* sped merrily on her way, carrying the raw army of about two hundred men to fight the whole of Spain. While many of them in the gloomy bottoms of their hearts, were heartily wishing that they were safe at home again in the good old City of New York.

Retold from accounts by James Biggs, and Moses Smith of Long Island, two Americans who sailed with Miranda, 1806

THE END OF THE MYSTERY SHIP

AND what became of the young Americans who had been persuaded to ship in the *Leander*?

Two English schooners, the *Bacchus* and the *Bee*, had joined the *Leander* at one of the West Indies. As the latter was overcrowded, some of the Americans were transferred to the schooners.

Then, while this small fleet of three small vessels was approaching Venezuela, two Spanish revenue-cutters swooped down upon them. The *Leander* engaged the enemy bravely, firing her guns; but the *Bacchus* and

Bee tried to escape and became separated from the *Leander*. The revenue-cutters turned, and, pursuing the little ships, captured them and all on board.

Our young Americans fought bravely, but they were badly wounded with knives and swords. They were captured, and plundered by the Spaniards. They were stripped, and tied back to back. In this humiliating condition they were carried to the Fortress of Puerto Cabello, and thrown into a dungeon; where they were chained together, two and two, and loaded with irons.

The dungeon was a living sepulchre, a mere cavity in the moss-grown mouldy fortress-wall, and below ground at that. The rain soaked through the foundations and the poor fellows lay wallowing in filth and mire.

They were tried by a Spanish Court and condemned. Fourteen of them were hanged as pirates.

As for the rest, those who were flung back alive into their dungeon, how gladly now would they have fought to liberate the Spanish-American People! They no longer blamed Miranda, but wished to aid him with all their might.

Like a spluttering candle whose flame suddenly goes out, so ended the ill-fated career of the Mystery Ship.

Miranda landed on the coast of Venezuela. He and his men fought well. But the people did not rise up to join his standard as he had expected. Instead they fled from him. They were afraid. Spain was too strong in Venezuela, and the Patriot cause too weak.

So Miranda was driven from the country. His expedition failed. He was, finally, forced to disband what was left of his little "Colombian Army," after which he took refuge again in England.

As for the poor captive American lads, those who had not been hanged as pirates, our United States Government could do little to assist them, for we were not at war with Spain, and the young men had been taken as pirates on the high seas. Some of them continued to languish in Spanish dungeons, others were put to hard labour in the mines, and few of them were ever heard of again.

THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS FIFTH

MEANWHILE, a great change was taking place. In Europe, Napoleon had forced the King of Spain to abdicate. In Venezuela the people felt no longer

bound in loyalty to the Spanish Crown. Miranda's teachings had made an impression. The seeds of Patriotism which he had sown were taking root.

The Patriot Party in Venezuela grew strong. Young Simon Bolivar, a fiery Patriot, was sent on a mission to England. While there, he sought out Miranda. He invited him to return to Venezuela and help the Patriot cause.

So Miranda returned.

On the Fifth of July, 1811, a Congress representing the Venezuelan People, assembled and voted in the name "of the all-powerful God" a Declaration of Independence of the United Provinces of Venezuela, which by right and act became a free, sovereign, and independent State.

Miranda was one of the signers.

It was a great and glorious *Fifth*—like our *Fourth*—when Liberty enlightened that land. For it was the first Declaration of Independence in all Spanish America. And the brave delegates, who put their names to it, did so at the greatest risk of their lives; for Spain was still strong in Venezuela.

On that same day, the Venezuelan Congress adopted a flag for the Republic—the tri-colour, the Red, Yellow, and Blue, which Miranda had flown from the *Leander*.

Miranda was made Commander-in-Chief of the Patriot Army of Venezuela, and led it against the Spanish forces.

A TERRIBLE THING

BUT the struggle against Spain was only just begun. Her armies were large. Her General, Monteverde, was treacherous, crafty, and cruel. Much of Venezuela yet groaned beneath the heel of Spain.

Miranda and his soldiers fought valiantly, now defeated, now victorious. It began to seem as though the Patriot cause might triumph in the end.

Then a terrible thing happened.

An earthquake—frightful, tremendous—shook the land. The earth heaved like the sea in all directions. Churches, houses, and barracks swayed, and fell with a roar. Men, women, and children were crushed and killed. The Patriot arms and supplies were buried under mountains of débris.

In the City of Caracas, the ruins were awful. The frantic people ran screaming into the great square. The hearts of the bravest were frozen with

terror.

But the earthquake had scarcely passed away, before Friars, who were loyal to Spain, were mounted on a table in the midst of the frightened multitude.

"The earthquake is the judgment of God," they cried, "and his curse on all who are trying to cast off their virtuous King, the Lord's Anointed!"

The people listened in horror. A religious panic spread from Caracas throughout Venezuela. People forgot that earthquakes had often happened before in many parts of the world, casting cities into ruins. They believed that God Almighty had condemned their struggle for Independence.

Many soldiers of the Patriot Army refused to fight any more against Spain. They deserted in numbers to Monteverde. In vain Miranda tried to rally his troops, he could no longer persuade them to believe in the justice of their cause. Superstitious terror had made cowards of them all.

Monteverde continued to advance rapidly. Miranda saw not only his ranks thinning daily, but the country that supplied food and cattle for his army, falling into the hands of the enemy.

Then came a final crushing blow:—

The strong Fortress of Puerto Cabello fell into the hands of Monteverde.

END OF THE ROMANCE

"VENEZUELA is wounded in the heart!" exclaimed Miranda in a deep voice as he read the despatch telling of the loss of Puerto Cabello.

It was Simon Bolivar, the fiery, impetuous, young Patriot, who had lost this important fortress and city to Monteverde. He was in despair, Bolivar said, because his own body had not been left under the ruins of that city.

But the fortress was irretrievably lost, and the tide of Fortune was turned against Independence. The cause of Venezuela seemed hopeless. Miranda was worn and weary. So he capitulated.

He capitulated to Monteverde, with the agreement that none of the Patriots should be made to suffer for their rebellion; and that any of them who so wished, might leave the country.

After signing the capitulation, Miranda prepared to leave on an English vessel and seek refuge in the West Indies. He sent his servants with his

money and precious papers aboard. He then decided to sleep that night on land, and embark the next morning.

But he never embarked. Bolivar, with some of Miranda's officers, indignant it is said because Miranda had capitulated, seized him while he was asleep, and threw him into a dungeon.

After which they surrendered him to Monteverde, who had him transferred in chains to Puerto Cabello, the same Fortress in which our young Americans from the Mystery Ship had suffered so terribly.

Meanwhile, Simon Bolivar obtained a passport from Monteverde and fled to the West Indies.

As for Miranda, he continued to languish in Spanish-American prisons for some time. Then he was carried to Spain and cast into a dungeon.

Though Miranda's existence was miserable, he received comfort from his books, for he delighted to read. In his cell after his death, were found Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Don Quixote,—and even a copy of the New Testament.

Early on the morning of July 14, 1816, he "gave his soul to God, his name to history, and his body to the earth." Whether he died by poison, execution, or natural death, no one knows.

Thus perished the Flaming Son of Liberty, the Knight-Errant of Freedom, the Chief of the Apostles of Spanish-American Independence.

So his romance was ended. But his work was only begun; it lived on for others to finish.

For how his work lived on, read Simon Bolivar the Liberator, page 371.

JUNE 23-24

ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE FOUNDING OF PROVIDENCE

He has been rightly called "The First American," because he was the first to actualize in a commonwealth, the distinctively American principle of Freedom for mind and body and soul.

ARTHUR B. STRICKLAND

GOD MAKES A PATH

God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in Wilderness;
His glorious Name, while breath remains,
Oh, that I may confess!

Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree!
In stormy winter night, no fire,
No food, no company:

In Him, I found a house, a bed,
A table, company:
No cup so bitter, but 's made sweet,
When God shall sweet'ning be.

ROGER WILLIAMS

The date of ROGER WILLIAMS's birth is unknown, probably about 1604 or 1607
He founded Providence, about June 23-24, 1636
He died, 1684

He has been called “The Apostle of Soul Liberty.”

ROGER, THE BOY

THE exact date of Roger Williams’s birth is unknown. Nor are his historians agreed on the place where he was born. It is generally thought that he was born in London, where his father was a tailor. He is also said to have been distantly related to Oliver Cromwell.

When Roger Williams was a boy, a new system of writing had been devised, called shorthand. He learned it, and, going to the Star Chamber, took down some of the sermons and speeches. The Judge, Sir Edward Coke, was so pleased with his work, that he became Roger Williams’s friend and patron, and even gained him admission to one of the famous English schools. Later, young Roger Williams attended Cambridge University.

After leaving Cambridge, he is said to have studied law under his friend Sir Edward Coke. Then, not being satisfied with law, he studied to become a minister.

Like William Penn, Roger Williams was a thoughtful boy, and like William Penn, he had a sweet experience in childhood. For Roger Williams himself when old, said, “From my childhood, now about three score years, the Father of lights and mercies touched my soul with a love for Himself, to his Only Begotten, the true Lord Jesus, and to his holy Scriptures.”

SOUL LIBERTY

IN those days in England, many members of the Established Church believed that the Church needed reforming, or *purifying*. These members were called *Puritans*.

They were severely persecuted. A number of them emigrated from England to Massachusetts Bay. One body of these colonists settled in Salem, and another founded Charlestown and Boston.

About a year after the settlement of Boston, a young man came thither from England. He, too, had left home because of religious persecution. He was known to be a godly man, and thought to be a Puritan. He was warmly welcomed by the Boston folk. He was Roger Williams.

But soon the good folk of Boston were scandalized.

The Puritans of Boston had not actually separated from the Established Church, as had their neighbours, the Separatists of Plymouth; they had merely purified their mode of worship. They had, moreover, decreed that the Government of their Colony should be directed by their church. They did not permit any man not in good church-standing to have a vote in public affairs. They even persecuted folk who did not believe as they did, and who would not attend their church.

Roger Williams soon electrified them by urging not only separation from the Established Church, but asserting that no Government had a right to interfere with the religious faith of any one. The place of the Government, he said, was to prevent crime, not to enforce any form of religion. Every man had the right to "soul liberty" he asserted.

He also insisted that the King of England had no right whatsoever to give away the lands belonging to the Indians, without their consent.

The Puritans bitterly opposed him. After a few years, since he continued to preach and teach his beliefs, they tried him in their court and banished him from the Colony.

In the middle of a New England Winter, he was forced to leave his wife, child, and many sorrowing friends, and flee through the snow to safety. He had with him to direct his way, only a sun-dial and compass.

His sufferings were terrible. He never got over the effects of the cold and hunger which he endured on that flight through the Wilderness.

He had made friends among the Indians, with Massasoit and Canonicus. He had most lovingly carried the Gospel to them and their peoples. He had passed many a night with them in their lodges.

And now that he was in want and distress, it was his Indian friends who succoured him.

In the Spring, he had begun to build and plant at Seekonk, when Governor Winslow of Plymouth, in the kindest of spirits, sent him word that Seekonk was within the bounds of Plymouth Colony; and in order that there might be no trouble with the Massachusetts Bay Colony, he advised him to move across the water, where he would be as free as the Plymouth folk themselves, adding that then Roger Williams and the Plymouth Folk might be loving neighbours together.

WHAT CHEER!

Providence

Founded 1636

WITHOUT bitterness or complaint, Roger Williams prepared immediately to abandon the cabin he had built at Seekonk, and the fields which he had so industriously sown and cultivated.

With five companions who had joined him there, he entered his canoe and dropped down the river, watching the bank for an inviting landing.

On approaching a little cove, friendly voices saluted him. On Slate Rock, Indians were waiting to welcome him.

"What cheer, Netop!" they exclaimed.

It was a salutation, meaning, "How do you do, friend!"

Roger Williams and his companions landed, but were more pleased with the welcome than the place.

Getting into their canoe again, they rounded Indian Point and Fox Point, and sailed up a beautiful sheet of water, skirting a dense forest, to a spot near the mouth of the Mooshausick River.

A spring of fresh water was no doubt one of its attractions. Here Roger Williams commenced to build again, and to prepare for future planting.

He gave the place the name of *Providence*, "in grateful remembrance of God's merciful providence to me in my distress."

Z. A. Mudge (*Arranged*)

RISKING HIS LIFE

I

NO one can say that Roger Williams was not a good Christian, a better one than those who drove him from his home, for he soon risked his own life to save them from danger.

The fierce and warlike Indians of the Pequot tribe had made an attack on the settlers, and were trying to get the large and powerful tribe of the Narragansetts to join them. They wished to kill all the white people of the Plymouth Colony, and drive the pale faces from the country.

The people of Plymouth and of Boston, too, were in a great fright when they heard of this. They knew that Roger Williams was the only white man in that region who had any influence with the Indians, and they sent to him, begging him to go to the Narragansett camp and ask the Narragansetts not to join the Pequots.

Many men would have refused to go into a horde of raging savages, to procure the safety of their enemies. But Roger Williams was too noble to refuse; though he knew that his life would be in the utmost danger, for some of the bloodthirsty Pequots were then with the Narragansetts.

He promptly went to the Indian camp, and spent three days in the wigwams of the Sachems, though he expected every night to have the treacherous Pequots "put their bloody knives to his throat."

But the Narragansetts were strong friends of the honest pastor. They listened to his counsel. And in the end, they and another tribe, the Mohicans, joined the English against the Pequots.

Thus it was chiefly due to Roger Williams, that the Colonists were saved from the scalping knives of the Indians.

II

YEARS of peace and prosperity existed in Providence plantations. The Colony grew. No man interfered with another man's religion. Those in the other New England Colonies, who did not want to be forced to accept the creed of the Puritans, came to the Colony of Roger Williams.

He was their principal pastor. He was so kind, gentle, and good, that everybody respected and loved him. His people were his children. He had brought them together, and spent his time working for their good; and they looked on him as their best friend.

Charles Morris (*Arranged*)

JULY 6

JOHN PAUL JONES
AMERICA'S IMMORTAL SEA-FIGHTER

I have not yet begun to fight!

Paul Jones

PAUL JONES

A song unto Liberty's brave Buccaneer,
Ever bright be the fame of the Patriot Rover.
For our rights he first fought in his "black privateer,"
And faced the proud foe, ere our sea they crossed over
In their channel and coast,
He scattered their host.
. . . . . .
'Twas his hand that raised
The first Flag that blazed,
And his deeds 'neath the "Pine Tree" all ocean amazed.

Ballad (*Condensed*)

John Paul Jones was born in Scotland, July 6, 1747
Was the first American Naval officer to receive a foreign salute for the Stars and Stripes, 1778
Won the victory over the *Serapis*, 1779
He died in Paris, July 18, 1792
His body was brought to America in 1905 and interred with honours at the U. S.

