



AMERICAN
IDEALS

BOOK SIX

FRANCIS
SIMPSON
GRINE

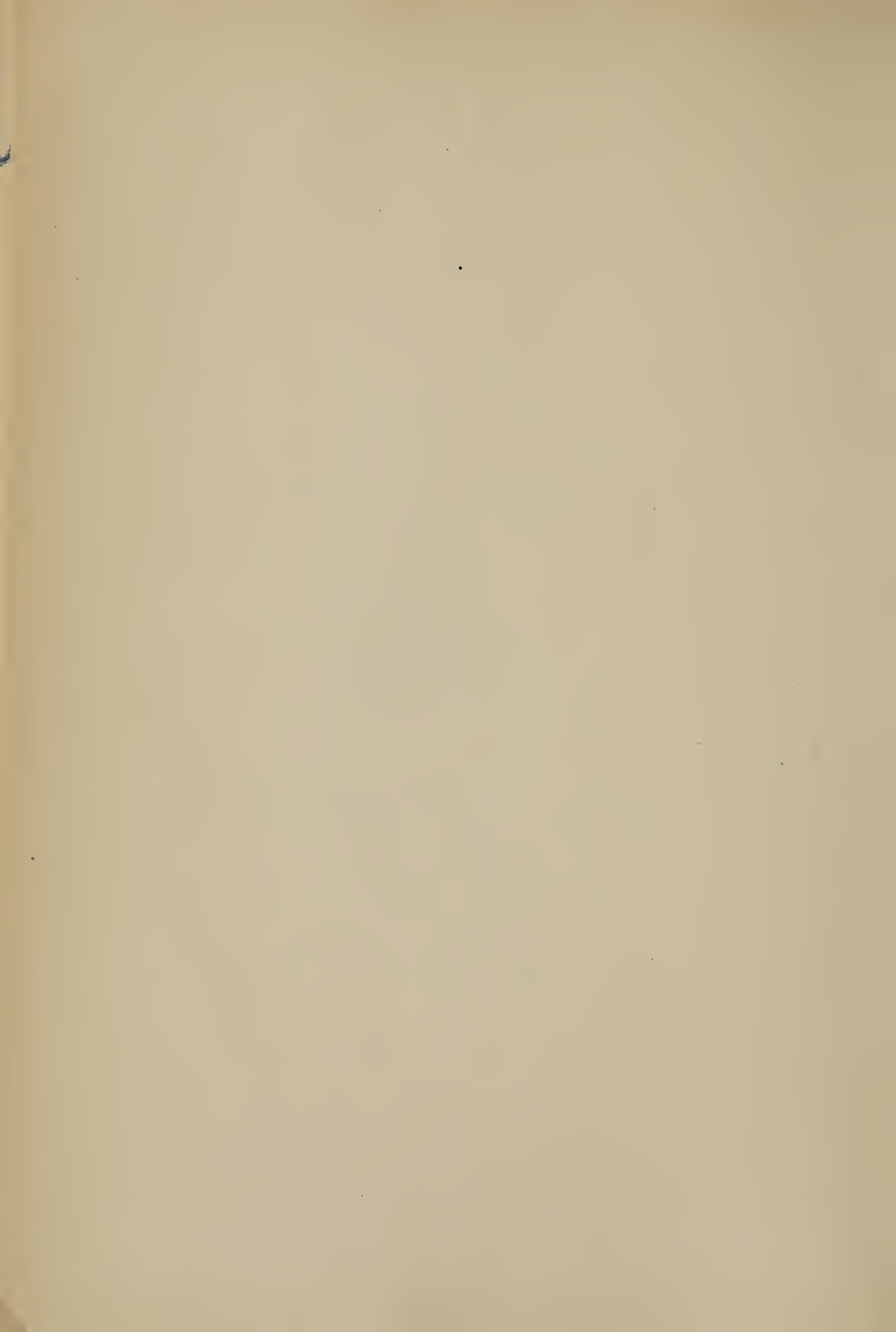
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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THE EVACUATION OF CHARLESTON BY THE BRITISH, DECEMBER 14, 1782
After a painting by Howard Pyle

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AMERICAN IDEALS

A SERIES OF READERS FOR SCHOOLS

BY

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

AUTHOR OF "AMERICA FIRST," "MY COUNTRY'S VOICE," ETC.

ASSISTED BY

MAY HARRIS



BOOK SIX

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

render of Yorktown from Ships in Port by Lewis Worthington Smith; SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY: *The Cotton-Gin* from *American Inventions and Inventors* by William A. and Arthur May Mowry; THE YOUTH'S COMPANION: *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Mary A. P. Stansbury.

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LAND OF HOPE

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Many the lands that the true-hearted honor,
Many the banners that blow on the sea;
Ah, but one only—God's blessing upon her!—
Must be forever the fairest to me;
Dear for her mountains, rock-based, cloudy-crested,
Hooded with snow in the ardors of June,
Haunts where the bald-headed eagle has nested,
Staring full hard on his neighbor, the moon;
Dear for her vineyards and jessamine gardens,
Forests of fir where the winter wakes;
Dear for her oceans, her twin gray wardens;
Dear for her girdle of amethyst lakes;
Dear for the song of the wind when it crosses
Sunshiny prairies a-ripple with wheat;
Nay, I could kiss but the least of her mosses,
Sweet as the touch of a mother is sweet.

Silver and gold that the æons had hidden
For the pleasure of man ere his likeness arose;
Coal in whose blackness the flame lay forbidden;
Let not her treasure be counted by those.
Richer she deemeth her heirdom of labor,

Her heraldry blazoned in chisel and saw,
Tradition of councils where neighbor with neighbor
Foregathered to fashion the settlement law.
Peace to the homespun, the heroes who wore it,
Whose patriot passion in stormy career
Swept back the redcoats seaward before it,
Like wind-driven leaves in the wane of the year.
Peace be to all who have suffered or striven,
Fought for her, thought for her, wrought for her till
She hath grown great with the life they have given,
She must be noble their faith to fulfil.

Tell me not now of the blots that bestain her
Beautiful vestments, that sully the white.
Though to-day hath the wrong been gainer,
To-morrow's victory crowns the right.
Still through error and shame and censure
She urges onward with straining breast,
For her face is set to the great adventure,
Her feet are vowed to the utmost quest.
Bright is the star, though the mists may dim her;
Mists are fleeting, but stars endure;
Yet, ah, yet shall the golden glimmer
Wax to a splendor superb and pure.
To her shall our prayer be as pulsing pinions;
A wingèd sphere she shall soar above
Greed of gain and of forced dominions
To the upper heaven whose law is love.

Land of Hope, be it thine to fashion
In joy and beauty the toiler's day;
Wear on thine heart the white rose of compassion;
Show the world a more gracious way.
Still by the need of that seed of the nation,
Cavaliers leaping with laughter to land,
Puritans kneeling, in stern consecration,
Parent by child, on their desolate strand,
—Still by the stress of those seekers storm-driven,
Glad in strange waters their vessels to moor,
Open thy gates, O thou favored of Heaven,
Open thy gates to the homeless and poor.
So shalt thou garner the gifts of the ages,
From the Norlands their vigor, the Southlands their
grace,
In a mystical blending of souls that presages
The birth of earth's rarest, undreamable race.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION (1765)

The American Revolution may properly be said to have begun with physical resistance to *The Stamp Act*. The English King and Parliament long persisted in making laws and regulations for the government of the American colonies, which the colonists themselves considered oppressive and unconstitutional, and against which, from time to time, they did not fail to protest. In particular, the colo-

nists claimed that they could not constitutionally *be taxed* without their own consent, so they opposed spiritedly every such "illegal" taxation.

In spite of their protests, however, Parliament passed, in 1765, what was known as *The Stamp Act*. By this Act it was declared that thenceforth all instruments in writing, for the transaction of business in the colonies, should be null and void unless executed on stamped paper paying a revenue to the King.

The news of the passage of the Stamp Act was greeted in America with universal indignation. Every colony protested, some in very picturesque ways. In New York the Act was reprinted and distributed with a death's head in place of the royal arms, and the title "The Folly of England and the Ruin of America."

Boston people tolled their church bells and lowered the flags on all the ships in harbor to half-mast, in token of grief.

Men of Newburyport, Massachusetts, armed themselves with stout sticks and walked the streets demanding of every stranger, "What do you say, stamps or no stamps?" Eying the threatening cudgels it is not to be wondered at that the questioned answered, "No stamps." One cautious fellow replied politely, "I am for what you are," and was loudly applauded.

In every colony the people talked of liberty, and hoisted flags bearing defiant mottoes on poles that they called "liberty poles."

New York's flag flaunted but one word, "Liberty!"
To this great word, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, added,
"Property and No Stamps."

Charleston, bolder still, inscribed beneath the white crescent of her sky-blue banner, "Liberty or Death."

"But formal defiance came first from Virginia." * The Virginia House of Burgesses, which met early in the spring of 1765 at Williamsburg, was faced by the question of submitting to the Stamp Act—for the stamps were already on their way—or of formally resisting its enforcement.

It was a serious question. "Shall we submit to a wrong, or shall we openly defy King and Parliament by resisting the law? Resistance may mean war, perhaps defeat; and even victory will mean separation from England, our home country."

Most of the colonists loved England then, and did not wish to be separated from her. The vast majority of the people, including most of the burgesses, were in favor of memorials to the King and Parliament, protesting further against the Act. But again a question! Should their memorial be in the form of a humble petition from timid subjects, or a bold statement of free men, demanding their rights?

Various opinions were expressed by the members. Confusion and doubt prevailed. At length a young man rose and, facing the speaker upon his red-canopied dais, asked leave to present certain "resolutions" to the House. The

* Fiske.

speaker "recognized" Mr. Patrick Henry of Louisa County. The young man's tall, stooping figure, clothed in a "peach-bloom coat," leather knee-breeches, and yarn stockings, was not particularly impressive. But his face, however, expressed force and power. Beneath a brown wig small, piercing blue eyes shone brilliantly defiant, and his features were set in lines of grim determination. In stern, clear tones he read his five resolutions.

The resolutions set forth that the first Virginia settlers had brought with them from England all the rights and immunities of British subjects, and that two royal charters had expressly recognized these rights; that the taxation of the people only by themselves was the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom; and that the General Assembly of this colony of Virginia had the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions on the inhabitants of the colony.

Henry's voice had hardly died away when men sprang up in all parts of the House, and a most exciting debate took place. But when he took the floor again in defense of the resolutions his fiery eloquence swept away all opposition. The effect produced by his passionate oratory was "indescribable." Amidst great confusion he ended the speech with a bitter outburst: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third— [cries of "Treason! treason!" from all parts of the hall] may profit by their example! If that be treason, make the most of it!"



PATRIOTS IN NEW YORK DESTROYING STAMPS INTENDED FOR
USE IN CONNECTICUT

In spite of determined opposition, the resolutions were passed. Patrick Henry may be said to have moved the colony of Virginia to open resistance, and from this bold act of the burgesses dates the American Revolution.

“This is the way the fire began,” says one historian. “Virginia rang the alarm bell for the continent,” from another. Many who heard that alarm asked: “Why wait for England to act? Let us force the stamp officers to resign, and the law will perish.”

In August Boston “Sons of Liberty” hanged the effigy of Oliver, the stamp distributor, to a great elm-tree, and thousands collected to view the show. Although the sheriff was ordered by the Chief Justice to remove the effigy, it swung all day in the breeze. At dark an immense crowd bore it on a bier past the house of Oliver to the Council chamber, shouting: “Liberty, property, no stamps!” Then they made a bonfire of a small house intended for a stamp office, and burned the effigy of Oliver in front of his home. All declared: “The Stamp Act shall not be executed in Boston!”

The people of New York rose up as one man against the Stamp Act. Under the leadership of Isaac Sears they posted placards everywhere, threatening anyone who should dare to receive or deliver a stamp.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Colden, would have fired on the people, but they threatened to hang him to a sign-post, and he retired within the fort. They then organized a torch-light procession and appeared before the fort carrying a

scaffold with two images, one of the governor and the other of the devil. After breaking open the coach-house they took out Colden's chariot, carried the effigies upon it through the city, then, returning, burned them and his carriages and sleigh before his eyes on the Bowling Green. The garrison on the ramparts and all New York witnessed the bonfire.

Colden finally consented to postpone any action until the arrival of the new governor, but this did not satisfy the people. So the common council demanded that the stamps should be given to them and, after much talking, Colden gave in and sent the stamps to the city hall. Order was restored, but the people continued to shout for "Liberty, property, and no stamps!" Three times the liberty pole was cut down by British soldiers, but at length the Sons of Liberty bought a piece of land and marched to it in procession, headed by a full band escorting a fine pole partly sheathed in iron and drawn by six horses adorned with bright ribbons. This pole they set up with ceremony and joy.

In North Carolina the people of Wilmington went to Governor Tryon's house, where their leader demanded William Houston, who had been appointed stamp-master. Receiving a refusal, they prepared to burn the house. Houston, realizing his danger, then consented to go with them to the court-house, where he took an oath not to receive or distribute any stamps. The crowd then gave three cheers and dispersed.

Later in the same month the sloop of war *Diligence*, under Captain Phipps, arrived before the custom-house of the town of Brunswick on the Cape Fear River, anchored, and prepared to deliver a consignment of stamps. The captain observed that a body of armed men occupied the streets and lined the shore. Soon he was told that Colonel Hugh Waddell and Colonel Ashe of New Hanover were in command of the militia of both counties and would resist the landing of stamps—in fact, would fire on any one attempting it. The captain was astonished. Here was treason, open and flagrant, led by the most distinguished soldier of the province and the speaker of the Assembly! However, being a prudent and sensible man, Captain Gibbs agreed not to attempt to land the stamps. The Sons of Liberty then seized one of the boats of the *Diligence*, and marched with it mounted on a cart to Wilmington, where they staged a triumphal parade through the streets.

In every colony, sooner or later, every stamp-master willingly or unwillingly resigned office; and when the first day of November came the people were of one mind in their determination to nullify the Act. From North to South, the day was ushered in by the firing of minute-guns and the tolling of bells. All flags were placed at half-mast.

Men, women, and children joined in the cry that sounded in every town street, “Liberty, property, and no stamps!” All were determined that the Act should not go into effect. Much as they loved their mother country, they were resolved not to endure this injustice.

Nothing but the repeal of the Act would content them. "They trusted that the united voice of this extensive continent," uttering "the sober opinions of all its inhabitants" would be listened to, the Act repealed, and Great Britain and her colonies once more enjoy "peace, harmony, and the utmost prosperity."

All this took place ten years before the Declaration of Independence, more than nine before the battle of Lexington, and nearly eight years before the Boston "Tea-Party."

THE ALAMANCE

(May 16, 1771)

BY SEYMOUR W. WHITING

In North Carolina, near Alamance Creek, there took place a fight which has sometimes been called "the first battle of the Revolution."

The Royal Governors of North Carolina had much power. Burdensome and unjust taxes were forced on the people, and there was a great deal of corruption in high places.

Now the sons of the Old North State were a hardy race of men—just such as are hard to oppress long. Numbers of these men from the "back counties" organized themselves into what they called "the Regulators," for the purpose of resisting unjust taxing and of reforming corrupt political conditions.

When Governor Tryon, the "Great Wolf of North Carolina," finally drove these backwoodsmen to desperation with his illegal taxes, an open fight took place. But as "the Regulators" had very little ammunition, and few arms, they were soon overcome by a superior force of Royalists, led by the Governor. A number of these patriots were killed and wounded. Afterward seven of their leaders were hanged as "rebels."

So you see that this encounter at the Alamance—which took place May 16, 1771, four years before the battle of Lexington—was a direct blow against unjust taxation, and that the blood shed here was in the cause of American Liberty.

No stately column marks the hallowed place
Where silent sleeps, un-urned, their sacred dust:
The first free martyrs of a glorious race,
Their fame a people's wealth, a nation's trust.

The rustic ploughman at the early morn
The yielding furrow turns with heedless tread,
Or tends with frugal care the springing corn,
Where tyrants conquered and where heroes bled.

Above their rest the golden harvest waves,
The glorious stars stand sentinel on high,
While in sad requiem, near their turfless graves,
The winding river murmurs, mourning, by.

No stern ambition moved them to the deed:
In Freedom's cause they nobly dared to die.
The first to conquer, or the first to bleed,
"God and their country's right" their battle cry.

But holier watchers here their vigils keep
Than storied urn or monumental stone;
For Law and Justice guard their dreamless sleep,
And Plenty smiles above their bloody home.

Immortal youth shall crown their deathless fame;
And as their country's glories shall advance,
Shall brighter blaze, o'er all the earth, thy name,
Thou first-fought field of Freedom—Alamance.

ALL'S WELL!

"In the name of the Lord, all's well!"

CHAPTER I

TROUBLE BREWING!

(December, 1773)

"All's well!" a deep voice echoed to the stroke of the solemn hour, and "All's well!" a fainter, farther voice replied through the silvery dark; and then the measured tramp of sentinel feet again. The moon slipped down behind the rim of the West, and a soft darkness descended

upon the quiet town and the quiet waters. Little undefended Boston lay seemingly asleep.

Three big shadow shapes rode sullenly at anchor at Griffin's Wharf, and up and down before them paced shadow figures with shadow guns upon their shoulders.

All's well?—when men with muskets pace the darkness? When regiments of alien soldiers wait on Castle Island yonder, while ships of war train broadsides upon the channels? *All's well?*

Aye, all is well. For Samuel Adams burns the midnight taper, and undefended Boston—though seemingly asleep—watches through the momentous night. Cambridge across the Charles is crouched and ready. Brookline has heard, and Roxbury—while Dorchester waits to light her signal fires.

A Cape Ann fisherman has written his name against a declaration of "the rights of the Colonists as men and Christians and subjects." A hand from the scythe-handle has added another. The sooty fingers of a Middlesex blacksmith have inscribed with emphatic shading *his* name to the list of the unafraid. Yea, alien regiments wait alert, and ships of war train their guns along the level waters, but brave men have said that the right shall prevail though *life* be forfeit—"In the name of the Lord, all's well!"

There were other shadow things abroad that night. And just now three rather undersized ones were scrambling up a great pile of ship-spar timber laid there for shipping

to an English market. It was before the moon had slipped down into the West and while its silver haze still threw into dark relief the three black hulls riding at anchor down the wharf.

“Have a care, Joe, they’ll see you!” exclaimed one of the undersized in a sharp whisper.

“And send us packing home,” breathed the tallest shadow, “where . . .”

“Where—they can’t *kill* us!” snapped the one addressed as “Joe.”

“Don’t you believe it,” put in the smallest of the three; “if father finds out that Kingdon and I climbed out of that window and slipped off down here with you, he’ll come so *near* killing us that you really wouldn’t notice the difference.”

“Hush! There comes the sentinel!” The three undersized shadows ducked down behind the timber, leaving only the top half of three bullet heads above the line.

A sentinel figure passed between them and the retiring moon.

“That’s Mr. Revere, Joe, Mr. Paul Revere,” one of them now whispered to the middle one of the trio.

The sentinel figure repassed, and then the middle man ventured: “Who is ‘Mr. Paul Revere’?”

“Great Moses!” exclaimed the small one in mock despair; “you don’t know anything, *do* you? Better go back to Philadelphia!”

But here the biggest boy put in: “Mr. Revere is an

engraver by trade. He is one of Mr. Adams's swiftest post-riders, but he's always ready for anything. To-night he is the man with the gun who says that that English-taxed tea on those ships yonder *shall not* be landed on American soil."

"Aye," ventured the sympathetic but unconvinced Philadelphian, "but, Kingdon, what could a few sentinels do if the captains and their crews chose to disobey their orders?"

"Why, haven't you *heard?*" exclaimed the boy addressed as Kingdon, and then, without waiting for reply, he quickly pointed about to every hilltop which lifted its head against the pale dark. "Yonder and yonder and yonder," he whispered excitedly, "huge brush heaps have been piled for lighting, and men are waiting by them to set the spark if a signal gun is fired. Post-riders with horses saddled and bridled are waiting with their boots and spurs on to carry the alarm. One move from the enemy, and four counties will be down about their ears!"

"Do they know that?" gasped Joe.

"They know *us!*"

"Good!" exclaimed his eager listener, "you've got 'em!"

There was a moment of silence—a silence puzzling to the roused Joe—and then the big boy answered with a degree of anxiety and doubt in his voice which it was to take Joseph Radford twenty-four hours to understand: "I—don't know," he said.

The Philadelphian's glance sought the three black hulls again, and he asked eagerly: "Which one is the *Dartmouth*?"

"The big one," the two others exclaimed simultaneously, "and her time is up at sunrise, day after to-morrow!"

"Her 'time'?" queried Joseph.

Instantly the two others poured out a torrent of information, cutting in on each other at every breath-catching stop.

"England says we've *got* to take the tea!"

"And we say we won't do it, because she'll collect an import tax on it, and——"

The Philadelphian here tried to indicate that he knew a few things for himself, but in vain.

"And nobody has any business taxing us but our own assemblies, and we won't stand it!" Kingdon, the elder, was now protesting.

"We'll *fight* first!" snapped his younger brother.

"Hold, Macduff, hold!" the one called Joe here managed to get in; "even a Philadelphian knows that the American colonies are not going to stand any more ballyragging from the British! What I asked you was what you mean by saying that the *Dartmouth's* 'time' is 'up day after to-morrow.'"

"*Oh!*" exclaimed the brothers together. And then the elder hastened to explain: "We mean that the time will have expired in which she can lie in port without unloading—twenty days it is, you know. The people of Bos-

ton have ordered the *Dartmouth* to take her old tea back where she got it, but the custom-house officers have refused to give her clearance papers.’

“The custom-house officers are *British*, you know, and want to *force* the landing of the tea!” Macduff here thought fit to explain.

Kingdon brushed his help aside, and continued: “Admiral Montague has ordered the *Active* and the *Kingfisher* to lie at broadside and fire on any vessel putting to sea without the proper papers, and the Castle has the same orders, while Governor Hutchinson has slipped off to Milton to escape the row.”

“In other words,” laughed the Philadelphian, “the *Dartmouth* is between the devil and the deep sea. She can’t land her cargo because your Mr. Paul Revere is walking up and down there with a loaded gun to see that she *doesn’t*. She can’t sail back to England with her tea because English war-ships are ordered to blow her into smithereens if she tries it. And ‘her time is up at sunrise, day after to-morrow!’ Now, please, what’s going to happen when her ‘time is up’? Is the whole situation going to blow up with spontaneous combustion?”

“That’s where the trouble comes,” answered Kingdon, with now all the eager fire gone out of his voice.

“Aye,” said his brother as dispiritedly, “and I’d rather die than——”

“What’s the matter?” asked the Philadelphian, with quick sympathy.

It was Kingdon who answered him: "At sunrise on the 17th, the *Dartmouth's* cargo will be subject to confiscation for import duty. Then it will be seized by the Gover-



THE BOSTON MASSACRE
After the engraving by Paul Revere

nor, and landed under protection of those English guns on Castle Island, and we can't *help* ourselves."

"We will be licked, *licked!*" came bitterly from the youngest boy.

"Oh," exclaimed Joseph, "not *that!*"

"They'll laugh at us, and triumph over us, as they did three years ago when they shot down our citizens in the

street.* I'd rather *die*," reiterated his brother, brokenly now.

The moon slipped down behind the rim of the West, and the shadows descended upon the hearts of three American lads just waking to the bitter injustice which their fathers had borne so long. Shadows and heartache and despair!

Then, out of the deepening darkness, spoke the voice of Paul Revere:

“*All's well!*”

The momentous 16th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1773, dawned crisp and clear. There were no mists anywhere—not on land or harbor, nor yet in the minds of the men of Boston. The issue there was sharp and clear, like the day in which it was to be hazarded.

Even the drowsy air of the Latin School had become electric. Not that Master Lovell abated one whit of the day's text. Ah, no! That was exacted to the last fraction! The electricity was simply in the air.

Every boy there was committed to the principle of “no taxation without representation,” and every boy there knew the specific case at bar—the question of the tea ships at Griffin's Wharf. They also knew that, while they were droning over their tasks in the Latin School here, down at Old South Meeting-house men emancipated from such

* The “Boston Massacre.”

seeming slavery were right then set to the task of solving the unsolvable riddle.

The school air got thicker and thicker with currents, and yet no one dared transgress, for after school one must break for the meeting-house and help save the country. This was no day on which to get kept in!

Joseph Radford, lately come from Philadelphia to be under Master Lovell's far-famed training, made an honest effort to apply himself to his tasks, for his father was making sacrifices to send him all the way to Boston to school, and the first cousin once removed who had so kindly taken him to board expected much of him. So, even in spite of the electric currents abroad, Joseph applied himself to his Cæsar with at least a commendable effort. Try as he would, however, the Philadelphian could not put Duffy Marsh out of his attention, for that youngster seemed the very positive pole of all the currents. And now young Marsh's slate was rising right on Joseph's line of vision—he could not help but see.

“*Look at Kingdon!*” was scrawled upon it.

Joseph turned and looked at Kingdon. The elder Marsh boy was sitting quietly in his seat, but somehow he was changed. His blond head was well up, and a burning red splotch on each cheek made his blue eyes look dark and unfathomable. A something had come over the lad—a something which set him apart.

But that insistent slate was rising again. “Father has told King a **BIG SECRET** and won't tell *me!*” it communicated.

Joseph's glance sought Kingdon again quickly. Yes, he was—*different*. Was it the BIG SECRET which had wrought the change? And what on earth could the secret be? But Duffy was signalling wildly to attract his attention again.

“Isn't Father *mean?*” that young gentleman's greasy slate almost shouted.

“Macduff Marsh, Joseph Radford, remain after school!” Master Lovell's command fell on them like the stroke of doom.

At four o'clock the saved-by-grace rose and departed. Kingdon Marsh was one of them, and at least two boys watched his leaving with gaping speculation at that ineffable change in him which had sent the red blood to his very temples and that glint to his erstwhile dreaming eyes. They watched him as he paused a moment on the threshold, and as he bounded down the steps, taking the wind head-on. Kingdon and his SECRET were gone—*gone!*

(Continued on page 25)

THE BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down

The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone,
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior; and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;

The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed,
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose, and on the dead man's plain
The rider grasps his steed again.

Sloth makes all things difficult; but Industry, all easy.
He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce over-
take his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly
that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

ALL'S WELL!

(Continued from page 22)

CHAPTER II

A TEA BREWING!

(December, 1773)

The early December twilight was already gathering when Joseph and Duff escaped at last and made straight for the Old South Meeting-house to save what was left of the country. But one immediate purpose was theirs. They would find Kingdon at once, and get from him, by fair means or foul, the secret something which had set him apart from them all that livelong day. That that secret was immediately concerned with the crisis at hand their every instinct told them plainly, but they too were immediately concerned with the crisis at hand, so they figured it out that it was their right to know.

Arrived at the meeting-house, however, they soon found themselves swallowed up by the crowd of people who waited outside, with no chance of getting *inside*, where the big problem of "no taxation without representation" was still being debated.

But Duffy had a way of insinuating himself, edgewise, through difficult passes, and he now edged his way through the dense mass, dragging Joseph with him. Presently they found themselves at the very door of the meeting-house.

But after many essays at ducking and peeping, the boys

got only dim glimpses of the packed inside. The meeting-house was crowded with men. A few candles—lighted as a protest against the rapidly increasing darkness of the December twilight—but served to accentuate the enveloping shadows now gathering from all sides. All was ominously quiet except for one passionately earnest voice speaking through the gloom.

“That’s Dr. Warren,” said one man to another, “Joseph Warren.”

Joe Radford caught the name, and it stuck in his memory. On another tragic day for Boston, he was to recall it, and with it the passionate pleading of that unforgettable voice.

At this juncture Duffy Marsh turned his insinuating self sidewise again, and, drawing the astonished Philadelphian after him, slipped between the men who blocked the door to bigger bodies. The next moment they were well inside the meeting-house. Joseph shortly found himself plastered against an interior wall, but as his foot found there a bench of some sort, he shortly mounted to a good viewpoint. His first interest was the whereabouts of Kingdon and his secret, but in vain did he survey the crowd for him—the lad with the shine in his eyes had disappeared.

Joseph turned his attention to the meeting. At the other end of the church sat a small group of worthies dominating the occasion. The candles being more plentiful here, the lad could get a pretty good idea of their features.

“Who’s the big man?” he asked of Duffy, who had now mounted to a place beside him.

Macduff turned to where a gray, strong, keenly alert man sat directing the momentous meeting.

“*That?*” he exclaimed in a whisper. “Why, that’s *Sam Adams!*”

“Why don’t you call him ‘Mister’?”

Macduff looked at him in fine disgust. “Anybody could tell you hadn’t been in Boston long,” he exclaimed under his breath. “Why—why, ‘Sam Adams’ is the name we *love* him by!”

“Is he the moderator of the meeting?”

“Who? *He?*” from the astonished Duffy. “Why, he *is* the meeting! And look you! See that awfully good-looking man—the one that’s snuffing the candle? That’s Dr. Joseph Warren. Kingdon has the jingle-brains about him!”

The candle now threw a strong light over the handsome face that was bending momentarily to it. Afterward the boys were wont to remember that face as always with a light upon it.

A man from the floor was now speaking, but Joseph could not catch his low, labored phrases, so he turned his momentarily deflected interest back to Mr. Samuel Adams.

Their fathers had told the boys that Sam Adams was the spirit of the hour, that it was he who had rid the city of the regiments of British soldiers by stubbornly insist-

ing that they be quartered on Castle Island, that it was he who had united all Massachusetts through his Committees of Correspondence and made this meeting possible, that it was Sam Adams who held all the five towns up to the perilous point of resisting—Sam Adams, the spirit of the hour!

Joseph Radford was recalled from his intent interest in the moderator to the slight, gaunt figure of a man who had risen in the midst of the crowd—was recalled by a sort of concerted apprehension on the part of the whole audience. They were leaning as one toward the gaunt man with the hectic flush upon his cheek and with the more than physical agony in his eyes.

“Mr. Josiah Quincy,” Duff whispered breathlessly; “they say he is against Mr. Adams’s plan.”

And now Josiah Quincy was speaking—in a weak and cough-wracked but fearless voice—speaking a solemn warning to that solemn hour:

“Shouts and hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day,” he urged, “nor popular resolves vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the prize for which we contend and the power combined against us, if we hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts.” Joseph felt the gasp of the anxious listeners as the speaker paused momentarily for breath. But Josiah Quincy had gathered his failing strength for his last brave dissenting. “Let us,” he pleaded, “consider the issue before we advance to those measures which must bring on

the most terrible struggle this country ever saw.” He wavered for a moment, then sank in his seat.

There was dead silence—silence in which even the youths there knew that this was the hour for the fateful deciding.

And then out of that silence there came in a new voice: “The hand is to the plough—there must be no looking back!”

Samuel Adams rose in his place as moderator and put the question: “Resolved, that it is the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to the not suffering the tea to be landed.”

One moment of agonized suspense in which the eager lads both felt that they could not *live* if the question were lost, and then—the realization that the house had been swept off its feet by a unanimous vote in the affirmative!

As the applause ceased a laughing voice called out: “Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?” Joseph and Duffy were not less mystified by the remark itself than by the laugh which followed it.

And then they all settled down to quiet waiting. The candles flickered lower. Those who moved moved cautiously, as fearing to break the silence.

The suspense shortly grew intolerable, and Joseph turned to a big man who was just then looking over his shoulder.

“What are they *waiting* for, mister?” he asked.

And the man replied kindly: “They have sent Mr.

Rotch, the owner of the *Dartmouth*, to Milton to ask a pass for his ship from the Governor.’’

‘‘But—but,’’ pursued Joseph, ‘‘I thought that only the custom-house officers could give a ship clearance papers.’’

‘‘A pass from the Governor would be equivalent,’’ the kind man took the pains to add.

‘‘Will they get the pass? Governor Hutchinson seems against us——’’

The big man here took an interested look at the inquisitive boy. ‘‘Who knows?’’ he said quietly. ‘‘At all events we will have exhausted every *legal* means——’’

He stopped without seeming to have finished, and Joseph was afraid to question further. But in his heart had arisen a great hope. Here—here was an honorable way out for them! If the Governor would but grant the pass, then there would be no landing of tea at sunrise tomorrow under the guns of the fleet. There would be no moral defeat for these men who had said that it should not be landed.

At that moment the crowd began to struggle apart to make way for some one who came shoving through. The newcomer who was thus unceremoniously cleaving his way was a large, red-faced man, dressed in the garb of a Quaker.

Some one at the door cried, ‘‘Mr. Rotch!’’ and some one within passed on the announcement: ‘‘Mr. Francis Rotch, from the Governor!’’

Again the attention was breathless, electric!

“We will hear Mr. Rotch’s report from Governor Hutchinson,” the moderator announced.

The big Quaker turned and faced the crowd, pausing for a significant moment, as he looked into their uncompromising faces. When he did speak it was in a tone of defiance.

“Governor Hutchinson,” he began, and Joseph felt a great lump rise in his throat, “Governor Hutchinson has *refused* to grant a pass for the *Dartmouth* until she shall be properly cleared.”

No one spoke. No one moved for a full minute. The two boys felt that all was indeed lost.

Then Samuel Adams rose to his feet. “*This meeting,*” he exclaimed—and his clear, vibrant voice carried far—“this meeting can do nothing more to save the country!”

And then!—as if in answer—a ringing *war-cry* from without!

The next moment—nobody ever knew exactly how it occurred—a band of “Mohawk Indians,” blanketed, painted, hatchet-armed, rushed by the door. At first the crowd outside only gasped in astonishment, but when the Mohawks swung round the corner into Milk Street, and took the direction of Griffin’s Wharf, a roar went up:

“To the ships! To *the ships!*” And then the thousands woke to action and swept on in the wake of the Mohawks.

Inside the meeting-house the feeling was tense, eager!

Then a concerted move was made toward the door. Joseph viewed the packed mass of men between himself and the exit in despair. The next minute, however, he felt Duff's compelling pull again, and before he knew it that young pathfinder had managed to open the window before which they stood, and the two of them tumbled out of it into the snow-drift banked against the Milk Street wall. A momentary scuffle, and they were on their feet again. It was just at this moment that the last of the Mohawks swept round the corner, followed by the crowd. The two were in the thick of the excitement.

But before they made their dash with the crowd a light Indian figure fled past them down the sidewalk, bound for a more advanced place in the line of swift march. It was bright moonlight, and as he passed—the young brave—his arrowlike form was silhouetted against the silver dark, and for a moment the light of somebody's raised lantern was reflected in his eyes.

“*Kingdon!*” Macduff's ringing cry fled after his swift, light feet, but the boy with the shine in his eyes had passed them and was gone. They followed as best they could amid the crowd in the wake of the Mohawks. “Keep up with the Indians!” Duff here urged, and they did.

“What are they going to *do?*” Joseph suddenly exclaimed, as three black hulls rose on their line of vision against the pale dark. And then they found themselves on Griffin's Wharf.

“Keep up!” Duff here called again, and plunged into

the very ranks of the marching Mohawks, with Joseph following.

At that moment Joseph realized that the crowd had parted—the Mohawks making straight for the ships, while the rest paused, a little back from the wharf. He did not know until afterward that it was so planned, and that the thousands who waited were kept orderly, quiet, and removed by volunteer sentinels, while the Mohawks went about their history-making task.

Joseph and Duffy, lost in the crowd of the war-painted, were swept on with them, and presently found themselves scrambling aboard the *Dartmouth*. They were very near the leader of the band—near enough to hear him say in firm but controlled tones to the captain of the ship, who now came storming up:

“We mean no harm to anyone or anything but that British-taxed tea in your hold, captain. If you and your crew will go below and remain quiet, you’ll have no trouble from us.”

In a few minutes more the captain and the sailors who had swarmed up on deck disappeared from view, and the Mohawks had the moonlit scene to themselves. It was here that the boys realized that the *Eleanor* and the *Beaver*, the two other tea-ships, had also been taken in hand by Mohawks. Evidently they were going to make a complete job of it.

And then they went to business—to the business of making good their “resolve” that no more British-taxed



THE MOHAWKS HAD THE MOONLIT SCENE TO THEMSELVES

tea should be landed in America. A box was lifted up out of the dark hold and hurried to the deck-rail, there to be smashed open by eager tomahawks, and then—Joseph and Duffy grabbed each other and held on hard—that first box was hoisted to the rail, and its British-taxed contents strewn upon the moonlit waters.

“*Glory!*” the exclamation broke from Duff almost like

a sob, and the next minute he and young Radford rushed to help receive the boxes which were now coming up from the hold, thick and fast.

But eager men's hands grasped each prize as it rose out of the darkness, and the boys found themselves crowded out. They hurried to the deck, but eager men's hands were there too in numbers. Oh, to be in it and of it—this men's protest against oppression!

A light Indian figure here suddenly darted past them along the moonlight. The two at one bound gave chase.

The next instant, however, they were brought to a sudden halt, for the lad they were chasing suddenly flung himself upon the powerful figure of a man who was standing somewhat in the shadows over a large box. The two figures swayed in the moonlight.

Joseph and Duffy stood aghast, uncertain, but they realized that here was no play. The lad with the shine in his eyes had sprung upon the man like a tiger, and the two were grappling in deadly earnest. Yes, and the lighter figure was being borne back—back and—*down!*

But there were four of them that came down together! After a sharp struggle the young and agile found themselves on top. It was then that one of them mustered breath to say: “King—it's Duff and Joe! We saw you jump on him.”

“Hold him—hold him fast!” the young tiger panted. “He was filling his coat with tea, and we have sworn that every ounce of it shall be dumped into the water! You,

Joe!”—this because the Philadelphian had whipped out and opened his knife. “Don’t you *dare!* We don’t want to kill!”

Joe Radford was already at work with his knife, but not upon the craven carcass of the man who would set his sneaking love of gain above a patriotic principle. No, Joe was calmly cutting away the tea-filled coat-tails!*

When the two other lads, who now had all they could do to hold down the craven, realized what Joe Radford was really carving, they broke into hysterical laughter and all but let the dastard escape before the surgical operation was completed. When Joe stood up with the tea-filled coat-tails in his hand, however, they laughed again so heartily that the offender flung them off at an unguarded moment and made his escape through the shadows.

“Let him go!” exclaimed Kingdon to Duffy, who would have followed. “We’ve got what we want from him.” And then they finished their job—the three of them together—by scattering on the moonlit waters the last leaves of that stolen tea.

“You see, it’s the *principle* involved,” said the taller, with in his face again that something which had set him apart all day.

And all the while eager men’s hands were as carefully completing the main task. Three hundred and forty-two chests, the total cargo of the three ships, were brought up

* The author has made her own adaptation of this variously related incident of the Tea-Party.

to the light of the conniving moon and ripped open, and every ounce of their British-taxed contents consigned to the laughing, curling waters.

Not far off lay the ships of the fleet and Castle Island, where two regiments of British soldiers waited orders, but no one interfered. It is of record that nothing but the tea was harmed that night—neither person nor property—and that the crowd was singularly quiet and orderly during the whole performance.

By nine o'clock it was all over, and the Mohawks marched back to their homes to the sound of fife and drum. As they passed the residence of the British Admiral, Montague, that officer flung open his window and called out angrily: "Well, boys, you've had a fine, pleasant evening for your Indian caper, but mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet!"

The sally was greeted by a laugh, and Pitts, the leader of the Mohawks, called back: "Never mind, squire, just come out here if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes!" But the Britisher didn't please to come out for an accounting, and the Mohawks went on their laughing way.

Joe Radford had gone home with the Marsh boys to spend the night, and they crawled into one big bed together, so they could pull up the cover over their heads and talk it all out without being heard by the grown folks. The last thing said that night was from Duffy:

"Well, if it hadn't been for us, *some* of that

British-taxed tea would have been landed in America to-night!"

The conniving moon laughed, and slipped down below the rim of the West, while a strong, clear voice called through the night:

"Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"

(Continued on page 40)

THE SEA *

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON GILMAN

I am the Sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand.
Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise.
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to my depths they crumble slow;
The earth is a helpless child to me—
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. When I draw back
Blossoms and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of man is there;
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die—

* From "The Rock and the Sea" from "In This Our World," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman. Reprinted by special permission of the author.

Living and dying in folly and pain,
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain.
What is the folly of man to me?

I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. The earth I sway;
Granite to me is potter's clay;
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves;
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand,
And beach-grass bloweth and children play
In what were the rocks of yesterday;
It is but a moment of sport to me—

I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. In my bosom deep
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep;
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise
In changing splendor of sunset skies
And comfort the earth with rains and snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life—without me, death.
What if the ships go down in me—?

I am the Sea!

ALL'S WELL

(Continued from page 38)

CHAPTER III

GETTING TOGETHER

(Autumn of 1774)

All the American colonies resisted the oppressive measures of the Mother Country, but the storm of England's fury at first broke only over the head of Massachusetts.

As an immediate consequence of the Boston Tea-Party the British Parliament passed a series of "acts" by which the chartered rights of Massachusetts were struck dead at a blow, and the government of her liberty-loving people placed in the despotic hands of a red-coated general who came with four regiments of alien soldiers at his back to enforce England's will. The port of Boston was closed. Not a ship could come in with food for the people. Not a fishing-smack could land its catch, nor an Indian canoe paddle down the forest waters with wild game for the hungry. Boston was to be starved into submission to the royal will!

The home government had been told that the other colonies would not stand by Massachusetts. *But*——!

Droves of cattle and flocks of sheep came trooping out of the woodland roads from neighbor colonies. Cart-loads of wheat, corn, rice, vegetables, and fruits, barrels of sugar,

quintals of dried fish—provisions of every sort—came pouring overland from every direction, as free gifts to the heroic city which was regarded as suffering for all.

Starve Boston?

King George III had overreached himself, for his fury but served thus to bring together against him, and quickly, all thirteen of his colonies in America. And in that hour the real *Union* was born.

“Ho there! Come down off that wagon—I want you!”

Duffy Marsh had just stepped out of the *Blue Glove* to watch a train of ox-carts from Marblehead. More supplies for beleaguered Boston!

But Duff was not thinking so much of supplies as he was of a certain dark-looking boy seated high upon some barrels on a wagon that had stopped at the corner.

“Come down here!” he called again.

The dark lad looked at him a moment inquiringly, and then slid to the ground before him.

“Where did you come from?” Duff demanded.

“South Carolina,” replied the other.

“Zounds, you did!” exclaimed the inquisitive. “You didn’t come all that way *overland*?”

“No,” replied the stranger, “we came by ship as far as Marblehead.”

“What have you there?” Duff next inquired.

“Rice,” said the boy.

“Whom for?”

“Boston.”

“What you going to charge for it?”

“*Nothing.*”

Duffy was for once affected. “Egad,” he exclaimed, “that’s good of you—and from ’way-off South Carolina!”

“No,” replied the stranger, with a glint in his dark eyes, “to ’way-off Boston.”

“What’s your name?” demanded the native.

“Huger, Robert Huger.”

“‘U-gee?’ How do you spell it?”

“H-u-g-e-r.”

“Now look ye,” bristled Duffy; “don’t give me any clacker like that—I’m not the mild idiot I seem!”

“Honest,” urged the stranger; “it’s French, you know—Huguenot.”

“Oh,” said Duff, laying back his bristles. “We’ve got Huguenots in Boston, too. See that hall over yonder? * That was built and given to the city by a Huguenot, Peter Faneuil. We held all our ‘seditious’ meetings there till the crowd waxed too big and had to be taken to Old South Meeting-house. Then there is Paul Revere—he’s Huguenot, too, but he’s about the all-rightest man in Boston, except, of course, Dr. Warren and Sam Adams.”

“What did you wish with me?” the young Carolinian here asked, for the names that the other was calling did not mean as much to him as they did to the enthusiastic Bostonian.

* Faneuil Hall, the “Cradle of Liberty.”

Macduff was eager at once. "Hist," he began; "we boys are going to have a meeting at the schoolhouse to-day, just like the men have; and Master Lovell said we might get in any strangers we could. You see, lots of folks besides you are carting food to us, and there are other boys that have come with the supplies. It's passing good of them—of you! So when I saw you up there I *halloosed* for you. Come, let's not tarry—we'll be late."

At that moment a man, a large edition of the boy, came out of the *Blue Glove*.

"That's Père," said the new boy, "I'll ask him if I may go."

"'Pair,' " repeated Duff, not understanding the other's French for "father," "well, he looks uncommonly like just *one* to me, but——"

The dark-eyed man here came up to them. There were long explanations, and some lively insistence on the part of the boys, before Mr. Huger could be persuaded to allow his son to leave him for the boys' meeting in School Street.

When permission was granted, however, the two lads set off at a double-quick to the place of meeting, and Duff further explained:

"It will be only we boys. Master Lovell got sick last night, fortunately; so he can't be there to interfere with us."

Arrived at the big schoolhouse, they found the meeting already in progress. Several dozen boys—ranging from

ten up—crowded the big room. Presiding in the teacher's chair, sat the oldest one in the school, an able-bodied young man of perhaps seventeen years of age by the distinguished name of John Smith.

Duffy Marsh clattered in with more than necessary noise, and led the foreign-looking Huger boy away up in the meeting to a conspicuous front seat. The boys all saw, and were properly impressed.

Milton Carson was speaking. "It looks as if we've got to separate," he said. "If things get much hotter for Boston, you fellows from a distance will be called home. I propose that we form ourselves into a sort of committee of correspondence, so we can keep in touch with each other." The suggestion was warmly adopted—it would be such fun thus to keep up with all the terrific happenings for which they were hoping.

And then Eben Walter, native, got to his feet. "I see some fellows here," he said, "who don't belong to our school or town. And that reminds me that down yonder at the warehouse is wheat from Connecticut, with vegetables from Rhode Island, and——"

"And rice from far-off South Carolina," here put in Macduff Marsh with a fine disregard for parliamentary rules. Duff instantly got attention—he usually did—and, as the interrupted Walter subsided, he now waved his hand to his "find," as he said by way of introduction: "Robert—er—er—er Huger, from South Carolina. He's so Huguenotty that he doesn't know how to spell or pronounce

either, but he's brought us a shipload of rice from the swamps of far-off South Carolina—I caught him in the act!”

A storm of applause greeted Macduff's welcome statement, but it was quickly silenced by the Carolinian's rising promptly to his feet with a snap in his laughing dark eyes. “I may not know how to spell and pronounce French words according to the Boston fashion,” he declared, “but I can help out Marsh's geography, and I *will*.” The room was expectantly still as the speaker here turned abruptly to Macduff and snapped out: “South Carolina is *not* ‘far off’—its the very *nearest* thing on the map! It's your little old port of Boston that's far away!”

“Boston's not a *port!*” a laughing voice here called.

“I think,” and at the sound of the clear, manly voice from the back of the room they all turned to listen, “I think that both South Carolina and Massachusetts *have been* ‘far off,’ but that they are rapidly getting together.” Applause again, and then John Smith called:

“Come out of your hiding, Sir Oracle, and let us see what you look like! Your *voice* is all right.” General applause added insistence to Smith's challenge, and a young fellow in the back of the room rose to his feet.

The promise of his manly voice was abundantly fulfilled. The stranger was tall, slenderly athletic, and with something in the very poise of his figure that suggested spirit. His abundant fair hair was flung back from a high forehead, and his fine blue eyes were alight with eager

earnestness. He seemed on the threshold of manhood, seventeen or eighteen, perhaps.

“Who are you, Sir Oracle?” some one here called.

“My name is Nathan Hale,” answered the young fellow, “and I am from Connecticut.” And he modestly resumed his seat.

“Hale has brought us some wheat,” some one interpolated.

It was here that Huger of South Carolina asked in an aside of Macduff: “Are there any boys here from Virginia?”

An unexpected lull in the general noise as he put the question made it stand out with unintentional distinctness. They all heard, and John Smith, the moderator, answered: “Sure!” He then looked quickly about the room and asked: “Where’s Fairfax Carter?”

Silence—a prolonged, significant silence.

“Fairfax Carter?” called the moderator again.

“He’s not here,” said a boy, “you didn’t *expect* him, did you?”

Kingdon Marsh rose to his feet. “Fairfax was not at school when we decided to have this meeting,” he explained; “he’s been absent for weeks with measles, but he’s well now, and Mr. Lovell told Will Trevor to tell him to come.”

Will Trevor jumped up. “And I didn’t *do* it,” he retorted sharply.

“Why?” demanded the moderator.

“You know ‘why’ as well as I do”—from young Trevor—“we haven’t been speaking to Fairfax Carter since that debate on the Puritans and the Cavaliers——”

“He made sport of us Puritans!” put in another sharply.

“And he thinks because he is kin to Lord Fairfax that he’s as good as a lord himself.”

“Well, *isn’t he?*” Nathan Hale of Connecticut was quietly on his feet again. “Isn’t *any* American as good as a lord?” he asked earnestly.

A quick, deep breath from the crowd pointed the remark. But Macduff Marsh cut in with: “Of course any American is as good as a lord, but any *other* American is as good as a *Virginian*, too; and that’s what Fairfax doesn’t believe. He thinks that if you don’t ‘come from Virginia,’ you would really better not come at all!”

But Kingdon, his brother, stepped quickly to the front. “I think we were wrong in not letting Fairfax know of this meeting,” he said. “And as for that debate, some tough things were said about the Cavaliers too; the fault was not all with Fairfax. Besides, he is just one among a whole bunch of us Puritans.”

But here the moderator, John Smith, took a hand. “We probably ought to have asked Fairfax to the meeting,” he said, “but he wouldn’t have come if we had. My father says that Virginia is being petted up by England, and that they are such royalists down there that they will have small sympathy for Massachusetts.”

Quick as a flash a big boy who had not spoken before got to his feet. "Aren't we all 'royalists'?" he demanded, and his very tone was a challenge.

The meeting was struck silent. Sales Farnham had put the one question which would better have been left unasked.

Farnham waited on his feet, and then flung down the challenge again: "Aren't we *all* 'royalists'?"

This time Kingdon Marsh answered: "We are all loyal subjects of the King," he said, "so long as the King treats us as *subjects* and not as *slaves*. Mr. Sam Adams says——"

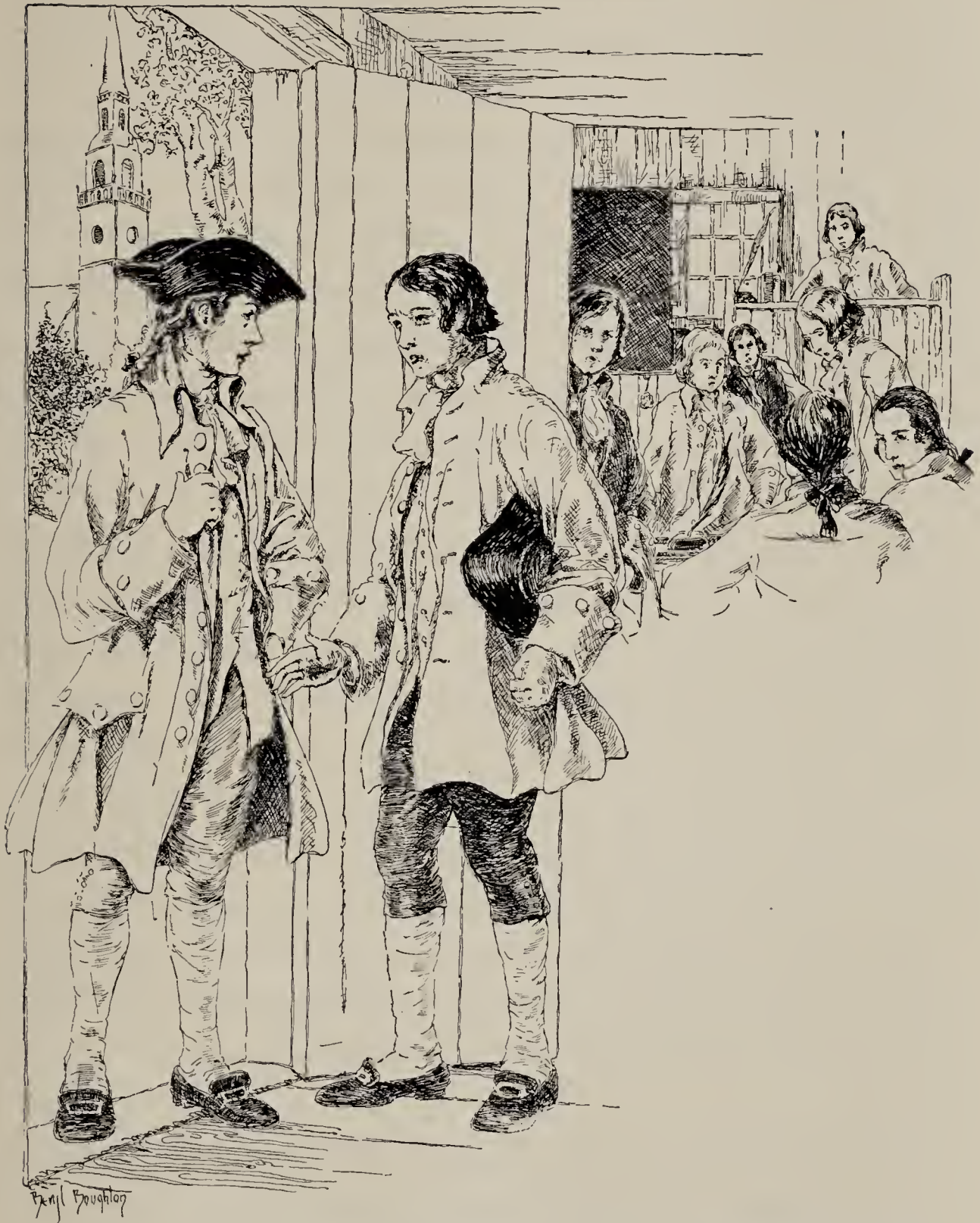
"There you are!" broke in Sales unceremoniously, "'Mr. Sam Adams!' My father says that Sam Adams has it up his sleeve *to separate the colonies from Great Britain!*"

The crowd gasped as one man! Those at the back jumped to their feet, while others leaned forward, breathless with excitement. It was the first time that the idea of *separation from England* had been presented to them, and they were aghast before it. Kingdon drew back, white to the temples, but he stood his ground.

"I think," he said, and somehow he grew older, more manly, as he said it, "that Sam Adams speaks for Massachusetts. If he believes that——"

"Treason!" shouted Sales, "I won't hobnob with traitors!" and flinging himself through the crowd he tore open the door.

But on the threshold he stopped, perforce, for he was



“YOU COME WITH ME, FAIRFAX; THE CAVALIERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TRUE TO THEIR KING”

face to face with another who was just entering. Sales stepped back, as the newcomer, a handsomely dressed lad, stopped suddenly on the threshold to avoid the imminent collision.

“Fairfax Carter!” some one exclaimed, and the crowd grew expectantly still as the two youths at the door faced each other.

And then they saw the Tory, Sales Farnham, hold out his hand to the Virginian, and heard him say, with purposeful distinctness: “You come with me, Fairfax; the Cavaliers have always been true to their King.” His inviting hand was still outstretched.

But the newcomer looked troubled, perplexed. “What’s happened?” he asked, seemingly trying to read the tense scene rightly. But they noticed that he kept his hand at his side. The lookers-on were electrified. A falling pin would have been heard, so strained was every ear.

“Why, these fellows here,” explained Sales, “have caught Sam Adams’s treason, and have got it in a bad form! You are just in time to tell them what you think of them.”

But lo! the Virginian walked past him, ignoring his outstretched hand. Straight up to the front he went. Kingdon Marsh rose silently and advanced a few eager steps as he came.

And then the lad from Virginia turned to the audience, while his face went white with the effort he was making.

“I came to tell you fellows ‘what I think of you,’ ” he said—and they waited in ominous quiet to hear— “I

came to tell you that I think you are *right*, that I am *with you!*”

Kingdon Marsh stepped quickly forward, and the hand that had been withheld from the Tory met his in one long, strong grasp, while the house went wild with cheering. When the Virginian was allowed to finish, his face had flamed scorching hot and his dark eyes were shining. “I am sorry,” he said, “for all that old foolishness of ours about ‘Puritans’ and ‘Cavaliers.’ We are *Americans*, all of us, now that the time has come to stand together.”

It was here that the forgotten Tory at the door broke in with unrestrained fury. “You are *traitors*, all of you!” he yelled, “but you will find out that there are *some* Americans who are loyal to their King! There is going to be WAR, I tell you, WAR, unless—” It was the excitement within that choked off his sentence and gave Duffy Marsh his immortal chance.

“Unless King George III *behaves* himself!” that young daredevil flashed. The house roared, and the furious Tory flung out of the room, banging the door behind him.

Quick as a flash Dirk Van Cortlandt, of New York, had his back against the door through which the Tory had stormed, and held up his hand for silence. Everybody paused instantly.

“You know,” said Dirk, “all the chances are that there *will be war!*”

Silence! And then Kingdon Marsh, very earnestly: “Massachusetts *will be forced* to fight!”

The Virginian turned to him quickly. "Our Colonial Assembly has resolved," he exclaimed, "that an attack on Massachusetts is an attack on Virginia! And Colonel Washington, of Mount Vernon, has declared that he will raise a thousand men, provide for them at his own expense, and march at their head to the relief of Boston!"

At the stirring news from Virginia the boys suddenly broke over rules, but only to gather together in the centre of the room in a more truly organized body. Nathan Hale, Kingdon Marsh, and the Virginian found themselves the centre of the excited group. For a moment all was eager protestation. Van Cortlandt pledged his Dutch loyalty to the cause of Massachusetts, Joe Radford was convinced that even the Quakers of Pennsylvania would not stand much more from the mother country, while the Carolinian with the snapping eyes began looking about the room for another possible Tory. It was Nathan Hale of Connecticut who made the proposition which united them at last.

"Let's all be just 'Americans,'" he proposed, "and play with courage any part to which America may call us."

And they promised; some lightly, some gravely enough.

(Continued on page 56)

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

—*Poor Richard's Sayings.*

PATRICK HENRY'S CALL TO ARMS

(March 20, 1775)

As early as 1774 the colony of Virginia was practically in arms. Every county had its committee of safety—organized to insure the sovereign people against the aggression of King and Parliament—and its independent company of “Minute-Men,” to be, quoting from a letter of the royal Governor to the home government, “employed against government if occasion require.” Nevertheless, when the representatives of “the people” met in convention in old St. John’s Church in Richmond, March 20, 1775, resolutions were passed expressing a strong desire for peace. It was on this occasion that Patrick Henry uttered this ringing call to arms:

“Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

“Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

“I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided,

and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? . . .

“Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which Kings resort. . . .

“They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other.

“They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. . . .

“Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

“Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. . . .

“If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, . . . we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

“They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? . . .

“Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

“Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

“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 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!"

ALL'S WELL!

(Continued from page 52)

CHAPTER IV

AT LEXINGTON

(April 18, 1775)

"Shee-e-e!" Good Mistress Clark, in a snowily fresh cap and apron, stood on the front porch of the little farmhouse and held up her finger for silence as a trio of noisy, dirty boys approached the front steps.

The three paused inquiringly while one of them asked: "What's the matter?"

"The gentlemen mustn't be disturbed by all that noise," replied the good woman; "you are shouting at the tops of your voices. Go round to the well and wash up before the company see you—you are *sights!*"

"Who's the 'company'?" inquired Duff Marsh, who was one of the trio.

"The richest gentleman in Boston and Mr. Sam Adams.* Clean your feet before you come into the house!" was the answer.

* Dorothy Quincy and Mistress Lydia Hancock were also guests at the Clark house that night, but are unnecessary to this story.

“They must be going to the Congress at Philadelphia,” exclaimed Kingdon, leading the way around to the well at a run.

The Marsh boys and Eben Walter had been sent out to “board” for awhile with the family of the Reverend Mr. Jonas Clark at Lexington in order to get them away from friction with the British redcoats who now swarmed all over Boston. So the three of them were having what their parents called a “holiday.” Their holiday was to consist, however, in putting in about all their time at farm work, with a little extra for household chores. It was a time in which the maximum of work was required of everybody, and though the boys had arrived only this afternoon, they had been sent at once to help rid a new field of rocks.

When the “washed” trio now presented themselves at the kitchen door for inspection, Mistress Clark informed them that Kingdon was to eat with the grown folks, and that the two others were to wait at table.

This was entirely unsatisfactory, especially to the two latter, but few ever appealed from the decision of a New England housewife. Duff, the outrageous, however, was trying to frame up some subtle piece of impudence about “taxation without representation” when the tyrant rang the supper bell right under his nose and told him to get a pitcher of water for the table.

The host ushered in his distinguished “company” and they all sat down at table. Mr. John Hancock, resplendent

in the best that the dry-goods market afforded, was placed on the right of Mistress Clark, while modest Sam Adams took a seat opposite and beside the blushing Kingdon.

That young gentleman would have given his ears, now scorching red with self-consciousness, to be in comfortable obscurity with the other boys, while both of them envied heartily his first go at the viands.

A "blessing" was duly asked, and then they all began to chat with an ease which astonished Kingdon. For himself he could not get away from the thrilling consciousness that he was sitting beside the great Sam Adams. But where in that gray-haired, plain person was there a suggestion of the man who had held the provincial assembly of Massachusetts to an election of delegates to the Continental Congress by locking the door and putting the key in his pocket—thus keeping at bay a messenger who stood without and thundered an order for dismissal, in the King's name? Yes, that plain, seamed hand just now deftly cutting a slice of butter had locked a door against the authority of the King! So lost in his hero-worship was the lad that when Mr. Adams turned full upon him and asked him *how he liked to go to school*, he nearly went through his chair before he could think of an answer.

It was at this point that the perfidy of his brother and his friend began to manifest itself. Eben handed him the cookies in his proper turn, but, just as he was about to help himself to a tempting brown one, deftly withdrew the plate. Duff adopted the more disconcerting tactics of raising his

brows in questioning disapproval at him every time he moved. But the conversation turned directly upon the stirring times, and the young fellow shortly forgot his troubles in eager listening.

“To my mind,” Mr. Clark was presently saying, “the finest man in Massachusetts is——”

Kingdon leaned quickly forward. “Dr. Warren,” he finished, quite forgetting himself. Then he dropped back in confusion, while Mistress Clark turned to stone in the act of biting a cooky.

But Mr. Adams looked at him quickly in approving surprise. “You are right, lad,” he said, “there is something distinctly *fine* about Warren. Massachusetts could ill spare him.”

Here Mistress Clark came to life and interpolated flatteringly: “I don’t think Mr. Hancock or Mr. Adams could ‘be spared’ either.”

“No,” echoed her husband. And then, with sudden, deep earnestness: “I think you two would better move on to Philadelphia at once. Gage may decide to reach for you at any minute, and then——” He paused. Kingdon thought he could not bear to wait for that sentence to be finished, and the two other boys stopped in their tracks.

“*What?*” Mistress Clark here asked.

It was Mr. Adams who answered the question. “England has ordered our arrest and deportation,” he explained to her, “and of course that means we are to be tried for ‘treason.’”

“With—the consequence!” his host warned.

Kingdon turned pale at the thought, and the two boys in the background gasped audibly. *Hanging* was the punishment for treason! They looked from one to the other of the men over whose heads loomed the shadow of the gallows-tree. Both were quiet, self-possessed, determined. Was this what it meant to be *men*? Or was this—*greatness*?

And then the tension was relieved. “Some more of those good cookies, son,” said Mr. Adams over his shoulder. And when Eben jumped to supply them the visitor quietly took the plate from him and handed it to Kingdon with an understanding smile.

“Take two,” he said.

Macduff had had it in his plans to pour a little water down his brother’s back, but when the redoubtable Sam Adams quietly lined up on that young gentleman’s side it seemed the better part of valor to beat a giggling retreat.

After supper the boys planned to repair to the green, for they had heard that Captain John Parker was to drill his Minute-Men that evening. Besides, that very afternoon, they had met and talked with the boy fifer of Parker’s company, and they were most anxious to see him in action. But their tyrant willed otherwise, and they were sent to bed early, against a daybreak rising for more rock-gathering. They knew they would not sleep—what with drum-and-fife sounding, and men marching and counter-marching

just a few rods away—but, the moment they laid their young heads on the pillows, they slipped out into oblivion.

How long they lay thus wrapped in dreamless slumber they did not know, but all at once out of the dark there came the beat of galloping hoofs—nearer—nearer—louder—louder! And then—no more! *Somebody* had galloped up to the door! And now there rose from beneath the sound of men's voices, men's voices in sharp contention. The boys rolled out and flew to the window. Through the dim dark they descried the outlines of a group of men. A mounted figure was among them.

“I tell you we were stationed here to keep these people from being disturbed!” a rough voice was saying. “You'll wake them with your noise!”

“Hist! this house is *being guarded!*” Duff whispered. But a strangely familiar voice from below was exclaiming sharply:

“‘Noise?’ You'll soon have noise enough—the regulars are coming!”

“*Mr. Revere!*” Kingdon gasped excitedly.

Another window was thrown up, and the voice of Mr. Hancock commanded: “Come in, Revere, we are not afraid of you.”

The shadowy rider sprang from his horse and, leaping up the front steps, disappeared within.

The next minute three white figures went stealing down the stairs. The whole house was awake and excited. They

could distinguish the different voices from below. Then they heard Mr. Clark, high and clear:

“You must *go*, Adams, go at once! What would become of us with our leaders hanged? You are needed *at the Congress!*”

“Go to bed *this minute!*” Mistress Clark had discovered them shivering there in their nightclothes.

“But the regulars?” exclaimed Duff.

“They can’t get here for hours! Go to bed as I tell you, or I’ll——”

They did not stand upon the order of their going, but went at once. Safe in their own room, however, they held a council of war, and decided to stay up and wait developments. But it was so nipping cold that Duff and Eben crawled under the cover “just to warm up.”