Naval Academy, Annapolis.

THE BOY OF THE SOLWAY

BORN by the seashore of Scotland where the tide heaves up the Solway, living on a promontory surrounded by romantic scenery, and with the words of seafaring men constantly ringing in his ears, the boy, John Paul, longed to be a sailor.

He was the son of a poor gardener. But he was of that poetic romantic temperament, which always builds gorgeous structures in the future; and no boy, with a fancy like that of John Pul could be content to live the humdrum life of a gardener's son. So he launched forth with a strong arm and resolute spirit to hew his way among his fellows.

John Paul was only twelve or fourteen years of age, when he became a sailor on board a ship bound to Virginia.

Thus early were his footsteps directed to America, by which his whole future career was shaped.

After reaching America, he took the name of Jones. He rendered his new name immortal, and the real name John Paul is sunk in that of Paul Jones.

J. T. Headley (*Arranged*)

DON'T TREAD ON ME!

IN 1775, when our War for Independence broke out, Paul Jones commenced his brilliant career.

Some men regard him as a sort of freebooter turned Patriot—an adventurer to whom the American War was a God-send, in that it kept him from being a pirate. But nothing could be farther from the truth.

When the War broke out, he offered to serve in the Navy. Congress accepted his offer, and appointed him first lieutenant in the *Alfred*.

As the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board the *Alfred*, Paul Jones unfurled our National Flag—the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze.

What that Flag was, strange as it may seem, no record tells us. It was not the Stars and Stripes, for they were not adopted till two years after.

The generally received opinion is, that it was a Pine Tree with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots as if about to spring, and underneath the motto:

DON'T TREAD ON ME!

If the Flag bore such a symbol, it was most appropriate to Paul Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he.

At all events, it unrolled to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarterdeck.

Fairly afloat—twenty-nine years of age—healthy, well-knit, though of light and slender frame—a commissioned officer in the American Navy the young gardener saw with joy, the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama Isles.

The result of this expedition was the capture of New Providence with a hundred cannon and abundance of military stores.

And the capture was brought about by the perseverance and daring of young Paul Jones.

J. T. Headley (*Arranged*)

THE FIRST SALUTE

> *That Flag and I are twins, born at the same hour.... We cannot be parted in life or death. So long as we shall float, we shall float together. If we sink, we shall go down as one.*
>
> PAUL JONES

JUNE 14, 1777, was a great day for the United States and for Paul Jones.

On that self-same day, Congress passed two famous Resolutions;—and *Commander* Paul Jones and the Flag of the Nation were "born at the same hour":—

Resolved: that the Flag of the Thirteen United States be thirteen Stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen Stars, white in a blue field, representing a new Constellation.

Resolved: that Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*.

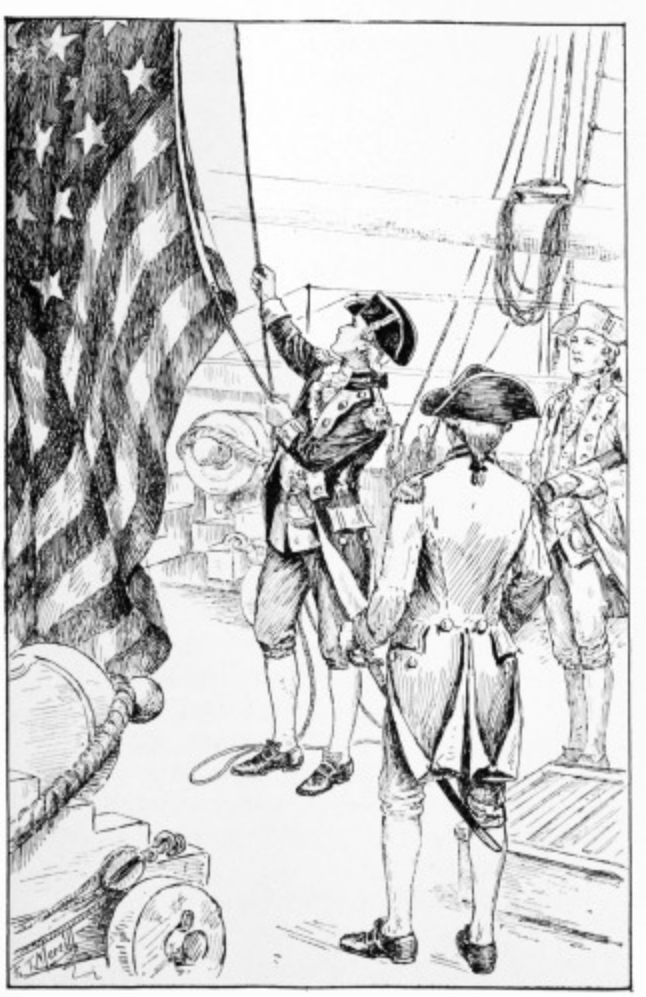
Thus it came to pass that the gallant young Scotchman, eager to fight for Liberty, hastened to make the *Ranger* ready for sea. Then he sailed away under orders for France.

From the harbour of Nantes, he convoyed some American ships to place them under the protection of the French fleet in Quiberon Bay. The commander of the French fleet was Admiral La Motte Picquet, who had been ordered by his Government to keep the coast of France free from British cruisers.

And it was there in Quiberon Bay, that John Paul Jones received the first salute ever given by a foreign Nation to our Stars and Stripes—a salute that recognized the Independence of the United States.

It was on Washington's Birthday, 1778, that Paul Jones wrote to our Government describing this great event:—

> "I am happy in having it in my power to congratulate you," he said, "on my having seen the American Flag, for the first time, recognized in the fullest and completest manner by the Flag of France.
>
> "I was off their bay, the 18th, and sent my boat in the next day, to know if the Admiral would return my salute.
>
> "He answered that he would return to me, as the senior American Continental officer in Europe, the



PAUL JONES HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES

same salute which he was authorized by his Court to return to an Admiral of Holland, or of any other Republic; which was four guns less than the salute given.

"I hesitated at this; for I had demanded gun for gun.

"Therefore, I anchored in the entrance of the bay, at a distance from the French Fleet. But after a very particular inquiry, on the 14th, finding that he had really told the truth, I was induced to accept of his offer; the more so as it was in fact an acknowledgment of American Independence.

"The wind being contrary and blowing hard, it was after sunset before the Ranger got near enough to salute La Motte Picquet with *thirteen* guns, which he returned with nine.

"However, to put the matter beyond a doubt, I did not suffer the *Independence* (an American brig that was with Paul Jones) to salute till next morning, when I sent the Admiral word, that I should sail through his Fleet in the brig, and would salute him in open day.

"He was exceedingly pleased, and returned the compliment also with nine guns."

Paul Jones thus had the singular honor of being the first to hoist the original Flag of Liberty on board the *Alfred*; first probably to hoist the Stars and Stripes, which still wave in pride as our national emblem; and first to claim for our Flag the courtesy from foreigners due to a Sovereign State.

Alexander S. Mackenzie (*Retold*)

THE POOR RICHARD

PAUL JONES gave up the command of the *Ranger* in order to take command of a larger ship, promised him by the French Government. But he had a long discouraging period of waiting for the new ship.

It was then that he wrote to a French official, those famous words:—

"I will not have anything to do with ships which do not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way."

After months of desperate waiting and after writing many letters, Paul Jones chanced to be reading a copy of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack." These words caught his eye:—

If you would have your business done, go—if not, send.

So he stopped sending letters, and hastened to Paris to plead his own cause.

With the help of Franklin himself, Paul Jones got his ship at last. He named it *Bon Homme Richard*, or *The Poor Richard*.

It was while commanding *The Poor Richard*, that Paul Jones gained his famous victory over the British ship, the *Serapis*.

MICKLE'S THE MISCHIEF HE HAS DUNE

WITH seven ships in all—a snug little squadron for Jones, had the different commanders been subordinate—he set sail in the *Richard* from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon made manifest, for in a week's time the vessels, one after another, parted company, to cruise by themselves, till Paul Jones had with him but the *Alliance*, *Pallas*, and *Vengeance*.

In a tremendous storm he bore away, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland.

Taking several prizes near the Firth of Forth, he ascertained that a twenty-four-gun ship and two cutters were in the roads. These he

determined to cut out, and, landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution.

The inhabitants supposed his little fleet to be English vessels in pursuit of *Paul Jones*; and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat requesting powder and balls to defend himself, as he said, against "the pirate Paul Jones."

Jones very politely sent back the bearer with a barrel of powder expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare.

Soon after this, he summoned the town to surrender, but the wind blowing steadily off the land, he could not approach with his vessel.

At length, however, the wind changed and the *Richard* stood boldly in for the shore. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man, one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scot divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and roughness.

Having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand and thus began:—

"Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already and hae naething to spare.

"The wa the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffie, and wha kens what he may do! He's nae too good for ony thing. Mickle's the mischief he has dune already. He'll burn their hooses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them.

"I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I hae been lang a faithful servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot. But will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't."

Now, to the no little astonishment of the good people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones's prizes ashore and forced him to stand out to sea.

This fixed for ever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra. And he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercessions brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied:—

"I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."

J. T. Headley (*Arranged*)

PAUL JONES HIMSELF

PAUL Jones was slight, being only five feet and a half high. A stoop in his shoulders diminished still more his stature. But he was firmly knit, and capable of enduring great fatigue.

He had dark eyes and a thoughtful, pensive look when not engaged in conversation; but his countenance lighted up in moments of excitement, and in battle became terribly determined. His lips closed like a vice, while his brow contracted with the rigidity of iron. The tones of his voice were then haughty in the extreme, and his words had an emphasis in them, which those who heard never forgot.

He seemed unconscious of fear, and moved amid the storm of battle, and trod the deck of his shattered and wrecked vessel, like one who rules his own destiny. He would cruise without fear in a single sloop, right before the harbours of England, and sail amid ships double the size of his own.

But with all his fierceness in the hour of battle, he had as kind a heart as ever beat.

To see him in a hot engagement, covered with the smoke of cannon, himself working the guns, while the timbers around him were constantly ripping with the enemy's shot; or watch him on the deck of his dismasted vessel, over which the hurricane swept and the sea rolled, one would think him destitute of emotion. But his reports of these scenes afterwards, resembled the descriptions of an excited spectator. He was an old Roman soldier in danger, but a poet in his after accounts of it.

Jones had great defects of character; but most of them sprang from his want of early education. He was not a mere adventurer—owing his elevation to headlong daring—he was a hard student as well as a hard fighter, and had a strong intellect as well as strong arm. He wrote with astonishing fluency considering the neglect of his early education. He even wrote eloquently at times, and always with force. His verses were as good as the general run of poetry of that kind.

Paul Jones was an irregular character, but his good qualities predominated over his bad ones. And as the man who first hoisted the American Flag at sea, and received the first salute ever offered it by a foreign Nation, and the first who carried it victoriously through the fight on the waves, he deserves our highest praise and most grateful remembrance.

With such a Commander to lead the American Navy, and stand before it as the model of a brave man, no wonder our Navy has covered itself with glory.

J. T. Headley (*Condensed*)

SOME OF HIS SAYINGS

I WILL not have anything to do with ships which do not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way.

(*During the fight with the Serapis*) Don't swear, Mr. Stacy, we may at the next moment be in Eternity; but let us do our duty.

I have not yet begun to fight!

I have ever looked out for the honour of the American Flag.

I can never renounce the glorious title of a Citizen of the United States.

I can accept of no honour that will call in question my devotion to America.

JULY 24

SIMON BOLIVAR OF VENEZUELA
THE LIBERATOR

Colombians! All your beauteous Fatherland is now free.... From the banks of the Orinoco River to the Peruvian Andes, the Army of Liberation, marching triumphantly, has covered all the territory of Colombia with its protecting arms. ...

Colombians of the South! the blood of your brothers has redeemed you from the horrors of War!

BOLIVAR

BOLIVAR

Build up a Column to Bolivar!
Build it under a tropic star!
Build it high as his mounting fame!
Crown its head with his noble name!
Let the letters tell like a light afar,
"This is the Column of Bolivar!"

Raise the Column to Bolivar!
Firm in peace, and fierce in war!
Shout forth his noble, noble name!
Shout till his enemies die in shame!
Shout till Colombia's woods awaken,
Like seas by a mighty tempest shaken,—
Till pity, and praise, and great disdain
Sound like an Indian hurricane!
Shout as ye shout in conquering war,
While ye build the Column to Bolivar!

BARRY CORNWALL (*Condensed*)

BOLIVAR was born in Venezuela, July 24, 1783
Formed the Republic of Great Colombia, 1819
He died in exile, December 17, 1830
His full name was Simon Jose Antonio de la Santisima Trinidad de Bolivar y Palacios.

But he was known as the citizen, Simon Bolivar
Bolivar's name is pronounced, Seemon Boleevar
The old-fashioned English way was to pronounce it Bollevaar, as in the poem above.

THE PRECIOUS JEWEL

Two boys were playing a royal game of tennis in the royal tennis court at Madrid in Spain. The rich American boy, Simon de Bolivar, from Venezuela, was serving swift ball after swift ball to Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias and heir to the Spanish throne. The Queen-mother was looking on.

The Prince saw that he was losing, and grew angry. Bolivar, small, alert, with dark eyes flashing, played on, still winning until the Prince refused to play any longer.

But the Queen-mother sternly bade her son finish the game.

So the Prince had to play on, and he lost.

"Some day," exclaimed Bolivar in triumph, "I will deprive Prince Ferdinand of the most precious jewel in his Crown!"

. . . . . .

Years before this tennis-game, a great thing had happened in Venezuela.

On July 24, 1783, a baby boy was born to a rich, noble citizen of the city of Caracas—a baby destined to deprive Prince Ferdinand of the most precious jewel in his Crown.

He was christened Simon Jose Antonio de la Santisima Trinidad de Bolivar, and with his mother's name added as they do in Spanish America, y Palacios.

A long name for a baby.

Little Bolivar had everything money could buy, and slaves to wait upon him whenever he called. Before he was ten years old, his father and mother died and he was left heir to several large fortunes. He owned many hundreds of slaves and a rich plantation called San Mateo.

He was a restless, adventurous, self-willed boy, small but very alert and bright. He did not like to study much; but he was always ready to sit and listen to his tutor Rodriguez, whom he adored. His black eyes sparkled as his tutor told him of lands where people governed themselves. Sometimes Rodriguez explained the meaning of *Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty*. And the little boy began to dream of Liberty and Independence for his own Venezuela.

But Bolivar did not spend all his time dreaming, he was far too passionately fond of outdoor sports for that. He fished, swam, and learned to shoot. He joined the White Militia of the Valleys of Aragua.

When he was sixteen, his guardian sent him to Spain. There he went to school and lived with his uncle, who was a favourite at Court.

And there, he beat the sulky Prince Ferdinand at tennis.

And there, he met and loved a noble, little Spanish maid, Maria del Toro, just fifteen years old. So Bolivar forgot for a while his threat to deprive Prince Ferdinand of his most precious jewel.

Bolivar and Maria were married, and went on their honeymoon to Venezuela. They reached the lovely plantation of San Mateo, where they lived and were very happy. But, alas! in a few months the girl-bride sickened and died of a fever.

Then the passionate heart of young Bolivar almost broke. He vowed in his grief never to marry again. Soon after Maria's death, he went back to Europe to try to forget his sorrow in travel and study.

In France he endeavoured to drown his sad memories in gay living, but he could not forget Maria. Then he met Rodriguez, his old tutor, who had been banished from Venezuela.

This Rodriguez was a strange, rough fellow, with many wild ideas and some good ones too. From childhood, Bolivar had confided all his sorrows and joys to him. And, now, as a young man, he was led by his advice.

Rodriguez saw that Bolivar was wasted and consumptive. He persuaded him to go on a walking trip. Knapsack on shoulder, the two set off for their tramp. In Milan, they saw Napoleon crowned King of Italy. They visited many historical spots to which Rodriguez took Bolivar on purpose to arouse again his eager interest in *Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty*.

Together they climbed Mount Sacro in Rome. And there Bolivar remembered his threat to deprive Prince Ferdinand of the most precious jewel in his Crown. He seized Rodriguez's hand and swore a solemn oath to wrest Venezuela from the Crown of Spain.[6]

For Venezuela—in fact all Spanish America—was the vast treasure-house of Spain, the most precious jewel in her Crown.

THE FIERY YOUNG PATRIOT

YOUNG BOLIVAR returned to his estates in Venezuela. But he stayed there only for a little while. He soon gave up the easy indulgent life of wealth to serve the Patriot cause.

He was sent on a mission to England. In London he met Miranda, the Flaming Son of Liberty, whose burning, persuasive words blew into a flame, the sparks of Liberty which Rodriguez had kindled in Bolivar's bosom.

Bolivar joined Miranda's secret society. He urged Miranda to return at once to Venezuela and strengthen the Patriot cause.

And thus it came about that the Flaming Son of Liberty went back to his native land, and was made Commander-in-Chief of the Venezuelan forces. Then it was, that the struggle for Venezuela's Independence began to make Spain tremble for the most precious jewel in her Crown.

How the fiery young Bolivar betrayed General Miranda, has already been told in *The End of the Romance*, on page 344. After which Bolivar fled into exile; and Spain confiscated his estates.

But Bolivar never gave up his determination to free Venezuela. And when opportunity offered, he returned and became the head of the Patriot Army.

It is not possible here to tell of all which he and his valiant troops accomplished. They fought against the Spanish forces, they suffered defeats, and they won victories. English, Irish, Scotch, and American men, were volunteers in Bolivar's Army, and many of them fighting bravely, shed their blood for Venezuela's Freedom.

It was a terrific war! Nowhere else in all Spanish America was there waged a more ferocious campaign. The wake of the Spanish Generals, Monteverde and Boves, was strewn with the corpses of innocent non-combatants and with the ruins of pillaged towns and burned villages.

“It is war to the death!” exclaimed Bolivar fiercely, in answer to these atrocities.

And war to the death it was, on both sides—a war of ruthless retaliation on prisoners and neutrals.

So the struggle went on. All the sufferings that accompany warfare were the portion of the miserable people, ruined homes, weeping wives and mothers, sick and dying children, crippled men, starvation, disease, and sorrow-stricken hearts.

SEEING BOLIVAR

HIGH adventure and spicy dangers were awaiting the first corps of hot-headed young Englishmen who volunteered to fight for Venezuela.

They shipped from England. And after thrilling escapes on the coast of Spanish Florida and among the West Indies, after many feasts of venison, wild turkey, turtle, parrots, “tree-oysters,” and lizard, they reached Venezuela.

There, higher adventures and spicier dangers were waiting.

They were convoyed by brig and launches up the swift river Orinoco. They were marched through tropic forest and across *llanos* or plains, to join Bolivar.

As their boats were rowed through the deep water or poled through the shallows of the Orinoco, they saw most wonderful sights.

Lining the banks, the giant mangrove trees shooting their gnarled banyan-like roots into the water, were linked together by living chains of vines, festooned with brilliant flowers as big as saucers or teaplates. Herds of red monkeys with little ones clinging to their shoulders, chattered, howled, and leaped from tree to tree, following the boats along. Pink flamingoes, gigantic cranes, pelicans, and spoonbills were wading about fishing. Overhead, flocks of red, blue, green, and yellow parrots and macaws flashed to and fro filling the air with screams; while the metallic note of the bellbird, sounded now close to the ear and now far away.

From island to island in the river, glided evil-looking, light-green snakes, lifting their heads and part of their bodies out of the water. And under the roots of trees and in the stream, basked man-eating alligators watching for their prey, only their eyes and nostrils showing above the water.

And waiting to drop upon the young Englishmen if their boats came too near, were venomous snakes glittering like jewels, coiled on the mangrove limbs or hanging from the branches like shining tinsel ribbons.

Mosquitoes, too, were lively, piercing through the young men's blankets and cloaks, so thirsty were the insects for a taste of fresh, red English blood.

And the young men were forced to keep a careful lookout at night for fear of a visit from a python, jaguar, alligator, or electric eel. When the sun set, night instantly fell like a black curtain, for there is no twilight in the tropics. Then the howling of wild beasts made the place hideous.

Finally, after passing Indian villages and towns pillaged and burned by the Spanish soldiers, after water-trip and march, the young Englishmen caught up with Bolivar on a plain near the Apure River.

The young men had long been eager to see that remarkable General whose extraordinary energy and perseverance had already liberated a large portion of Venezuela. And it was a picturesque scene that now burst on their sight—a band of tropic warriors in a tropic setting.

Bolivar was surrounded by his officers, many of them mounted. A magnificent wild-looking band they were in shirts of brilliant colours worn over white drawers which reached below the knee. Bright bandanas were tied about their heads to keep off the sun. Over these handkerchiefs were set wide sombreros or hats made of split palm-leaves, decorated with plumes of variegated feathers. One of the officers wore a silver helmet instead of a sombrero, and another had on a casque of beaten gold. Some had silver scabbards, and heavy silver ornaments on their bridles. Almost all wore huge silver or brass spurs fastened to their bare feet.

As soon as they saw the young Englishmen approaching, these wild-looking chiefs spurred their horses forward uttering shrill shouts of welcome. They embraced the young men, like long absent friends, and examined their weapons and uniforms.

Bolivar, reigning in his horse, stood looking on in silence. He was a small man, with a thin and careworn face, which had upon it an expression of patient endurance. He appeared refined and elegant although simply dressed. He wore a dragoon's helmet. His uniform was a blue jacket with red cuffs and gilt sugar-loaf buttons; coarse blue trousers; and sandals of split aloe-fibre. As the young men came up, he returned their salute with a peculiar melancholy smile, and then rode on.

He carried in his hand a lance from which fluttered a small black banner, embroidered with a white skull and cross-bones, and the motto:—

Death or Liberty

When they halted for the night, the young men were presented to Bolivar as he sat in his hammock under the trees. He expressed great joy at seeing Englishmen in his army, who might train and discipline his troops. After asking questions about the condition of affairs in Europe, he dismissed them in the charge of his officers. These gave the young men lances and fine horses.

Thus the English lads became a part of Bolivar's Army. They and their countrymen, forming the English Legion, performed such brave deeds and made such gallant charges on the battle-fields, that without them Bolivar could not so soon have won Venezuela's Independence. *Retold from the account by one of the young Englishmen.*

UNCLE PAEZ—THE LION OF THE APURE

PAEZ was one of Bolivar's most daring and picturesque generals. It would take a whole book to tell of his romantic adventures and how he was exiled and came to live in New York. There is a painting of him and his dashing cowboys in the Municipal Building of the City of New York.

At first he was a *llanero* or cowboy of the plains. He was of mighty strength, and was a magnificent horseman. He knew well how to use the *llanero's* lance with all its cunning tricks. His men were cowboys, horsemen, and fighters by instinct. They followed him into battle with wild *llanero* shouts. *Uncle Paez*, they called him, When Bolivar with his troops reached the Apure River, he could not cross for there were no boats. A few canoes were drawn up on the opposite bank, guarded by six enemy gunboats.

As Bolivar paced up and down impatiently, he exclaimed:—

"Have I no brave man near me, who can take those gunboats?"

"They shall be yours in an hour," said Paez coolly, who was standing by.

"Impossible!" said Bolivar.

"Leave that to me," said Paez, and off he galloped. He soon returned with a body of cowboys picked for their bravery.

"To the water, lads!" he cried, which was what he always said when they went swimming.

The men immediately unsaddled their horses, stripped themselves to their drawers, hung their swords about their necks, and stood ready.

"Let those follow Uncle, who please," cried Paez, and urged his horse into the river.

The men rode in after him straight toward the gunboats.

When the Spanish saw the dreaded cowboys approaching, who never gave quarter, they fired hurriedly and missed. Then seized with panic, some cast themselves into the water, and others escaped in canoes.

Only one prisoner was taken, a woman who fired the last gun at the cowboys, but who could not stop them from boarding the gunboats.

Thus Bolivar gained possession of the region on both sides of the Apure.

Paez is sometimes called the "Lion of the Apure."

ANGOSTURA
February 15, 1819

DOWN the upper Orinoco River, Bolivar's canoe was slipping quietly past wide savannahs, palm-tufted isles, and overhanging trees.

While reclining in the boat, he dictated to his secretary. During the heat of the day they both landed, and Bolivar, lolling in a hammock under the shadow of the giant trees, one hand playing with the lapel of his coat and a forefinger on his upper lip, kept on dictating as the mood seized him.

He was composing a new Constitution for the Republic of Venezuela, which was to be presented at the Congress meeting in the city of Angostura on the Orinoco.

And it was the adoption of this Constitution, that made Angostura famous.

To-day the town is called the City of Bolivar.

And while the Congress was meeting, Bolivar and his chief officers held a council of war, sitting on bleached skulls of cattle slaughtered for army food. They discussed the dangerous plan of crossing the Andes into New Granada, and of helping the Patriots there to drive out the Spanish Army.

They decided to attempt the crossing. And what that terrible march was like, one of the young Englishmen who went with Bolivar, will tell in our

next story.

THE CROSSING

THIS crossing of the Andes was terrible. The hardships which Bolivar's troops endured are indescribable.

At that time of year, the plains were flooded. The infantry were obliged to march for hours together up to their middle in water. Sometimes the men fell into holes, or stuck fast in the marshes.

Many of the soldiers were bitten in their legs and thighs by little goldfish, brilliant orange in colour and exceedingly voracious. Whole swarms of these little fish came rushing through the water, with their mouths open, showing their broad, sharp teeth like sharks' teeth. Wherever they bit, they tore away a piece of flesh. They attacked the poor men most savagely.

As the troops approached the mountains, the cold winds began to be felt blowing down from the snowy ridges of the Cordilleras. Soon, violent mountain torrents swept across the Army's path; and the men on horseback were forced to carry across stream all the arms and baggage of the foot-soldiers. Even Bolivar himself rode again and again through the rushing current, carrying over sick and weak soldiers and even women who had followed their husbands. As the trail began to ascend, the horses used to the level plain, could scarcely keep their footing on the rocky way, and began to flag and fall lame.

The snowy peaks of the Andes were now seen to stretch like an impassable barrier between Venezuela and New Granada. The narrow paths wound their way up among wild crags, and through ancient forests that clothed the mountain-sides with trees so vast and thick that the light of day was almost excluded. At that high altitude, the trees caught and held the passing clouds in their branches. From the clouds distilled an almost incessant rain, making the steep trails slippery and dangerous. The few tired mules that had not perished on the line of march, patiently clambered on. Now and then, one would slip and go plunging over a precipice; its fall could be traced by the crashing of shrubs and trees until its mangled body rolled into a foaming stream far below.

Although the Army was drenched by rain night and day, it did not experience severe cold until it emerged from the forests into the bleak

unsheltered passes between the mountain peaks. Then the piercing cold bit through the soldiers' thin garments. Many who had worn shoes when they left the plains, were now barefooted. Even some of the officers were in rags, so that they were glad to wrap themselves in blankets.

The view of the Andes at this great height was wildly magnificent. Incessant gusts of wind swept the passes, and whirled the snow in drifts from the summits of the ridges. The whole range appeared to be encrusted with ice, cracked in many places, from which cascades of water were constantly rushing. Huge pinnacles of granite overhung the passes, apparently tottering and about to fall. There was no longer any beaten path; the ground was rocky and broken. Terrific chasms yawned on every hand, appalling to the sight.

A sense of great loneliness seized the men. Dead silence prevailed except for the scream of the condor or the noise of distant waterfalls. The air was so rarefied that many of the soldiers, overcome by drowsiness, lay down and died.

But at last the crest of the Andes was passed, and the Army began to descend on the other side into the valleys of New Granada. The descent was not so difficult because the mountain-side was less rugged than the side they had ascended.

As soon as the Army reached the lowlands, Bolivar lost no time in preparing for battle. With his men, he took his stand at the Bridge of Boyaca.

Never was there a more complete victory. The whole of the Spanish Army with baggage, powder, and military stores, fell into the hands of Bolivar.

The Battle of Boyaca liberated New Granada from Spain, for ever.

Then Venezuela and New Granada united, and became the Republic of Colombia—or Great Colombia.

Retold from the account of a
soldier who accompanied Bolivar

PERU NEXT

Now was Bolivar at the height of his power.

He had liberated Venezuela and New Granada. He had founded the Great Republic of Colombia, and had given it a Constitution. He was practically

Dictator of the Republic.

He had sent his favourite General, the heroic Antonio de Sucre, to liberate Quito.

Bolivar now turned his eyes toward Peru. In his ambition he dreamed of a Greater Colombia which should include that country.

But there was an obstacle in his way.

Peru had already declared her Independence. The foundations of her Liberty had been laid by another General and another Army. For Jose de San Martin of Argentina, was Peru's acknowledged Protector.

Then came the Amazing Meeting, as told on page 272.

After that meeting, Bolivar with his Army entered Peru. He combined his forces with those of the Liberating Army of Peru, and with the aid of the valiant Sucre, completed what San Martin had so well begun, and swept away the last vestiges of Spanish power from South America.

So the great struggle for Independence, which had lasted over twenty years, was finished.

But Bolivar was not allowed to enjoy long the fruits of his victories.

We shall see why.

THE BREAK

EXILED from Venezuela, consumptive, wellnigh penniless, insulted by his own people, was Bolivar only a few years later.