The next thing the two knew, Mistress Clark was sprinkling their faces with cold water to wake them up.

“Did the regulars come?” gasped Duff.

“No,” said the lady, “not yet. They’ve hardly had time.” And she turned her attention to the third bed.

“Why, Kingdon is up already!” she exclaimed with satisfaction.

Duff and Eben blinked and exchanged glances in the light of the candle she had brought, but they did not speak their thoughts till the good lady had gone out and closed the door behind her.

And then—“Kingdon’s *gone!*” groaned his brother.

“I’ll bet he didn’t go back to bed at all—Zounds!—

Look yonder!" And Eben jumped out of bed, followed by Duff.

A sheet had been tied to the window-fastening by one corner and dropped over the sill.

"He climbed down that!" Macduff said bitterly—"pesky tyke, he might have let us go too!"

(Continued on page 71)

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.



PAUL REVERE ROUSING THE INHABITANTS ALONG THE ROAD
TO LEXINGTON

From a drawing by F. C. Yohn

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

CONCORD HYMN

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
The flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;



CONCORD BRIDGE AND MONUMENT

That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

ALL'S WELL

(Continued from page 63)

CHAPTER V

AT LEXINGTON

(April 19, 1775)

They scrambled into their clothes in a double-quick, and darted down-stairs in the dissolving dark. But they did not go back to the kitchen, for that way, they thought, lay rock-gathering. Duff opened the front door, and the two of them stole out into the morning twilight and down to the green. It was a sleepy-looking scene which they came upon in the graying morning. The broad stretch of winter-blasted common was picketed sparsely by the figures of rustic Minute-Men who went pacing to and fro. Down at the southeast corner of the green the tavern tinkled with dim lights, and men seemed stirring within. The sound of their voices came distinct along the nipping April air.

And now as they watched, two boy figures came stumbling down the steps and toward them, stretching and yawning as they came, and emitting volumes of steam from their mouths and nostrils. Kingdon and the fifer! Duff and Eben hurried over to meet them.

“Hello there, what of the night?” exclaimed Duff to his brother, while Eben seized the instrument hanging over the fifer’s shoulder and tried to “blow” it.

“You!” and the young fifer grabbed his instrument—

“you don’t want to call the men together again before they are needed, do you? Haven’t you any *sense?*”

Eben took the rebuke humbly. The fifer of the Minute-Men was too exalted a person to be punched in the ribs. And now several other steaming, stretching men and boys were gathering on the green.

“What happened last night?” asked Duff again.

“Why,” replied the fifer, who evidently felt his importance, “when Mr. Revere brought the news, Captain Parker got his men together for roll-call, and made them load with powder and ball. Then he sent them home for a little more sleep. When the regulars get nearly here, the drums will beat, Banks will ring the meeting-house bell, sentries will fire signal-guns, and I’ll blow this like the dickens, and——”

“Heyday!” cried Duffy, “but won’t we have a glorious time! Why don’t those old Britishers come on?”

“But we may not have any fight at all,” the fifer replied, testily now. “Captain Parker has ordered the men to be sure not to fire *first!* And the British won’t be likely to start any pother when they see us all lined up here!”

“Oh, fudge!” said Eben in disappointment.

Suddenly they spied a rider coming up from the south at a mad gallop. He had stopped at the tavern now, and men were running out to meet him.

“Bang! Bang!” went the signal-guns.

“Come! Come! Come!” clanged the bell, “the minute has *Come!*”

“Look!”—suddenly screamed Eben, who was facing the Boston road.

The Redcoats had stolen a march on them at last! Right down the road yonder—*hundreds* of them!

“Come! Come! Come!”—and the Minute-Men came! They were running to the green now from all directions.

Eben and the two Marshes were ordered to one side for their safety, but the envied Minute-Boy went marching across the very centre of the green, playing the “White Cockade” for all he was worth.

On! on! came the Redcoats, swarming along the green till they were face to face with the little half-hundred of rustic patriots. Duff felt something give way inside him. Had the heart within him broken? How could this pitiful—yes, now he knew that they were *pitiful*—how could they, the patriot, rustic few stand against this overwhelming tide of trained machines of war?

It was not given the boys to see just how the tragedy of Lexington Green happened, for they presently found themselves cut off from a view of their own by a red-coated wall of soldiers that swept in between them and the little cluster of simple farmers and mechanics who, as free-born British subjects, had gathered together on that fatal spot—witnesses against aggression.

Shouted orders they did hear, and then—*firing!*

The next moment, the red-coated wall before them burst into cheering, and began moving forward with a swing.

And then they saw!

Men had crumpled to the ground here and there, their limp hands falling away from their guns. And women and children were hurrying up with blanched faces.

It was not many minutes before the last cheering Redcoat had tramped gaily by the crumpled dead and left the little village to wake from its awful morning dream.

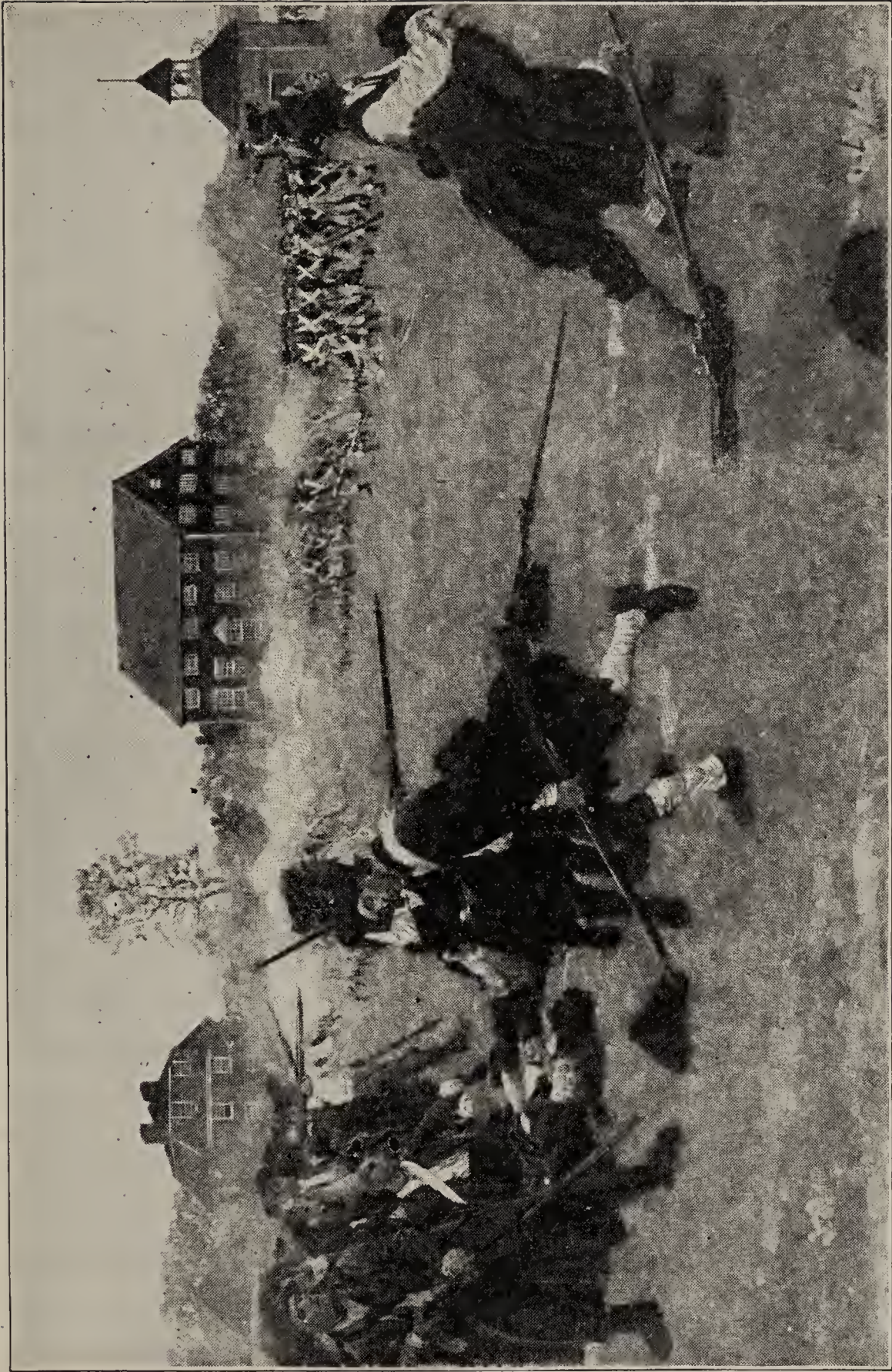
The sun rose bright and beautiful. Besides the wounded, seven dead lay upon the village green. They had asked of their King but equal rights with his other subjects across the sea, and had received—his answer!

The “Battle of Lexington” was over.

It remained now only to care for the wounded and to carry those other limp forms within and wash away the blood-stains and the sod-stains; to dress them decently in the homemade clothes they had been wont to keep for “meeting”; and to cross their toil-hardened hands upon their breasts.

The battle was *lost!* A little lad went stumbling through the long, dry grass, and came suddenly upon another lad who lay face downward upon the sod. “Wounded?” Yes, but not the flesh. Duff saw the little fifer’s shoulders quiver convulsively, his arms tighten against his eyes. And Duffy pulled his squirrel-skin cap down further over his own blurring sight and went quickly away.

The battle was *won!* For Hancock and Adams were safe on their way to that Congress which was to unite all



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THE FIGHT ON LEXINGTON COMMON

After a painting by Howard Pyle

thirteen colonies against a king who could so answer his subjects' appeal.

But Lexington saw another sight!

Later in the morning a wild rider swept in with the news that there had been fighting at Concord—"sharp fighting at the old North Bridge—and the British are on the run—and this way! Dead? Yes, dead and wounded on both sides, but—the British are on the *run!* *The run!*"

Then other messengers from hither and yon. Courage, little Lexington! Reading has heard and is in the fight! Littleton, Billerica, Sudbury, and Bedford are swift on the chase. Not a rod of the way the Redcoats are retreating but is made hot to their flying feet!

Then another wild rider, this time from the South! "Lord Percy and three-fourths of the Boston Redcoats are coming *in search of Pitcairn!*" *

Well, well, they'll find him!

The message had come to the men at Lexington: "Take to the rocks, to the trees, to any cover, and pepper the Redcoats as they come!" And every man and boy in the village loaded his gun and chose some hidden point of vantage.

Mistress Clark made one last effort to hold her boys, but could not, and they were shortly down at the common where the dry grass was still splotched with red. But, as that good lady stood wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron and telling her troubles to her next-door neighbor, she added:

* Pitcairn, leader of British van.

“But down in my heart I’m not blaming them, for the boy would not be worth killing who *would* keep out of *this!*”

Kingdon joined the other boys behind a stone fence near the Concord road. He had borrowed the musket of the aged Robert Monroe, whose hands were now crossed upon his breast in a quiet room over yonder. Duff and Eben were consumed with envy when they saw the gun, but every available weapon in the village was now in stronger hands. For a moment it seemed that inaction was to be their unheroic part, and then Duff began gathering a supply of sharp-cornered rocks.

“*Look!*” screamed Eben.

Down the road from Concord came running, staggering, the men who only a few hours before had gone cheering past the warm and bleeding bodies of their victims. And Crack! Crack! from behind their flying numbers!—Crack! Crack!—from the right!—from the left!

Run, Redcoats, run! This morning you shot down British subjects in cold blood. This hour *Americans* are on your track! Aye, but you’ll pay and pay and *pay!*

Rolling clouds of dust! And men—swarms of men—sweating, dirty, bleeding men! The whole face of the April earth is full of them!

Kingdon raised Monroe’s gun to his shoulder, hesitated for a long moment, and then fired.

A shower of rocks accompanied that ball! History doesn’t take time to tell us of those rocks; but does any boy, or anything that ever was a boy, doubt that they flew?

But lo! from the South, Lord Percy to the rescue! And now his fresh troops, three regiments of them, are forming a hollow square around the redcoated fugitives, who, thus protected, are dropping down upon the grass, with tongues out like hunted dogs!

A brief period of rest, and then all together are falling back; the whole pack of them are leaving—with dignity at first, then faster and faster, for the peppering begins again!

But the men from the lower towns are ready for them. And all down their later way they must run the gauntlet of the same grilling fire from right, from left, from behind—all the way to their very strongholds; till they stagger under the protection of the guns of their ships in Boston harbor!

That afternoon Kingdon wrote an account of the day's events to Joseph Radford at Philadelphia, and Macduff added the laconic postscript:

“Say, Joe! Did you ever climb a bee tree? Well, Pitcairn did, and he's running yet!”

(Continued on page 111)

The moment I heard of America, I loved her. The moment I knew she was fighting for freedom, I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her, and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.

—Lafayette.

LEXINGTON *

BY SIDNEY LANIER

Say, Woodman April! all in green,
Say, Robin April! hast thou seen
In all thy travel round the earth
Ever a morn of calmer birth?
But Morning's eye alone serene
Can gaze across yon village-green
To where the trooping British run
Through Lexington.

Good men in fustian, stand ye still;
The men in red come o'er the hill.
Lay down your arms, damned Rebels! cry
The men in red full haughtily.
But never a grounding gun is heard;
The men in fustian stand unstirred;
Dead calm, save maybe a wise bluebird
Puts in his little heavenly word.
O men in red! if ye but knew
The half as much as bluebirds do!

The redcoats fire, the homespuns fall:
The homespuns' anxious voices call,
Brother, art hurt? and *Where hit, John?*

* From "Psalm of the West."

And, *Wipe this blood, and Men, come on,*
And *Neighbor, do but lift my head,*
And, *Who is wounded? Who is dead?*
Seven are killed. My God! my God!
Seven lie dead on the village sod.
Two Harringtons, Parker, Hadley, Brown,
Monroe and Porter,—these are down.
Nay, look! Stout Harrington not yet dead!
He crooks his elbow, lifts his head.
He lies at the step of his own house-door;
He crawls and makes a path of gore.
The wife from the window hath seen, and rushed;
He hath reached the step, but the blood hath gushed;
He hath crawled to the step of his own house-door,
But his head hath dropped: he will crawl no more.
Clasp, Wife, and kiss, and lift the head:
Harrington lies at his doorstep dead.

But, O ye Six that round him lay
And bloodied up that April day!
As Harrington fell, ye likewise fell—
At the door of the House wherein ye dwell;
As Harrington came, ye likewise came
And died at the door of your House of Fame.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

Lexington had been fought.

Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North, and South, and East, and West, throughout the land.

It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newberne and to Wilmington.

“For God’s sake, forward it by night and by day,” wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live oaks, farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond Savannah.

The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers, that the “loud call” might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the 19th day of April, 1775, by naming their encampment *Lexington*.

With one impulse the colonies sprang to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other “to be ready for the extreme event.” With one heart the continent cried, “LIBERTY OR DEATH!”

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once.

—James T. Fields.

THE RISING *

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

“The cry of blood from the field of Lexington went through the land.”

There were no telegraph lines, no long distance telephones—there was no wireless, in those days of long ago; but the news of that first battle spread like wild-fire till it reached every hamlet from North to South. And men in every walk of life responded immediately to its call.

When the loud peals of the meeting-house bell in Concord brought all men out with their weapons, William Emerson, the minister, was seen with his gun and powder horn. He had taught his people that “their liberties were a part of their covenant with God,” and he was willing himself to fight for what he felt to be right.

Foremost among the Minute-Men of Reading was a minister—Foster, of Littleton—who volunteered to fight; and the Reverend Jonas Clark was the warrior inspiration of John Parker’s little handful of men who opposed the British at Lexington.

Thomas Buchanan Read, in his stirring poem, “The Rising,” tells us of a minister in Virginia who “dared fling defiance to a tyrant king.” This was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, of Woodstock, pastor of the Lutheran Church

* “The Rising,” by T. B. Read. By special permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company.

there. On the Sunday after the news of the battle of Lexington reached him in that quiet Virginia valley, Muhlenberg went into his church wearing a colonel's uniform concealed under his priestly robe. His sermon that day was a stirring one. "He spoke of wrongs too long endured, of sacred rights to be secured." Then, as the time had now come to fight for those rights, he suddenly flung aside his minister's robe and stood before his people "complete in all a warrior's guise."

Is it strange then that the Colonists won their fight against the strong mother country when to the challenge: "Who dares come out with me in Freedom's name?" so many voices answered, "I"?

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.



HE SUDDENLY FLUNG ASIDE HIS MINISTER'S ROBE AND STOOD BEFORE HIS PEOPLE "COMPLETE IN ALL A WARRIOR'S GUISE"

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed,
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,

His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—

The warrior-priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear;
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I."

THE CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA

PROSE SELECTON BY WASHINGTON IRVING, POEM BY
MARY A. P. STANSBURY *

(May 10, 1775)

Some bold spirits in Connecticut conceived the project of surprising the old forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, already famous in the French War. Their situation on Lake Champlain gave them the command of the main route into Canada, so that the possession of them would be all-important in case of hostilities. They were feebly garrisoned and negligently guarded, and abundantly furnished with artillery and military stores so needed by the patriot army.

At this juncture Ethan Allen stepped forward, a patriot, and volunteered with his "Green Mountain Boys." He was well fitted for the enterprise. During the border warfare over the New Hampshire Grants, he and his lieutenants had been outlawed by the Legislature of New York and rewards offered for their apprehension. He and his associates had armed themselves, set New York at defiance, and had sworn they would be the death of any one who should try to arrest them.

Thus Ethan Allen had become a kind of Robin Hood among the mountains. His experience as a frontier champion, his robustness of mind and body, and his fearless spirit

* By special permission of *The Youth's Companion*.

made him a most desirable leader in the expedition against Fort Ticonderoga. Therefore he was appointed at the head of the attacking force.

Accompanied by Benedict Arnold and two other officers, Allen and his party of soldiers, who had been enlisted from several States, set out and arrived at Shoreham, opposite Fort Ticonderoga, on the shore of Lake Champlain. They reached the place at night-time. There were only a few boats on hand, but the transfer of men began immediately. It was slow work. The night wore away; day was about to break, and but eighty-three men, with Allen and Arnold, had crossed. Should they wait for the rest to cross over day would dawn, the garrison wake, and their enterprise might fail.

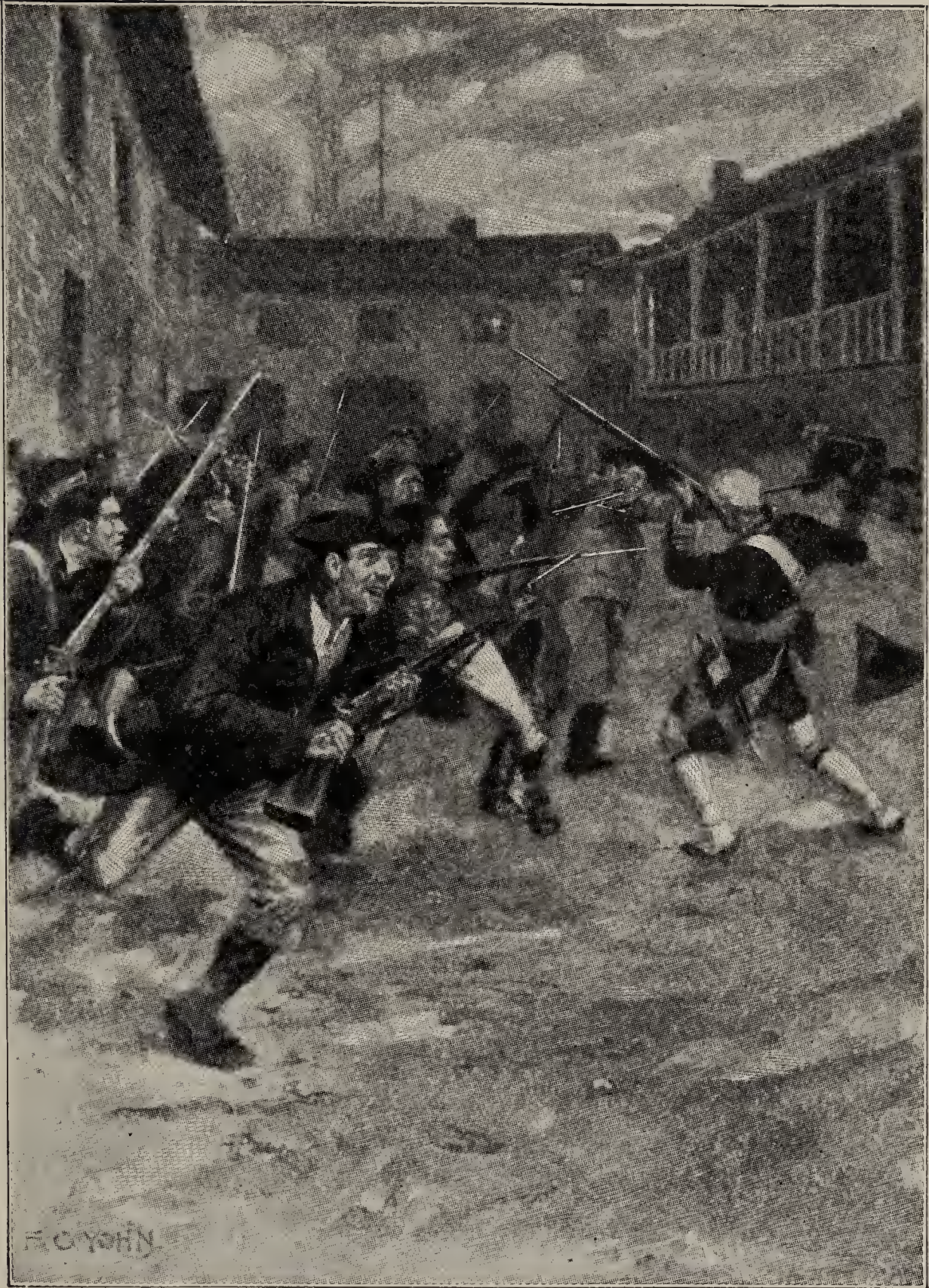
Allen drew up his men, addressed them in his own emphatic style, and announced his intention of making a dash at the fort without waiting for more force.

“It is a desperate attempt,” said he, “and I ask no man to go against his will. I will take the lead, and be the first to advance. You that are willing to follow, poise your firelocks!”

Not a firelock but was poised!

They mounted the hill briskly but in silence, guided by a boy from the neighborhood.

The day dawned as Allen arrived at a sally-port. A sentry pulled trigger on him, but his piece missed fire. He retreated through a covered way. Allen and his men followed. Another sentry thrust at an officer with his bayonet,



THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA BY ETHAN ALLEN
From a drawing by F. C. Yohn

but was struck down by Allen and begged for quarter. It was granted on condition of his leading the way instantly to the quarters of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, who was yet in bed.

Being arrived there, Allen thundered at the door, and demanded a surrender of the fort. By this time his followers had formed into two lines on the parade-ground, and given three hearty cheers.

The commandant appeared at the door half-dressed, the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulder. He gazed at Allen in bewildered astonishment.

“By whose authority do you act?” exclaimed he.

“In the name of the Continental Congress!” replied Allen, with a flourish of his sword.

There was no disputing the point. The garrison, like the commandant, had been startled from sleep, and made prisoners as they rushed forth in their confusion. A surrender accordingly took place. The captain and forty-eight men who composed his garrison were sent prisoners to Hartford, in Connecticut.

And thus without the loss of a single man, one of the important forts, commanding the main route into Canada, fell into the hands of the patriots.

'Twas May upon the mountains, and on the airy wing
Of every floating zephyr came pleasant sounds of spring,—
Of robins in the orchards, brooks running clear and warm,
Or chanticler's shrill challenge from busy farm to farm.

But, ranged in serried order, attent on sterner noise,
Stood stalwart Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain
Boys,"—

Two hundred patriots listening, as with ears of one,
To the echo of the muskets that blazed at Lexington!

"My comrades,"—thus the leader spake to his gallant
band,—

"The key of all the Canadas is in King George's hand,
Yet, while his careless warders our slender armies mock,
Good Yankee swords—God willing—may pick his rusty
lock!"

At every pass a sentinel was set to guard the way,
Lest the secret of their purpose some idle lip betray,
As on the rocky highway they marched with steady feet
To the rhythm of the brave hearts that in their bosoms
beat.

The curtain of the darkness closed 'round them like a
tent,

When, travel-worn and weary, yet not with courage spent,
They halted on the border of slumbering Champlain,
And saw the watch lights glimmer across the glassy plain.

O proud Ticonderoga, enthroned amid the hills!

O bastions of old Carillon, the "Fort of Chiming Rills!"

Well might your quiet garrison have trembled where they
lay,
And, dreaming, grasp their sabres against the dawn of
day!

In silence and in shadow the boats were pushed from
shore,
Strong hands laid down the musket to ply the muffled
oar;
The startled ripples whitened and whispered in their
wake,
Then sank again, reposing, upon the peaceful lake.

Fourscore and three they landed, just as the morning
gray
Gave warning on the hilltops to rest not or delay;
Behind, their comrades waited, the fortress frowned
before,
And the voice of Ethan Allen was in their ears once
more:

“Soldiers, so long united—dread scourge of lawless
power!
Our country, torn and bleeding, calls to this desperate
hour.
One choice alone is left us, who hear that high behest—
To quit our claims to valor, or put them to the test!

“I lead the storming column up yonder fateful hill,
Yet not a man shall follow save at his ready will!
There leads no pathway backward—’tis death or vic-
tory!

Poise each his trusty firelock, ye that will come with
me!”

From man to man a tremor ran at their Captain’s word
(Like the “going” in the mulberry-trees that once King
David heard),—

While his eagle glances sweeping adown the triple line,
Saw, in the glowing twilight, each even barrel shine!

“Right face, my men, and forward!” Low spoken, swift-
obeyed!

They mount the slope unfaltering—they gain the espla-
nade!

A single drowsy sentry beside the wicket gate,
Snapping his aimless fusil, shouts the alarm—too late!

They swarm before the barracks—the quaking guards take
flight,

And such a shout resultant resounds along the height,
As rang from shore and headland scarce twenty years
ago,

When brave Montcalm’s defenders charged on a British
foe!

Leaps from his bed in terror the ill-starred Delaplace,
To meet across his threshold a wall he may not pass!
The bayonets' lightning flashes athwart his dazzled eyes,
And, in tones of sudden thunder, "Surrender!" Allen
cries.

"Then in whose name the summons?" the ashen lips
reply.

The mountaineer's stern visage turns proudly to the
sky,—

"In the name of great Jehovah!" He speaks with lifted
sword,

"And the Continental Congress, who wait upon His
word!"

Light clouds, like crimson banners, trailed bright across
the east,

As the great sun rose in splendor above a conflict ceased,
Gilding the bloodless triumph for equal rights and laws,
As with the smile of heaven upon a holy cause.

Still, wave on wave of verdure, the emerald hills arise,
Where once more heroes mustered from men of common
guise,

And still, on Freedom's roster, through all her glorious
years,

Shine the names of Ethan Allen and his bold volun-
teers!

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

BY JOHN PIERPONT

(Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775)

Joseph Warren, young, handsome, talented, was one of the patriotic sons of Massachusetts whose righteous indignation was roused by the oppression of the British. He was a practising physician of Boston, but gave himself up, heart and soul, to the cause of American freedom, allying himself closely with Samuel Adams, the "Father of the Revolution."

When the British attacked Bunker Hill (Breed's Hill), which the Americans had fortified, Joseph Warren took part in its defense as a volunteer, having declined the command. Before going into battle he said to a friend: "I know that I may fall, but where is the man who does not think it glorious and delightful to die for his country?" At Bunker Hill, Warren died this "glorious" death. A last bullet found him while he "lingered in the field, loath to join in the retreat."

It is said that dead Cæsar's wounds spoke for him. So Warren, slain, was still powerful for justice, for his tragic and heroic death greatly strengthened the patriotic zeal of the Americans.

Among his other gifts Joseph Warren had that wonderful power to stir men's hearts—the talent for oratory; and he employed this gift brilliantly and fearlessly in stirring



AMERICANS UNDER COLONEL PRESCOTT ERECTING FORTIFICATIONS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

the men of Massachusetts to stand for their rights. John Pierpont, in the accompanying poem, has enshrined in verse Warren's splendid challenge to the true-hearted.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

If I were a boy again, I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely.

—*James T. Fields.*

BUNKER HILL

BY JOHN PIERPONT

(June 17, 1775)

O, is not this a holy spot?
'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth!
God of our fathers! is it not
The holiest spot of all the earth?

Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side;
The robber roars o'er Sinai now;
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on *this* hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.

Here sleeps their dust: 'tis holy ground:
And we, the children of the brave,
From the four winds are gathering round,
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,
Free as the waves below us spread,



PRESIDENT LANGDON, OF HARVARD COLLEGE, PRAYING FOR THE
BUNKER HILL INTRENCHING PARTY ON CAMBRIDGE COMMON
BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE

We rear a pile, that long shall throw
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame.
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another,
though he were your enemy.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be care-
ful to keep your promise.

WASHINGTON *

BY HARRIET MONROE

Ah, hero of our younger race—
Great builder of a temple new!
Ruler, who sought no lordly place;
Warrior, who sheathed the sword he drew!
Lover of men, who saw afar
A world unmarred by want or war;
Who knew the path, and yet forbore
To tread, till all men should implore;
Who saw the light, and led the way
Where the gray world might greet the day;
Father and leader, prophet sure,
Whose will in vast works shall endure,
How shall we praise him on this day of days,
Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

THE FLAG

BY SOPHIA HOLMES

When we think of our flag, we usually think of it as it is to-day with its thirteen stripes of red and white and its forty-eight stars on the field of blue. But our flag was not always of this design. Our country was not always as it is now—time and events have changed them both.

* From The Columbian Ode which was read and sung at the dedication of buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition, on the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.

The people who settled America came from several different countries, and naturally brought their home flags with them. The Dutch came under their own orange, white, and blue ensign of Holland, and this they soon made known along the Hudson. The Swedes, who made their homes along the Delaware, raised over their settlements a blue banner with a yellow cross upon it.

The many English settlers, of course, brought with them the flag of Great Britain. I should say "flags," for they had the "ancient flag" with its vertical cross of St. George, and also a new banner called "King's flag" or "Union Jack." This was made when King James I, the first ruler of both England and Scotland, united the English cross of St. George with the Scotch diagonal cross of St. Andrew.

As the English colonists in America in time conquered the Dutch—who had already conquered the Swedes—British flags were shortly the only ones left floating over the colonies.

But as time went on the people of the colonies began to revel in banners of their own devising. Every little band of militia had its own standard. We know very few of those designs now, and there was probably very little significance to any of them till the trouble with the mother country began, at which time the mottoes that appeared on them became more or less defiant.

After James II proved himself such a poor king, the New England colonists refused to use the flag that he had

sent them, and selected one for themselves. It was red, with a white union cut by a red St. George's cross into four squares. A pine-tree was placed in one of these divisions. One historian tells us that it "no more resembles a pine-tree than a cabbage." This mongrel pine-tree was, however, a great favorite, especially with the people of Massachusetts, who stamped it on their coins as well. Besides the pine-tree, the rattlesnake became a quite popular emblem with the colonists. It is said that Patrick Henry and his men carried a flag with the snake upon it when they made the royal Governor of Virginia pay for the powder he had taken from the Virginia colonists. One flag, the one on which the snake is saying, "Don't tread on me," was much used upon the sea.

After the battle of Bunker Hill the colonists felt that they should have a flag which would hold significance for them all, for each of the many then in use meant practically nothing except to the group of men who marched under it.

Before Christmas, 1775, a flag designed for all was made. This was called the "Grand Union Flag." It had the blue union with the two crosses, like the British, and ten red and white stripes. A flag of this design was raised on January 1, 1776, on Prospect Hill, near Boston. It was the first real flag of the American people, for it symbolized their union in sympathy, though it still acknowledged allegiance to the mother country, as the two crosses showed. Strange to say, as far as records go, the Conti-

mental Congress had nothing to do with this flag, and its designer and maker are forgotten.

Then came our Declaration of Independence, and the necessity for a *national* flag. On June 14, 1777, this resolution was adopted in our Congress: "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."

Betsy Ross had the honor of making "the first strictly American flag." This little lady, who lived in Philadelphia, had quite a reputation for fine needlework and, according to tradition, embroidered the ruffles for George Washington's shirts. At any rate, when anything especially nice in the sewing line was wanted, Betsy Ross was asked to do it. So General Washington, Colonel Ross, and Mr. Robert Morris—the committee—went to see if Betsy would undertake to make a flag for the struggling nation. They showed her a crude sketch and asked her for suggestions. The capable little lady had several to make. She said that the flag should be longer, and that the stars should be arranged in regular form, in a circle. She also wanted the stars to have only *five* points, like the stars of heaven. When the gentlemen spoke of the difficulty in cutting stars five-pointed she laughed, folded a piece of paper, and with one clip of scissors, made a five-pointed star.