The creation of his genius, the Great Colombia, was rent with revolutions. His own General Paez had abandoned him. His friend Antonio Sucre had been assassinated.

Bitterness filled Bolivar's soul, his pride was broken, but he still loved Colombia.

His dying words to her people, were:—

> *Colombians! My last wishes are for the happiness of my native Land. If my death helps to check the growth of factions and to consolidate the Union, I shall rest tranquilly in the tomb.*

So passed away the Liberator of Venezuela, the founder of the Republic of Colombia.

Twelve years later Paez, who was ruling in Venezuela, brought Bolivar's body to Caracas and interred it with honours. But he left the hero's heart in

an urn in the Cathedral of Santa Marta, the city where he had died.

. . . . . .

Great Colombia, or the Great Republic of Colombia, founded by Bolivar, was a Union consisting of Venezuela, New Granada, and Ecuador. Great Colombia fell; its Union was dissolved. To-day, instead, there exist three independent Republics—Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador.

As for Bolivia, it was a part of Upper Peru. It was liberated by the help of Antonio Sucre. It declared its Independence, and took the name of Bolivar. To-day it is the Republic of Bolivia, "rich in all the natural products of the world."

BOLIVAR THE MAN

I

SIMON DE BOLIVAR was about five feet six inches in height, lean of limb and body. His cheek bones stood out prominently in an oval-shaped face, which tapered sharply towards the chin.

His countenance was vivacious; but his skin was furrowed with wrinkles and tanned by exposure to a tropical sun. The curly black hair that once covered Bolivar's head in luxuriant profusion, began to turn white about 1821. Thenceforth, he was accustomed to wear his hair short.

His nose was long and aquiline. Flexible, sensual lips were often shaded by a thick mustache; while whiskers covered a part of his face. In 1822, Bolivar's large, black, penetrating eyes, "with the glance of an eagle," were losing their remarkable brilliancy. At that time, Bolivar had also lost some of the animation, energy, and extraordinary agility which had distinguished him in youth and early manhood. Even the casual observer judged him to be many years older than he really was, so sick and weary did he appear....

A man of many moods, jovial, talkative, taciturn, gloomy, he changed swiftly from sunshine to storm.

William Spence Robertson (*Condensed*)

II

"SIMON DE BOLIVAR has been characterized as the Napoleon of the South American Revolution, ..." writes William Spence Robertson, who has been decorated with Bolivar's Order of the Liberators. " 'Defeat left Bolivar undismayed,' said O'Leary, who served for a time as an aide-de-camp of the

Liberator. ‘Always great, he was greatest in adversity. His enemies had a saying that “when vanquished Bolivar is more terrible than when he conquers.” ’ ”

“There is one point on which all are agreed,” writes F. Loraine Petre, “the generosity of Bolivar, his carelessness of money and his financial uprightness. Few men ever had greater opportunities of enriching themselves; still fewer more honestly refused to take advantage of their opportunities. He commenced life as a rich man, he died almost a pauper....

“The figure of the worn-out Liberator, suffering in mind and body, deserted by all but a few, reviled by the majority of those who owed everything to him, is one of the most pathetic in history.”

AUGUST 20

BERNARDO O'HIGGINS
FIRST SOLDIER, FIRST CITIZEN OF CHILE

Since my childhood I have loved Chile; and I have shed my blood on the battle-fields which secured her liberties. If it has not been my privilege to perfect her institutions, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am leaving her free and independent, respected abroad, and glorious in her victories.

I thank God for the favours He has granted my Government, and pray that He may protect and guide those who will follow me.

BERNARDO O'HIGGINS, *to the Chilean Assembly*

O'HIGGINS

The name of O'Higgins ... has a double lustre; because it was borne by two generations with an almost equal brilliancy. It is seldom that a genius such as Ambrose O'Higgins the father, the greatest Viceroy of royalist Spanish America, bears a man such as Bernardo O'Higgins the son, first chief of the new Republic which sprang up from the ashes of his dead father's Government.

W. H. KOEBEL

Bernardo O'Higgins alone was able to accomplish and establish the semblance of decent dignified government in his Country after the great upheaval, a fact mostly due to his own transparent honesty, utter unselfishness, and pure Patriotism, as much as to his political acumen, diplomacy, and powers of organization.

JOHN J. MEHEGAN

BERNARDO O'HIGGINS was born August 20, 1778 Became the Hero of Rancagua, 1814
He and San Martin won the Battle of Chacabuco, February 12, 1817
First Independence Day in Chile, February 12, 1818
O'Higgins went into exile, 1823
He died in Peru, October 24, 1842

THE SON OF THE BAREFOOT BOY

AMBROSE O'HIGGINS was like the bright lad in the fairy tale, who started out to seek his fortune with a knapsack on his back. Ambrose was only a servant-boy in Ireland, barefoot some say, running errands for the Lady of Castle Dangan in County Meath. Then one day he set out to seek his fortune in Spain where he had an uncle.

He did not find it there. So he bought a stock of merchandise, and took ship for South America, the wonderful country, where, so people said, one could get treasure and emeralds a-plenty.

He landed at Buenos Aires, and sold some of his goods. Then he crossed the *pampas*, or prairie, and packed his goods by mule-train over the high Andes into Chile.

Still his treasure did not appear, and, being a venturesome lad, he made his way north to Lima in Peru. There he kept a small stall and peddled his wares under the shadow of Pizarro's ancient Cathedral. As he looked up at its weather-beaten walls and down at his old clothes, little he dreamed that one day he should enter the door of that very Cathedral clad in a Vice-King's garments and surrounded by a brilliant retinue of officers and retainers.

Not knowing that all this wonderful thing was to happen, he grew restless and set off on his travels through Venezuela and New Granada, and finally went back to Chile.

There his fortune was awaiting him. As the years passed, he studied and worked industriously, until he became a famous civil engineer and built roads and did great things for Chile. He devoted himself to Chile's interest until the King of Spain, learning of his genius and of all the improvements he had brought about in the country, appointed him its Governor.

He served with such wisdom that, in time, he was made Viceroy, or Vice-King, of Peru, the highest and most coveted office in all Spanish America.

So with pomp and procession, in a Vice-King's garments, he entered the Cathedral doors of the very city where once as a poor homeless boy he had peddled his wares.

He died at a great age, full of honours, and left his estate to Bernardo his son.

Now, Bernardo his son was anything but a Royalist. He was a Patriot. He felt no deep loyalty to the Crown of Spain. He had been sent to London to

study while he was only a boy. There he had met Miranda the Flaming Son of Liberty. Miranda had become his friend. Bernardo had joined his secret society to which Bolivar and San Martin belonged. Thus the boy, Bernardo O'Higgins, had enthusiastically pledged himself to help Spanish America gain her Freedom.

When his father died, he returned to Chile. He lived for a while on his farm with his mother and sister Rosa. But he was not content to stay there long. So leaving the farm, he gave himself completely to the service of his Country.

And while San Martin, the Argentine General, was mobilizing his Army at Mendoza on the other side of the Andes, O'Higgins and many Chilean Patriots were endeavouring to drive the Spaniards out of their country northward and back to Lima.

THE SINGLE STAR FLAG

IT was the Fourth of July. The United States Consulate in Chile was celebrating *our* Independence Day. Over the Consulate floated the Stars and Stripes, and with it was entwined, for the first time, a tri-coloured flag, red, white, and blue, with a single five-pointed silver star in its upper left hand corner.

It was the new Republican Flag of Chile.

Soon one saw the Patriots of Santiago on the streets, wearing red, white, and blue cockades.

And shortly after this the Single Star Flag was adopted as the Chilean national emblem.

THE HERO OF RANCAGUA

BUT Spain was not going to permit Chile to hoist a Flag of Independence. She despatched armed frigates and war vessels along the Pacific coast, for she was determined to crush the Patriot uprising once and for all.

From her stronghold, Lima, she sent out fresh troops seasoned in European wars. This strong Spanish force marched down through Chile upon helpless Santiago City. The Patriot Army, very small and badly equipped, took its stand bravely near the town of Rancagua hoping to keep the Spanish from passing.

Unfortunately, there were political quarrels among the Patriots. The Carreras—three brothers—were trying to gain control of the Government and Army. Their personal ambition was greater than their love of Country.

The Patriot forces at Rancagua were in part commanded by two of the Carreras, and in part by O'Higgins of whom they were jealous.

The Spanish attacked. A stiff battle took place. Neither Army would give quarter. Each side hoisted a black flag as a signal of war to the death.

Suddenly, without warning, the Carreras fell back and abandoned O'Higgins and his troop to their fate, leaving them trapped as it were. But O'Higgins and his men retreated into the town and defended themselves courageously. For hours, without cessation, the Spanish attacked. Finally, O'Higgins withdrew his men to the plaza, and fought from behind hastily thrown-up barricades built of carts, bricks, furniture, and parts of houses.

Then a Chilean magazine exploded. The Patriots' ammunition began to give out. The buildings around them went up in flames. O'Higgins was shot in the leg. But he and all of his little band, of whom scarcely two hundred men were left, tortured by fatigue, thirst, and heat, still gallantly fought on.

Destruction seemed certain. But O'Higgins was not a man to yield to despair. He ordered his men to collect all the horses, mules, and cattle they could lay hands on. He placed himself at the head of his men, and driving the herd before him, plunged through the Spanish lines, cutting fiercely on every side as he went.

So he and his soldiers retreated in safety to Santiago.

But that city was doomed. The Spanish marched upon it and took it. All was terror. Many people fled from the city. Patriots who remained were seized by the Spanish, and imprisoned or murdered. A number of men, some quite old, were banished to the lonely island of Juan Fernandez—Robinson Crusoe's desert island.

As for Bernardo O'Higgins, he barely escaped with his life. He led a party of miserable shivering refugees, men and women, across the Andes into Argentina. After terrible sufferings from cold in the high mountain passes, they reached Mendoza. There they were welcomed and sheltered by San Martin, the General whom God had called to carry Liberty into Chile.

COMPANIONS-IN-ARMS

THEN Argentina and Chile joined forces against Spain. O'Higgins and San Martin became companions-in-arms.

About all that they accomplished, about the Hannibal of the Andes, Chacabuco, Maipu, and the strong fleet which O'Higgins assembled to carry San Martin and his Army to Peru, you may read in the story of San Martin on page 235. There, also, it is told how O'Higgins became the Supreme Dictator of Chile, the land where his father the barefoot boy, had found a fortune.

THE PATRIOT RULER

So while San Martin with his army sailed away to liberate Peru, the unselfish Supreme Dictator stayed at home to care for his people.

Now that the Spanish were driven out, the Country was in a chaotic condition, its laws and Government in confusion. With wisdom, patience, and tact, O'Higgins began the work of reconstruction. And how well he succeeded Captain Basil Hall, an English naval officer, tells in his journal.

> "We left Valparaiso harbour filled with shipping; its customhouse wharfs piled high with goods too numerous and bulky for the old warehouses. The road between the port and the capital was always crowded with convoys of mules loaded with every kind of foreign manufacture. While numerous ships were busy taking in cargoes of the wines, corn, and other articles, the growth of the country.
>
> "And large sums of treasures were daily embarked for Europe, in return for goods already distributed over the interior.
>
> "A spirit of inquiry and intelligence animated the whole society. Schools were multiplied in every town; libraries established; and every encouragement given to literature and the arts. And as travelling was free, passports were unnecessary.
>
> "In the manners and even in the gait of every man, might be traced the air of conscious freedom and independence."

And all this was largely due to the energetic and peaceful rule of Bernardo O'Higgins.

But political enemies soon began to press the Supreme Dictator hard. There were conspiracies of the Carrera party. Diplomatic misunderstandings arose between Chile and both the United States and England.

Meanwhile, a more serious situation was developing which was to bring misery to Chile. The aristocrats, who had been Royalists, began to work secretly against O'Higgins and the Republic. Government officials, who were jealous of O'Higgins's power and success, plotted against him. These conspirators succeeded in getting control of the Assembly.

The Assembly demanded his resignation. O'Higgins knew that if he should refuse to resign, his act would plunge Chile into civil war. Rather than harm his Country, he laid down his power.

The People of Chile, who loved and revered him, wept with sorrow at his abdication. And his enemies would not have dared to attack him, had they not known that he would never shed one drop of Chilean blood in his own defense.

FIRST SOLDIER, FIRST CITIZEN

THE rest is soon told.

Bernardo O'Higgins, with his mother and his sister Rosa, went into exile.

He sought refuge in Peru. He reached there after the Amazing Meeting. San Martin was gone. The Peruvians welcomed him with sincere hospitality. They gladly offered to shelter him in his exile. They gratefully acknowledged all that he had done to help equip the Liberating Army which had freed Peru. They gave him a fine sugar plantation, and honoured him in every way they could.

So he lived quietly among them for many years.

But things were not going well in the Republic of Chile. Her first place, which she had held among other southern Republics because of her well-organized Government and her fine civic reconstruction, the work of O'Higgins, this her first place, was lost. She stood no longer at the head of her sister Republics.

She was become a prey to political quarrels. The Holy Alliance in Europe was threatening her. It was then that Chile received gladly the Monroe Doctrine of the United States, which protected her against Spain.

Then Chile, in her trouble, recalled O'Higgins and voted to restore him to all his titles and honours.

Though he loved Chile, he knew it was not best to return, so he refused. Soon after which, he died in Peru.

He is, to-day, the beloved National Hero of the Chilean People.

CHILE AS SHE IS

SUNNY, happy, smiling Chile, stretches like a broad ribbon unrolling itself along the Pacific coast of South America. To-day she is a Republic with a

Constitution and a President.

Chile is a prosperous Republic; for after civil war and political struggles, she has found herself, and is even stronger and more vigorous than when under the rule of Bernardo O'Higgins.

High in her background loom the Andes, their jagged summits covered with eternal snows; while in their hearts are valleys, lakes, and rushing torrents, rich copper mines, and grazing grounds.

Chile's immensely long and narrow land reaches from the hot and arid deserts of Peru, to the cold and rainy country of Cape Horn. But the beautiful, sunny, happy Chile lies between these two extremes. In that delightful part, grow barley, wheat, grapes; and herds of cattle and horses feed on the rich grass. Each year, Chile sends quantities of grain as well as of iodine, nitrates, and wool, to the markets of our United States, and to those of other countries as well.

In Chile, thousands of school children in the cities, towns, and villages are taught to honour the name of Bernardo O'Higgins, who founded their Government, Chile's "first Soldier, first Citizen."

The children of Chile keep their Independence Day on February 12, while our children in the United States are celebrating Lincoln's Birthday.

ONE OF TWENTY

CHILE is only one of twenty flourishing Latin American Republics. They are called Latin American, because they were settled by Latin Races, Spanish, French, or Portuguese.

There are eighteen Spanish-American ones; one French, Haiti; and one Portuguese, Brazil. In these twenty Republics there are more than 75,000,000 people.

This book is too short a one in which to tell about all the Liberators of these Republics.

There was Toussaint l'Ouverture, the extraordinary coloured man, an ex-slave, who liberated Haiti. Haiti was the first Latin American Republic to declare its Independence.

In Peru, there was Tupac Amaru, the brave young Indian Cacique, a descendant of the "Child of the Sun" whom Pizarro conquered. He tried to liberate his people from Spain, but was captured with all his family, and put to death.

In Paraguay there was the tyrant-liberator Francia, about whom that fascinating romance in English, *El Supremo*, tells. While *La Banda Oriental*, as Uruguay used to be called, had for a Liberator, the bold bandit-like Artigas. In Mexico, it was the priest Hidalgo who roused the Mexican People to revolt against Spain.

The Peoples of the eighteen Spanish-American Republics, are not *one* People like those of our United States, living at peace under *one* Government and governed by *one* Constitution.

They are not a Union. Instead, each is a separate Republic. Each may do as it pleases without consulting the welfare of the others. This at times, brings about bad feeling, and even war.

But to prevent war and bloodshed, some of these Republics have adopted *a better way*.

THE BETTER WAY

TO-DAY, high on a ridge of the Andes Mountains, high, high above the level of the sea, stands a gigantic bronze monument. It is a figure raised on a pedestal. In one hand it holds a cross, while it extends the other hand in blessing.

The winter winds sweep against it with driving storms of snow. The summer winds whirl drifts of sand around its base. But with peaceful look, the figure gazes far beyond the black rocks, frozen peaks, and rushing torrents of the Andes, toward the busy world of men.

On its base is inscribed:—

> *Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust, than Chileans and Argentines shall break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.*

It is the figure of *El Cristo*[7] of the Andes. It is a monument standing close to a lonely trail, once the highway from Argentina into Chile. It was erected a few years ago by the Republics of Chile and Argentina.

It happened this way:—

The two Republics had disputed for years over the boundary line which passed along the crest of the Andes. Each claimed a large share of valuable territory. Neither would allow the other to settle the boundary line.

Sometimes, the Argentine soldiers, patrolling the frontier, would find the Chilean patrol camping on the disputed ground. The two patrols would have

angry words and nearly come to blows. So the bad feeling grew worse until both Republics were ready for war.

Then the Chileans and Argentines remembered that their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, under San Martin and O'Higgins, had fought side by side, and had shed their blood together in the cause of Independence. They could not bring themselves to slaughter each other, for they were brothers.

They agreed to arbitrate. They appealed to England to decide the boundary line for them. King Edward the Seventh sent a commission to the Andes, which surveyed the region to as far south as Cape Horn. The King gave his decision. Thus the boundary question was settled without bloodshed. Though Chile was not quite satisfied, she loyally stood by the King's decision.

So the conflict was stopped, good feeling returned, and the Republics were saved from the horrors of war.

To commemorate this great event,—the better way of settling a Nation's quarrel by Arbitration,—the Argentines and Chileans erected *El Cristo*.

The figure was cast from the metal of old cannon left by the Spanish soldiers when they were driven from the land by O'Higgins and San Martin. It is twenty-six feet high, and is mounted on a huge pedestal. Near it is set up a boundary-marker inscribed on one side *Chile*, and on the other, *Argentina*.

El Cristo of the Andes was dedicated. Several thousand people were present. The vast solitudes of the Andes were broken. Cannon roared and bands played. Then the Bishop of Ancud spoke:

"Not only to Argentina and Chile," he said, "do we dedicate this monument, but to the World, that from this it may learn the lesson of Universal Peace."

Years have gone by since then. To-day a railroad takes travellers over the mountains by another route. They no longer pass the bronze figure that pleads for Peace.

"The peon with a mail-bag strapped on his back has tramped his way for the last time down the rocky trail in the winter-snows," writes Mr. Nevin O. Winter, who has seen *El Cristo*. "*El Cristo* stands among the lonely crags deserted, isolated, and storm-swept; but ever with a noble dignity befitting the character."

But Chile and Argentina have not yet forgotten their pledge. They are still showing the World the Better Way—the way of Arbitration and Peace.

SEPTEMBER 6

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE
THE FRIEND OF AMERICA

As soon as I heard of American Independence, my heart was enlisted!

LAFAYETTE

LAFAYETTE SAID WHEN OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO CONGRESS

After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to exact two favours. One is to serve at my own expense—the other is, to serve at first as volunteer.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, TO LAFAYETTE

On Bidding Him Farewell, in 1825

Our children, in life and after death, shall claim you for our own. You are ours by that more than patriotic devotion with which you flew to the aid of our Fathers at the crisis of their fate.... Ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name, for endless ages to come, with the name of WASHINGTON.

LAFAYETTE was born in France, September 6, 1757
He came to the rescue of America, 1777
He made his triumphal tour, 1824-25
He died in France, May 20, 1834
His full name was Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert Du Motier Marquis de Lafayette. He preferred to be called plain "Citizen Gilbert Motier."

I WILL JOIN THE AMERICANS!

ONE night, in 1776, the old Marshal, Commander of the French forces at Strasburg, was giving a dinner party in honour of the Duke of Gloucester.

This light-hearted English Duke was in disgrace with his royal brother King George the Third of England; so he was taking a little trip abroad. At the Marshal's dinner he was maliciously regaling the guests with a humorous account of how the Americans had flouted King George and had flung his chests of tea into Boston Harbour, and had declared their Independence.

The Duke's sympathies were all with the Americans, and he dwelt on their need of volunteers. Amongst the guests—officers in blue and silver, Strasburg grandees in gold-lace and velvet, all exclaiming, laughing, and gesticulating—was one silent, solemn-faced young officer.

He was lean, red-haired, and hook-nosed, and very awkward. He kept his eager eyes fixed on the Duke's face. Nobody noticed him.

After dinner, he strode across the room to the Duke, and opened his lips for the first time.

"I will join the Americans—I will help them fight for Freedom!" he cried; and as he spoke his face was illuminated. "Tell me how to set about it!"

The young man was the Marquis de Lafayette, nineteen years old, a rich French noble, the adoring husband of a sweet young wife, and the father of one little child.

Edith Sichel (*Retold*)

IN AMERICA

ACCOMPANIED by Baron de Kalb, Lafayette safely reached America, and presented his credentials to Congress.

Washington met him first at a dinner in Philadelphia. He was so pleased with Lafayette's eager, brave spirit, and with his unselfish offer of sword and fortune for the American cause, that he invited him to become a member of his family, and to make Headquarters his home.

Lafayette was delighted, and immediately had his luggage taken to the camp. And from that time on, he was always a welcome guest both at camp and at Mount Vernon.

ON THE FIELD NEAR CAMDEN

WHAT became of Lafayette's companion, the Baron de Kalb?

He served his adopted country, the United States, until at the battle near Camden, he fell, still fighting though pierced by eleven wounds.

“The rebel General! the rebel General!” shouted the British soldiers who saw him fall. And they rushed forward to transfix him with their bayonets.

But his faithful adjutant tried to throw himself on the Baron’s body to shield it, crying out at the same time, “Spare the Baron de Kalb!”

The rough soldiers raised the wounded Baron to his feet, and, leaning him against a wagon, began to strip him.

Just then the British General, Lord Cornwallis, rode up. He saw his valiant enemy stripped to his shirt, the blood pouring from his eleven wounds. Immediately, he gave orders that the Baron should be treated with respect and care.

“I regret to see you so badly wounded,” he said, “but am glad to have defeated you.”

The Baron was carried to a bed. He was given every care. His devoted adjutant watched by his bedside, and the British officers came to express their sympathy and regret. But the brave Baron lingered three days only, then he died. Almost his last thoughts were with the men of his command. He charged his adjutant to thank them for their valour, and to bid them an affectionate farewell from him.

The people of Camden erected a monument in memory of the Baron de Kalb.

THE BANNER OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS

"Take thy Banner; and beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee!

. . . . . .

"Take thy Banner; and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this Crimson Flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee!"

And the Warrior took that Banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

From The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns,

HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW

IT was the young and gallant Marquis de Lafayette, who during the terrible rout on the field of Brandywine, leaped from his horse, and sword in hand tried to rally the fleeing American soldiers. But a musket ball passing through his leg, he fell wounded to the ground.

His brave aide-de-camp placed Lafayette on his own horse, thus saving his life. Lafayette then tried to rejoin Washington, but his wound bled so badly that he had to stop and have his leg bandaged.

Meanwhile, it was growing dark. All was fear and confusion around him. The American soldiers were fleeing from every direction toward the village of Chester. They were rushing on in headlong flight, with cannon and baggage-wagons. The thunder of the enemy's guns, the clouds of dust, the shouts and cries, the general panic, were terrific.

Lafayette was forced to retreat with the Army, but in spite of his wound, he retained presence of mind enough to station a guard at the bridge before Chester, with commands to keep all retreating soldiers from crossing it. So,

when Washington and General Greene rode up, they were able to rally the soldiers and restore something like order.

As for Lafayette, he was soon after carried to the town of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, and left with the Moravian Nuns.

These good women nursed him, and bestowed every kindly care upon him, until his wound was healed and he was able to rejoin the Army. He had been serving without a command, but after his gallant action at Brandywine, he was made head of a division.

It was while Lafayette was still at Bethlehem, that a brilliant officer from the American Army came to see him. He was the Lithuanian-Polish Patriot, Count Casimir Pulaski.

All the Nuns, and in fact every one in Bethlehem, knew Count Pulaski's romantic history, how while in Poland he had fought for the Independence of his Country, and had been sent into exile. He was now fighting for America's Liberty.

And when the Nuns learned that Count Pulaski was raising a corps in Baltimore, they were eager to honour him. With their own hands they made a banner of crimson silk, embroidering it beautifully. This they sent to him with their blessing.

He carried the crimson banner through battle and danger, until at last he fell so badly wounded that he died.

The crimson banner was rescued, and carried back to Baltimore.

LOYAL TO THE CHIEF

It was during that terrible Winter at Valley Forge, that Generals Gates and Conway "with malice and duplicity," were plotting against Washington.

They wanted to win the young and influential Marquis de Lafayette to their conspiracy. They planned to do so by separating him from Washington. So they used their influence to have him appointed to an independent command, with Conway as his chief lieutenant. And this they did without consulting Washington.

But they reckoned without their host. The gallant young Frenchman was loyal. He was incapable of a dastardly act. Though scarcely twenty years old, he had a mind of his own. He refused to take command without Washington's consent; and insisted on having Baron de Kalb, not Conway, for his lieutenant.

Then he set out for York, to get his papers.

He had left Washington with the soldiers, starving and shivering at Valley Forge; he found General Gates and his officers in York, comfortably seated at dinner, the table laden with food and drink. They were flushed and noisy with wine, and greeted Lafayette with shouts of welcome.

They fawned upon him; they complimented and toasted him. He listened to them quietly; and, as soon as he received his papers, rose as if to make a speech.

There was a breathless silence. All eyes were fixed upon him.

In politest tones, he reminded them there was one toast that they had forgotten, and which he now proposed:—

The health of the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States.

There was silence. There was consternation and embarrassment. No one dared refuse to drink. Some merely touched the glasses to their lips, others set them down scarcely tasted.

Then, bowing with mock politeness and shrugging his shoulders, Lafayette left the dining-hall, and mounting his horse rode away.

John Fiske and Other Sources (*Retold*)

WE ARE GRATEFUL, LAFAYETTE!

DURING the War for Independence, Lafayette served without pay. He also cheerfully expended one hundred and forty thousand dollars out of his own fortune, purchasing a ship to bring him to America, and raising, equipping, arming, and clothing a regiment. And when he landed in America, he brought with him munitions of war, which he presented to our Army. He gave shoes, clothes, and food to our naked suffering American soldiers.

After the War was over, some small recognition was offered him by our Government. But while on his visit here in 1825, to show appreciation of his unselfish aid to us in time of need, and in compensation for his expenditures, Congress passed a bill presenting him with two hundred thousand dollars and a grant of land.

There were, however, a few members of Congress who violently opposed the bill, much to the shame of all grateful citizens. And one member of Congress, humiliated at this opposition, tried to apologize delicately to Lafayette.

"I, Sir, *am one of the opposition*!" exclaimed Lafayette. "The gift is so munificent, so far exceeding the services of the individual, that, had I been a member of Congress, I must have voted against it!"

And to Congress itself, Lafayette, deeply touched said:—

"The immense and unexpected gift which in addition to former and considerable bounties, it has pleased Congress to confer upon me, calls for the warmest acknowledgments of an old American soldier, an adopted son of the United States—two titles dearer to my heart than all the treasures in the world."

SOME OF WASHINGTON'S HAIR

CORDIAL ties bound the land of Washington to the land of Bolivar one hundred years ago.

Then the South American Liberator was held in such high esteem here, that after the death of Washington his family sent Bolivar several relics of the national hero of the United States, including locks of Washington's hair.

The gift was transmitted through Lafayette, who had it presented to Bolivar by a French officer. And the latter bore back to the noble French comrade of Washington, an eloquent letter of thanks from Bolivar.

The South American Liberator professed throughout his life ardent admiration for the United States, and once in conversation with an American officer in Peru, prophesied that within one hundred years, the land of Washington would stand first in the world.

T. R. Ybarra

WELCOME! FRIEND OF AMERICA!

1824-25

IT was twenty-five years after the death of Washington. It was 1824. In New York City, joy bells were ringing, bands playing, cannon saluting, flags waving, and two hundred thousand people wildly cheering.

The Marquis de Lafayette was visiting America. He was landing at the Battery. He was no longer the slender, debonair, young French officer who, afire with ardent courage, had served under Washington, but a man of sixty-seven, large, massive, almost six feet tall, his rugged face expressing a strong noble character, his fine hazel eyes beaming with pleasure and

affection. But his manner was the same courtly, gracious one of the young man of nineteen who so long ago had exclaimed, “I will join the Americans —I will help them fight for Freedom!”

Since the American War for Independence, Lafayette had been through the terrible French Revolution, and had spent five years in an Austrian prison. Now, as he landed once more on American soil, he was the honoured and idolized guest of millions of grateful citizens of the United States.

As he stepped from a gayly decorated boat, and stood among the throngs of cheering New York folk, his eyes filled with tears. He had expected only a little welcome; instead he found the whole Nation waiting expectant and eager to do him honour.

His tour of the country in a barouche drawn by four white horses, was one continuous procession. Enormous crowds gathered everywhere to greet him as he went from city to city, town to town, and village to village. He passed beneath arches of flowers and arbours of evergreens. Children and young girls welcomed him with songs, and officials with addresses. He was banqueted and fêted. “Lafayette! Lafayette!” was the roar that went up from millions of throats.