Mistress Betsy was then commissioned to make the flag. The result was entirely satisfactory and was approved by Congress. Material for many flags was then sent Mis-

tress Ross, and for more than half a century she made banners for the Government. A flag with the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes was used by Captain John Paul Jones, and went down on the *Bon Homme Richard*. And it was this flag that led the American armies in the Revolution, and finally floated victorious at Yorktown.

In 1791 Vermont was admitted to the Union, and in 1792 Kentucky also became a state. They, of course, wished to be represented on the flag, so in 1795 Congress passed a bill increasing the number of stars and stripes to fifteen each. This was "The Star-Spangled Banner" that was the inspiration of our beautiful national song. It was the flag under which we fought and won our second war with England, and continued our national ensign until 1818, when another change was made.

Five new states had by this time been admitted, and they naturally wished to have a place on the flag. But a problem had arisen. The stripes, if increased in number for every new state, would soon be too narrow to be seen at a distance. Then, too, the people now realized that to give up the *thirteen* stripes would be to lose much of the significance of their national ensign. So a bill was passed requiring that the flag of the United States should continue to have the thirteen original stripes for the thirteen colonies, but an added star for every state as it should come into the union. The circle being no longer practicable, the stars were grouped much as they are to-day.

When we formally give our hearts to our country, we

stand in the presence of the flag and say: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!" And because that symbol stands for the best that we have been and are, let us say it with all our hearts.

OUR FLAG

Our flag means all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War.

It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant.

It means justice.

It means liberty.

It means happiness.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings.

Every color means liberty.

Every thread means liberty.

Every star means liberty.

Every stripe means liberty.

The flag does not mean lawlessness, but liberty through law, and laws for liberty.

Forget not what it means. For the sake of its ideas be true to your country's flag.

—*Adapted from an address by Henry Ward Beecher.*

ALL'S WELL!

(Continued from page 78)

CHAPTER VI

AT THE SIGN OF THE PALMETTO

(June 28, 1776)

Morning came shimmering across the sea and crowned with light the sentinel palmettos watching over Charleston on this her day of fate. Cypress and myrtle, magnolia and bay had joined hands to guard her white-columned portals, but her royal palmettos lifted their heads above their tallest tops and watched the sea!—the sea, whence threatened the white-winged danger!

Outside the harbor yonder hovered a fleet of British men-of-war, while a band of patriots on Sullivan's Island worked with desperate courage at a pen of palmetto logs and sand—the city's chief defense against the white-winged danger. They called it "Fort Sullivan"—that three-sided pen of palmettos and sand—and they mounted some thirty guns upon its walls, took stock of their scanty supply of powder, and stood ready to defend "the fairest city by the sunrise sea."

"Bobby! *Bobby Huger!*"

In answer to that call, an iron gate admitting to a walled garden swung open, and there quickly emerged through it a tall, dark-eyed boy.

“Peggy! Peggie-e-e!” he answered, looking about. But the next moment he spied the girl. She was nearly a block away, and she was waving something over her head in signal to him.

“A letter—a letter for you!” she called. “The post gave it to me with ours.”

Robert started quickly toward her in the eager hope that the letter might be from some one of the boys he had met in Boston when he went with Carolina’s gift of rice to the blockaded city. But the first few hurried steps gained him nothing, for Peggy had begun to move as quickly away, and something in the click of her light heels warned him that she was going to give him a run for his letter. He quickened his pace, calling desperately: “*Wait!*”

But Peggy didn’t wait. She was off like the wind now—her bonnet in the street, and her ruffled curls streaming behind her as she flew.

In and out they dodged, around walled corners, among the huge trunks of live-oak trees, over and over a neighbor’s boxwood hedge, till—Bobby’s pounding heart gave a leap—the imp was actually fleeing up the sacred steps of St. Michael’s Church—she was gone now, within! He followed, and quickly enough to glimpse a flutter of skirts up the belfry stair. The boy hesitated. St. Michael’s tower was sacred to a chime of solemn bells—it was no place for a romp.

“*Fraidie cat!*” dropped from above.

That settled it. He bounded up the steps, two at a

time. Very shortly he had her cornered, and had snatched his letter.

“I wish you were *a boy!*” he panted.

“Why?”

“So I could jump on you and *beat* you!”

Peggy laughed. “Come, let’s read the letter!” she said, with the astonishing assurance of her sex.

In a few minutes they were seated on a railing above the dizzy height, with the city and the mist-veiled harbor spread out at their feet. They were alone on the old church-tower, for it was a drowsy summer morning, and only young, light-winged things like themselves were abroad. A flock of pigeons, routed from their skyey haunt, went wheeling softly round them, and to seaward, snowy gulls glinted in and out of view, over mist-veiled Sullivan.

Their first sharp look was dangerward—for everybody knew that for weeks a British fleet had been hovering just beyond the harbor bar. But the light veil had not yet lifted from the waters; it was not given them to see beyond the waiting city.

“Isn’t it wonderful—to look down into the tree-tops?” said the girl; “the magnolias are holding up their cups to catch the sunlight—and look, Bobby! the palmettos are tiptoeing above them all! What is it they are trying to see?”

But Robert was by this time deep in his letter. It began in the characteristic handwriting of Duffy Marsh, but, as per agreement, it had passed through the hands of others,

and Joe Radford and Fairfax Carter had each contributed his bit. Peggy had been told about each and every boy who had taken part in that school meeting in Boston, so she too was eager to hear, and she now settled herself beside Robert as he half read, half told the contents.

Kingdon had enlisted in the Continental Army and was with Washington in New York, with Nathan Hale for captain! Duff, the writer, was consumed with envy—Kingdon had gone on ahead as usual. He had volunteered for the battle of Bunker Hill. King had said that nobody could have failed to do his duty that day, after the way Dr. Warren talked to them on the eve of battle. Dr. Warren had been killed at Bunker Hill, and, somehow, King couldn't get him off his mind. But, speaking of enlisting, he, Duffy, meant to get in somehow, but was awfully afraid the war would stop before his father would let him go. And General Washington had driven the British out of Boston! Robert knew this—had known it for a month or two—but he was none the less interested in reading Duff's account of it, and of how he and the other boys had chased Sales Farnham, the Tory, aboard one of His Britannic Majesty's ships of war to take refuge with hundreds of other Tories in Halifax.

Next came a note in the hand of Fairfax. Last year the writer had served with Patrick Henry under the Rattlesnake Flag, when he threatened the capital and compelled the King's governor to pay Virginia for a certain stock of powder he had seized. And long since the King's

governor had been driven on board a man-of-war, leaving Virginia's affairs in the hands of *Virginians*.

The addendum made by Joe Radford was not so inspiring. He was furious with the Quakers, who had refused to come out on the side of the Revolution. But not all Pennsylvanians were Quakers, he thanked you! And he was a page at the Continental Congress. And what did the reader think? The Congress was debating a resolution, submitted by Virginia and seconded by Massachusetts, saying that the colonies of right ought to be *free and independent!*

Robert caught his breath. He had not heard this, and his young heart pounded in answer to it.

“‘Free and independent!’—Peggy, think of it!” he cried, “we are to be *free and independent!*”

“South Carolina's already free,” * asserted Peggy.

“Of course,” quickly assented the loyal lad, “but everybody knows there's going to be an awful struggle to *keep* free, and it's a blessed good thing for us that the others are going to break off too!” But his animated face suddenly changed, and he turned upon the girl bitterly: “And *you* kept me from going to the island to help!” he exclaimed, “and General Charles Lee keeps withdrawing men from the works, and they are not finished, and——”

“That's right, lay it on *me!*” retorted the girl with

* South Carolina had, three months before, deposed her English masters and organized an independent State government, with John Rutledge as president and Henry Laurens as vice-president.

spirit. "I got after you for hanging around that ordinary Bill Jasper and for wanting to go with *him!* When Uncle Huger let you come to Charleston, you know he didn't propose for you to spend your time with the most ignorant——"

"Jasper is a soldier and *a man!*" the lad defended indignantly. "And here I am, big as a house and playing with *girls*, while he and Kingdon Marsh are fighting for freedom——"

He stopped short, his eyes on the distance, his angry face suddenly struck cold. Peggy turned quickly to see what it was that he saw.

The mist had lifted and dissolved, and they could look far out to sea. The white-winged danger had crossed the harbor bar and was sweeping in with the tide. A whole fleet of men-of-war to dispute their right to be free!

With one despairing look at the unfinished pen of logs and sand, now so vividly plain on Sullivan's Island, the two darted down the long flight of steps. Outside they found that the whole excited populace was now pouring into the streets, and at the corner they suddenly came face to face with a young soldier. Sergeant William Jasper stopped in his tracks.

"Huger," he said, "you've been wanting to help. I'm over here for volunteers for work on the earthworks. General Lee keeps withdrawing more and more troops from the island, and——"

"No!" Peggy suddenly stepped forward. "Robert

is not grown," she exclaimed. "Besides, he's a *gentleman!* When he goes into the service, it will be with a commission. *You can dig the trenches.*"

Young Jasper's face turned crimson under its bronzing and his eyes flashed, but before he could retort Robert broke in with: "Peggy, William Jasper is my friend, and you shan't talk to him like that! You ought to be *ashamed* of yourself!"

But Peggy wasn't ashamed. She wasn't anything right then but furiously afraid that William Jasper would take her playmate and favorite cousin out to Colonel Moultrie's "slaughter-pen."

"You are the one who ought to be ashamed," she stormed at Robert, "to be putting ahead of *me* a common fellow *that can't even read and write!*" In her fury she did not note the pathetic hurt look that had swept over the young soldier's face, but Robert caught it.

"Peggy," he cried, "I'll never forgive you in the world for this!—*never!*" The next minute he was hurrying away with William Jasper—hurrying away without a word of good-bye—to Colonel Moultrie's slaughter-pen on Sullivan's Island.

"I'm going to tell father on you," the frightened girl called after him. "I'm going to make him send right after you!"

But the lad had suddenly stepped out into responsibility, as did many another lad in those troublous times, and he did not look back.

(Continued on page 118)

YANKEE DOODLE

BY CARL HOLLIDAY *

It is plain that of humorous verse, or, rather, humorous doggerel, there was no lack (during Revolutionary times). It is very good proof of the abiding sense of humor in the American people that in these troubled and positively dangerous days they were able to see and enjoy the ludicrous side of the warfare. Not infrequently they seized upon the very satires of the enemy and hurled them back in his teeth. "Yankee Doodle," for instance, has for itself just such a history. The tune of this popular ballad is older than most of the existing nations. In the twelfth century it was used as a chant in Catholic churches of Italy, and when played slowly doubtless served very well as a sacred air. But the melody was too easily learned to remain in such a limited service, and after 1200 we find it gradually working its way into the daily life of the ordinary peasant. It became a most popular vintage song in Spain and southern France; reached northward into Holland, where, as a reaper's song, it acquired the words "Yanker dudel, doodle down"; and at length entered England, where, before the reign of Charles I, it was a widely known nursery rhyme with the words:

"Lucky Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it—

* From "Wit and Humor of Colonial Days," by Carl Holliday. By special permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company.

Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it.’’

In the days of the Puritan rule the Cavaliers wrote a song in ridicule of Cromwell, who, it is said, once rode into Oxford mounted on a small Kentish horse and with his small plume tied into a knot:

“Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called him macaroni.’’

“Macaroni,” it should be remembered, was a term frequently applied to London dudes.

Thus the song had served in many capacities when Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a surgeon in the British army, seeing the raw New England rustics gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the English cannons and soldiers, suddenly conceived the idea of writing new words to the old tune to apply to the patriots. Many lines of the poem easily betray its origin:

“And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev’ry day,
I wish it could be saved.

.
And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,

Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

.

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He's got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He sets the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.''

But he laughs best who laughs last. The Colonists liked the song, sang it as their own, and later, as they shot down the retreating British from behind walls and trees, they whistled it with such mocking vim that Cornwallis is said to have exclaimed: "I hope I shall never hear that cursed tune again!"

ALL'S WELL

(Continued from page 114)

CHAPTER VII

AT THE SIGN OF THE PALMETTO

(June 28, 1776)

Hurrah for the Land of the Palm!
Our all for the Land of the Palm!
Let the banner cry be
Of the sons of the free,
Strike! Strike!—for the Land of the Palm!

—JOSEPH RICHARDSON NIMMO OWEN.

On that 28th of June, 1776, the men in the unfinished log pen on Sullivan's Island wrote South Carolina's name on the scroll of Fame.

General Charles Lee, adventurer out for a spectacular career and only two years an American citizen, had been sent South by Washington to command the operations about Charleston. He had, some time before, inspected the fort and the supporting earthworks, and had promptly advised a retreat from the island. But Colonel William Moultrie, always an American, declined to give over Charleston to the sword without firing a shot in her defense. President Rutledge, of South Carolina, had asked of Moultrie: "Can you defend the fort?"

"I think I can," had been the modest reply.

Then later Rutledge had written him: "General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You are not to do so with-

out an order from me, and I would sooner cut off my right hand than write one.’’

But Lee continued a Job's comforter. ‘‘Build a bridge by which to retreat,’’ he advised.

Moultrie did not build the bridge.

Lee next began withdrawing men from the island, under excuse of needing them for the land defenses. But Moultrie asked for volunteers to fill their places and got them. And among these volunteers was a certain dark-eyed boy whose unusual height for his years got him entrée into Fort Sullivan with Moultrie's heroic few. He had come with William Jasper, but too late to help with the digging. The British ships were in battle-line before them and the men of the palmetto pen were at their guns.

In after years Robert Huger could never quite remember the awful happenings of that awful day. The furious roar of the guns was indeed ever after with him, and memory furnished here and there certain vivid spots where *The Thunder Bomb's* shells struck fire. He remembered the flying sand of the ball-ploughed earthworks, or the smothered moan as a shot would strike the soft fibre of the palmetto only to bury itself in its spongy pulp. But he was wont to recall vividly the laugh of the men as the British balls thus sped to their harmless fate.

‘‘Lee sneered at our log defense,’’ he heard one man say, ‘‘but he didn't know the palmettos!’’

The powder got low, Robert remembered, and General Lee was unable to furnish enough. Then a certain slight,

dark man of the Huguenot type took a few others and went out under the heaviest fire to secure powder from a schooner near by. "Major Francis Marion," Sergeant Macdaniel explained. In darker times for South Carolina, Francis Marion, as "The Swamp Fox," was to play a still more gallant part in the defense of his beloved State.

And then suddenly Macdaniel threw up his hands and dropped at his embrasure. Robert and Jasper sprang to him in time to hear him say:

"Boys, don't let the cause of liberty die with me to-day." In a few minutes, Jasper had spread his coat over his dead face, and drawn his mangled body to one side. And now back to the guns again!

But at that moment a singing shot cut their flagstaff, and their beloved banner dropped from the bastion to the shell-swept beach. Shouts of triumph rang from the fleet—the Americans had struck their colors! The Americans were whipped!

The heart of watching Charleston broke! Brave Moultrie and his brave palmettos had been unequal to her defense. The colors must have been struck in sign of surrender!

So thought watching Charleston, but the men of the log pen knew better. But how to convey to the loved ones on shore the news that they were still strong to defend?

In that tense moment Sergeant William Jasper showed them how. Springing lightly up on the bastion, he dropped, as the flag had dropped, to the shell-swept beach



THE DEFENSE OF FORT SULLIVAN, JUNE 28, 1776

From a drawing by F. C. Yohn

outside. Another moment and the young fellow reappeared on top of the walls of sand with the undefeated flag, and ran with it, through the iron hail, to the bastion nearest the enemy.

“Quick, a staff!” he shouted.

Eager hands furnished him a sponge staff.

And there amid the iron hail—in the most exposed place in all that fight—young Jasper stood and tied his colonel’s colors firmly to the improvised staff, planting them securely on the point nearest the enemy.

Watching Charleston saw, and all the bells of all her steeples sent up a peal of thanks to the Maker of brave men.

“All day long had that brave garrison toiled like slaves, and now night had fallen on the island and fort, and all was dark and invisible there, except when the flash of guns lit up its form, and then its mysterious bosom for a moment would be inherent with flame, and it would seem as if the sea itself had opened and shot forth fire. Around those ships the smoke lay like a dark and heavy storm-cloud through which the lightnings incessantly played and thunders rolled. Moultrie and his men could distinctly hear the heavy blows of their shot, as they struck the ships and crushed through the solid timbers.

“At length, about half past nine o’clock, the English, finding their vessels cut up, and the crews dreadfully reduced, slipped their cables, and moved quietly away. The uproar had suddenly ceased, and darkness and silence fallen on the scene; but from that little fort went up three hearty

cheers; and when the news reached the town, one long, loud huzza rent the air, and ‘*Victory! Victory!*’ ran like wild-fire through the streets, filling every heart with joy and exultation.’ *

The grounded *Actæon* of the British fleet was set on fire the next morning, and tradition has it that when the flames reached her powder and the explosion came, the smoke shot up in a slender towering column to spread out abruptly at the top—a spirit palmetto!

There came a day all bright and beautiful when white-winged danger hovered no more upon the dim horizon, and the thunder of guns had ceased.

Old Charleston was sending her treasured and protected ones down to Moultrie’s slaughter-pen to bear her message to its men. President Rutledge and a party of ladies from the exclusive St. Cecilia Society came bearing palmetto palms to the man who built no bridges for retreat and to the men who never needed one. And then and there they christened the old slaughter-pen ‘Fort Moultrie.’

And South Carolina sent a message—a message right out of her heart—to the young soldier who had braved the storm of iron hail for the flag’s sake.

President Rutledge named his name and called him out for distinction. Sergeant William Jasper, crude, uncouth, embarrassed, was pushed gently forward by young Robert Huger. As Jasper took his embarrassed stand before the President to receive a speech the terms of which he was

* This description is quoted from J. T. Headley’s sketch of Moultrie.

scarcely able to understand, Robert remained modestly in the background, from which he surveyed the bright group behind the President.

A slight shifting of position among those bright ones, and his glance rested on that of a beautiful girl he had not seen there before. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Peggy Ravenel as she stood that day among the gay and fashionable. But what had come over the spirit of Peggy? The lad watching her blinked to clear his vision. Something had gone out of her!

And all the while President Rutledge was speaking.

And all the while the embarrassed Jasper stood nervously turning his hat about and about.

Robert looked at Peggy— Yes, those were tears on her beautiful lashes. She was not looking at Robert, but straight at the awkward youth fumbling the hat.

“Not on wealth or prestige,” President Rutledge was saying, “but on the sterling manhood of her sons, must America depend in this her hour of fate. And now, Sergeant Jasper, it is with a deep sense of your heroic service that I bestow on you for South Carolina the rank of lieutenant in her service.”

A happy murmur went up from the crowd, but the embarrassed hero looked up quickly from his comforting hat, while his strong young face clouded—he was looking beyond the President now, at Peggy. . . .

“Thank him, Jas,” whispered Robert, from behind.

But Jasper’s mind was full of something else: “Your



THE PROUDEST GIRL IN THE PROUD LITTLE COMMONWEALTH
BUCKLED THE PRESIDENT'S SWORD UPON THE HERO LAD OF
FORT MOULTRIE

Honor," he said with stumbling precipitancy, "I can't read an' write; it ain't for the likes of me to 'sociate with officers— I——"

Robert, who was watching Peggy, now saw the hesitating tears brim over her lashes and roll down her cheeks.

"Then honor this sword by wearing it at your side!" The President gracefully covered the young fellow's confusion by unfastening his own sword and stepping forward to bind it on him.

This was something which the crude youth could understand—could accept. He raised his head quickly with a flush of pride and a hearty "Thank you, sir," and, forgetting for once his embarrassment, attempted to help adjust the overlarge sword-belt about his waist with the eagerness of a boy. But at the critical moment of adjusting, his hand and the President's got in each other's way, and for a moment the awkwardness was felt throughout the crowd.

And then all suddenly the proudest girl in the proud little commonwealth stepped forward and, slipping down to her knees on the blood-bought soil, deftly buckled the President's splendid sword upon the hero lad of Fort Moultrie. For one swift moment she looked up into Sergeant Jasper's happy eyes, and the crowd saw that she said something to him. But only Robert Huger was close enough to hear her whisper:

"Forgive me!"

Then the crowd pushed up to grasp the hand that had saved the flag, and Robert found his way to Peggy.

(Continued on page 141)

THE BELL OF LIBERTY

(July 4, 1776)

PROSE SELECTION BY JOEL T. HEADLEY, POEM BY
UNKNOWN AUTHOR

The representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences.

The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity. At length Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit, arose on the 7th of June, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang to the farthest extremity of the silent hall, proposed the following resolution:

“*Resolved*, That these United States are, and ought to be, free and independent states, and all political connections between us and the states of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.”

John Adams, of Massachusetts, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power that Congress was carried away before it, as by a resistless wave.

The die was cast, and every man was now compelled

to meet the dreadful issue. The resolution was finally deferred to the 1st of July, to allow a committee, appointed for that purpose, to draft a Declaration of Independence.

When the day arrived the Declaration was taken up and debated, article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement. At length, the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for final action.

It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in eager discussion, and others moving toward the State House. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached.

No sooner had the members taken their seats than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote had passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal.

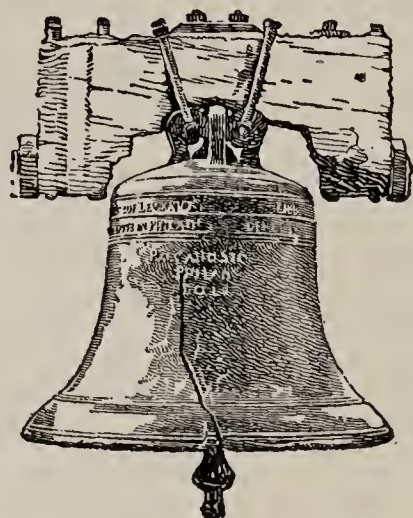
Around that bell, brought from England, had been cast, more than twenty years before, the prophetic motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay, but hour after hour wore on, and no report came

from that mysterious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient; the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward, till his heart misgave him and hope yielded to fear.

But at length, at about two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! Ring!"

The desponding bellman, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle-blast. "Clang! Clang!" the Bell of Liberty resounded on, ever higher and clearer and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations and proclaiming in long and loud accents over all the land, the motto that encircled it.



THE LIBERTY BELL

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,

And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“O, God grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way, there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!”—“Stifle then:
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they beat against the portal—
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
The long expected news to tell.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign:
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts aloud; "RING! Grandpa!
Ring! O, RING for LIBERTY!"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,

Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phoenix,
Fair liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young.
And when we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out our Independence,
Which, please God, shall never die!

In 1742 Peter Faneuil, a prosperous merchant, erected a building in Boston and gave it to the city as a market-place. This Faneuil Hall was used as a meeting-place by the revolutionists, and became known as the "Cradle of Liberty."

A writer thus comments: "The use of the cradle has ever been to rock the baby to sleep; and Heaven knows that our old fathers made no such use of Faneuil Hall in their early management of the bantling; for it was an ever-wakeful child, from the very moment of its first sharp, shrill life-cry."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

TWO VIEWS

Thomas Jefferson . . . came a young man to Congress, preceded by a decided reputation as a man of ability and a vigorous and felicitous writer. His engaging manners and obviously great talents secured to him immediately the regard and affection of his fellow members. He was at once placed on a committee to draft the declaration of the reasons for taking up arms, and then on one to reply to the propositions of Lord North. So well did he do his part, and so much did he impress his associates, that when the resolution for independence was referred, he was chosen to stand at the head of the committee and to him was intrusted the work of drafting the Declaration. No happier choice could have been made. . . .

He was, above all things, the child of his time. He had the eager, open mind, the robust optimism, the desire for change so characteristic of those memorable years with which the eighteenth century closed. Instead of fearing innovation, he welcomed it as a good in itself, and novelty always appealed to him, whether it appeared in the form of a plough or a government. He was in full and utter sympathy with his time and with the great forces then beginning to stir into life. Others might act from convictions on the question of taxation; others still because they felt that separation from England was the only way to save their

liberty; but to Jefferson independence had come to mean the right of the people to rule. He had learned rapidly in the stirring times through which he had passed. The old habits of thought and customs of politics had dropped away from him, and he was filled with the spirit of democracy, that new spirit which a few years later was to convulse Europe. Compared with the men about him, Jefferson was an extremist and a radical, more extreme in his theories than they guessed, or perhaps than even he himself conceived. Compared with the men of the French Revolution he was an ultraconservative, and yet the spirit which moved them all was the same. He believed, as they believed, that the right to rule lay with the whole people and not with one man or with a selected class. When he sat down to write the Declaration of Independence it was the spirit of the age, the faith in the future, and in a larger liberty for mankind which fired his brain and guided his pen. The result was the Declaration of Independence.

—HENRY CABOT LODGE.

To the end of his days Jefferson maintained his faith in the essential accuracy and justice of the judgment of the mass of the “common people.” For him . . . liberty was not a privilege granted by the government, but government was a responsibility delegated to its officers by the people. . . .

He died as he had lived, under the inspiring compulsion of a single great aim—*human freedom*. Freedom was the

text of his life: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Freedom was the burden of his labors: "I endeavor to keep attention fixed on the main object of all science, the freedom and happiness of man." Freedom was the legacy for which alone he wished to be remembered by his countrymen—freedom in government, freedom in creed, freedom in intellect. . . .

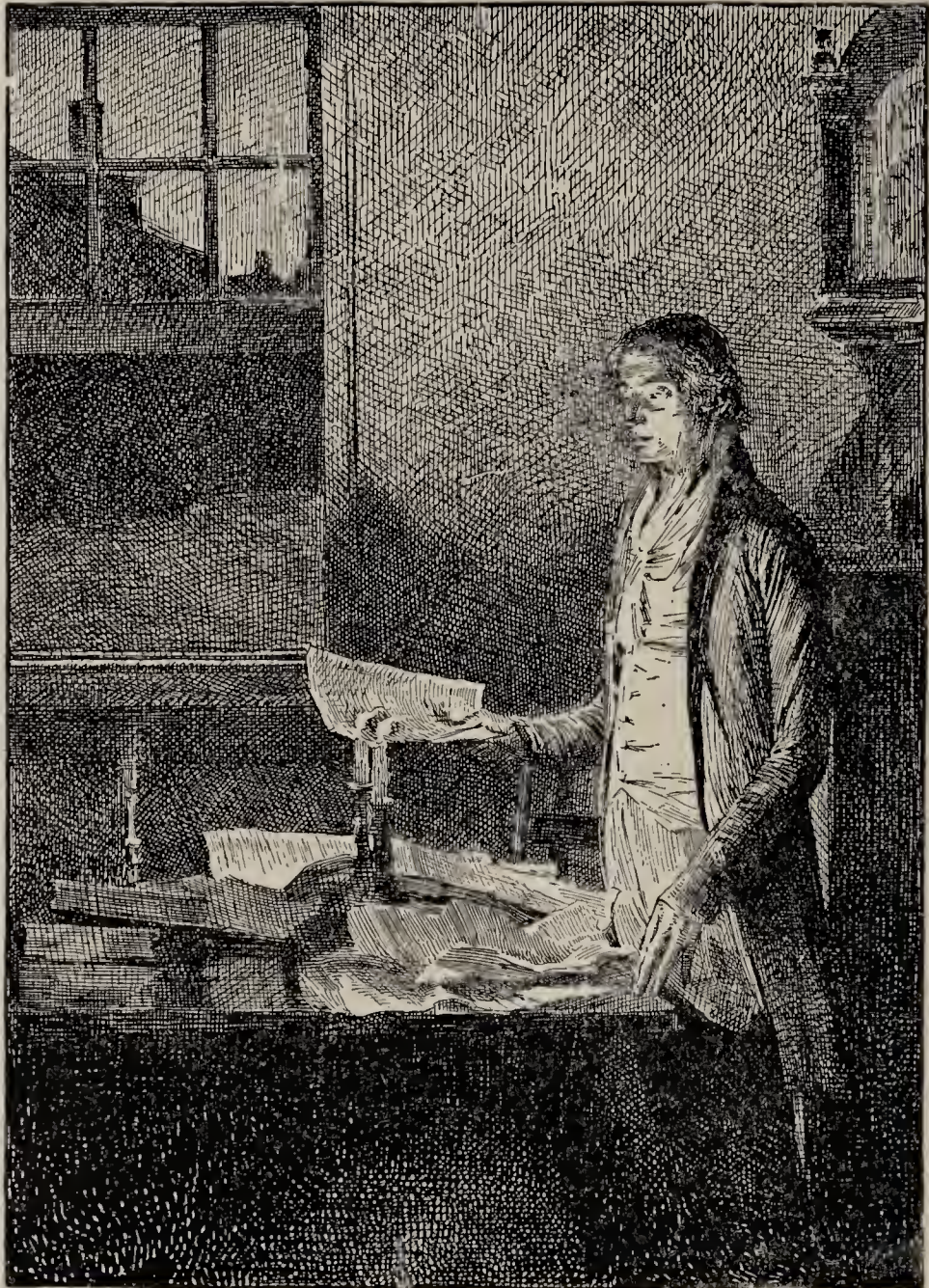
—DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

(ABRIDGED)

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness." . . .

"The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny

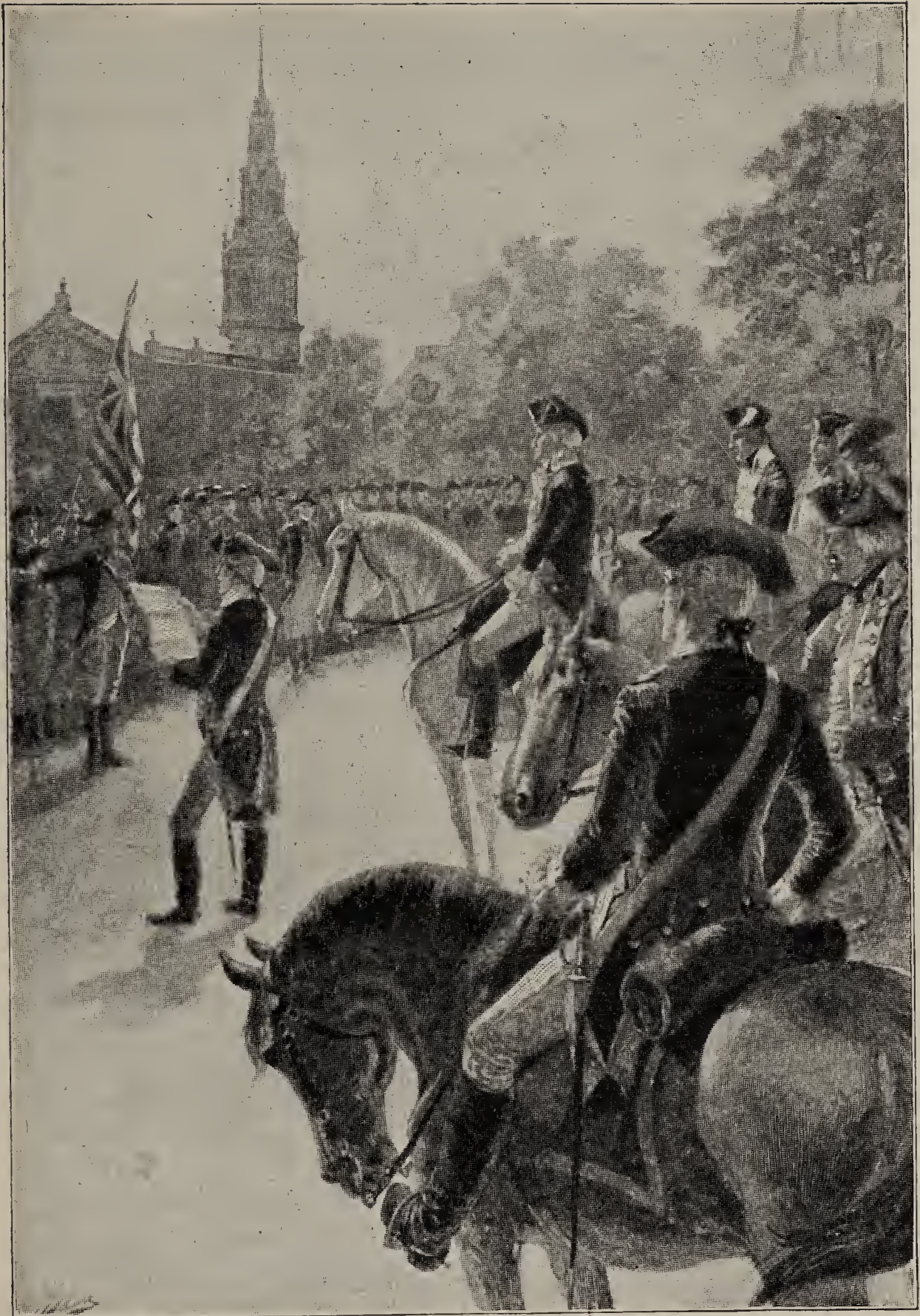


THOMAS JEFFERSON AT WORK ON THE ROUGH DRAFT OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

“He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

“He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance. . . .



READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE TROOPS
IN NEW YORK ASSEMBLED ON THE COMMON, NOW CITY HALL
PARK. OLD ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACKGROUND

From a drawing by H. A. Ogden

“He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only. . . .

“He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. . . .

“He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

“He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

“He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

“For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

“For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

“For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

“For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

“For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by jury:

“For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences. . . .

“For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

“For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

“He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging war against us.

“He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the Lives of our people.

“He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny. . . .

“In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. . . .

“We, therefore, the Représentatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent states, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent

States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.’’

LOST: THE SUMMER

BY R. M. ALDEN

Where has the summer gone?

She was here just a minute ago,

With roses and daisies

To whisper her praises—

And every one loved her so!

Has any one seen her about?

She must have gone off in the night!

And she took the best flowers

And the happiest hours,

And asked no one's leave for her flight.

Have you noticed her steps in the grass?

The garden looks red where she went;

By the side of the hedge

There's a goldenrod edge,

And the rose vines are withered and bent.

Do you think she will ever come back?

I shall watch every day at the gate

For the robins and clover,

Saying over and over:

“I know she will come, if I wait!”

ALL'S WELL

(Continued from page 126)

CHAPTER VIII

THE DARK TIME IN NEW YORK

(Late summer of 1776)

A young soldier sat on the brick steps of a house in a street in old Manhattan, eagerly reading a letter.

“Dear Kingdon,” it ran, “I wrote you yesterday how the palmettos saved Charleston. This is just to enclose a sketch of Peggy Ravenel, my favorite cousin, who tied our President’s sword on Jasper. Don’t you think she is pretty? Keep the picture till we meet in the service—I am going to enlist!—Robert Huger.”

The reader turned from the letter to the sketch which had been enclosed within it. A girl with laughing eyes smiled at him from the cleverly executed charcoal drawing, as if in acknowledgment of the introduction. Yes, Peggy was pretty!

A group of soldiers had gathered on the sidewalk near, and were now talking, close together. Kingdon looked up from his study of the picture at them for a moment—a moment in which the smile on his face suddenly vanished. He hastily slipped sketch and letter to a place of safety within his jacket, and joined the earnest group.

“Whist!” said one to him as he approached. “Here, come closer!” And in a few minutes he was deep with the

rest in a conversation which had to be held in very guarded tones.

“Van Cortlandt says that Hale is going to give us—”
But the sentence was interrupted.

“Marsh! Captain Hale wants Kingdon Marsh!” A sergeant had come out on the brick steps and shouted the order.

“I told you so!” whispered one.

“Coming, Dirk,” said young Marsh to the sergeant. He had caught the order with a look of decided displeasure. Nevertheless, he turned promptly from his companions and, entering the building, went at once to the office of his superior.

In response to a familiar “Come in,” he opened the door and stood at salute.

Captain Nathan Hale was standing before the big fireplace, more as if waiting a visit from a friend than as expecting a summoned subordinate. He waved his hand to dispense with formality, and smiled—perhaps a trifle sadly.

“Come in, King,” he said, “I want to talk with you a little.”

Kingdon Marsh took the offered chair after his superior was seated. He was distinctly ill at ease, but he smiled when a kind hand was laid upon his shoulder.

“King,” now began his captain in the tone which a big brother might have used to him, “I don’t like the way you have been doing lately.”

Young Marsh started and shifted his position nervously.

“What’s the matter with the way I have been doing?” he asked.

“You are not measuring up to your New England training,” answered the other, with a touch of the superior in his tone this time. The next moment, however, he was the lad’s big brother again. “King,” he said with unfeigned distress in his voice, “you’ve been hanging around Corbie’s tavern lately, and with Gilbert Forbes!”

The young soldier looked up quickly, but dropped his eyes again. “So have the other men,” he said. Was there the ghost of *defiance* in his tone?

“I know it,” said Hale, “but I’m talking to *you* just now.”

“I don’t see why I should be singled out for a lecture when the other fellows—” He stopped abruptly.

One would have expected the captain to have something peremptory to say to the subordinate who thus answered him, and indeed for a moment Hale’s eyes flashed with sternness. In the next, however, an expression of deep pain crossed his handsome face.

“There it is!” he exclaimed despairingly, “that’s the spirit of the army—questioning, caviling—when everything we have and *are* is at stake!”

The lad addressed did not answer the challenge. He only rammed his hands into his pockets and stared at the black fireplace.

When his captain spoke again it was in a changed voice—changed, with now a note of pleading in it: “You know

as well as I do, King," he urged, "that we don't dare come down on the men with the stiffest military discipline because of the alarming desertions among them, and because we will have to have re-enlistments from the short-term men, or be left with only a corporal's guard to face the whole British army! We have *declared* our independence," he urged, "but it still remains for us to *win* it!"

The young soldier with whom he pleaded turned to him abruptly here as if to interrupt, but the words which trembled on his lips did not come, and Nathan Hale continued:

"We drove the British and the Tories out of Boston, but look at our situation here in New York! Staten Island is covered with the camps of the enemy who already outnumber us fearfully, while more machine-trained troops are arriving every day. And our waters are white with the sails of their men-of-war!" The speaker had risen in his excitement, and was now pacing up and down the room. "And what have we with which to oppose them?" he pursued passionately. "No war-ships, no armies in the proper sense of the word! Our men are discouraged, insubordinate! They are refusing to re-enlist when their terms expire, many of them are deserting——"

"I suppose it's all *their* fault." The answer came sullenly.

Captain Hale came to an abrupt standstill before him. "This from *you*, King!" he cried indignantly.

But the lad appealed to only dropped his head lower.

After a moment, his captain put both hands on his shoulders.

“I know you haven’t been paid, King,” he said with emotion, “and that your clothes are getting ragged. You haven’t had enough to eat lately, either—none of us have. But”—his hands tightened on the boy’s arms—“we simply *must be more heroic than they*—it’s our only chance! And, remember, we are fighting for freedom! When temptations of all sorts assail us——”

The entrance of a lieutenant on business broke the spell. When the two were alone again, they had insensibly drifted apart. The lad was standing now, hat in hand, as if impatient to be dismissed.

But the young captain made one more effort: “King,” he said, “I want you to keep away from these taverns. Manhattan is honeycombed with Tories and British spies who are corrupt—*attempting to corrupt* our soldiers.” There was deep eloquence in what he left his gentian-blue eyes to say for him.

But the other had recoiled. “Is this an order, Captain Hale?” he asked.

“It is—a request.”

Young Marsh paused a moment with his eyes on the floor, then he saluted in silence and turned to the door.

“*Kingdon!*” cried his captain, and as the other stopped with his hand on the knob, “have you forgotten *Bunker Hill?*”

The lad looked up quickly and with scorching cheeks.

For a moment he again seemed about to speak. But the moment passed, and though his captain and big brother stood holding out his pleading hands to him, Kingdon went out and closed the door between them.

He left the building quite as a soldier should. And he kept up his manly stride till he was well beyond view of the men along that part of the street. Arrived at the corner, however, he turned into a cross street and quickened his pace. He was almost running when he arrived at Corbie's tavern.

“Well, well!” exclaimed a hearty voice as he entered, “speak of the angels! Forbes, your little friend's here.”

A short, thick man in a white coat here came forward. “By my troth,” he said, “but they've worked the very breath out of you, lad. Come over here in this quiet corner and let's rest a bit and forget our troubles. Give us of your best brown mutton, Corbie; I'll warrant the lad is hungry enough—and shame it is, too!”

Kingdon and the white-coated man left the kindly group, and took seats on a bench in a removed corner. In a very short time a generous and tantalizingly aromatic dish was placed before them.

“Fall to, lad, fall to,” invited his host cordially, at the same time helping the boy's plate bountifully to richly brown mutton such as he had not tasted for many a month.

“It is not for us to criticise, Corbie,” said Gilbert Forbes looking up, “because we are keeping perfectly neutral in

this war till we can see which side is *right*. But I do say that it's a shame they don't feed their men better. Henry Forrester told me that these poor fellows are having to live on bread made of corn with only a smidgin of salt pork to make it go down."

"Well, it's no wonder the lad is hungry, that it ain't!" And Corbie pressed the tempting food upon the boy. But it seemed that the lad was not so hungry after all. He had indeed seized a brown rib with almost savage eagerness, and set his teeth in it like the half-starved. The next moment, however, he laid it back on the plate, undiminished.

"What's the matter with the meat?" asked his entertainer.

"Nothing," said the boy, "I—I think I'm sick." And indeed he looked it, for his burning cheeks had gone white, and his bright young eyes had suddenly filled with tears.

"Rest a bit and your appetite will come back," said Corbie kindly.

The place must have been drafty, for the men now saw that the lad was trembling violently.

"Cold, and it summer-time?" asked Forbes.

But Corbie, standing over the boy, drew his jacket closer about him: "Summer or not," he interrupted, "it's a raw deal the weather is handing us." As his hands touched the boy's coat, he seemed struck by the lightness of the garment and stooped to examine its texture. "And it's no wonder you're chilly!" he exclaimed with purring

tenderness. “Why, you haven’t got on clothes enough to protect a jay-bird! What *will* you do in the winter, with Congress furnishing no uniforms?”

“They ought to look after the young ones better than this,” Forbes said across the table. “I’m not criticising General Washington, but it does seem to me that if he’d give a lad like this a decent coat and leave off his own finery, it would be—fairer to the lad.”

Corbie’s hands were on the shivering boy again. “Zounds!” he growled, “but wouldn’t his loving mother be mad, if she knew how they were treating him!”

“Here, lad, take a drop or two,” interrupted Forbes: “just to warm you up,” he urged, “you’ve got a chill, you have. Now look at that, will you?” he exclaimed, “he’s shaking so he spilt nearly all of it on his shirt-front.”

“Corbie!” came from the bar, and the host left the two together in the removed corner.

“Here, take another glass,” said Forbes to the boy, and he refilled the lad’s glass and shoved it to him. “Toss it off at one gulp,” he advised, “it warms you better that way.”

“I’m afraid I can’t,” answered the boy, but as if willing to try. “Wait a bit.”

Forbes left it at that. The bar was now filling with a motley crowd of soldiers and indescribables, and the drinkers were becoming noisy. Kingdon was seated with his back to the crowd, and Forbes was facing it. But the big man’s kind attention seemed all reserved for him. He was leaning

nearer now, and speaking in the guarded tones of friendly confidence.

“Between you and me, lad,” he said in a half-whisper, “I’m troubled!—Yes,” he continued, at an inquiring glance from the boy, “I’ve thought and thought over this matter, and the more I think, the more I become convinced that this—ain’t right.”

“*What?*” asked his young guest breathlessly.

“*This!*” he answered, with a significant glance around at the other soldiers. “Seems to me that we could straighten out our quarrel with—our King—without selling our honor as Englishmen—without going back on our oath of allegiance to our country.”

The lad shifted his position nervously, and the man’s voice took on an even more persuasive softness.

“Englishmen have differed with their kings before,” he urged, “but they set their rulers right, instead of putting themselves in the wrong. There was old King John, you know; they forced him to sign the Magna Charta, and they cut off the head of Charles the First! Seems to me that we’re fools, besides—turning over to those fellows across the water all that is English, all that we have helped to build through two thousand years! Does seem as if we ought not to throw up our *birthright!*”

The indescribables were now pretty well scattered about among the soldiers, and there were several little tête-à-têtes in progress. The man in the white coat was becoming more interested in the rest of the crowd. His attention now be-

came fixed on a mulatto-colored negro, in blue clothes, who had passed down the far end of the room, and was leaning over a seated group in whispered converse. In following this man with his eyes, Forbes turned for the moment quite away from his own guest.

At that moment something quick and subtle happened. Young Kingdon Marsh deftly drew out a big handkerchief from his pocket and, while the other's attention was diverted, promptly emptied his glass of brandy into it, stuffing the wet kerchief back out of sight. When Forbes's glance returned to him, he was in the act of setting down the glass on the table, and was swallowing as if to clear a scorched throat. His face was crimson to the roots of his hair.

“Good!” exclaimed his host. “Now you'll feel better, and will *think* better.” He patted the lad on the hand, and filled the emptied glass again. “It helps us,” he said, “especially when we need the courage to go right against the tide.”

He was leaning still nearer now. “Marsh,” he said, “this is confidential, you know—don't tell Corbie—I've at last made up my mind about the stand *I'm* going to take. I'm going to be true to my King and country—I just can't find it in my heart or my *conscience* to be anything else!”

But Private Marsh's alert interest was rapidly dissolving into stupidity, his shining eyes were beginning to dull, he seemed more and more inclined to rest upon the table. In a few minutes, Corbie came up behind him again and leaned tenderly over him.

“The lad is tuckered out with his camp hardships, Forbes,” he said, “let him rest a bit.” And, indeed, the lad seemed in need of rest, for his head dropped lower and lower, till he lay upon his arms, on the table.

Corbie’s big hand reached across his face toward the glass of brandy.

“He’s had *a-plenty!*” said the man across the table. Plenty? Yes, it seemed so, for the long lashes were now dropped over the shining eyes, the lad was breathing heavily.

Forbes rose softly, and he and Corbie turned to a window in quiet converse. They did not know that behind them the supposed-to-be-drunk lad had slightly opened his shining eyes and was *watching*—watching and listening!

“He’s coming our way,” Kingdon now heard Forbes say.

“Well, see that he does,” said the other. “He’s close to Captain Hale who is close to the Big Chief.”

“Thought they were going after the B. C. himself, direct,” said the other.

“They are, but—” The rest was too low to catch.

Some of the reply, however, drifted to the boy at the table. “Get away with Washington,” came with low distinctness, “and the whole rebellion will crumble.”

The narrowed, shining eyes now caught a movement to one side, and shifted quickly. A hand was passing a roll of money to a soldier at the next table—passing it *under* the table. Kingdon gave one swift upward look at the man

corresponding to the soldier hand. His face was coarse and brutal—a trifle familiar. But the lashes dropped again. The two at the window now returned to him.

“Get him out of here,”—it was Corbie’s voice speaking—“and see that he lands safe at barracks—we don’t want investigations started.”

But Forbes himself did not see him safe to barracks. He deputed the mulatto in the blue clothes to do that.

“*Nathan!*” With the cry, Kingdon flung himself into his captain’s arms.

“What is it, King? What is it?” and Nathan’s arms tightened about him.

“I have *not* forgotten Bunker Hill!” and the voice broke in a sob.

It was some moments before the young captain could get his subordinate quieted and calm enough to talk coherently, but when he did, he heard the whole story of Kingdon Marsh’s “hanging around Corbie’s tavern with Gilbert Forbes.”

“You see, I heard days ago,” King finished, “that Forbes was working to make the men dissatisfied, so I went down once or twice to let him try his hand on me in order to get something definite on him.”

“But why did you play a part with *me?*” his captain demanded. “Why did you let me think, when I talked to you, that you were—were—almost tainted with disloyalty?”

“Why,” said the other, “I was afraid to start explaining for fear I would say too much, so I had to let you think what you chose for a while. You see, I knew that if I told you, you would be afraid for me, and maybe stop me. Besides, I—why I thought you might think it *wrong* to spy!”

“‘Wrong?’” said young Hale. “How could it be wrong to uncover evil? Kingdon, remember this, every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary.”

“And what I heard and saw will help, won’t it, in your round-up of the Tory spies?” the young lad asked eagerly.

“Greatly,” replied Hale, “especially if you can identify the soldier who accepted the roll of money.”

“Nathan!” exclaimed the other, awed by a sudden realization, “I saw that man once *in General Washington’s life-guard!*”

“Egad!” exclaimed the captain, springing to his feet, “another link in the chain! Yes,” he continued with suppressed excitement, “don’t say one word about it, but Thomas Hickey, one of the general’s guards, is suspected of plotting against him.”

“And Corbie said, ‘Get away with Washington and the whole rebellion will crumble,’” repeated the other with widening eyes. “Is that true, Nathan?”

Young Hale answered him eagerly: “General Washington is the head and the heart of the army, King. It is his faith that upholds us all—his courage that wins utterly

discouraged men to fight on. He has given and is giving to the cause of freedom more than any other man— But, oh,” he exclaimed, “I am not underrating the men! Every one that keeps his post in spite of hunger and hardships and the fear of death, offers—*his all*. And the poor fellows that drop out!—they think the fight already lost, King, and there are wives and children to be fed at home.’”

“But *we* are *free*,” said the boy with the shining eyes.

“Yes,” said the other, “free to go wherever our Chief points us.’”

Then Kingdon was made to tell the whole story again in detail, but not till he had been made comfortable in his captain’s chair, nor till Nathan had spread before him his own evening’s ration of johnny-cake.

“I ate up my week’s meat the first two days,” explained Nathan apologetically; “I wish I hadn’t.’”

“That’s all right,” protested the other heartily, “I don’t want any meat.’” Then the two of them laughed, laughed at themselves and each other, for they had been on short rations for months, and they were as hungry as young wolves.

“So you couldn’t eat the tempter’s meat?” Hale said delightedly, as he watched the famished boy cut great semi-circles in the hard corn bread.

“Not the first bite,” answered the other. “I wanted to make that much out of them, but it made me sick to my soul.’”

“And your cloak is thick enough to make out with till

Congress can get the money to buy you another, *isn't it?*” Nathan urged.

“Oh, plenty!” said the other lad, at the same time drawing up around him his all-too-thin cloak to shut out a sudden draft from the ill-fitting door.

“King,” said his captain, impulsively reaching out his two hands across the little table between, “King, *we are going to win this war!*”

History gives us a thrilling account of the final round-up in New York of British and Tory conspirators against the life of Washington. Numbers were arrested, among them the mayor of the city and several of General Washington's life-guards. Thomas Hickey of the life-guard was hanged in the presence of twenty thousand people—a spectacle which effectually struck terror to the conspirators.

But the dark time grew darker. The inadequate American forces, still unpaid, still underfed, poorly armed, and poorly clothed, were driven from their stronghold on Long Island after a bitter and terrible defeat. Then the ever-increasing forces of the enemy swarmed over to Manhattan, driving the patriots before them to the upper peninsula.

It was during this time that Nathan Hale, at the behest of his Chief, went out unquestioning to death and fame. Kingdon Marsh was never again able to speak his name, nor was he ever to forget the look in Nathan's gentian-blue eyes when he passed out from among the soldier lads who loved him—forever.

ALL'S WELL

CHAPTER IX

CROSSING LETTERS

(Late summer of 1776)

Kingdon's essay at independent spying had not gone unrecognized. Captain Hale had, himself, brought him to the personal attention of the Commander-in-Chief, in whose immediate service he remained for the rest of the long war. General Washington early developed a system of secret service which he directed personally, and to which he called his most trusted men. It was Kingdon's high privilege so to serve, and his confidential work brought him often close to the Chief. That Nathan Hale had gone out to death in the service did not for a moment deter him. Indeed, Nathan's sublime sacrifice remained Kingdon's strongest spur to hazardous duty, and he, too, went unquestioning where his Chief pointed the way.

It was while the American army was yet in New York that one of his most interesting services to General Washington was performed. His own account of the incident, in a letter to Fairfax Carter, crossed one from Fax, who was at that time with a company of Virginia militia, attempting to defend the Virginia coast from the pillaging, burning British.

“Dear Fax: [Kingdon wrote]

“Such a wonderful thing has happened! And I was

fortunately in it! If you had been here, you and I would have had the adventure together—I wish you had been, Fax. But let me tell you about it. You see, I am not betraying secrets, for it's over with now, and nobody can be hurt.

“You know we are surrounded here by Tories, and that we can't know friend from foe. Well, up the Hudson a few miles from here lives a certain Rich Man much given to hospitality, and especially given to entertaining our General.

“I'll tell you the story as it happened, though of course I did not know what it all meant till it was over with. This certain Rich Man met the General the other day and said to him: ‘Will you do me the favor to dine with me to-morrow, General?’

“‘With all my heart,’ replied the Chief.

“‘Then come at two,’ said the man, ‘and please be punctual. And for once, General, leave your guard at home, and come like a real friend.’

“The General agreed. The next day, *at one o'clock*, the Big Chief called me in and gave me some very peculiar orders—which, by the way, he failed to explain. Then he mounted his horse, and all alone, took a short wood road toward the house of the man with whom he had promised to dine. I can't tell you how I felt when I saw him ride away alone; indeed, I was impertinent enough to protest, but you can imagine how much attention he paid to mere me! Then I busied myself executing the General's mys-

terious order, and he went on his unguarded way to dine with a man who had long been suspected of favoring the British, even though he did protest his loyalty to our cause.

“It seems that General Washington arrived on the spot a full half-hour before the appointed time, to the very evident surprise of his host.

“‘You are *quite* punctual, General,’ the host exclaimed, ‘and are you all alone?’

“‘Yes,’ replied the General, ‘no one is with me.’

“‘Good!’ exclaimed the other, ‘and now, as dinner is not yet ready, we will take a little stroll.’ And they did.

“And what do you suppose happened, Fax?—Suddenly they spied a half-dozen Redcoats riding directly toward them!

“‘Bless me!’ exclaimed General Washington, drawing back. ‘What can this mean?’

“‘Oh,’ said the gentleman, ‘they seem to be a party of light-horse.—Why, they appear to be *British*; but they probably mean no harm.’

“General Washington—who was without a sign of life-guard, remember—stood very calm and collected, while the party of Redcoats rode up and dismounted.

“And then, that despicable host stepped up to General Washington and, tapping him on the shoulder, said: ‘General, you are my prisoner!’

“‘No,’ said the General, quick as a flash, ‘*you are*

mine! These, Sir, are *my* men. I directed them to put on British uniform, and be here *before your party arrived*. You are my prisoner. And now, Marsh, take this false friend to the American camp!

“There, Fax! You see where I came in! Did you guess how it was going to end before you read this far? I couldn’t have done it. When the General told me to rig up a squad like British soldiers and follow him to the house of his friend, taking care to make no sign until he had given us the cue, I couldn’t for the life of me tell what he had up his foxy old sleeve.

“Oh, you can’t think how sizzling it was to ride up there all dressed like British soldiers, and have our General stare at us as if he had never seen us before! And then to see that cock-sure traitor walk up to him with a smirk, thinking he was going to arrest the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces and turn him over to the British! If I live a thousand years, I’ll not forget the expression of that man’s face, when he found out that the General had out-tricked him.

“Well, we took the wretch to camp, and learned the extent of his treachery. He had been offered by the British an immense sum of money to betray General Washington into their hands. We boys were crazy for the General to have him hanged, but he only made him leave the country.

“In a few minutes, it will be time for work, so I will have to bring this to a close. Fax, I have liked you ever since you came to that meeting we held at the Latin

School to 'tell us what you thought of us.' Always the same—Kingdon.'

Fairfax must have been writing to him at the same time, for the following letter crossed his:

“Dear King: I'm so angry—I'm so furiously angry to-night that I've *got* to boil over to somebody, and it may as well be you. You remember I wrote you fellows that we Virginians had driven our 'royal' governor, Lord Dunmore, aboard a British man-of-war, and set up housekeeping for ourselves. Well, he got back at us last January when he burned Norfolk, and plundered all our coast, the pirate! Of course you heard about *that*—how he spared not even the women and little children in his path. 'Royal' behavior, wasn't it? Well, what do you think?—*Sales Farnham* was with him, and helped to set the torch to Norfolk! I learned this only to-day, and am just obliged to boil over to somebody. But just you wait! I'm going to get Farnham for that, if it takes me a lifetime!

“And last night a fellow from our company deserted to the British!—Think of that—*deserted!* Is there anything in the world more *despicable*? I can't write any more now, for I am sick to my soul. But, somehow, I wanted to tell *you!* I keep wishing that you and I could be together in the service, and wondering how and where we will meet again.—Fairfax.”

(Continued on page 175)

NATHAN HALE

BY MAY HARRIS

Spring comes slowly in New England, but the snow had melted, willow buds were swelling, and men were ploughing in their fields in late April, 1775, when at Lexington the first shots were fired and news of the commencement of war spread over the country.

In the little Connecticut town of New London, the young school-teacher, Nathan Hale, was busy with his classes, when a tardy pupil rushed in and shouted the great news:

“We are at war with England! Men have been killed at Lexington!”

Hale sprang to his feet. The pupils watched him expectantly now, as he pressed to the window and surveyed the crowd that was rapidly gathering in the street.

The next moment the clang of the meeting-house bell sounded its call, and Nathan Hale turned from the window and put the book that he was holding upon the desk. War had come—and he was ready for it! Every boy dreams of being a soldier some day, and carries in his heart the faith that he will be the doer of valorous deeds. Nathan Hale had had his dreams too, and his face now glowed with high purpose as he took his hat from its place on the wall and turned to leave the schoolroom.

But as he turned, the wistful faces of the other boys—

still in their places—gave him momentary pause. He was going, and they would be left behind.

So, hat in hand, and with his handsome blue eyes aglow with thought of the high adventure before him, Nathan Hale stood and talked to his schoolboys. Some of them were to remember what he there said to the very end. He told them war was coming, and that besides the fighting and the dying for many, there would be hardships and privation for all of them. But he made them see—beyond the struggle—the great goal of equal rights for which they were to strive. In ringing words he told them it was the duty of the boys, as well as of the men, to be brave, and convinced them that there could be no such thing as failure if every one did his best.

And then with a bound the young schoolmaster was gone to that meeting at which he was to offer his splendid young manhood upon the altar of his country.

The children poured out of the house, and watched him running toward the scene of the town meeting—hat in hand, his fair hair shining in the sunlight.

Nathan Hale had been very delicate as a child, but while at college he grew strong and vigorous through participation in outdoor games; and when he graduated at the age of eighteen, he was noted as an athlete no less than as a student of promise. So when the news of Lexington roused the country, none was better prepared in body and in spirit for the fight ahead than nineteen-year-old Nathan Hale.

Hale enrolled as a volunteer, and very soon was ap-

pointed a lieutenant in Colonel Charles Webb's regiment. The siege of Boston was shortly begun by the patriots, and Nathan Hale's gallant conduct during this history-making epoch advanced him to the post of captain.

He was very popular with his men, who felt toward him as his schoolboys had felt; they feared to rouse his displeasure, but they loved him for his sense of justice.

Our soldiers of the Revolution, you must remember, were at every disadvantage. They had the poorest of quarters, very little to eat, and no uniforms; and the times were many and long when they received no pay. So, naturally, they were often discontented. One time, a number of them determined to throw down their muskets and go home, and the officers had hard work to persuade them to stay and fight it out. There is an interesting record that the noble Captain Hale promised his men every penny of his own pay if they would continue to fight.

The need of food grew sharper and sharper, and at last, so the story goes, it caused Hale to plan a desperate venture. This was to capture a British provision ship which was lying close to the shore and under the protection of an English man-of-war.

Captain Hale took a mere handful of men to aid him, and started after midnight, in a whale-boat. In a most wonderful way, he was entirely successful. One story has it that, after capturing the sentries and guards, he filled his boat with food and made his way back to the shore; another, that he brought away the captured vessel. In either

event, you may imagine that the starving American soldiers cheered him when he returned.

It was a rule of life with Nathan Hale to be helpful in every way, so in the present great necessity whenever there was work ahead or a difficult enterprise to be forwarded he would step to the front.

Of Hale's brief service in the army very few stories have come down to us, and most of these are not well authenticated. We do know, however, beyond dispute, the simple fact of his sublime sacrifice, and that is enough for Fame.

It was during the dark time in New York—when the British had overrun Long Island and were closing in upon the desperately small force of patriots in New York—that it became necessary for Washington to send some man in disguise into the camp of the British to learn their numbers and strength.

Beyond question, the man needed for the perilous enterprise was one who would be willing to give, not only his life, but his *reputation* for his country—who would dare, not death merely, but the *ignominious death of the spy*, for Freedom's sake. The Chief called for such a man, and Nathan Hale answered.

The history of the heroic adventure that Nathan Hale now undertook was pieced together from American and British sources long after its tragic ending, but it is still fragmentary and the subject of much controversy. But where cold History fails us, Tradition, with her loving heart, takes up the story. So from the two together we

get an essentially true conception of that incomparable example of American patriotism at its highest point.

The first step Hale took toward his new enterprise was to find a disguise, and he decided to assume the dress of a schoolmaster and pretend that he was looking for employment. Having been a teacher, he knew exactly what to say and do.

That same night, so one story has it, he left the American camp at Harlem Heights after arranging with Sergeant Hempstead, and his servant, Ansel Wright, to meet him with a boat at a given place, on the day set for his return.

They told him good-by with many misgivings, but his face was bright and eager as he waved his hand to them in farewell.

Every one who knew Nathan Hale felt the charm of his manner, so when he entered the British lines he had no difficulty in making friends with the people. They believed him to be what he said he was—a young man in search of a school. He was thus enabled to escape all suspicion and to secure the plans of the British campaign, which he wrote out in Latin. Also, he made drawings of the fortifications on thin paper, and concealed both precious documents beneath the false soles of his shoes.

So far, everything had been easy. He must have thought he could see the end of his hazardous task, and we can imagine how eager he was to present his papers to Washington, and to be once more with his own soldiers!

Hale had planned that the boat with Hempstead and

his servant should come to Norwalk, and he reached that place the night before they were to meet him.

He spent the night at a farmhouse, and next morning early hurried to the beach. Most unfortunately, he stopped for breakfast at a small inn called "The Cedars" where he was recognized by one of the guests, who must have sent on the news of his presence there.

Nathan Hale did not observe this man. He had reached the end of his work, and probably felt reasonably secure. So he finished his breakfast without a suspicion of his danger, and leaving the inn, went on to the beach, where he saw a boat coming in. But the boat was not his boat! He saw his mistake too late. The occupants called to him to surrender or die. He was taken on board and carried to General Howe's headquarters. Here, he was searched, and the papers, convicting him of being a spy, were found.

Hale faced his captors with despair in his heart, but the courage of a soldier never deserted him. He had sacrificed everything for his country, and had failed. His short life lay behind him; before him loomed the end—death!

The British commander, Howe, gave orders that Nathan Hale be hanged the next morning. The prisoner was confined under a strong guard in the greenhouse of the Beekman mansion where General Howe had his headquarters. This house stood at the present intersection of Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City.

Young Hale made one last request of his captors—that he be allowed to write two letters, one of which was to the

girl he was engaged to wed. They granted his request, but when the letters were finished the provost marshal tore them up before the writer's eyes. He said afterward that he did it because he did not wish the Americans to know they had a man who could die so bravely.

On the fatal morning, which was Sunday, September 22, 1776, the young martyr to the cause of freedom was led out to execution.

A crowd of people had gathered about the gallows, and as the boyish prisoner, with hands bound behind him, faced their curious eyes, the provost marshal waved his hand with coarse impatience toward the spectators, and told him to make his "dying speech."

The pale young man looked beyond the rough soldiers and the watching crowd. He spoke slowly but in clear and even tones the brief sentence that will live forever:

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

So died Nathan Hale, and we do not know where they laid him.

Memorials have been raised in his honor; the American sculptor, Macmonnies, has carved in marble the gallant young figure with a spirit worthy of his subject; but Nathan Hale's best memorial will always be in the hearts of the boys and girls of the country for which he died. He was only a boy himself—only an *American!*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

BY MAY HARRIS

There are four great men whose names stand out in the period of the Revolution as founders of the nation—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin. Three of these men were born in America of English blood. The fourth and youngest, though also of English descent, did not first see the light of day in America. This man was Alexander Hamilton, born on the Island of Nevis, in 1757.

Nevis is one of the islands of the West Indies, and was under British rule. It was a land of perpetual summer, of vast fields of cane, of orange-groves and cocoanut-palms, of strange tropical flowers and many kinds of queer animals, of brilliantly hued birds and poisonous serpents. Also it was a land of tropical rains and wild hurricanes. Its people were prosperous English planters, who owned hundreds of negro slaves and lived in luxury.

On this small island the childhood of little Alexander Hamilton was spent. He was a very lively boy, with a memory that seemed marvelous to his teacher. His father and mother died while he was still a child, and he was placed in the care of his mother's relatives. They put him in charge of a tutor, a Dr. Knox, who soon discovered that the new pupil had a most unusual mind. He wanted to read every book he could put his hands on, and unlike other boys whom Dr. Knox had taught, really loved to study.

Besides this love of study the boy possessed a very independent spirit. Before he was fourteen he was clerking in his uncle's counting-house, and doing the work well. Although small for his age and young for such a position, Alexander demanded respect from the other clerks, and on one occasion knocked down a ruffianly porter for impertinence. His quick temper and fighting spirit won him the name of "the little lion," which clung to him through life. But these flashes of anger would soon be over, and his greatest charm to his friends, as a boy and as a man, was a remarkable sunniness of disposition. His smile is described as "radiant," and his love of reading and very vivid imagination caused people to predict that he would become a great writer.