At Fort McHenry, he was conducted into the tent that had been Washington’s during the War for Independence. There, some of Lafayette’s old comrades-in-arms, veteran members of the Society of the Cincinnati, were awaiting him.

Lafayette embraced them with tears of joy. Then looking around the tent, and seeing some of Washington’s equipment, he exclaimed in a subdued voice:—

“I remember! I remember!”

Later in the day, a procession was formed, which as it passed through the streets of Baltimore, displayed in a place of honour the crimson silk banner of Count Pulaski, embroidered for him by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

In Boston, Lafayette in a barouche drawn by four beautiful white horses, was escorted by a brilliant procession through the streets. At the Common, he passed between two lines of school-children, girls in white, and boys in blue and white; and a lovely little girl crowned him with a wreath of blossoms.

Across Washington Street, were thrown two arches decorated with flags, and inscribed with the words:—

WELCOME, LAFAYETTE!

The Fathers in glory shall sleep,
That gathered with thee to the fight,
But the Sons will eternally keep
The Tablet of Gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck, and we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee.

And when he entered Lexington, he passed beneath an arch on which was written in flowers:

Welcome! Friend of America!
To the Birthplace of American Liberty.

SEPTEMBER 24

JOHN MARSHALL
THE EXPOUNDER OF THE CONSTITUTION

I had grown up at a time ... when the maxim, "United we stand, divided we fall," was the maxim of every orthodox American; and I had imbibed these sentiments so thoroughly that they constituted a part of my being.

JOHN MARSHALL.

He had a deep sense of moral and religious obligation, and a love of truth, constant, enduring, unflinching. It naturally gave rise to a sincerity of thought, purpose, expression and conduct, which, though never severe, was always open, manly, and straightforward.

Yet it was combined with such a gentle and bland demeanour, that it never gave offense. But it was, on the contrary, most persuasive in its appeals to the understanding.

Justice JOSEPH STORY

JOHN MARSHALL was born in Virginia, September 24, 1755
Became an officer in a Company of Minute Men, 1775
Was Envoy to France, 1797
Was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, 1801
He died, July 6, 1835

THE BOY OF THE FRONTIER

In a Log Cabin

THROUGH the ancient and unbroken forests, toward the Monongahela River, Braddock made his slow and painful way. Weeks passed, then months. But the Colonists felt no impatience because everybody knew what would happen when his scarlet columns should finally meet and throw themselves upon the enemy.

Yet this meeting when it came, proved to be one of the lesser tragedies of history, and had a deep and fateful effect upon American public opinion, and upon the life and future of the American People.

Time has not dulled the vivid picture of that disaster. The golden sunshine of that July day; the pleasant murmur of the waters of the Monongahela; the silent and sombre forests; the steady tramp, tramp of the British to the inspiriting music of their regimental bands, playing the martial airs of England; the bright uniforms of the advancing columns giving to the background of stream and forest a touch of splendour;—and then the ambush and surprise; the war-whoops of savage foes that could not be seen; the hail of invisible death, no pellet of which went astray; the pathetic volleys which the doomed British troops fired at hidden antagonists; the panic; the rout; the pursuit; the slaughter; the crushing, humiliating defeat!

Most of the British officers were killed or wounded, as they vainly tried to halt the stampede. Braddock himself received a mortal hurt.

Furious at what he felt was the stupidity and cowardice of the British regulars, the youthful Washington rode among the fear-frenzied Englishmen striving to save the day. Two horses were shot under him. Four bullets rent his uniform. But crazed with fright, the Royal soldiers were beyond human control.

Only the Virginia Rangers kept their heads and their courage. Obeying the shouted orders of their young Commander, they threw themselves between the terror-stricken British and the savage victors, and, fighting behind trees and rocks, were an ever-moving rampart of fire that saved the flying remnants of the English troops.

But for Washington and his Rangers, Braddock’s whole force would have been annihilated.

So everywhere went up the cry, “The British are beaten!”

At first, rumour had it, that the whole force was destroyed, and that Washington had been killed in action. But soon another word followed hard upon this error—the word that the boyish Virginia Captain and his Rangers had fought with coolness, skill, and courage; that they alone had prevented the extinction of the British Regulars.

Thus it was that the American Colonists suddenly came to think, that they themselves must be their own defenders. It was a revelation, all the

more impressive because it was so abrupt, unexpected, and dramatic, that the red-coated professional soldiers were not the unconquerable warriors, the Colonists had been told that they were. From colonial mansion to log cabin, from the provincial capitals to the mean and exposed frontier settlements, Braddock's defeat sowed the seed of the idea that Americans must depend upon themselves.

Close upon the heels of this epoch-making event, John Marshall came into the world.

He was born in a little log cabin in what is now a part of Virginia, eleven weeks after Braddock's defeat. The Marshall cabin stood about a mile and a half from a cluster of a dozen similar log structures, a little settlement practically on the frontier.

Off to the Blue Ridge

SOME ten years after Braddock's defeat, we can picture a strong rude wagon drawn by two horses, crawling along the stumpy, rock-roughened, and mud-mired road through the dense woods that led to a valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

In the wagon sat a young woman. By her side a sturdy red-cheeked boy looked out with alert but quiet interest showing from his brilliant black eyes. And three other children cried their delight or vexation as the hours wore on.

The red-cheeked boy was John Marshall.

In this wagon, too, were piled the little family's household goods. By the side of the wagon, strode a young man dressed in the costume of the frontier. Tall, broad-shouldered, lithe-hipped, erect, he was a very oak of a man. His splendid head was carried with a peculiar dignity. And the grave but kindly command that shone from his face, together with the brooding thoughtfulness and fearless light of his striking eyes, would have singled him out in any assemblage, as a man to be respected and trusted.

A negro drove the team, and a negro girl walked behind. So went little John Marshall with his father and mother, from the log cabin to their new Blue Ridge home, which was not a log cabin, but a frame house built of whipsawed uprights and boards.

Making an American

John Marshall lived near the frontier, until he was nineteen, when as Lieutenant of the famous Culpeper Minute Men, he marched away to battle.

And during those nineteen years he had been growing up to be *an American*.

The earliest stories told little John Marshall must have been frontier ones of daring and sacrifice.

Almost from the home-made cradle, he was taught the idea of American solidarity. Braddock's defeat was the theme of fireside talk of the Colonists, and from this grew in time the conviction that Americans, if united, could not only protect their homes from the savages and the French, but could defeat, if need be, the British themselves.

So thought John Marshall's father and mother, and so they taught their children.

For the most part, the boy's days were spent studying and reading, or rifle in hand, in the surrounding mountains and by the pleasant waters that flowed through the valley of his forest home. He helped his mother, of course, did the innumerable chores which the day's work required, and looked after the younger children. He ate game from the forest and fish from the stream. Bear meat was plentiful.

Whether at home with his mother, or on surveying trips with his father, the boy continually was under the influence and direction of hardy, clear-minded unusual parents.

Their lofty and simple ideals, their rational thinking, their unbending uprightness, their religious convictions—these were the intellectual companions of John Marshall's childhood and youth.

Give Me Liberty!

THOMAS MARSHALL, John's father, served in the Virginia House of Burgesses of which Patrick Henry was a member.

When Thomas Marshall returned to his Blue Ridge home, he described, of course, the scenes he had witnessed and taken part in. The heart of his son thrilled, we may be sure, as he listened to his father reciting Patrick Henry's words of fire.

And again, when Patrick Henry became the voice of America, and offered the "Resolutions for Arming and Defense," and carried them with that amazing speech ending with:—

Give me Liberty or give me Death!

Thomas Marshall sat beneath its spell.

And John Marshall, now nineteen years old, heard those words from his father's lips, as the family clustered around the fireside of Oak Hill, their Blue Ridge home.

The effect on John Marshall's mind and spirit was heroic and profound.

Albert J. Beveridge (*Arranged*)

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT

WHEN John Marshall was nineteen, he was about six feet high, straight, and rather slender, and of dark complexion. His eyes were dark to blackness, strong and penetrating, beaming with intelligence and good nature. His raven black hair was of unusual thickness.

He was Lieutenant of a Company, and wore a purple or pale blue hunting shirt, and trousers of the same material fringed with white. A round black hat, with a buck-tail for a cockade, crowned his figure.

The news of the Battle of Lexington reached him, and he was soon on the muster-field training his Company.

First, he made his men a speech, telling them that he had come to meet them as fellow soldiers, who were likely to be called on to defend their Country and their own rights and liberties—that there had been a battle at Lexington in which the Americans were victorious, but that more fighting was expected—that soldiers were called for—and that it was time to brighten their firearms, and learn to use them in the field—and that, if they would fall into a single line, he would show them the new manual exercise, for which purpose he had brought his own gun.

Then before he required the men to imitate him, he went through the manual exercise by word and motion, deliberately pronounced and performed. He then proceeded to exercise them with the most perfect temper. Never did man possess a temper more happy, or one more subdued or better disciplined.

After a few lessons, he dismissed the Company, saying that if they wished to hear more about the war, he would tell them what he understood about it. The men formed a circle about him, and he talked to them for about an hour.

After that he challenged an acquaintance to a game of quoits. And they closed the day with foot-races and other athletic exercises.

Horace Binney (*Retold*)

SERVING THE CAUSE

YOUNG JOHN MARSHALL became a Lieutenant in the first regiment of Minute Men raised in Virginia. These were the citizen soldiery of the Colonies, who "were raised in a minute; armed in a minute; marched in a minute; fought in a minute; and vanquished in a minute."

His father Thomas Marshall was Major of this Virginia regiment of Minute Men. Their appearance was calculated to strike terror into the hearts of an enemy. They were dressed in green hunting-shirts, home-spun, home-woven, and home-made, with the words,

Liberty or Death!

in large white letters on their bosoms.

They wore in their hats, buck-tails, and in their belts, tomahawks and scalping knives. Their savage, warlike appearance excited the terror of the inhabitants as they marched through the country.

Lord Dunmore told his troops, before the action at the Great Bridge, that if they fell into the hands of the "shirt-men," they would be scalped.

To the honour of the "shirt-men," it should be observed, that they treated the British prisoners with great kindness—a kindness which was felt and gratefully acknowledged.

Henry Flanders (*Arranged*)

AT VALLEY FORGE

THROUGH the battles of Iron Hill, of Brandywine, of Germantown, and of Monmouth, John Marshall bore himself bravely. And through the dreary privations, the hunger, and the nakedness of that ghastly Winter at Valley Forge, his patient endurance and his cheeriness bespoke the very sweetest temper that ever man was blessed with.

So long as any lived to speak, men would tell how he was loved by the soldiers and by his brother officers; how he was the arbiter of their differences and the composer of their disputes. And when called to act, as he often was, as Judge Advocate, he exercised that peculiar and delicate

judgment required of him, who is not only the prosecutor but the protector of the accused.

It was in the duties of this office that he first met and came to know well the two men, whom of all others on earth he most admired and loved, and whose impress he bore through his life—Washington and Hamilton.

William Henry Rawle (*Arranged*)

SILVER HEELS

YOUNG JOHN MARSHALL surpassed in athletics, any man in the Army. When the soldiers were idle at their quarters, it was usual for the officers to engage in a game of quoits or in jumping and racing. Then he would throw a quoit farther, and beat at a race any other. He was the only man, who with a running jump, could clear a stick laid on the heads of two men as tall as himself.

On one occasion, he ran a race in his stocking feet with a comrade. His mother, in knitting his stockings, had knit the legs of blue yarn and the heels of white. Because of this and because he always won the races, the soldiers called him:—

"Silver Heels."

J. B. Thayer (*Arranged*)

WITHOUT BREAD

Told by John Marshall's Sister

HE was then an officer in the American Army, and he came home for a visit, accompanied by some of his brother officers, some young French gentlemen.

When supper time arrived, Mother had the meal prepared for them, and had made into bread a little flour, the last she had, which had been saved for such an occasion.

The little ones cried for some, and Brother John inquired into matters. He would eat no more of the bread, which could not be shared with us.

He was greatly distressed at the straits to which the fortunes of war had reduced us. And Mother had not intended him to know our condition.

From the Green Bag

HIS MOTHER

JOHN MARSHALL'S mother, Mary Isham Keith, was a woman of great force of character and strong religious faith. She was pleasing in mind, person, and manners. And her son loved her with that chivalrous tender devotion, which made him gentle with all women throughout his life.

A few weeks before his death, John Marshall told his friend, Judge Story, that he had never failed to repeat each night, through his long life, the little prayer which begins:—

Now I lay me down to sleep,

that he had learned, when a baby, at his mother's knee.

Sallie E. Marshall Hardy (*Arranged*)

HIS FATHER

HIS father, Thomas Marshall, served with great distinction during the War for Independence. He was a man of uncommon capacity and vigour of intellect.

John Marshall, after he became Chief Justice, used often to speak of him in terms of the deepest affection and reverence. Indeed, he never named his father, without dwelling on his character with a fond and winning enthusiasm.

"My father," he would say with kindled feelings and emphasis, "my father was a far abler man than any of his sons. To him I owe the solid foundation of all my own success in life."

Justice Joseph Story (*Condensed*)

THREE STORIES

What was in the Saddlebags

ONE Autumn, John Marshall was invited to visit Mount Vernon, in company with Washington's nephew.

On their way to Mount Vernon, the two travellers met with a misadventure, which gave great amusement to Washington, and of which he enjoyed telling his friends.

They came on horseback, and carried but one pair of saddlebags, each using one side. Arriving thoroughly drenched by rain, they were shown to a

chamber to change their garments.

One opened his side of the bags, and drew forth *a black bottle of whiskey*. He insisted that he had opened his companion's repository.

Unlocking the other side, they found *a big twist of tobacco, some corn bread, and the equipment of a pack-saddle*.

They had exchanged saddlebags with some traveller, and now had to appear in a ludicrous misfit of borrowed clothes!

Eating Cherries

AFTER the war, John Marshall studied law, and began practice in Virginia courts. He served in many important offices both of his State and of the Nation.

Here is a little story told of him when he first began his practice. At that time, he was very simple though neat, in his dress.

He was one morning strolling, we are told, through the streets of Richmond, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, with his hat under his arm, from which he was eating cherries, when he stopped in the porch of the Eagle Hotel, indulged in a little pleasantry with the landlord, and then passed on.

A gentleman from the country was present, who had a case coming on before the Court of Appeals, and was referred by the landlord to Marshall as the best lawyer to employ. But "the careless languid air" of Marshall, had so prejudiced the man that he refused to employ him.

The clerk, when this client entered the courtroom, also recommended Marshall, but the other would have none of him.

A venerable-looking lawyer, with powdered wig and in black cloth, soon entered, and the gentleman engaged him.

In the first case that came up, this man and Marshall spoke on opposite sides. The gentleman listened, saw his mistake, and secured Marshall at once, frankly telling him the whole story, and adding, that while he had come with one hundred dollars to pay his lawyer, he had but five dollars left.

Marshall good-naturedly took this, and helped in the case.

Learned in the Law of Nations

In time, John Marshall became a great lawyer. He declined the office of District Attorney of the United States at Richmond, that of Attorney General of the United States, and that of Minister to France, all offered him by Washington.

When President Adams persuaded him to go as envoy to France, he wrote to another envoy of "General Marshall," as he was then called, from his rank of Brigadier-General in the Virginia Militia:—

"He is a plain man, very sensible, cautious, guarded, and learned in the Law of Nations."

James B. Thayer (*Arranged*)

THE CONSTITUTION

As the British Constitution is the most subtile organism, which has proceeded from progressive history; so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time, by the brain and purpose of man.

William Ewart Gladstone

"A Constitution," says the dictionary, is "the fundamental organic law or principles of Government of a Nation, State, Society, or other organized body of men.

"Also a written instrument embodying such law."

This is not so hard to understand:—

The first statement may be applied to the English Constitution, which is not a written Document like ours. It is, instead, a vast body of laws and judicial decisions, which, accumulating through the centuries, and beginning long before the time of the Magna Carta, have been handed down from one generation to another.

On the other hand, the second statement in the dictionary, may be applied to the Constitution of the United States, which is a Document, a written instrument, framed and adopted for our protection by those able and noble Patriots who met in the Federal Convention, over which George Washington himself presided. They were wise men, learned in the Law, and far-sighted. They planned a Government for the great future of a very great Free People.

Since its adoption, other Republics of the world have used our Constitution as a model for their own.

Our Constitution guarantees self-government, and regulates just government. It is the foundation of our national life. Without it, we should be threatened with anarchy. Anarchy means universal confusion, terror, bloodshed, lawlessness of every description, and the destruction of religion, education, business, and of everything which makes life and home beautiful and safe.

After we had declared our Independence and won our Liberty, this Country was threatened with anarchy because we had as yet no Constitution to regulate Government, and each State did much as it pleased.

But after the Constitution was adopted, and the States were united and had became One People under One Government, order, peace, and prosperity resulted.

Thus the amazingly rapid growth of "Our Beloved Country," as Washington called it, is due to the safeguards of that most precious Document, the Constitution of the United States. For which reason every boy and girl should read it carefully, should regard it with reverence, and should surround it with every protection, as being, with the blessing of God, the source of the life and welfare of our Nation.

As for John Marshall, he did not help to frame the Constitution; but it was largely through his efforts and those of James Madison, that the Virginia State Legislature ratified it. In another way, also, he had a great part in its making.

After the Constitution was adopted, being a new Document there existed no body of judicial decisions interpreting its meanings, like the decisions of England which guided English judges. A body of American decisions had to be made to interpret our Constitution in order to guide American judges. This was John Marshall's great work.

In 1801, President John Adams called the profound lawyer, John Marshall, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was a most wise appointment, as we shall now see.

EXPOUNDING THE CONSTITUTION

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL took his place at the head of the National Judiciary. The Government under the Constitution, was only organized twelve years before, and in the interval eleven amendments of the Constitution had been regularly proposed and adopted.

Comparatively nothing had been done judicially to define the powers or develop the resources of the Constitution. In short, the Nation, the Constitution, and the Laws were in their infancy.

Under these circumstances, it was most fortunate for the Country, that the great Chief Justice retained his high position for thirty-four years, and that during all that time, with scarcely any interruption, he kept on with the work he showed himself so competent to perform.

As year after year went by and new occasion required, with his irresistible logic, enforced by his cogent English, he developed the hidden treasures of the Constitution, demonstrated its capacities, and showed beyond all possibility of doubt, that a Government rightfully administered under its authority, could protect itself against itself and against the world.

Hardly a day now passes in the Court he so dignified and adorned, without reference to some decision of his time, as establishing a principle which, from that day to this, has been accepted as undoubted law.

In all the various questions of constitutional, international, and general law, the Chief Justice was at home; and when, at the end of his long and eminent career, he laid down his life, he and those who had so ably assisted him in his great work, had the right to say, that the judicial power of the United States had been carefully preserved and wisely administered.

The Nation can never honour him or them, too much for the work they accomplished.

Chief Justice Waite (*Arranged*)

THE GREAT CHIEF JUSTICE

I have always thought from my earliest youth till now, that the greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and a sinning People, was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent Judiciary.

JOHN MARSHALL

Respected by All

WHEN the venerable life of the Chief Justice was near its close, he was called to give his parting counsel to his native State, in the revision of her Constitution.

A spectacle of greater dignity than the Convention of Virginia in the year 1829, has been rarely exhibited. At its head was James Monroe, conducted

to the chair by James Madison and John Marshall, and surrounded by the strength of Virginia, including many of the greatest names of the Union.

The reverence manifested for Chief Justice Marshall, was one of the most beautiful features of the scene. The gentleness of his temper, the purity of his motives, the sincerity of his convictions and his wisdom, were confessed by all.

He stood in the centre of his native State, in his very home of fifty years, surrounded by men who had known him as long as they had known anything, and there was no one to rise up even to question his opinions, without a tribute to his personal excellence.

The True Man

THIS admirable man, extraordinary in the powers of his mind, illustrious by his services, exalted by his public station, was one of the most warm-hearted, unassuming, and excellent of men.

His life from youth to old age was one unbroken harmony of mind, affections, principles, and manners.

His kinsman says of him, "He had no frays in boyhood. He had no quarrels or outbreakings in manhood. He was the composer of strifes. He spoke ill of no man. He meddled not with their affairs. He viewed their worst deeds through the medium of charity."

Another of his intimate personal friends has said of him, "In private life he was upright and scrupulously just in all his transactions. His friendships were ardent, sincere, and constant, his charity and benevolence unbounded. Magnanimous and forgiving, he never bore malice. Religious from sentiment and reflection, he was a Christian, believed in the Gospel, and practiced its tenets."

Horace Binney (*Condensed*)

WHAT OF THE CONSTITUTION?

The Unity of Government, which constitutes you One People, is also now dear to you.

It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real Independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. ...

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable.

WASHINGTON, *from his Farewell Address*

To me it is a marvel that the Constitution of the United States has operated so successfully.... But the United States is a singular example of political virtue and moral rectitude.

That Nation has been cradled in Liberty, has been nurtured in Liberty, and has been maintained by pure Liberty. I will add that the People of the United States are unique in the history of the human race.

SIMON BOLIVAR, *the Liberator*

Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the People of all the States to this Constitution for Ages to come.

We have a great, popular constitutional Government ... defended by the affections of the whole People. No monarchical throne presses these States together. No iron chain of military power encircles them. They live and stand under a Government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last for ever.... Its daily respiration is Liberty and Patriotism. Its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honourable love of glory and renown.

DANIEL WEBSTER

May our children and our children's children for a thousand generations continue to enjoy the benefits conferred upon us by a United Country, and have cause yet to rejoice under those glorious institutions bequeathed us by Washington and his compeers! Now, my friends—soldiers and citizens—I can only say once more, Farewell.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ENVOY

GOD of our Fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty, all the starry band
Of shining worlds, in splendour thro' the skies,
Our grateful songs, before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine, hath led us in the past;
In this Free Land, by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in Peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way;
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine;
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine!

D. C. Roberts (1876)

APPENDIX

FOR TEACHERS AND STORY-TELLERS

I

PROGRAMME OF STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

II

STORY PROGRAMME OF SOUTH AMERICA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

APPENDIX

I

PROGRAMME OF STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

FOR TEACHERS AND STORY-TELLERS

This Programme may be used, day by day, in teaching the history of the United States. The stories are not intended to take the place of the textbook; but they may be utilized in many delightful ways to illustrate it. If they are told, or read aloud, or dramatized by the children, they will make historic events and characters stand out so vividly, that the boys and girls will never forget their American history.

The stories are arranged by dates of leading events, so that the teacher may easily illustrate the day's lesson in the textbook.

1451 (about) Birth of Columbus, and his Boyhood
The Sea of Darkness, p. 3
The Fortunate Isles, p. 5
The Absurd Truth, p. 7

1492 Discovery of America
Cathay the Golden, p. 10
The Emerald Islands, p. 12

1493 Columbus's Return to Spain
The Magnificent Return, p. 13

1498 Discovery of South America (Columbus's Third Voyage)
The Fatal Pearls, p. 15

1502 Discovery of Panama (Columbus's Fourth Voyage)
Queen Isabella's Page, p. 21
The Twin Cities, p. 24
The Pearls Again, p. 26

1619 The First Representative Assembly in America (*in Virginia*)
The Author of the Declaration, p. 308

1620 Signing of the Mayflower Compact
The Father of the New England Colonies, p. 125

1620 Landing of the Pilgrims
The Savage New World, p. 128

1620-23 Settlement of Plymouth Colony
Welcome, Englishmen! p. 131
Lost! Lost! a Boy! p. 132
The Rattlesnake Challenge, p. 136
The Great Drought, p. 138

1636-37 Roger Williams and the Founding of Providence
Roger, the Boy, p. 349
Soul Liberty, p. 350
What Cheer! p. 352
Risking his Life, p. 354

1639 Connecticut's Independent Constitution
Brother Jonathan, p. 208

1681 William Penn and the Founding of Pennsylvania
The Boy of Great Tower Hill, p. 31
Westward Ho, and Away! p. 34
The City of Brotherly Love, p. 36
The Place of Kings, p. 38

1693-1718 William Penn and World Peace
He Wore it as Long as he Could, p. 32
The Peacemaker, p. 33
Onas, p. 41

1755 Braddock's Defeat and the Boyhood of Washington
The Boy in the Valley, p. 191
The Boy of the Frontier, p. 427

1759 George Washington at Home (Before and after the War for Independence)
Washington's Wedding Day (January 6, 1759), p. 197
Washington and the Children, p. 197
Nellie and Little Washington, p. 200
Nelson, the Hero, p. 204
Caring for the Guest, p. 205
Light Horse Harry, p. 216

1764-66 Stamp Act
The Orator of the War for Independence (Patrick Henry), p. 317
This Terrible Cornet of Horse (William Pitt), p. 95
America's Defender, p. 101
The Sons of Liberty, p. 103

1773-74 Boston Tea Party and Boston Port Bill
Aid to the Sister Colony, p. 77

1774 First Continental Congress
Facing Danger, p. 322
A Famous Date, p. 80

1775 Lexington and the Beginning of the War for Independence
What a Glorious Morning! p. 81
A Son of Liberty, p. 75
The Adams Family, p. 76
The Young Lieutenant, p. 433
Serving the Cause, p. 434
Silver Heels, p. 436
Without Bread, p. 437

1775 Second Continental Congress and Appointment of Washington
John to Samuel, p. 82
A Gentleman from Virginia, p. 83

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II

STORY PROGRAMME OF SOUTH AMERICA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

The reader, teacher, or story-teller, who follows this outline, will find that it covers a short consecutive history of one of the most important and courageous world-struggles for Freedom.

Portuguese America—Brazil—holds the honour of having declared its Republic with practically no shedding of blood.

The struggle of the Spanish-American Colonies was conducted for long years against fearful odds. And their winning of the victory helped to make permanent the independence if both North and South America. Therefore, every school child in the United States should know something of the heroic history of our neighbour Republics.

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] Ode by William Collins.

[2] These are merely extracts from Pitt's speeches.

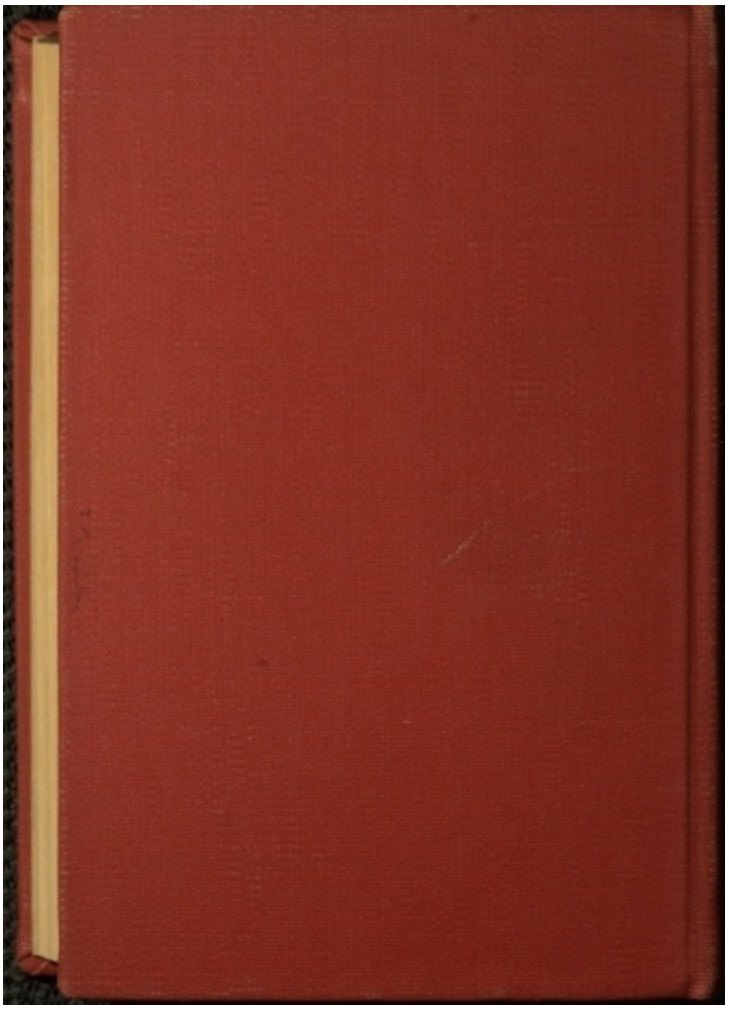
[3] See page 308.

[4] Fraunces Tavern is still standing on the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, New York City. It has been restored by the Sons of the Revolution.

[5] Pronounced Hewston.

[6] Read the story of the *Spanish Galleons*, on page 327.

[7] The Christ of the Andes.