At fifteen, Alexander left Nevis forever, going to New York, where his aunts arranged for him to attend school and college. He entered King's College, now Columbia University, at the early age of sixteen. The records of the institution show him to have been a fine student, and he soon became a speaker noted in the debating club of the college. The American colonies were at this time in a state of unrest and near-revolt, caused by the injustice of the mother country, and Hamilton soon became the leader of the patriotic students. At this time also, he began to write newspaper articles which caught the attention of everybody, including Dr. Cooper, the President of King's College, who was a stanch Tory.

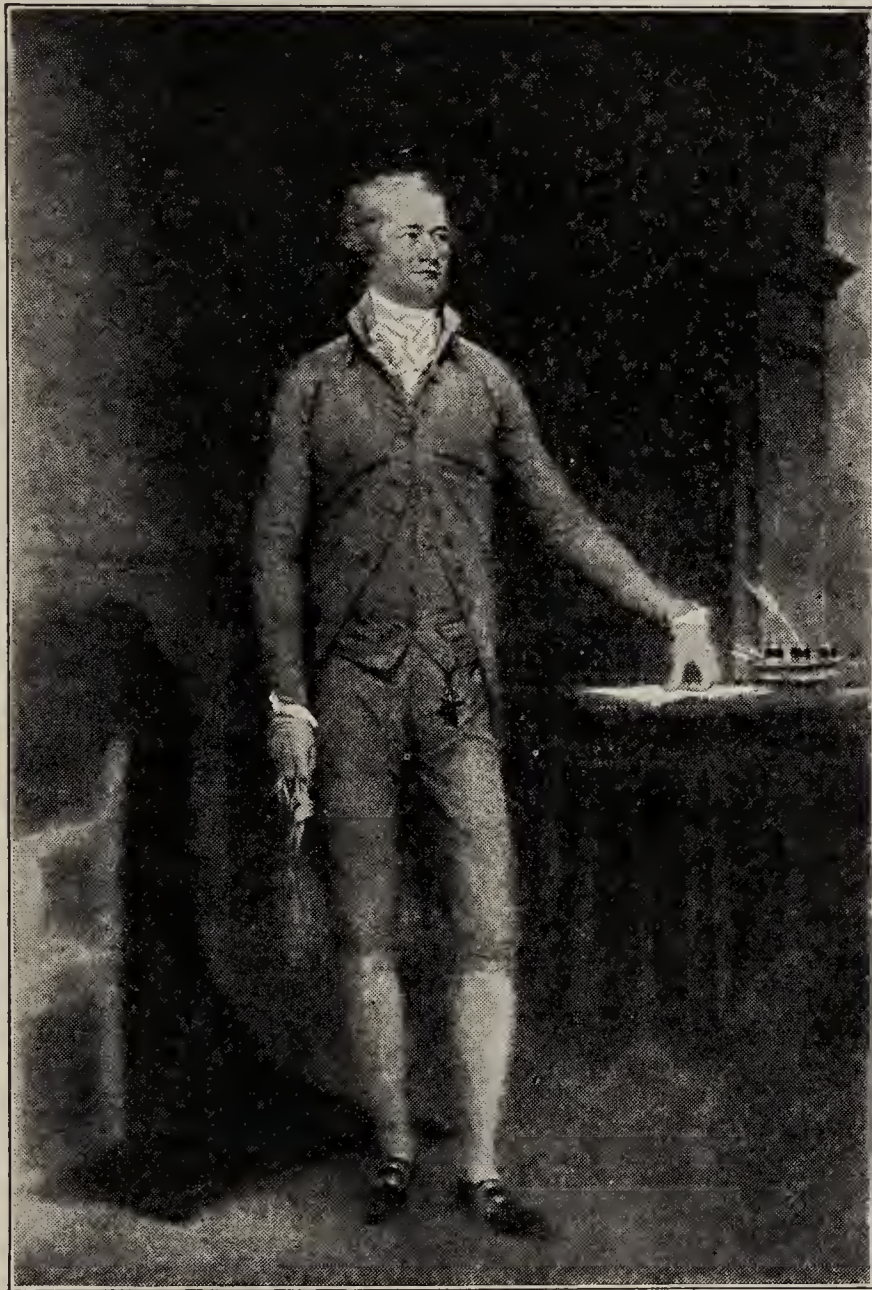
Whether writing or speaking, Hamilton never seemed

to have any trouble in interesting and stirring his audience. When the youth first appeared on the platform some people said that he won attention by his extreme good looks and his fine clothes. But very soon there was no question about why people listened to him. Although only a boy—not yet eighteen—he had the brain of a man; and he spoke with a clearness of thought and a force of language that carried conviction to his hearers. What he wrote compelled people's minds in the same way, and very soon all were saying that this young Alexander Hamilton would prove in the future a force to be reckoned with. And indeed in the very near future, when he wholly dedicated his high spirit and his brilliant talents to the cause of justice for America, every stroke of his vivid pen, every public word that he spoke, cast an added weight into the scale for independence.

When war really began, Hamilton obtained a commission as captain, and very soon his gallantry as a soldier won notice from Washington, who appointed the young officer on his staff. All through the war, Hamilton was in close touch with Washington, who at first admired him for his charm of manner and his ability as a soldier. Very soon, however, the Chief found out the rare quality of Hamilton's intellect, and he formed an affectionate friendship for the brilliant young officer that withstood the strain of a misunderstanding, and lasted as long as he lived.

That was a wonderful group of young men gathered around Washington at Valley Forge. There were, besides

Hamilton, the youthful French marquis, Lafayette; Aaron Burr, grandson of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards; John



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

A painting by John Trumbull, in the possession of the New York Chamber of Commerce

Laurens, of South Carolina, called “the young Bayard of the Revolution”; the gallant “Light-horse Harry” Lee, of Virginia; and Tilghman, of Maryland, also young, brave,

and courtly. All were busy with the many difficult tasks of war, but they managed to have some good times too, with dances and dinner-parties. It was during this time that Hamilton met and loved the pretty young daughter of General Philip Schuyler, whom he married during the war. They had a beautiful wedding in the old Schuyler mansion on the Hudson. Young Mrs. Hamilton was as small as a fairy, with dark eyes and a witty tongue. She became as great a favorite with Washington as was her husband.

After the war, Hamilton studied law and entered politics. He wrote, with Jay and Madison, a series of brilliant papers on questions of national interest, which were published under the title *The Federalist*. These articles have been called the foundation of American Constitutional law. But you must not think they are dry and dull; their simplicity and easy style make them delightful reading even for us to-day.

These essays and Hamilton's speeches helped to bring about the ratification of the Constitution of the United States. When Washington was elected President, Hamilton was chosen Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson, the great Democrat, was at the same time chosen Secretary of State, and the three of them together—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson—formed a triumvirate unequalled in later American politics.

The amount of work Hamilton had to do in this office was enormous. A terrible war had just closed; the country

was in a formative state; there was no money in the Treasury, and a very heavy national debt had been incurred. Hamilton built up not only the machinery of our Treasury Department, but also the financial policy of the American nation. Our government stands financially as firm as a rock to-day because of the wise vision of Alexander Hamilton. Later on, he established the system of National Banks, which made the keeping of money in banks much safer for everybody.

Hamilton's life was a very successful one. His fame is great in many fields of work, but he was greatest as a statesman. He became the leader of a powerful political party called the *Federalist Party*: but though popular with most people, he did not fail to make enemies. One of these enemies was Aaron Burr, the same who had been his companion as a young officer at Valley Forge. The quarrel that arose between the two grew increasingly bitter, and finally Burr challenged Hamilton to a duel.

The duel was fought, and Burr killed the brilliant young Federalist. Hamilton's death caused wide-spread sorrow throughout the country. He had truly loved America, and had worked for the best interests of the young nation with all the power of his intellect. The great good which he accomplished makes the name of Alexander Hamilton a living force to this day.

TO A WATERFOWL

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

ALL'S WELL

(Continued from page 160)

CHAPTER X

AT TRENTON

(December 25-26, 1776)

Kingdon was destined to suffer the supreme test.

It was one morning during that bleak December of '76 when twenty thousand British and Hessians, scattered along the eastern bank of the Delaware, opposed a possible six thousand of American patriots, encamped along the western border of the same dark flood. Verily, "the British

held a mortgage on the American Army," and were simply waiting till the river should freeze hard to march over and foreclose.

But there was little foreshadowing of tragedy in the shining eyes of Kingdon Marsh as he came hurrying down the barracks street, calling out merrily to Smith, of Boston school days:

"Good news! Good news! Simpson says that Fairfax has joined the regulars and reported here this morning!—I'm hunting him now—I'm crazy to see him!—Come on!"

But Smith delivered a counter explosive: "Report to General Washington, at once," he said. "Honest, it's orders."

"Report to General Washington!" Well, Fairfax would have to wait. "Report to *General Washington!*" How that order thrilled King as he wheeled in his tracks, and made his eager way to headquarters. Kingdon adored his Chief, and close as he had been to him since Nathan Hale had made so much of the Corbie's Tavern incident, the summons to a personal interview with him never failed to stir the lad to his depths. And then what promise of high endeavor might be concealed in that simple order! What chance for honorable, maybe distinguished, service! Youth and valor love each other, and ambition runs hand in hand with both. Kingdon's heart beat high when he entered the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and stood at salute before him.

The splendid, soldierly figure seated by the office table was more relaxed than usual—the young spy's sharp eyes were quick to see—the fine blue eyes were graver than was their grave wont and the strong face was undisguisedly troubled. This was most unusual. Unusual, too, was the punctilious commander's greeting to him:

“Sit down, Son, I want to talk with you.”

Dumb-struck, the soldier boy slipped into the chair opposite and looked into a face the fine sympathy of which no painter has ever caught. And more bewildered still was he when his general laid a warm hand upon his own and said: “How much are you willing to give to your country, Kingdon?”

The answer came without hesitation: “All that I have, Your Excellency—my life.”

“Not that which is more valuable still?” urged the other.

The boy gasped. “My *honor*?” he exclaimed, recoiling.

“Your reputation,” answered the chief, looking deep into his troubled eyes. “I am asking you *to desert to the British*. I must know exactly the situation at Trenton, and there is too much at hazard to risk the usual tactics.”

His reputation! It seemed to King that everything suddenly ceased for him. He hardly himself recognized the voice in which he begged:

“But my captain, Excellency—*my comrades*?”

“Your captain and your comrades must believe—the

worst. Only you and I must know the truth," his chief answered.

A silence fell between them, a silence in which the lad's bright eyes grew soft and misty as there rose before him the vision of a far-off New England home—a home in which the mother toiled unremittingly that she might give her son to his country, in which the invalid father, whose honorable name it was his to keep clean, trusted him to do it. And now he was asked *to seem* to dishonor it—his father's name!

The strong hand upon his own tightened a little. "In a service like this," said the deep voice of his chief, "I do not *command*."

Two bright tears stole down the boy's cheeks and dropped upon his jacket. "I'll go, Your Excellency," was all that he could trust himself to say.

"I knew that you would," said his chief as simply, "and you must know that some day, if the day be vouchsafed to me, I will speak you fair before your captain and your comrades and—the folks back home."

When Kingdon came out of that interview, it was with instructions to create at once among his fellows the sinister impression which it had become necessary for him to make. It was shortly said among his own little group that Kingdon Marsh had been reprimanded by His Excellency, and was indulging in a fit of the sulks in consequence.

It seemed to Kingdon that the shame of that experience was too bitter to be borne. He who had always been jealous

in honor and fiercely loyal, to have now to play the part of the traitor, the deserter! It was all but impossible! But one thing he meant to spare himself—he would not meet



THE RETREAT FROM LONG ISLAND

After a painting by H. Ditzler

Fairfax Carter under this load of shame. And he had so longed to see Fairfax!

What was to be done had to be done quickly, and in the gray December twilight of that fateful day, a disheveled, slinking, fugitive figure stole along the western bank of the Delaware opposite Trenton. He had the hard money with which to buy his passage from a certain disreputable boatman with whom he had arranged. Once he

was across the river, the British patrol would make no trouble, for they had their orders to encourage desertion from the American ranks at every opportunity. It remained only to play a convincing part with them in order to make good his entrance into Trenton.

But Kingdon was not entirely satisfied with the rôle as he had played it thus far. For one thing, he had not dropped any *verbal* hints of disloyalty. He had meant actually to say to some blundering fellow that he had half a mind to desert, but whenever an opportunity had offered, the idea had been so repugnant to him that he had put off the evil hour. So, as he made his slinking way along toward the place of rendezvous with the boatman, he was anything but satisfied that he had done the first part of his job well.

Almost to the rendezvous! Another quarter and——

“Hello there!” A young soldier in buff and blue stepped out of the copse and blocked his way. “Aren’t you hurrying in the wrong direction, comrade? Why—why—*King!*”

He was face to face with Fairfax Carter—Fairfax, whom he had so longed to see! Kingdon’s first impulse was to grapple the fellow lovingly, but the next moment the sickening remembrance came that he was to play his dastard rôle without hint to another living soul.

There was nothing for it but to draw back from the eager hand that was held out to him—held out, as in that memorable schoolboy meeting—in perfect trust. King

made the best out that he could at scowling, and attempted to pass.

But the other again blocked his way, and this time in no very pleasant mood. "Will you tell me," Fairfax demanded, "what this means?"

Here was King's chance. "I'm tired of this!" he snarled, "there's nothing but a dog's chance on this side of the river. Stand back and let me pass!"

If Kingdon had forgotten the mettle of the young Virginian, he was quickly reminded of it, for almost before he had got out the disloyal sentiment, the other was upon him. They clinched, swayed—then tumbled and rolled over in the muddy snow. No time or breath now for explanations, even if he had not given his word to his chief! He must get loose from the grapple of this young tiger, must make the enemy lines! But his assailant was equally determined that he should not escape. So nearly equally matched were they, that for a moment, King had visions of shortly being delivered prisoner to his own chief. Fate favored him, however, and gave him a chance, though one that it broke his heart to take. His right hand free for a moment, he delivered the other a stunning blow behind the ear. Only the lad and his God ever knew what it cost him to do that!

After that, it remained only to shake off the limp form of his gallant friend, and to complete his escape to the enemy lines.

There were ways of getting information carried back

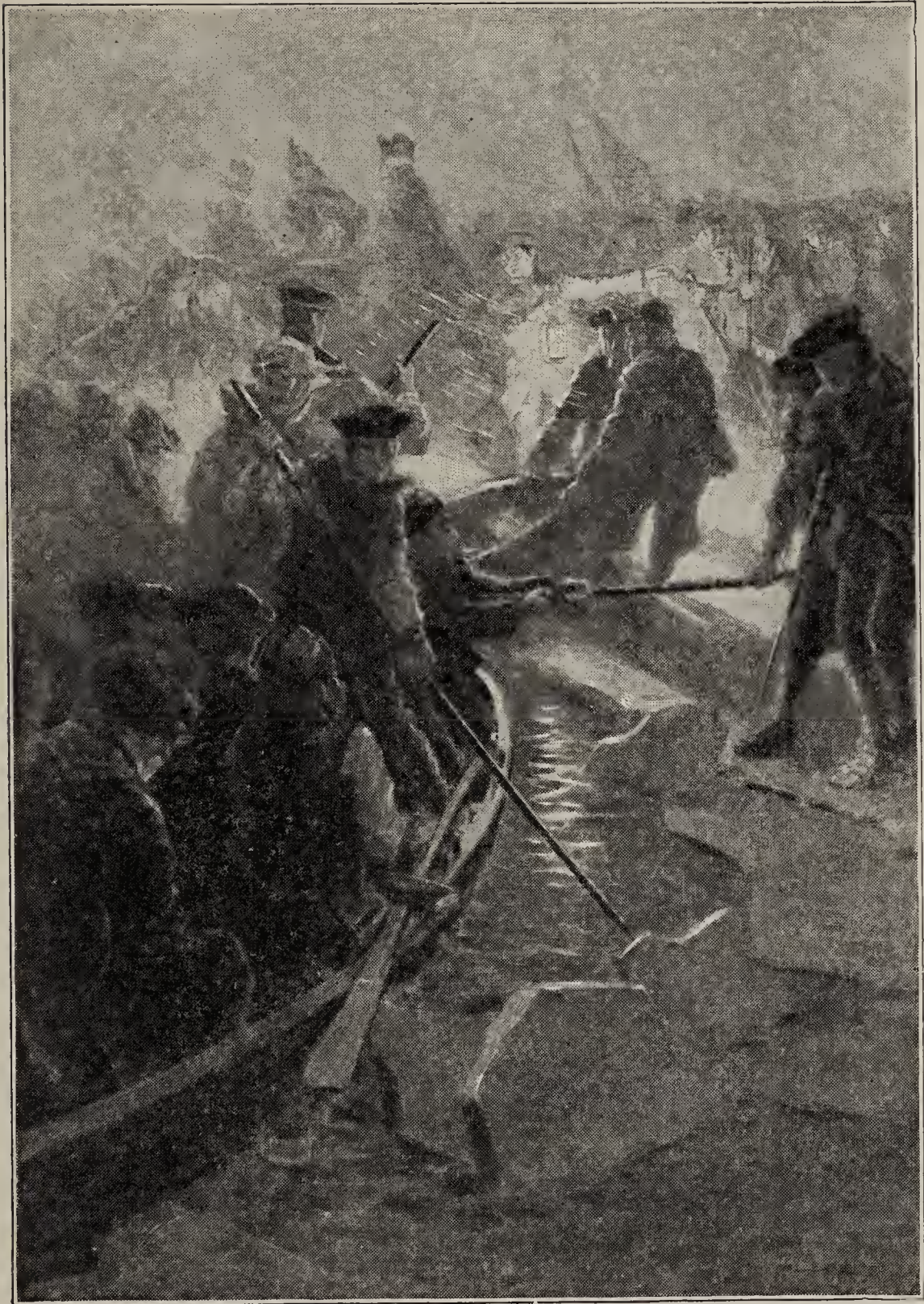
across the dark Delaware. When General Washington planned his brilliant stroke against Trenton, it was in the full knowledge of what he was leading his gallant men against.

When Fairfax awoke from that stunning blow and made his way back to the American camp, it was with closed lips—with lips that stayed closed for six bitter days. He had loved Kingdon Marsh in the old long ago. It was not that they had not been often sharply opposed to each other in the quarrels which existing colonial jealousies too frequently precipitated, for they had. Both were high-spirited and each was jealous for his own. But they had found a rock foundation for friendship in their respect for each other.

And now Kingdon Marsh had *deserted!* Fairfax would have believed no lips but Kingdon's, no ears but his own.

He told himself that he *had loved* Kingdon—he thought of that love as passed and gone. But somehow, when it dawned upon him that the men about camp believed that King had been captured by some roving party of the enemy—when he realized that not once had the idea of *desertion* presented itself to them—he was *glad*—devoutly glad! Nevertheless, he was bitter beyond any preconceived idea of bitterness, and he began to doubt if faith were anywhere.

With the dawn of Christmas morning came marching orders, and by three o'clock in the afternoon, two thousand four hundred men were tramping through the snow. At sunset they reached the dark, sinister waters of the Delaware at McKonkey's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton.



CONTINENTAL TROOPS DISEMBARKING ON THE SHORE
ABOVE TRENTON

From a drawing by G. A. Shipley

The men looked at the river with its black, boiling waters, its grinding, clashing ice-floes—at the setting sun—and into each other's eyes. But their Commander-in-Chief rode out among them, and they hesitated—not again.

Craft of all sorts had been assembled, and the Marblehead fishermen—the same who had rowed the Americans to safety in that flight from Long Island—now took their places at the oars. If any arms, any hearts, were stout enough for that task, theirs were.

Then began that transportation of an army with its cannon, its horses, and its men, across a river which only one man there judged passable, and in the face of an ice-storm that had descended in fury upon them. During nine mortal hours—from sunset till three of the next morning—the men of Marblehead bent to their oars against the raging waters and fought back the whirling, crashing ice, in face of the tempest of sleet and hail.

Never was Fairfax to forget that night—the shouting of men to each other across the roar of wind and water, the rearing and plunging of the horses as they strained at the slipping guns up that frightful ascent between safety and the black, boiling death behind. Never was he to forget the superman fight of the men creatures there to master the whole wild scene. And they did master it. The Jersey shore was gained with not a man nor a gun lost!

At this very hour a bright-eyed boy deserter from the American camp was making himself useful to a certain party of Hessian merrymakers in Trenton. Colonel Rahl,

commanding at Trenton, had himself received Kingdon's made-up story about the condition of the Americans, and so delighted was he with the wofulness of the narrative, and at the apparent joy of the deserter at last to be numbered with the "loyal," that he forthwith attached the handsome lad to himself.

And so it came about, that while the Marblehead fishermen bent to their oars in transporting the patriots across the black Delaware, Kingdon Marsh stood behind the chair of the Hessian Rahl, sitting at cards that memorable Christmas night, and took pains to keep his wine-glass filled to the brim.

Higher and higher were the stakes bet, deeper and deeper was the drinking. And then—a sharp knock at the door! Kingdon grasped the colonel's chair-back, in quickly alternating hope and fear. Were the Americans come already? Or was this some rider through the night with a betrayal of their advance?

Not one of the gamblers looked up from the game, and King seized the chance to slip to the door. He reached it just as the sergeant on guard opened to the knock, and, with the guard, stepped out into the vestibule. A cloaked and booted figure with a lantern stood without, stamping and shaking off the sleet and snow. King managed to keep in the background. The stranger wished to see the colonel—no, he would not speak his business to any other.

The sergeant reported the message to Rahl, but that worthy was just raking in a pile of winnings, and would

hear nothing of the man outside. The bearer returned to the door with the announcement that the colonel was too busy to see the visitor. Kingdon, in the background, could have cried for joy; but the next moment his heart jumped into his throat. The dark man took out pencil and paper and scribbled a message. With a show of holding his lantern for him to see, Kingdon managed to glimpse the first few words of that writing: "To arms! The Americans are marching upon——"

The sergeant took the folded paper, and the writer disappeared into the night. Kingdon followed to Rahl, trying for the life of him to think of some way in which he could get possession of that paper before it reached the hands of the Hessian colonel—but all in vain! Rahl took it from the guard, but with undisguised impatience at being interrupted. He glanced at it. He started to unfold it.

It was no time now for a fellow to lose his head. King filled another glass brimming full, and quickly placed it before the flushed officer.

"A finer brand, Your Excellency," he whispered in the Hessian ear.

The bait tempted. Rahl disposed of the troublesome note by dropping it unopened into his pocket, and seized the glass. The boy deserter behind his chair swayed at the sudden release to his nerves, but nobody was watching him.

Then came those hours of frightful suspense. *Were* the Americans coming? And could they win through the

storm? And just how long would this gaming commander of hirelings forget to read the warning in his breast?

Nine long miles to Trenton through snow and sleet and hail and darkness! Fairfax, like many another, could not have won to the end had not the great Virginian led the way with his ever cheery "Press on, boys! Press on!"

It was during this struggle forward that an awful idea came to young Carter. Kingdon Marsh had been close to the chief! Kingdon might have known of this planned descent upon Trenton—he who had deserted to the enemy might have carried with him the news of the intended attack!

The approaching Americans had been told that the Hessians would be carousing away the sacred night and be easy of surprise. Now *would* they? Or were they already at their guns, ready for the half-dead men who were staggering toward them? It all depended on how much the deserter knew! *Dear God!*

But morning dawned, as morning must, even upon the darkest night. They were before Trenton, stealing silently now upon a silent village.

It was eight of the clock that gray-white morning when the head of Washington's column approached the outskirts of the town, but the only living soul in sight was a man chopping wood by the roadside.

"Which way is the Hessian picket?" asked the general of the man.

"I don't know," was the gruff reply.

But here Captain Forest of the artillery rode forward. "You may tell," he said to the native, "for *that is General Washington!*"

Dropping his axe, the man raised his hands high to heaven: "God bless and prosper you!" he cried. "The picket is in that house, and the sentry stands near that tree."

And God did bless and prosper American arms that day. Too late for the surprised picket to cry: "The enemy! The enemy! Turn out!" Too late now for the drink-befuddled, revel-tired Hessians to rouse from their few hours of unheeding morning sleep. The Americans are upon them! Footsore? Yes, to bleeding, and aching from an all-night exposure to the storm—but supported by the most righteous cause man ever fought for, and led by the bravest of all commanders.

The Americans had divided, taking different roads of approach, in order to fall upon the town simultaneously from several directions. They had divided nine miles back, they attacked within one minute of each other.

The Hessian pickets were rolled in, and retreated, firing. The startled drums beat to arms; trumpets sounded the alarm; the village was in an uproar. So swift was the American attack, that young Alexander Hamilton—who marched with the reserve, and was therefore the last to make ready his guns—swept with his fire the first company of Hessians to appear on the scene. Washington advanced to the head of King Street, riding beside Captain Forest of

the artillery. Here in the most perilous of positions, he kept stubbornly beside the guns, directing their fire. In vain the men begged him to withdraw, the chief remained at the post he had chosen.

And now the enemy were training a quickly wheeled battery of guns upon that street! With a gallant dash, Captain William Washington and Lieutenant James Monroe—with Fairfax and a few others—charged for and took the guns as they were on the point of being fired. Captain Washington was shot through both hands, and young Monroe was seriously wounded. If surgical aid had not been promptly supplied, the boyish lieutenant would not have lived to grace the position of President of the United States and to promulgate the great American “Doctrine.”

And now the air was thick to stifling with the smoke of powder. The narrow streets resounded with the roar of cannon and crack of musketry, with shrieks at the fearful onslaughts, with cheering for the gallant charge!

Alas for Rahl, who had played and drunk while his fate stole silently upon him! In vain did he rally his bewildered men! In vain did he offer in atonement for his negligence a splendid personal bravery! His men threw down their guns and fled, and he was shot to death that day with that unread warning of the American advance still in his pocket.

And the brave, brave day was ours. The one company of British light-horse there escaped by the lightness of their horses' heels, but nearly one thousand Hessians were made prisoner to the Americans.

And what a company was that of gallant Americans! Generals Greene, Sullivan, Mercer, Stephen, and Lord Stirling were there, with Colonel Knox, Glover of Marblehead, Stark who had held the rail fence at Bunker Hill, and two thousand and more of others—nameless here, but just as gallant!

And through all that struggle, a fear gnawed at the heart of Fairfax—the fear that he might meet Kingdon face to face in the fight, and still have to do his duty as an American.

But he did not meet Kingdon in the fighting. Late that morning, after the village and all that was in it was theirs, Fairfax was sent to the hastily established headquarters with a note to General Washington. Eager to win the presence of the great commander, to see his worshipped face in the light of *victory*, the young messenger went on the wings of the wind. He was admitted at once to the office from which General Washington was commanding the transportation of the captured Hessians across the river. Strange, but the chief looked in victory much as he had looked in defeat—quiet, serene.

After the first eager study of his commander as he read the message, Fairfax became aware of another person in the room—a person, standing, like himself, before the general. And then—no, his eyes did not deceive him—it was the deserter, Kingdon Marsh! The two looked at each other, but neither's eyes fell. There was dead silence between them, for they were in the presence of their commanding general.

“Marsh”—it was their general’s voice speaking now—
“ask General Sullivan to explain the rest to you!”

There was an audible gasp—the breath of a cry—from the young Virginian, as, breaking over all conventions, he blurted out:

“Don’t trust him, Your Excellency—Kingdon Marsh is a *traitor*! He deserted the American camp six days ago!”

With a start, Kingdon faced him—his blue eyes hot under the sting, his handsome face white and quivering. But he said not a word in reply.

The chief looked from the white suffering of the one to the flushed indignation of the other. Then——

“Soldier,” he said to Fairfax, “maybe his chief sent him into Trenton.”

Again the gasp—this time the breath of a glad cry—from the young Virginian. Kingdon turned his face quickly away.

“You boys get outside,” commanded the chief, and they saved their soldiers’ pride by retiring in good order.

Outside, indeed, there were broken, boyish protestations enough.

“Come back with me,” at length Fairfax said; “I have just bushels to tell you about last night.”

“But I can’t,” protested the other. “The men believe that I deserted, and I can’t go among them till the general chooses to let them know.”

“But the men don’t believe it. They think you *were captured*.”

“You told them, didn’t you, what I said?” exclaimed the wondering Kingdon.

“No, I didn’t,” answered the other. “I knew that since you had gone, there was no help for it—and—somehow—why, I couldn’t *say* it! I never told anybody till I thought the general was confiding something to you.”

King’s bright eyes grew soft and misty. “And they still believe in me?” he said, a little huskily, “the captain and the fellows?”

“Come and see how much,” his friend answered him, and together they sought their comrades.

CHAPTER XI

THE FRIEND OF AMERICA

(June, 1777)

Exciting things were happening along the American coast in those old days. British men-of-war and American privateers hovered ever about the blue horizon, challenging, chasing—these now landing men to fire some fair Virginia village, those running a blockade in order to bring food and medicines to the hungry and the sick.

But the most far-reaching incident of all was when, on a deep June night in the year of 1777, a yawl containing a half-dozen dim figures suddenly came up out of the blue dark and startled a group of negro slaves who were dragging for oysters in a little inlet of Georgetown Bay in South Carolina.

“We are friends of America,” a voice called from the shadowy group.

Friends! It was a dark night, that, for America, and she was sadly in need of friends! But the black slaves understood little of the gripping import of that message across the dark.

“Where are we?” the voice now called. And the startled leader of the negroes answered:

“You’s in Georgetown Bay, massa.”

“And ze Charlestown in ze Carolinas, how do we arrive at her?” The shadowy yawl came alongside the oyster-boat now, and the dim figures became more real. There was somewhat of reassurance in the voice of the negro, who replied:

“Us could git you a pilot from North Island, but you’d better go up to de big house an’ ask us massa. He’ll be mighty glad to see you.”

It developed, however, that the yawl could approach no nearer the beach on account of the shallow waters, and the negroes volunteered to land as many of the yawl’s passengers as they could.

After some parley among the mysterious strangers, three of them—all the added weight that the little oyster-boat would hold—climbed over the side of the yawl and took their places among the oystermen. Some stout pulling at the oars, a swift half-mile accomplished, and then the little boat touched landing.

Two of the dark figures noticeably held back in order

that the one who seemed to be the leader might take precedence, and the directing black held his torch high over his head as a graceful, youthful figure stepped out on the landing. The most notable visitor who has ever come to America had for the first time set foot upon her soil.

The hospitable blacks called the strangers' attention to a far light twinkling some distance up the shore, and told them that it was at the house of their master, Major Huger, of the Continental army, who would be "mighty glad to see them."

The strangers rewarded the negroes handsomely, and set their faces toward the far light.

At the house to which that light guided, all was profoundly quiet. The inmates, with three notable exceptions, were snugly tucked in their beds. The Huguenot master of the house had not yet retired, but was taking a quiet nap in a big chair in the sitting-room. On a table at his elbow a sputtering candle was protesting the lateness of the hour.

At first glance, it would have seemed that there were no other occupants of the room, but beyond the wide table and down on the floor, well hidden by the long folds of its ample cover, sat a boy and a girl with their heads together over a letter addressed to "Dear Kingdon"—Robert Huger, the major's now orphaned nephew* and ward, and Peggy Ravenel, the young daughter of his niece,* who, with her mother, was visiting the major's family at his Georgetown

*With apologies to the well-known Huger family.

summer home. The young people were stealing an hour from sleep to write a joint letter to the lad from Massachusetts who was devotedly following his Commander-in-Chief.

Peggy was pushing the quill. "South Carolina is full of Tories . . ." she wrote.

But Robert interrupted. "If it's 'full of' Tories," he protested, "where do *we* come in?"

"Hush!" said Peggy, "we are sticking out around the edges." She was writing again. "Most of the aristocrats here are Tor——"

Robert took the quill away from her, and wrote in big, black letters: "That's a *story*, and Peggy *knows* it! She's half-Tory, herself, or she wouldn't talk that way!"

Peggy laughed, but when she recovered the quill, she made no attempt to cross out Robert's statement. "And the Tories, *Peggy included*," she added farther down the page, "are murdering and plundering the common people, *Bobby included*—at least, I'm *going* to murder him, and that shortly!"

Robert snatched the quill again. "You shan't joke about the Tories and their outrages," he declared. And he wrote at length to Kingdon an account of how the Tories were in truth ravaging on every hand—how neighbor would assassinate neighbor in broad daylight, or under the cover of darkness set the torch to his home.

The boy looked up at the end of his bitter narrative and burst out: "And how *you*, Peggy, could think for a

minute that we might have done differently, I can't understand! When you buckled that sword on Jasper, I *hoped*——”

“Jasper was splendid,” exclaimed the girl, “but does that prove that he and you and—all of us are not rash, foolhardy? Why—why we *can't* succeed! We are just a handful of isolated colonists! America hasn't a friend in all the world!”

The two started nervously at a sound from the outside, but it proved to be only the stirring of a restless watchdog. Danger, indeed, stalked the darkness in those troublous times, as the ready muskets in the corner of the room witnessed, but the young and imaginative were wont to multiply the signs of her menace.

From that, Robert began to write of the dangers which threatened from the sea, and Peggy, looking over his shoulder, prompted him from time to time.

“And tell King there are wreckers on the coast, Bobby, that hang out false lights in places of danger to lure ships on the rocks so they can scuttle and rob them.”

“You don't ‘scuttle’ a ship after it's on the rocks, Peggy.”

“You don't know whether I do or not,” said Peg. “But tell him about the pirates, and how on da-a-ark nights they make people walk the plank——”

A frightful noise rent to shreds the stillness, and the young people grabbed each other, frozen to the marrow by what they heard. The next moment, a chorus of noises,

joining in, assured them it was the watch-dogs that had raised the blood-curdling cry. They were on their feet, now, and so was the awakened major. The clamor of the dogs at the high fence meant the foot of a stranger. A lighted room was no safe place when unknown footsteps approached from outside, and quick as a flash the major clapped the snuffer on the candle, and the room was in total darkness.

They understood what to do in the emergency. Robert snatched a musket and stationed himself at a dark window, and they knew by the sound of other windows raised that other guns were levelled and ready.

Major Huger's deep voice now rang out in challenge: "Who goes there? Stand, or we fire!"

"Friends, sir!" came in quick reply. "We are French officers, come to fight for America. We wish a pilot to bring our vessel to safe anchorage, and shelter for ourselves."

Before the voice had ceased speaking, lights flashed here and there, and the other members of the household, hastily attired, rushed to greet these friends of America—even seven-year-old Francis, the major's son, rolling out of his trundle-bed to join the excitement. Major Huger flung open the wide, hospitable door and drove back the dogs, as three strangers entered the gate and approached.

"Gentlemen, I am proud to welcome you!" he cried, extending a hearty hand in greeting. "I am Major Huger, of the Continental army. This house and all it holds are at your service!"

Here the oldest of the three strangers stepped forward. "Permit us," he said, "to introduce ourselves. This," indicating with an elaborate gesture a second, "is the leader of our party—" All eyes here turned to the one indicated. He was tall, slight, graceful, with eyes so splendid, so spirited, that, by reason of their compelling power, one took little note of his other features. The quick eyes of Robert Huger had just assured him that this brilliant leader of older men could not possibly be over nineteen years of age, when the introducer pronounced his name with pompous impressiveness:

"The Seigneur Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette."

The crowd started at the name. Already had Doctor Benjamin Franklin written back from France that the young Marquis de Lafayette would dedicate his sword, as he had dedicated his great liberty-loving heart, to the desperate cause of America. But the chance of his coming had seemed very, very remote.

"The Marquis de Lafayette!" exclaimed the American host. "Sir, my house is honored by your presence! We have all heard of you—as who has not? Command me in anything and everything!"

Peggy surreptitiously pulled one curl over her shoulder, but Robert stole nearer to look worshipfully into the noble young face of this friend of America.

The two others of the party proved to be the brave Bavarian soldier, then in the service of the French—the Baron de Kalb—and a "Monsieur Price."

The hospitable major was now declaring: "I will see to your pilot, your vessel, your friends. Oblige me by resting here to-night, and in the morning all things shall be arranged."

There were general introductions, and Robert, whose worshipful study of the young marquis could not be mis-



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

RECEPTION OF LAFAYETTE BY WASHINGTON AT
MOUNT VERNON

Painted by Thomas P. Rossiter and Louis R. Mignot

interpreted, was rewarded with a smile from the worshipped that marked the beginning of a beautiful friendship between the two.

But Peggy, the doubter, stood wide-eyed and wondering before an ideal which could bring the wealthy darling of a luxurious court three thousand miles to fight for the liberty of a stranger country.

Before they retired that night, they heard—principally from the Baron de Kalb—the story of how the Marquis de Lafayette had managed to escape from France after a tyrannical monarch had positively forbidden him to go. It seemed that after attempting to leave once, only to be apprehended and ordered back, the marquis had disguised himself as a postboy and escaped across the border into Spain, from which country he had set sail for America in a ship purchased with his own money for the enterprise. And there had been adventures at sea, too, a quarrel with his captain, who at first refused to take orders from a “land-lubber of a boy,” the danger of pirates, a dramatic escape from two British cruisers which had given chase, and at last the forced landing in unknown waters in the black dark. But they had followed the one gleam of light visible, and, following, had been brought to this warm welcome here, and a happy meeting with Americans in whose veins flowed some of the best blood of France.

On the stair-landing, where the last good-nights were said, Robert whispered to Peggy in an ecstatic voice:

“Oh, Peggy, America *has* a friend!”

(Continued on page 206)

WHEN GRANDAUNT DANCED WITH LAFAYETTE

BY MARGARET E. O'BRIEN-DAVIS

To a cedar chest in a shadowy hall,
Past a door unopened for many a year,
Thro' cobwebs, a film and dust over all,
Great grandaunt's namesake has wandered here:
And vandal youth's unsparing hand
Turns quick the cover and back the lid,
Unties each tape and canvas band,
With little ruth for the secrets hid.

Like restless heart or a soul disturbed,
Or perhaps the past rude set astir,
A perfume comes as of roses herbed
With perhaps a hint of lavender,
Young fingers deftly shake out folds
Of silks and satins and rare brocade,
And a mantle aflame with reds and golds
That never a modern weaver made.

Rosetted slippers and silken hose,
And a broken fan with its sticks of pearl
That long has forgot 'twas meant to close,
Since its owner bade its plumes unfurl,
And last of all, is a flowered gown—
On a faded paper—“*Margaret*
Wore this when she danced at Wyndham town,
At the governor's ball with Lafayette.”

A line—And the years are spanned in a breath
And the petticoat falls to the dusty floor,
And the grandaunt long asleep in death
Floats into my dreams a girl once more.
Aristocrat to her finger tips,
Clad in the gown with its riot of bloom,
Her grave sweet eyes and her tender lips
The bravest things in the shadowy room.

Each flower is bright in the rich brocade;
Nor rent nor stain in the priceless lace,
And a smile too tender and grave to fade,
Like a benison lights the fresh fair face,
And tucked in her breast is a yellow glove,
Too large for any but a cavalier,
But small enough for a token of love
That love itself has hushed to fear.

Back to the past the vision pales
And denser the shadows by contrast grow,
But I sit by the chest with its cobweb veils
And dream of this Margaret of long ago.
For a glove has dropped from the corsage gay—
But never its mate—and it tells me all—
And I know why she put the dress away
She wore that night at the governor's ball.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU

One day, when I went out to my wood-pile, I observed two large ants—the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black—fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was a war of two races of ants; the red, always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard; and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle-field that I ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips—now, at noonday, prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself, like a vice, to his adversary's front, and, through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already amputated

the other; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer or die."

In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. He saw this unequal combat from afar; for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red.

He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants: then, watching his opportunity, he sprung upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members, and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I was myself excited somewhat, as if they had been men.

I took up the chip on which the three were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the foreleg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all

torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was evidently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferers' eyes shone with a ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler; and, when I looked again, the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and their still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever; and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg, and with I know not how many wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour or more, he accomplished.

I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some hospital for disabled soldiers, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter.

I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door.

ALL'S WELL!

(Continued from page 200)

CHAPTER XII

AT VALLEY FORGE

(Late winter of 1778)

“Well, no *Virginia* girl would behave that way!” and Fairfax Carter eased down a great ice-caked backlog from his shoulder to the fire, and began kicking together under it the burning noses of half-consumed sticks of wood. In a few moments the leaping flames illumined the interior of the rough camp hut in which a group of young soldiers were eagerly talking. General Washington was wont to say, “I have many boys in my army,” and here in this particular hut a bevy of very live ones had managed to get assigned together for that memorable winter at Valley Forge. There were older men among them, it is true, but for the most part the group was reminiscent of the old Latin School of Tea-Party days in Boston. However, the fabled giant Procrustes had laid hold of and stretched them till they were now quite long-legged and soldierly looking, for all their boyish hearts. Kingdon Marsh was there with the old shine in his eyes, Dirk Van Cortlandt with his ready laugh, Fairfax Carter with his spirited pride, but with his once-handsome clothes replaced by a uniform that was now soiled and badly worn. And over on the rude straw-piled bunk nearest the fire—with his face turned

quite away—was a boyish figure which their frequent concerned glances numbered as one of their very own.

Joe Radford of Philadelphia was there also, but only as a visitor. His family had lately fled from the British-infested city and taken up their residence on a farm near Valley Forge. And John Smith of boyhood days was with them too, and was still the giant of their clan. In volunteering for the war, the effort of each had been to get service near the great commander-in-chief, and this had incidentally resulted in bringing them together. There was, however, a notable one missing from among them, for Macduff Marsh had not yet succeeded in breaking into the ragged, hungry Continental army. Fortunate Macduff! Poor Macduff! The others talked of him often, and wished that he were there. But just now they were not talking of Duffy.

“No *Virginia* girl would do that way!” Fairfax was again insisting, when Kingdon Marsh looked up quickly from the saddle he was mending, and demanded:

“And you never saw a girl behave like that in *Massachusetts*, either, did you?”

“Well, who *is* the girl? And what did she *do*?” came from an older soldier who was busy cooking fire-cakes on the hearth, “this waxes interesting.”

“A Pennsylvania product—eh, Joe?” Dirk Van Cortlandt dodged the stick of wood flung by Radford, and hurried on: “We moneyed fellows went out to the market wagons to buy three potatoes this morning, and there we

met a country lassie on one of the carts who fell desperately in love with——”

“Hold your peace!” roared Kingdon.

“With *me*, of course,” Van Cortlandt concluded. “Fax, hold that egoist over there till I finish. Oh, but she was a charmer!—duck-legged, freckle-faced, *red-headed!* And having fallen in love with *me*, she presented King with a bouquet of frost-bitten turnips, and tried to—hold King tighter there!—and tried to kiss—*me!*”

“You are a *story!*” raved Kingdon, before Van Cortlandt had brought out the last word. The crowd roared at his fall into the trap.

Kingdon hastened to cover his embarrassment by reverting to the other phase of the subject: “Puritan girls,” he declared, “are dignified and gentle.”

But here Joe Radford put in sharply: “Now, look here, fellows, don’t you insinuate that Pennsylvania girls are all like that wild, crazy thing we saw on that wagon— Why, she was a *freak*, she was! Now *Pennsylvania* girls——”

“What’s the matter with South Carolina’s speaking up?” asked Kingdon gently of the boyish form on the cot. “South Carolina isn’t usually backward,” he prodded.

But the lad on the cot did not turn to them as Kingdon had hoped he would, and the voice was very weak in which he replied: “You let South Carolina alone!”

The offender laughed and the others joined in good-naturedly, but they exchanged concerned glances as they did so.

“Don’t tear your shirt, Huger,” advised the Virginian, keeping up the pretense of lightness, “the mercury is dropping merrily down from zero, and you’ll need it.”

“I’m going to cook that lad a fire-cake that he can *eat*,” said the man on the job. “It’s full two days now since his stomach turned against them, and he’s sick for the right kind of food. Just you watch me put down a nice thin one now, that’ll get *brown* and *crisp!*” And he turned to the Samaritan task, after a meaning glance at the others.

Another, whose turn it was to help cook, here drew forward noisily a crude pine table, and began flinging down on it some tin plates.

Under cover of the noise, the others drew to one side, out of hearing of the lad in the bunk.

“Huger has a plain case of starvation,” Kingdon said; “he can’t eat what we have here. I wanted to go to General Lafayette about him—he is a great favorite with the marquis, you know—but he wouldn’t hear to it. He says he is going to take his chances with the rest of us.”

“It’s that old hurt he got among the logs in the river,” volunteered one of the older men, and Kingdon explained to Radford:

“Robert jumped from the shore to a mass of logs that we had floated down, and that were about to get away from us, and lashed them together. But he got hurt between them, and he hasn’t been well since.”

“But to-day there seems to be something else,” urged Fairfax, and Dirk answered in a yet lower voice:

“Joe Radford brought him bad news from Philadelphia.”

“Well, I didn’t know it was bad news for *him*, particularly,” said Joe, concerned, “because I didn’t know that that Peggy Ravenel who is visiting the Farquhars in Philadelphia is his cousin.”

“‘Peggy Ravenel’?” Kingdon repeated, and at once his mind went back to a certain sketch of a laughing girl stowed away in his pocket.

“Yes,” said Joe, answering him, “I told Huger how Peggy Ravenel and lots of other American girls in Philadelphia are dancing and feasting with British officers.”

“Not *American girls*?” came from the suddenly quiet Fairfax.

Joe nodded. “Just as if you fellows out here were not starving and freezing,” he said.

“I don’t *believe* it!” exclaimed the young Virginian. And with that last protest he departed on his wood-fetching mission.

Kingdon Marsh rose quickly and went over to a little chink in the log wall which served as a window. A driving snow was falling, but he did not see the white darkness outside because of a certain mistiness of vision. He had taken a paper from his pocket now, and he surreptitiously threw off the hot, indignant tears that veiled it from his vision. A bright-eyed girl smiled at him from the drawing—“Peggy”—Bobby Huger’s favorite cousin, who feasted with the Redcoats in Philadelphia while Bobby starved at

Valley Forge! The next moment Kingdon had torn the little sketch into a hundred bits.

Behind him he heard Joe Radford saying to Dirk: “You see I didn’t know Peggy Ravenel was Huger’s cousin, so I told him all about her—how she had tucked up her curls to pretend she was grown, and was wearing long dresses, and painting and powdering like all the great dames. Yes,” he pursued, as if in answer to an unexpressed protest, “yes, she is going to balls given by the Redcoats, and dancing with them till break of day. She was horseback-riding with that Major John André the other day, and she let him kiss her hand when they parted—I saw that, myself.”

Kingdon walked over to the fire and consigned to the flames a hundred little bits of crumpled paper.

The door was here thrown open again, and Fairfax came in with another armful of wood. His face was bright now—bright, *excited!* He delivered himself of the wood with noisy haste, and dived into his pocket, bringing out a small, greasy-looking bundle. Somebody sniffed, and then the whole hungry group suddenly gathered round him.

“*Smell it!*” said the proud owner, passing the savory treasure under first one nose and then another.

“Hold on to it, Fax!” exclaimed Van Cortlandt, “we are only mortal, you know.”

“What *is* it?” came from several different directions.

“A roasted wild pigeon!” panted the possessor.

“Where did it come from?” somebody demanded.

“Where’s it *going to?*” from somebody else with a laugh.

For answer, the proud owner strutted past them to the bunk by the fire and drew the occupant over on his back. “With the compliments of the season, sirrah!” he said, unwrapping and presenting a temptingly brown bird.

There was a moment of questioning amazement, and then the sick lad seized the gift and began to eat it with a savage eagerness which brought the mist to more than one pair of eyes. It was here that the cook produced the thin, brown fire-cake which proved palatable now, with a delicate meat to season it.

Van Cortlandt saved the touching situation: “Supper’s ready,” he called as the cook raked the fire-cakes out of the ashes and dished up the meagre slices of salt pork that had been broiling on the coals. A few minutes, and they were devouring their corn bread and bacon with a fresh acquisition of hardihood.

While they were eating, Kingdon made a discovery. His glance had fallen upon a very ragged and very unfamiliar-looking pair of shoes, and they were on Fairfax Carter’s feet. King examined them more nearly, and then looked the wearer square in the face: “Did you trade your shoes for that bird?” he whispered.

“Hush!” said the other, with a glance at the boy who was now stripping the bones of his treat.

“You’ve got to stand guard to-night,” said Kingdon, more softly still.

“Only for two hours—orders are for frequent relays on account of the blizzard,” replied the other.

Without another word, Kingdon began pulling off his own boots. Examination discovered that one was not frost-bite proof, and he turned to the crowd:

“Anybody got a good left boot or shoe?” he demanded. It developed that no one had such a prize, and the young fellow thought hard and fast.

“I have it!” he cried at last. “We’ll cut a piece off the tail of Dirk’s coat to wrap up that left foot with before you put on the boot.” No sooner said than done, and Fairfax was shortly as well equipped for guard duty in a blizzard as his ragged comrades could make him.

“Be sure to stand on your hat, Fax,” Kingdon advised finally; “I’ve found that that helps lots.”

Fairfax turned at the door with a flourish. “As Huger’s friend, General Lafayette, would say,” he exclaimed, “For ze *beautiful* Liberty!” And he flung open the door to the rush of the blast.

He flung open the door, but recoiled in dismay, and every other man in the room came to his feet! On that threshold stood a duck-legged, freckle-faced, red-headed farmer lassie, with a snow-flecked bonnet tied under a smile that froze them as no winter blizzard could.

“You—you—” began the astounded Fairfax. But he couldn’t get any further.

“Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!” came from the cook in the corner.

Kingdon turned upon the speaker: "Save your camp manners for *men!*" he commanded savagely.

By this time Fairfax had recovered breath enough to protest to the queer visitor: "Really, you mustn't—mustn't come here, miss; this is just a bunch of fellows, you know!"

A laugh from Smith brought Kingdon quickly forward. "Fairfax and I will take you to Lady Washington,"* he said to the girl, quite concerned.

But to his horror the remarkable creature slammed to the door and planted her back against it.

"I just come to see if you eat them turnips," she giggled, with a coquettish flip of her frosted mitten at Kingdon.

King recoiled with stinging cheeks, but Smith's strong hands, planted against his back, kept him from retreating. Fairfax thought he caught a signal from Smith over Kingdon's shoulder, but he was only mystified by it. The astounded others closed in about the interesting group, and the sick boy sat bolt upright in bed, his dark eyes big with amazement. There was something almost weird about the whole scene.

"Ain't he a *pretty* soldier!" exclaimed the visitor, advancing upon the tortured boy. King would have fled ignominiously, but Smith's big hands from behind took sudden and viselike hold of his clothes and prevented the rout.

"Stand your ground!" growled Smith. "The general says there'll be no more retreating."

"I just want to pet him a little bit 'cause he's so pretty!" from the girl.

* Mrs. Washington was often called "Lady Washington."

“Oh, Smith!” wailed the now frantic Kingdon, “turn me loose, if you *love* me!”—the girl was coming on—“turn me loose—*just this once*, Smith, for heaven’s sake!”

Here Fairfax took a hand: “*Stop that*, Smith!” he commanded. “It’s not fair to the girl—she’s *crazy*—we mustn’t let her—” But another signal from Smith—very definite now—suddenly shut him up.

The remarkable visitor filled in the dead, expectant silence: “Them other girls told me I was afeared to kiss ’im!” she giggled; creeping nearer “the pretty soldier.”

“*Smith!*” howled the victim, now, “oh, Smith, I’ll give you my good boot if you’ll let me go!—I’ll give you my next meat ration! I’ll——”

He stopped dead still, with his widening eyes fixed on the advancing girl as the charmed snake might watch the charmer. The electrified audience here caught a change in the manner of the girl herself. A look of dawning panic, of wavering, momentarily betrayed itself in her laughing face. She stopped in her tracks.

At the next quick move, the crowd gasped. Like a lightning stroke, Kingdon turned aggressor and made a snatch at the girl. When their vision cleared, he was standing with the big bonnet in one hand and a shower of red curls in the other, while before their astonished eyes, the round, bullet head of a laughing *boy* loomed uncovered of wig and bonnet.

“*Macduff Marsh!*” said his brother, “I’m going to *kill* you!” and they clinched, half fighting, half embracing.

When order was restored, Macduff was made to give

an account of himself. His crippled father had become more and more anguished for America's failing hope, and so had sent his last son to the cause of liberty. All the long, adventurous way, Macduff had planned to make a dramatic entry into Valley Forge and, arrived there, Smith and Joe Radford had kindly assisted him to do it.

It was a great reunion that, and perhaps the most pleasing part of it was the coming together again of the Huguenot lad who had carried rice to hungry Boston and the boy who had received him and introduced him to "the crowd." Ah, but those were "old days" now! In great epochs, time is measured by heart-beats, and it was a far cry from the dawning of their first dim ideal of Americanism to this hour when all that each one of them possessed was eagerly offered up as a fitting sacrifice for the land that had become passionately *theirs*.

Fairfax had to go out on guard duty, but the others gathered around Macduff, and told him all that had happened to them of glory or hardship or bitterness since that day on which they had promised Nathan Hale to be "Americans." Long after the older occupants of the hut were sound asleep in their hay, the boy friends hovered over the fire, and recounted their experiences.

The excited Huger, buoyed up by the first meal he had eaten in two days, and by the advent of the lad between whom and himself there had always been a strong attraction, talked feverishly of the gallant defense of Charleston by Moultrie, and of Jasper and the flag. He described in-

terestingly the landing of the Marquis de Lafayette that dark night on the coast of South Carolina, and his entertainment in the Huger home.

And Van Cortlandt told of that bitter, bitter defeat on Long Island, of the loss to the enemy of New York, and the retreat across New Jersey, with the great commander suffering abuse and ridicule because he would not fling his faithful handful into the teeth of destruction by giving battle against overwhelming odds. But the vivid bright spots furnished by the splendid victories at Trenton and Princeton were dwelt upon at length, and King related with loving detail how their commander effected the crossing of the ice-blocked Delaware in the black dark, and how his personal bravery saved the day at Princeton. And they fought over again the fateful battle of Brandywine in which the patriots had tried in vain to save Philadelphia from the conquering British hordes. Most of them had been in the American attack on Germantown, near Philadelphia, and bitter indeed was their account of how they had lost out after winning a real victory, by reason of a dense fog that had descended to confuse enemy with friend, victory with defeat.

“And the British are in Philadelphia now,” ended Kingdon. “They have driven out our Congress, and have captured our forts on the river, opening up the way for their shippings of men and supplies. They already outnumber us greatly, and they are trained fighters.”

“Oh, yes,” put in Van Cortlandt, “but the great

Baron Steuben has come as a volunteer to Valley Forge to drill us in soldiering, and when the spring comes——”

“The spring will come to the British in Philadelphia, too,” reminded Kingdon. “Oh, I’m not for giving up,” he hastened to add, “for I’m in it to the end. But my common sense tells me that we can’t win out against Howe’s forces, unless—unless a miracle happens.”

“If only *France* would help us!” The cry came from the Huguenot lad in the bunk by the fire.

“*France?*” said Duff with a start of surprise.

“Yes,” answered the sick lad. “General Lafayette told me that he was begging his country to recognize our government, and to send us men and ships.”

“But France has not answered his appeals,” reminded Kingdon sadly. “General Lafayette has given *himself* to us, heart and soul, but his country is keeping hands off—it’s a perilous business to try to help the drowning, you know.”

The door was pushed open, and a half-frozen lad stumbled in, his two hours of guard duty ended. They made way for Fairfax before the fire, and they busied themselves bringing life back into his benumbed body, but it was an every-day business at Valley Forge—this starving and freezing—and they did not take it too much to heart.

Later, after each had crawled into his bunk of hay under his one blanket and dropped heavily to sleep, Duffy slipped out of his brother’s bunk to say good night to the boy who still lay with his feverish eyes wide open.



WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE

“You’ll be prime to-morrow,” encouraged Duff, lingering a minute beside him.

“Yes,” said the other, looking in the fire. Then after a little, “Duff,” he whispered, “Duff, South Carolina is ‘far away’!”

“Yes,” answered his friend, “but if I acknowledge to you that Boston is too, to-night, you won’t mind so much—will you?”

“Not—so much.”

CHAPTER XIII

AT VALLEY FORGE (CONTINUED)

(Spring of 1778)

In the pale dawn of a belated spring morning a mule wagon, driven by a duck-legged, freckle-faced country lad, bumped its way along the Frankfort road toward British-infested Philadelphia, while behind the driver, half buried in a small load of hay, a bigger lad lay sound asleep.

A fork in the road, and the young driver halted his mules and looked anxiously around. There were no other travellers in sight, and yonder in plain view rose the curling smoke-wreaths of a sizable city. At the sight, the freckle-faced youth reached back with his whip and fetched the sleeper in the hay a stinging flip.

“Wake up, Joe!” he called, “wake up! we are at the fork, and Kingdon is not here!”

The half-roused sleeper made a slap back at the whip,

but another sting brought him to a sitting posture wide awake. "Where's King?" he demanded.

"That's what I want you to help me guess," the other answered anxiously.

Joe Radford crawled out of the hay and stretched himself. Like Macduff, he was clad in the rough clothes of a farmer lad, and he looked his assumed part nearly as well as did the brown, freckled boy at the reins.

"It was a good plan that, to take turns at the driving," he said, climbing over to a seat beside the driver, "it has given us both a chance for some sleep. What do you suppose has become of King? If the Redcoats find him without any produce, he'll have a hard time explaining."

The two boys were deeply thrilled over their adventure. They were going in disguise into British-infested Philadelphia in order to help Kingdon to slip in. Kingdon, they knew without being told, had serious spy work for the commander-in-chief, and they asked no questions. They did not know, however, that King was also in search of a certain half-Tory lassie whose sick cousin at Valley Forge was now very, very much worse, and who, he hoped, would send Bobby a comforting message.

The farmer with whom the Radfords were boarding had agreed to allow the boys to take a load of his hay into Philadelphia to sell for him, and they had forthwith dressed themselves like farmer lads, and had started toward their far objective shortly after midnight. To their disappointment, they had had no challenge from the few Redcoats

and Bluecoats they had passed in this No Man's Land between the two camps. A wagon-load of hay moving toward Philadelphia was a most usual and unsuspecting sight.

They were at the crossroads now, where they had agreed to meet the mysterious Kingdon, but they were troubled, for King had told them to bring a "wagon-load of produce" as an excuse to circulate around the city, where they were to both "see and hear."

"King is going to be disappointed when he sees we have nothing but the hay," said Joe.

As he spoke, the sound of a horse's hoofs came along the morning air, faint at first, but nearer—nearer—nearer!

"Suppose it should *not* be King!" whispered Duff, in sudden awe now, for this being in disguise within a stone's throw of the enemy's lines was a serious business.

The electrified Joe did not answer, and the two of them strained eyes and ears in the direction of the oncoming hoof-beats. Presently, they jumped and grasped each other tight. A Redcoat had rounded a turn in the crossroad and was bearing down upon them. Neither boy spoke—neither could think what to do in the emergency. Joe Radford turned pale under his tan, but Macduff, after a first recoil, suddenly leaned forward, his glance strained—eager. All at once he let out a yell that sent Joe's blood leaping and bounding.

"Pretty soldier! Pretty soldier!" he called, with a shout of laughter.

Kingdon spurred up close beside them: "Shut up,

Duff!" he commanded, under his breath. "Play your part. We are coming to the enemy's lines, and there is not a sprig of grass about us that is loyal."

"Well, tell me one thing," insisted his brother, but in a low tone now, "where on earth did you get that British uniform? I thought you were coming in togs like ours."

"Hush!" pleaded Joe in fear of the Tory grass blades.

"I had this hidden at Frankfort," answered Kingdon, riding close beside them; "I wasn't quite sure I could get at it. You know I told you that, once inside the lines, I'll have to leave you. You'll have no trouble getting out again. Meet me at Frankfort at noon to-day."

"Well, are you going into Philadelphia *with us*?" asked Joe.

"Certainly," said Kingdon. "Now this is the story we must tell: I, a lieutenant in His Britannic Majesty's service, slipped out of Philadelphia before day this morning on a raiding expedition, and caught you fellows carting your truck to Frankfort. I faced you about and am making you bring it to Philadelphia to replenish my captain's larder—see?"

Duff cast a significant glance back at the hay. "And your captain?" he asked soberly. "What breed?"

"A plague upon you, Duff," exclaimed Joe nervously.

Kingdon was quickly concerned. "Haven't you anything but *hay*?" he asked.

"We didn't have money enough to get any produce,"

Joe explained; "these farmers want a million dollars for every turnip!"

"Got a rabbit," put in Macduff.

"How did you catch him?" asked his brother.

"Ran him down," replied the irrepressible. "You see, Joe lit out after the rabbit, and a Redcoat lit out after Joe, and—Joe caught the rabbit!"

"I *didn't*," began the matter-of-fact Joe; "we came upon a trap——"

"Prophetic words!" exclaimed Duffy with a gasp, for in rounding a clump of underbrush, they had come suddenly upon the redoubt that marked the end of No Man's Land and the beginning of British-occupied territory. Redcoats pointed the landscape in every direction now, and the roll of a drum suddenly burst upon the ear.

A sleepy sentinel blocked their path; King told his story and, after a little hesitation on the part of the guard, they were allowed to pass within the enemy lines. As the British captors of Philadelphia were eager to get whatever of food-stuffs and feed-stuffs the surrounding country could supply, irregular raiding was the order of the day, and King's story was easily acceptable. A short drive together through the awakening suburb, and suddenly Kingdon wheeled his horse and cantered away down a side street.

It was not until Kingdon had performed the duty upon which he had been sent into Philadelphia that he went in search of Huger's favorite cousin at the address he had gotten from Joe.



“PLAY YOUR PART. WE ARE COMING TO THE ENEMY’S LINES”

“Is there a girl visiting here named ‘Peggy Ravenel’?” he asked of the white-kerchiefed negress who answered his knock.

The black woman in the white kerchief drew herself up with a sniff: “Dey’s a young lady heh named *Mistiss* Peggy Ravenel,” she snorted.

“Oh,” said King, rebuffed; “well, ‘*Mistress* Peggy Ravenel,’ then! Say to *Mistress* Peggy that Lieutenant Carew wishes to speak to her on important business.”

Only half mollified, the slave admitted him. When Kingdon entered the luxurious drawing-room to which the woman conducted him, he thought himself ushered into a whole group of British officers, but after the first start, he realized that he was only surrounded by mirrors which multiplied his own hated uniform a half-dozen times. How soon those shadow enemies would be replaced by real ones, however, was a conjecture which sent his heart into his throat. A step sounded in the hall, and the young spy started. But the next moment he realized that it was a very light step which he heard, and he quickly smoothed his hair and drew himself up. The silken draperies over the door parted, and a tall, slight figure stepped in.

Yes, Peggy was pretty! Too pretty—for the proud consciousness of her own charms decidedly marred a face that nature had meant to be tender and loving. Robert had described her to the boys quite as if she might have worn a halo around her delicate face. But the halo was lacking. She was a tall girl for her age—which Kingdon

happened to know to be fifteen—and her wealth of dark curls had been caught high upon her head. She was dressed for riding, and the long skirt of her habit gave her quite an air of maturity. As she stood now, against the dark curtain, with the powder and paint on her face all too apparent, she looked indeed the added age that she had lately been assuming.

The pretended fine lady courtesied slightly, and there was a little expectant flutter of the hand that was due to be kissed, but the young soldier showed no sign of bending to that pledge of homage, letting a very stiff inclination of the head do duty instead.

“My business is—private,” he said in a subdued tone; “are we quite alone?”

The neglected hand was quickly dropped, and Mistress Peggy drew herself up haughtily. “I have no interest,” she said, “in either Lieutenant Carew or his private business,” and she turned to leave.

One swift step, and Kingdon laid his hand on her wrist as she reached for the knob of the door. “Have you any interest in Robert Huger?” he asked.

Peggy started. “Where is Bobby?” she gasped.

“At Valley Forge.”

“Who are *you*?” wonderingly. Her dark eyes swept his red coat. “Are you what—what you *seem*?” she whispered, “or are you one of—our men?”

“Our men!” The phrase roused all the bitterness in him and, stung by the sudden recollection of her favors to

the enemies of her country, Kingdon flung away her hand. "Not one of *yours!*" he cried; "you who can feast with the enemies of American freedom, while your starving cousin out yonder is giving his life for it! You—you"— he rushed on, too indignant to hear the little cry that went up from her—"you—here in *this*—when Robert hasn't clothes enough to cover him from the cold!"

"Don't!" pleaded the girl. "Oh, *don't!* How could I *know?*"

"'Know?'" exclaimed the youth, beside himself now. "Do you happen to know why American men died at Lexington and Bunker Hill?—at Long Island and Charleston and Saratoga and Trenton? Do you know why they are dying now out yonder at Valley Forge? There's a hillside full of their graves already, and they are digging more to-day——"

"Don't!" begged the girl again; "I know, I *know!* But I couldn't *do* anything."

"You could keep from associating with the men who have brought us to this!"

"Oh, but I didn't think that that *hurt!*" Peggy pleaded now.

"'Hurt?'" exclaimed her arraigner. "Shall I tell you how it hurt Bobby? He did a man's work with the strength of a boy and he whistled at it; he turned from the rough fare, saying only that he wasn't hungry; he drilled while his feet made tracks of blood in the snow, because the cause of freedom was worth it and *demand*ed it! But—but—when

Joe Radford told him about *your disloyalty*, it broke his heart! Do you think that that 'hurt,' Peggy? And is it anything to *you?*'"

But Peggy had slipped down on a chair and covered her face with her hands. She was sobbing now as if her own heart were broken. All suddenly, Kingdon's fierce anger fled before her tears.

"Don't! Don't!" he pleaded now. "If you do care, Peggy—since you do care—I want you to write a note for me to take to Bobby. Write him that you love him, for he is sick. Write him that you are sorry for the way you have done, Peggy, for he's very, very sick!"

"Oh," cried the girl, starting up with her face blanched, "how sick is he— Will——?"