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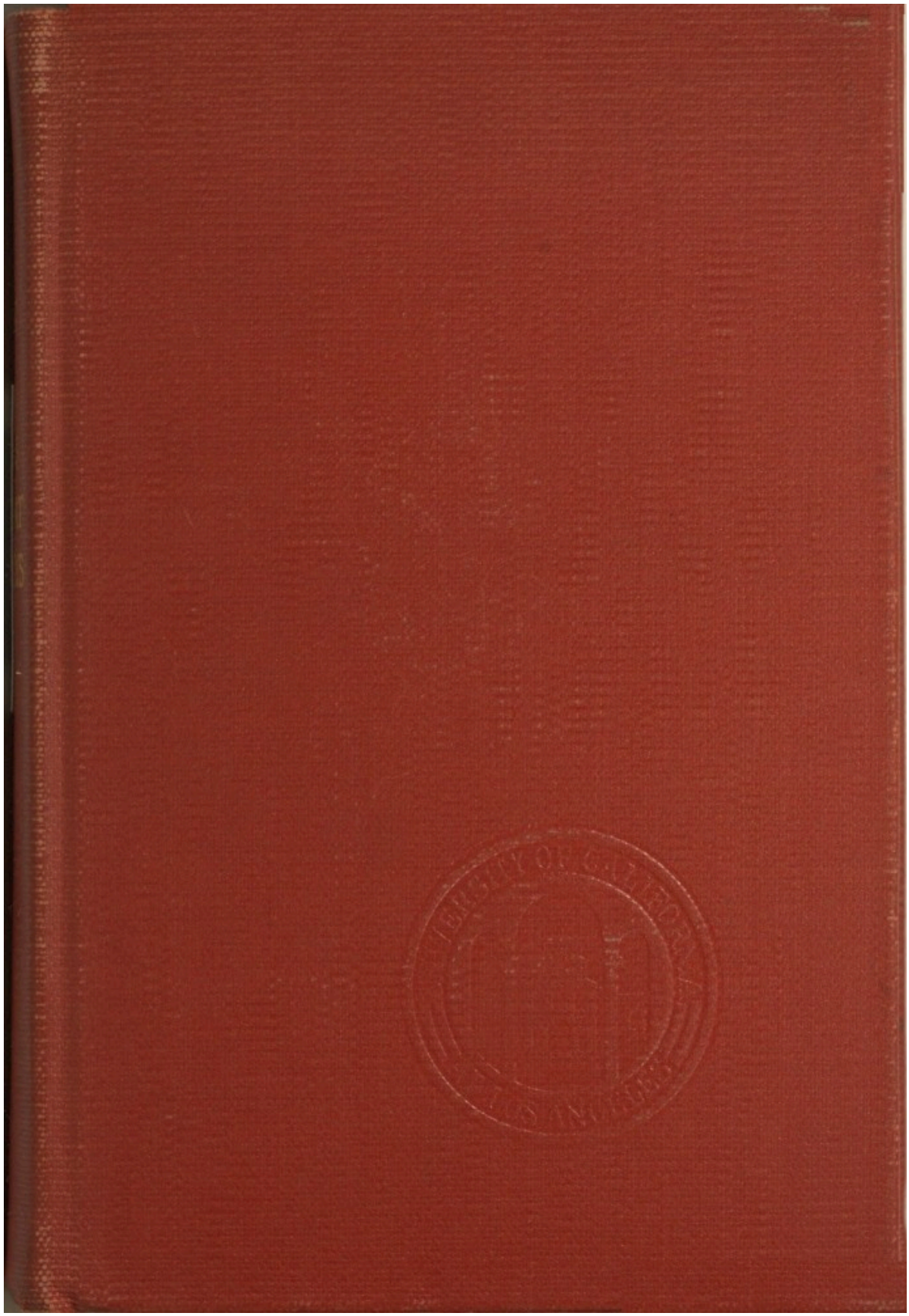

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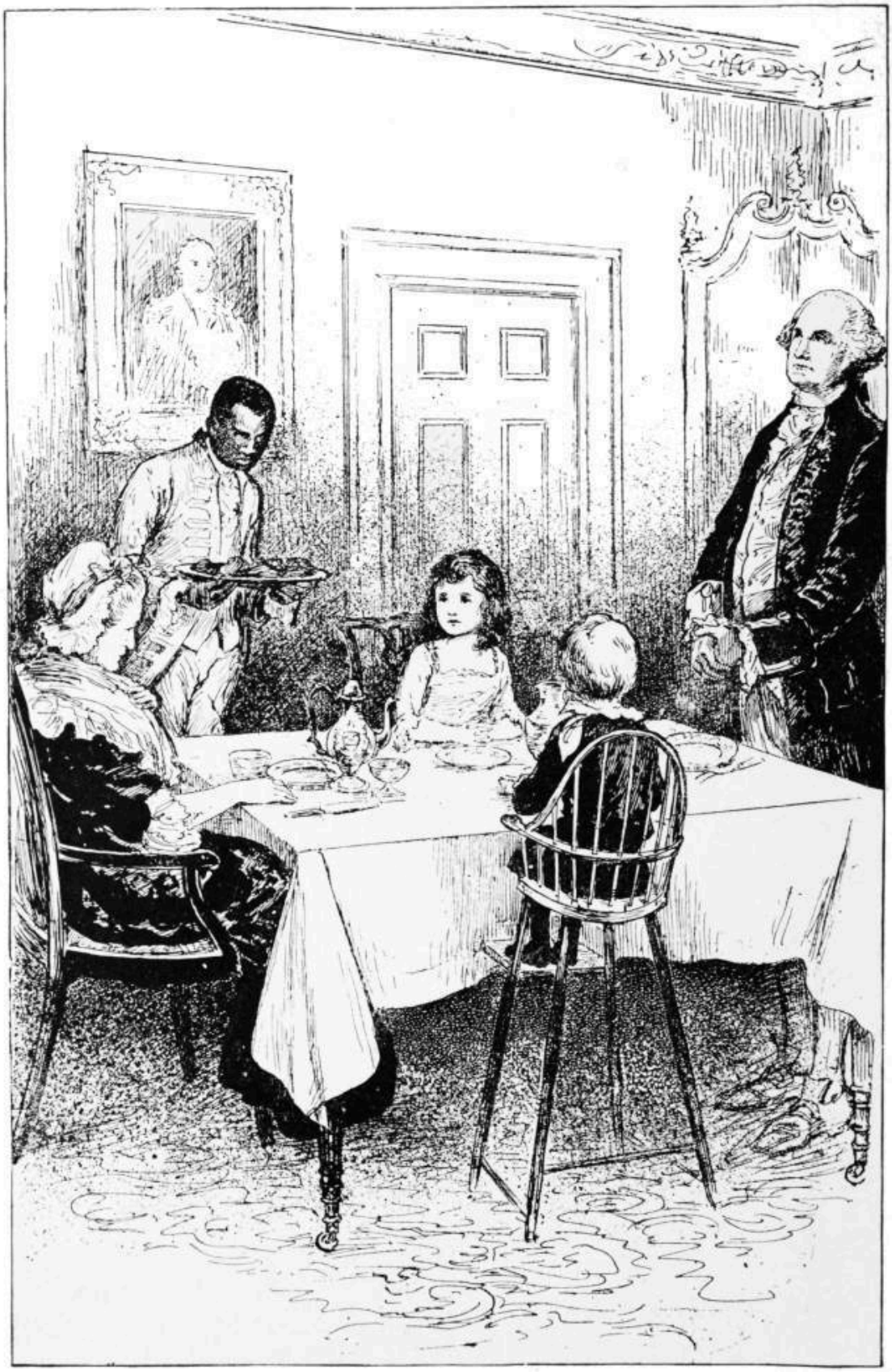

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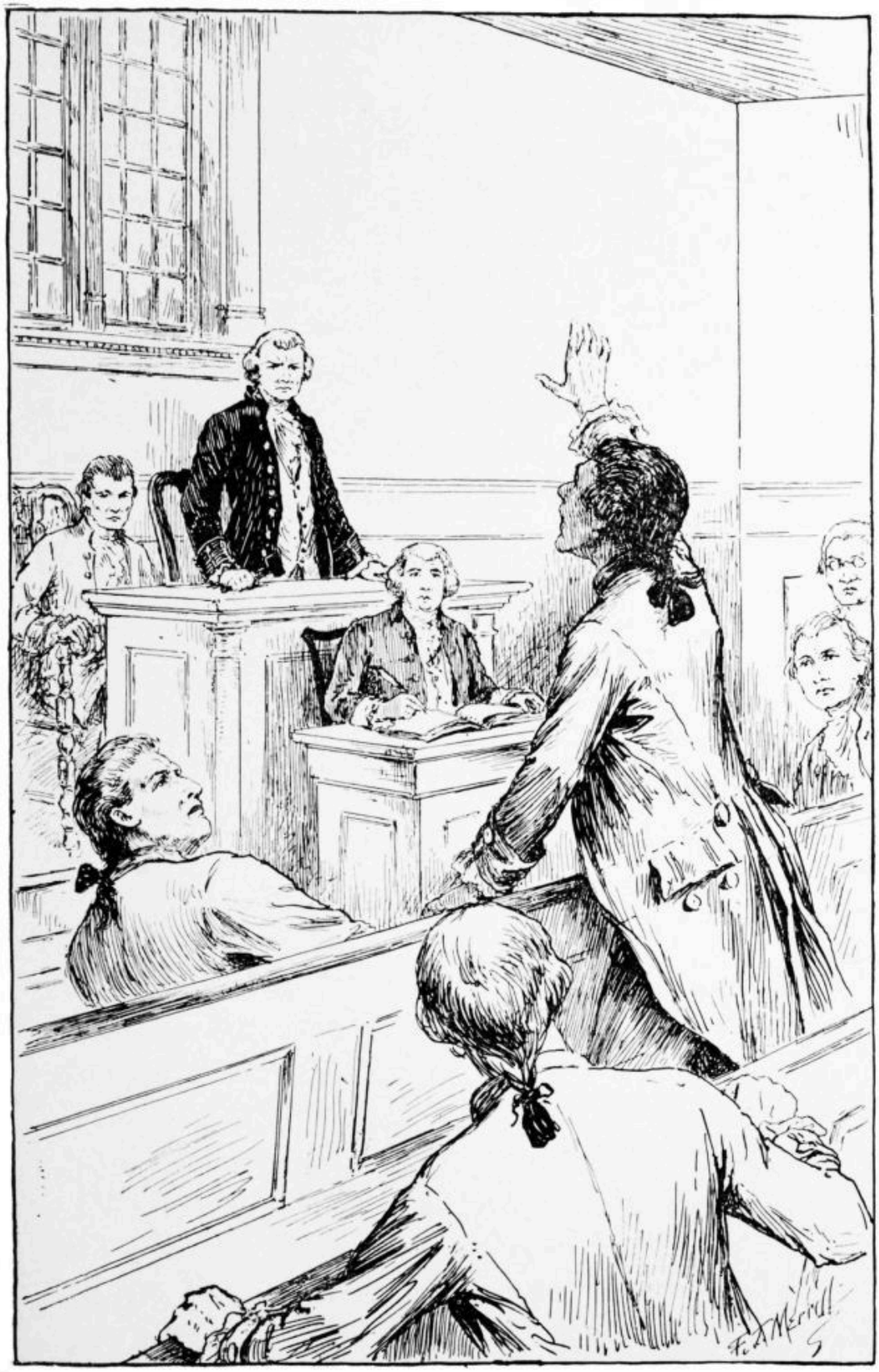

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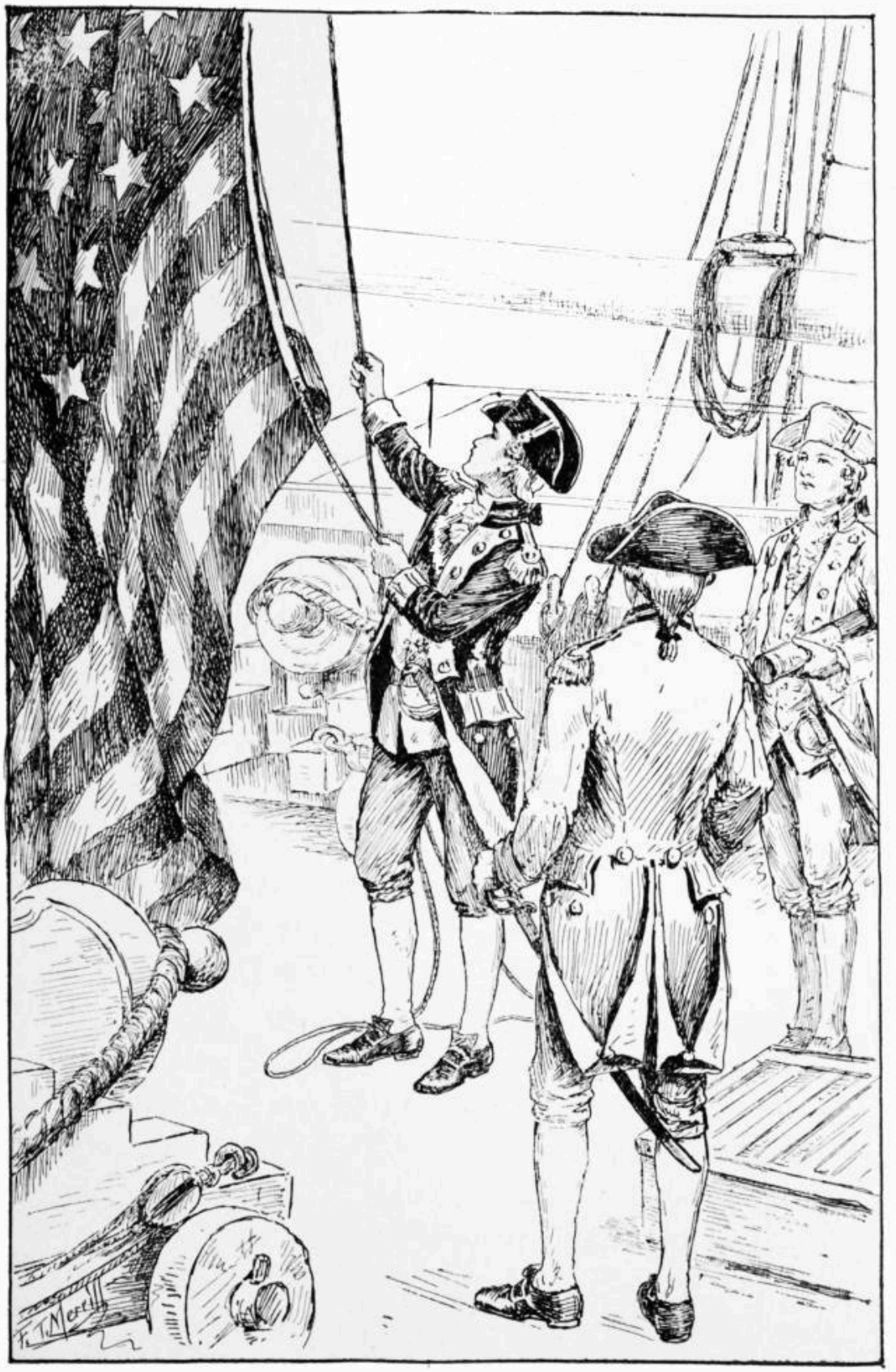

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