"Lady Washington was sitting with her hand on his pulse when we left him," he replied, "and one of the other ladies had watched by him all night."

The girl rose quickly. "I am going with you," she said, "to Valley Forge."

In war it is the unexpected that happens. When the redcoated Kingdon rejoined Joe Radford and Macduff at Frankfort, seven miles on their return journey to Valley Forge, he was playing escort to a beautiful damsel whom it had taken all his ingenuity to get out of the British lines. And wonderful to relate, the beautiful damsel recognized the two boys' names when King presented them.

"'Joe Radford' and 'Macduff Marsh'?" she exclaimed.

“Why, you are some of the boys that Bobby met at Boston, and that he is always writing to!” She turned with more of timidity to Kingdon: “And *you?*” she asked. “Which one are you?”

“Kingdon Marsh,” replied the owner of the name, his pink cheeks turning pinker.

In the thirteen remaining miles of the journey, the boys and Peggy taught each other much. She knew valuable things about the British in Philadelphia—and how loath was General Howe to give battle even though he knew that the American forces were a mere handful as compared with his own, about the laxity of discipline, and the tendency to feast rather than fight on the part of the British officers.

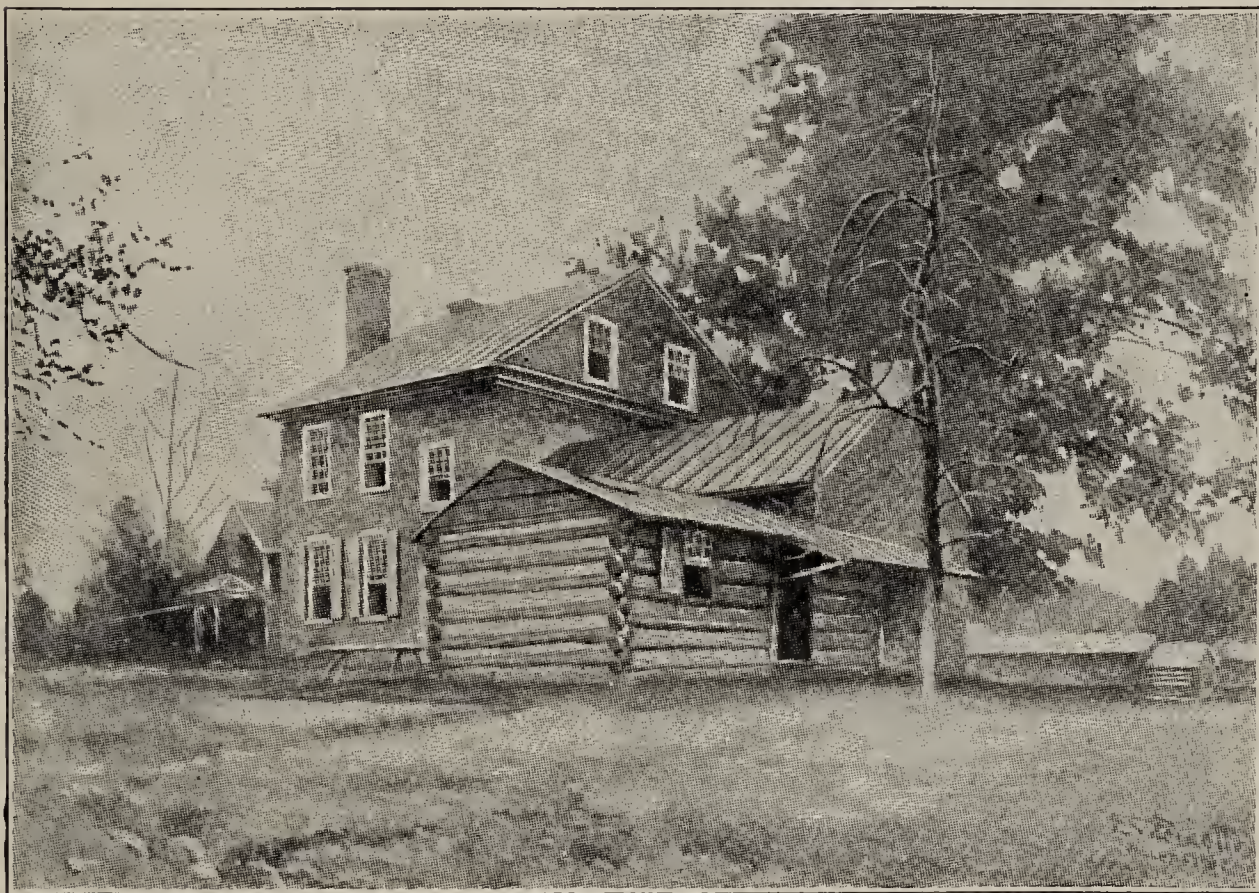
And the boys taught Peggy a lesson or two in that sort of American patriotism that will suffer and starve and die, if need be, but will not compound with an enemy.

After several hours of travel, Valley Forge emerged upon their vision. In an angle formed by the Schuylkill River and a little tributary creek lay an extensive village consisting of rows upon rows of quickly constructed log huts. A small stone house near the river was pointed out to the girl as General Washington’s headquarters.

“Lady Washington is there,” said Kingdon to Peggy, pointing to the house of gray stone; “she keeps near the general all the time now, since the British circulated that falsehood about her having separated from him on account of his ‘rebel’ convictions. And Colonel Alexander Hamil-

ton's wife is there too, and several other ladies—they will take good care of you.’’

“And you said Lady Washington had taken Bobby to her apartments, didn't you?’’ asked the girl anxiously, “and that she is an angel of mercy to the sick?’’



THE OLD POTTS HOUSE AT VALLEY FORGE WHICH WASHINGTON USED AS HEADQUARTERS

“General Lafayette took him up in his arms and carried him there, when he found out how ill he was,’’ answered Kingdon; “you know the marquis makes quite a pet of Robert. French blood seems to be very much thicker than water.’’

“Yes,’’ said Peggy, “and you know the first American

nome that the marquis entered was that of the Hegers in Georgetown, South Carolina. I was there the night he came.''

At this point the wagon driven by Macduff and Joe Radford caught up with them, and the party forded the river together, and rode into Valley Forge.

If Peggy had, remaining in her heart, any half-Tory doubts of the desperateness of the American cause or of the sublime sacrifice which it demanded, that ride through the streets of Valley Forge must have dispelled them forever. No description could have adequately pictured to her imagination the stark, ragged misery on every hand. Here would be a squad of men shovelling the still lingering snow in shoes which only half covered the frosted feet they were meant to protect, and there would stand at drill a company whose motley raiment was made up of garments of the blue and buff Continental uniform, supplemented by remnants of blankets in pitiful protest against the still sharp cold.

In that interview in Philadelphia, Kingdon had told the girl much of the grim truth because he meant to hurt her. But as they threaded their way to headquarters now, through the all-too-apparent suffering, he left the scene to speak for itself. Indeed, he would have been glad to spare her something, for her white face and quivering lips told how the hurt had struck home.

A little later, the party dismounted at headquarters and made their way to the room where their sick comrade had

been taken. They paused at the open door, for the room was ominously quiet. The white curtains draping the bed had been pulled back, and they could glimpse suggestions of a slim form amid the snowy coverings. At the foot of the bed stood Fairfax Carter, gazing intently at the form on the bed, and also watching beside the invalid was a woman whose noble face was illumined by tender, mother-like sympathy.

“Lady Washington,” whispered Kingdon to Peggy, as the lady turned and spied them. Kingdon entered and, tiptoeing to Mistress Washington, whispered something to her.

And they saw the good lady put a gentle question to the sick lad, after which she turned and beckoned to Peggy.

They were not to hear what passed between the cousins, for as Peggy leaned over the lad and poured out her heart in broken, repentant whispers, they remained considerably apart, while Fairfax and Kingdon withdrew to the window. But presently they saw the white fingers of the sick lad draw out the comb that confined the girl’s hair atop in great-



VON STEUBEN DRILLING THE TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE

lady fashion, and they caught from him a faint but happy laugh as her curls tumbled down about her shoulders in the old playtime way. And they knew by the way his fingers lingered among her curls that there was understanding and forgiveness between them.

Lady Washington rose softly and came to the boys at the door. "Are you his friends?" she asked kindly.

"Yes, madam," one of them answered.

"Come in," she said, and they followed her in, while Fairfax and Kingdon came softly forward.

The dark eyes rested on the group and their owner smiled.

It was here that they noticed a little sprig of evergreen pinned on his left breast. Fairfax leaned over him and touched the symbol.

"What do you think?" he said to the others with forced cheerfulness, "General Washington came in this morning and pinned it on him, *himself*. He had just heard of Bob's fight with the logs. And he said that this was in recognition of service with distinguished bravery."

A happy smile hovered about the invalid's lips at their quiet exclamations over his honors, and then his white fingers stole to Peggy's curls again.

Steps at the door caused them to look up, and there was an instant flutter of excitement. In the doorway stood the Marquis de Lafayette—brilliant, radiant, splendid!—but only a nineteen-year-old boy himself. They knew him well by sight—some of them knew him personally—but

they did not know that look of elated excitement that now lighted his eyes.

The boys stood at salute to the young major-general, who now came quickly forward with a low bow to Lady Washington. When the marquis turned to the boy on the bed, he did not succeed in masking the slight start that he gave as his eyes rested on that pallid face.

“Bobby,” he said, leaning over the invalid with infinite tenderness in his eyes, “Bobby, I bring you ze great news!” The thrill in his voice caused the now wandering lad to come swiftly back for a moment. “Huguenot,” continued the marquis, taking the boy’s free hand close within his own, “La France has answered! She is sending men and ships to fight for ze liberty of America!”

They saw the boy’s fingers close convulsively about those of the Friend of America, and heard him whisper huskily:

“Thank God! Thank God—and France!”

A moment of watching silence, and then the group leaned forward with one impulse.

The Friend of America gently pulled up the covering sheet over the face on the pillow, and Lady Washington put her arms about Peggy and led her away.

The last boy to tiptoe from the room was the recent recruit from New England.

(Continued on page 255)

THE PATRIOTISM OF WASHINGTON

BY JOEL T. HEADLEY

. . . The crowning glory of his character was his patriotism. No man ever before rose out of the mass of the people to such power without abusing it, and history searches in vain for a military leader, so much of whose life had been spent in the camp, and whose will was law to a grateful nation, who voluntarily resigned his rank and chose the humble, peaceful occupation of a farmer. At first the nation, jealous of its liberties, was afraid to pass so much power into his hands; but it soon learned that he watched those liberties with a more anxious eye than itself. From the outset, his honor and his country stood foremost in his affections; the first he guarded with scrupulous care, and for the last he offered up his life and his fortune. His patriotism was so pure, so unmingled with any selfish feeling, that no ingratitude, or suspicions or wrongs, could for a moment weaken its force. It was like the love of a father for his son, which, notwithstanding his errors and disobedience, bends over him with that yearning affection which will still believe and hope on to the end. Men have been found who would sacrifice their lives for their country, and yet would not submit to its injustice or bear with its ingratitude, ignorance, and follies. Many have been astonished at the confidence of Washington even in his darkest hours; but it was the faith of strong love. On the nation's

heart, let it beat never so wildly, he leaned in solemn trust. Trace his career from its outset to its close, and love of country is seen to rule every act. Among that band of patriots who stood foremost in opposition to the tyrannical acts of Great Britain he was one of the most prominent. Side by side with Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Hancock, and others, he lifted up his voice and arm for freedom. Taking sides irrevocably with the right, from that time he is ready for any sacrifice, prepared for any trial. Speaking of the non-importation act, and advocating it, he says: "I am convinced there is no relief for us but in their (England's) distress; and I think, at least I hope, there is virtue enough left among us to *deny ourselves everything but the bare necessaries of life to accomplish this end.* This we have a right to do, and no power on earth can compel us to do otherwise till it has first reduced us to the most abject state of slavery." Measuring the depth of suffering into which his country must be plunged to preserve her freedom, he cheerfully steps into it himself. He commits all in the doubtful struggle, and lays himself first on the altar he helps to rear. There is no concealment, no reservation. As he stands in the first Congress, he stands before the world. To General Gage, commanding at Boston, by whose side he had shouted years before in the bloody battle of Monongahela, he uses the same boldness that he does to his friends, and winds up his letter with a prophecy which after years proved too true. "Again," says he, "give me leave to add as my opinion, that more blood will

be spilled on this occasion, if the ministry are determined to push matters to extremity, than history has ever furnished instances of in the annals of North America.' Events thicken, and the prospect grows darker, but Washington has taken his course, and not all the kings in the world can turn him aside. Soon after, writing to his brother, who was training an independent company, he says: "I shall very cheerfully accept the honor of commanding it, if occasion require it to be done, as it is my *full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in if needful.*" At length civil war burst forth, and no one could see what the end would be. But Congress, true to itself and true to the country it represented, rose above passion and fear, and immediately prepared to receive the shock. Washington, as commander-in-chief of the American forces, occupied the position of *head traitor* against his government and his king. The die was cast for him; and Congress, that band of noblest men that ever stood on the earth, closed sternly around him, pledging together, in solemn covenant, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to him in the common cause. The vow was recorded in heaven, and the conflict set. Refusing the salary voted him by Congress, he asked only that it should defray his expenses. His labor he regarded as nothing; and indeed to one who had coolly surveyed the perilous undertaking in which he had embarked, counted the cost, and who saw clearly the result of a failure both to himself and his friends, reward for his services was of little consequence. Besides,

his country demanded all, and all should be given. It was no sudden burst of enthusiasm—no outbreak of indignation against oppression, but a calm and settled determination to save his country or perish in the attempt. If he failed, he knew that his property would be confiscated, his family turned loose on the world, and himself, in all probability, hanged as a traitor. But he could say, with one even greater than himself, “None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me.” One can never think of him in his first campaign without the deepest emotions. Tried to the utmost—crippled in all his efforts, and unfortunate in all his movements—he suffered only as great hearts can suffer, at the dishonor that seemed before him; yet he still closed his lips in stern silence over his distressed condition, lest it should discourage the nation. He exaggerated his strength and concealed his weakness even from his own officers, knowing that despondency now would paralyze all effort and all hope. As he thus stands and muses and suffers, he seems ever murmuring to himself, “Let disgrace and dishonor fall on me rather than on the cause of freedom.” Receiving and holding in his own bosom the evil that would otherwise reach his country, he commits all to that God who rules the destinies of nations.

And when the gloomy winter of 1778 set in, he shared with his army at Valley Forge its privations and its sufferings. Eleven thousand American soldiers, two thousand of whom were barefoot and half naked, stacked their arms in the latter part of December, in the frozen field, and be-

gan to look out for huts to shelter them from the cold of winter. Hundreds with nothing but rags upon their bodies, their muskets resting upon their naked shoulders, their bare feet cut by the frozen ground till you could track them by their blood, had marched hither for repose and clothing, and, alas, nothing but the frost-covered fields received them. Starving, wretched, and wan, they looked like the miserable wreck of a routed and famine-struck army. Here could be seen a group harnessed in pairs, drawing a few logs together to cover them, and there another, devouring a morsel of bread to stay the pangs of hunger. And when the December night shut in the scene, the weary thousands lay down on the barren, bleak hillside, with scarce a blanket to cover them, their unprotected limbs flung out upon the frost. One would have thought at first sight, as they lay scattered around, that there had been a fierce-fought battle, and those were the wounded or dead stripped by the enemy. As the cold morning sun shone down upon the encampment, they again commenced their heavy task, and one by one went up the rude hovels. Into these the sons of liberty crept, many so naked they could not come forth again into the camp, but there stretched on the straw, passed the weary days and nights in suffering. As the cold increased, they dared not lie down at night, so unprotected and naked were they, but slept *sitting up around their fires*. Without a mouthful of meat to satisfy their hunger, they thus passed days and weeks, and yet not a movement of dissension. On such an army, presenting such a spectacle,

did Washington gaze with anguish, and his noble heart yearned toward the brave fellows who thus clung to him in the midst of neglect and suffering. Said he, in writing to Congress on the subject, "however others, who wish me to enter on a winter campaign, may feel for the naked and distressed soldiers, *I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul, I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent.*" All this took place too while the enemy lay within a day's march of them, and it is a wonder that a mutiny did not break out, and whole regiments of sufferers disband at once and return to their homes. History cannot furnish a more noble example of the devotion of troops to their leader and to the cause of freedom. When Congress at length mitigated these sufferings by sending clothing and food, Washington was enabled to build a log cabin for a dining-room, which his wife in writing to a friend said, "*made our quarters a little more comfortable.*" But the wide-spread evils did not end here: Congress was divided and grumbling, the legislatures of the separate states often selfish and suspicious, both thwarting his plans and rendering powerless his efforts, yet he had no thought of yielding the struggle. I believe though every one of the states had sent to him saying that the cause was hopeless and ought to be abandoned, he would have stood the same immovable, hopeful, and lofty man as ever.

MOLLY PITCHER

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

(June, 1778)

Brave Molly Pitcher, who has been so often the heroine of poem and story, was the Irish wife of an American gunner.

All the men knew and loved "Captain Molly," as they called her, for she was often around the camp.

During the battle of Monmouth, Molly carried water to her husband "to drive the heat and thirst away," and often stood by his side, watching, oh, so anxiously! every move he made—every shot that fell.

She had heard the command, "Halt, stand to your guns!" of the great Washington as he rallied his fleeing soldiers. She realized that it was a time for every one to serve his best.

At length a singing bullet struck her beloved gunner, and he fell dead by his cannon—dead at her feet. Molly did not think of her own aching heart, but of the fight to be won. She sprang immediately to take her husband's place. His cannon should not be left unmanned! Should not be wheeled aside—useless! She seized the rammer, "His voice shall speak though he lie dead; I'll serve my husband's gun," she said."

All that long hot June day, this brave, devoted woman toiled by the smoking gun, rammed and fired with "steady

hand and watchful eye''—served, till the sun went down on the battle won.

For this brave deed of hers, General Washington made Molly Pitcher a sergeant.

Pitcher the gunner is brisk and young;
He's a lightsome heart and a merry tongue,
An ear like a fox, an eye like a hawk,
A foot that would sooner run than walk,
And a hand that can touch the linstock home
As the lightning darts from the thunder-dome.
He hates a Tory; he loves a fight;
The roll of the drum is his heart's delight;
And three things rule the gunner's life:
His country, his gun, and his Irish wife.
Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

The sun shoots down on Monmouth fight
His brazen arrows broad and bright.
They strike on sabres' glittering sheen,
On rifle-stock and bayonet keen;
They pierce the smoke-cloud gray and dim,
Where stand the gunners swart and grim,
Firing fast as shot can flee
At the foe they neither hear nor see.



THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

After a painting by H. Ditzler

Where all are brave, the bravest one,
Pitcher the gunner, serves his gun.

Oh, Molly, Molly, haste and bring
The sparkling water from the spring,
To drive the heat and thirst away,
And keep your soldier glad and gay!

A bullet comes singing over the brow,
And—Pitcher's gun is silent now.
The brazen throat that roared his will,
The shout of his warlike joy, is still.
The black lips curl, but they shoot no flame,

And the voice that cries on the gunner's name
Finds only its echo where he lies
With his steadfast face turned up to the skies.

Oh, Molly, Molly, where he lies
His last look meets your faithful eyes;
His last thought sinks from love to love
Of your darling face that bends above.

“No one to serve in Pitcher's stead?
Wheel back the gun!” the captain said:
When like a flash, before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair and eyes of flame,
And lips that falter the gunner's name.

“Wheel back *his* gun, that never yet
His fighting duty did forget?
His voice shall speak, though he lie dead;
I'll serve my husband's gun!” she said.

Oh, Molly, now your hour is come!
Up, girl, and strike the linstock home!
Leap out, swift ball! Away! away!
Avenge the gunner's death to-day!

All day the great guns barked and roared;
All day the big balls screeched and soared;
All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
Who toiled in their smoke-shroud dense and dim,
Sweet Molly labored with courage high,

With steady hand and watchful eye,
Till the day was ours, and the sinking sun
Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
And Molly standing beside her gun.

Now Molly, rest your weary arm!
Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.
Now, woman, bow your aching head,
And weep in sorrow o'er your dead!

Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm, stands Washington,
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed—
A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
Masking a woman's petticoat.
He greets our Molly in kindly wise;
He bids her raise her fearful eyes;
And now he hails her before them all
Comrade and soldier, whate'er befall.
“And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!”
Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

THAT GREAT SEA-FIGHT

(September, 23, 1779)

BY H. E. MARSHALL *

Of all the naval commanders on the American side, the Scotsman, John Paul Jones, was the most famous. He was the son of a gardener, and was born at Arbigland in Kirkcudbrightshire. From a child he had been fond of the sea, and when still only a boy of twelve he began his seafaring life on board a ship trading with Virginia. For some years he led a roving and adventurous life. Then after a time he came to live in America, which, he said himself, "has been my favorite country since the age of thirteen, when I first saw it."

His real name was John Paul. But he took the name of Jones out of gratitude to a Mr. Jones, a gentleman of Virginia, who had befriended him when he was poor and in trouble.

When the War of the Revolution broke out Jones was a young man of twenty-seven, and he threw himself heart and soul into the struggle on the side of the Americans. He was the first man to receive a naval commission after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was, too, the first man to break † the American naval flag from the mast. This was not, however, the Stars and Stripes,

* From "This Country of Ours," by H. E. Marshall. Copyright, 1917, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

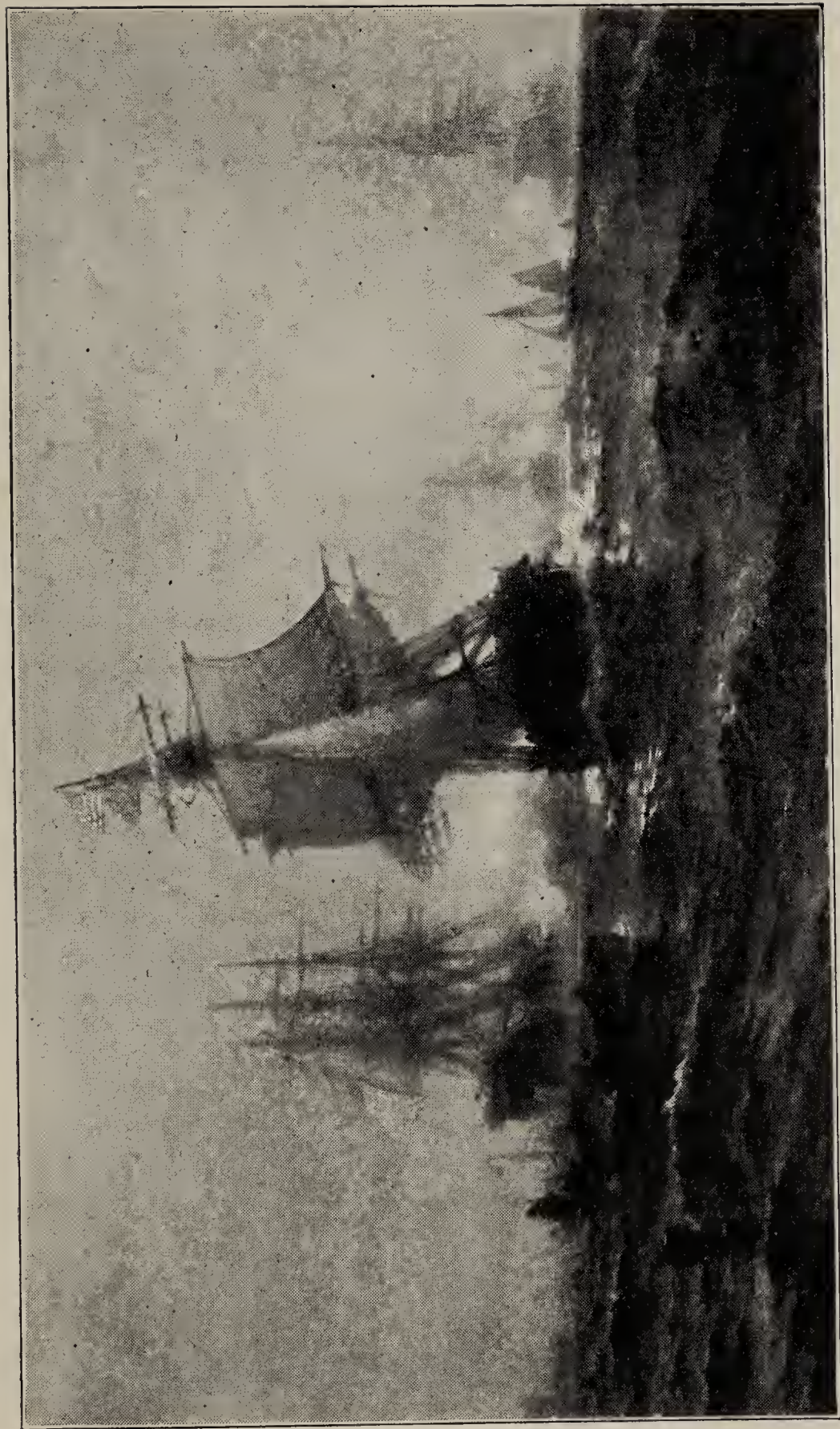
† "Break," nautical term meaning to unfurl.

but a yellow flag with a pine-tree and a rattlesnake, and the words "Tread on me who dares."

Jones became famous at once for his deeds of skill and daring, for it was his sole ambition, he said, "to fight a battle under the new flag, which will teach the world that the American flag means something afloat, and must be respected at sea." But he never liked the yellow flag. It was more fit for a pirate ship, he thought, than to be the ensign of a great nation, and he it was who first sailed under the Stars and Stripes, which he hoisted on his little ship, the *Ranger*. This was a vessel of only three hundred tons. In it, in November, 1777, he crossed the Atlantic, harried the coast of England and Scotland, and then made his way to France.

From France, Jones set out again with a little fleet of four ships. His flag-ship he called the *Bonhomme Richard*, as a compliment both to France and Franklin, Franklin being the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac," for which *Bonhomme Richard* was the French title.

The *Bonhomme Richard* was the largest vessel of the American navy, but it was only a worn-out old East India merchantman, turned into a man-of-war by having port-holes for guns cut in the sides. And, although Jones did not know it at the time, the guns themselves had all been condemned as unsafe before they were sent on board. The other ships of the squadron were also traders fitted up with guns in the same way, but were all much smaller than the *Bonhomme*.



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**EUROPE'S FIRST RECOGNITION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG—JOHN PAUL JONES EXCHANGING
SALUTES WITH FRENCH WAR-SHIPS IN QUIBERON BAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1778**

Reproduced through the courtesy of the owner, Hon. Theodore Sutro

With this rakish little fleet Paul Jones set out to do great deeds. His bold plan was to attack Liverpool, the great centre of shipping, but that had to be given up, for he found it impossible to keep his little squadron together. Sometimes he would only have one other ship with him, sometimes he would be quite alone. So he cruised about the North Sea, doing a great deal of damage to British shipping, catching merchantmen and sending them to France as prizes.

At length one afternoon in September, when he had only the *Pallas* with him, he sighted a whole fleet of merchantmen off the coast of England and at once gave chase. The merchantmen were being convoyed by two British men-of-war, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, and they at once got between Jones and his prey. Then the merchantmen made off as fast as they could, and the men-of-war came on. Presently the captain of the *Serapis* hailed the *Bonhomme Richard*.

“What ship are you?” he shouted.

“I can’t hear what you say,” replied Jones, who wanted to get nearer.

That made the British captain suspicious.

Nearer and nearer the two vessels drew on to each other.

“Hah,” he said, “it is probably Paul Jones. If so, there is hot work ahead.”

Again the *Serapis* sent a hail.

“What ship is that? Answer immediately, or I shall be obliged to fire into you.”

Paul Jones answered this time—with a broadside—and a terrible battle began. The carnage was awful. The decks were soon cumbered with the dead and dying. The two ships were so near that the muzzles of their guns almost touched each other. Both were soon riddled with shot, and leaking so that the pumps could hardly keep pace with the rising water. Still the men fought on.

Jones was everywhere, firing guns himself, encouraging his men, cheering them with his voice and his example. “The commodore had but to look at a man to make him brave,” said a Frenchman who was there. “Such was the power of one heart that knew no fear.”

The sun went down over the green fields of England, and the great red harvest moon came up. Still through the calm moonlight night the guns thundered, and a heavy cloud of smoke hung over the sea. Two of the rotten old guns on the *Bonhomme Richard* had burst at the first charge, killing or wounding the gunners; other guns were soon utterly useless. For a minute not one could be fired, and the Captain of the *Serapis* thought that the Americans were beaten.

“Have you struck?” he shouted, through the smoke of battle.

“No,” cried Jones, “I haven’t begun to fight yet.”

The next instant the roar and rattle of musketry crashed forth again. Both ships were now on fire, and a great hole was smashed in the side of the *Bonhomme*.

“For God’s sake, strike, Captain,” said one of his officers.

Jones looked at him silently for a minute. Then:

“No,” he cried, “I will sink. I will never strike.”

The ships were now side by side, and Jones gave orders to lash the *Bonhomme* to the *Serapis*. He seized a rope himself and helped to do it. The carpenter beside him, finding the lines tangled, rapped out a sailor’s oath.

But Jones was as calm as if nothing was happening.

“Don’t swear, Mr. Stacy,” he said. “We may soon all be in eternity. Let us do our duty.”

Lashed together now the two ships swung on the waves in a death grapple. The guns on the *Bonhomme Richard* were nearly all silenced. But a sailor climbed out on to the yards, and began throwing hand-grenades into the *Serapis*. He threw one right into the hold, where it fell upon a heap of cartridges and exploded, killing about twenty men. That ended the battle. With his ship sinking and aflame, and the dead lying thick about him, the British captain struck his flag, and the Americans boarded the *Serapis* and took possession.

In silence and bitterness of heart Captain Pearson bowed and handed his sword to Jones. But Jones had only admiration for his gallant foe. He longed to say something to comfort him, but Pearson looked so sad and dignified that he knew not what to say. At length he spoke:

“Captain Pearson,” he said; “you have fought like a hero. You have worn this sword to your credit, and to the honor of your service. I hope your King will reward you suitably.”



Copyright by Carlton T. Chapman

FIGHT BETWEEN THE "BONHOMME RICHARD" AND THE "SERAPIS"

After a painting by Carlton T. Chapman

But Captain Pearson could not answer, his heart was still too sore. Without a word he bowed again and turned away.

While this terrible fight had been going on, the *Pallas* had engaged the *Countess of Scarborough* and captured her, and now appeared, not much the worse for the fight. But the *Bonhomme Richard* was an utter wreck, and was sinking fast. So, as quickly as possible, the sailors, weary as they were with fighting, began to move the wounded to the *Serapis*. The crew of the British ship, too, worked with a will, doing their best to save their enemies of the night before. At length all were safely carried aboard the *Serapis*, and only the dead were left on the gallant old *Bonhomme Richard*.

“To them,” says Jones, in his journal, “I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in it they found a sublime sepulchre. And the last that mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bonhomme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down.”

ALL'S WELL!

(Continued from page 235)

CHAPTER XIV

WITH THE SWAMP FOX AMONG THE PALMETTOS

Kingdon did not believe in ghosts—and yet——!

The young fellow suddenly strained hard against the cords which bound him to the giant palmetto—strained until they almost cut into his solid flesh. He must do something to bring himself back to reality—something to convince himself that the world about him was real, and not all part of a fantastic dream.

Yes, he was awake now—thanks to those all too real cords. And here he was, 'way down in South Carolina, and prisoner to that most cruel of all captors—the Bloody Tarleton! The beast himself lay snoring soundly yonder—he the dishonorer of truces, the butcherer of the wounded and the captive, the persecutor of women and helpless children! Kingdon wondered in how short a time this British butcher would bring *him* to a “short shrift and a tight cord”! And what was to become of the confidential message which he was bearing from his chief to the Swamp Fox of the Carolinas? Was it to die when he died? And would that be at sunrise to-morrow? Alas, for the impetuous eagerness which had betrayed him thus into Tarleton's hands! Nathan—dear Nathan!

And where was Duffy? Dear God, where was his little

brother? As far as King could learn, the last that had been seen of him was in the thickest of the fight at Camden. Duffy had been a revelation to him. Not that he had ever questioned the younger lad's courage. But whoever would have expected to find in tough little old Duffy a sentiment strong enough to bring him—against seemingly insurmountable difficulties—to fight for the State so passionately loved by the lad they had buried at Valley Forge?

Buried at Valley Forge—and yet!

Here the conversation of the two sleepy guards engaged Kingdon's attention.

“Sure, and it's the devil's own quest we are on—this hunting that Swamp Fox in a haunted forest.”

“Hunting the Swamp Fox!” Kingdon caught at the phrase. He too had been hunting the Swamp Fox, and as vainly as the bloody British colonel. But he now listened with all his faculties awake. Maybe these creatures had caught the trail at last! Maybe he could get some hint of it from them! Maybe he could yet escape to take his chief's message to the unconquerable Francis Marion! But with the answer came despair again:

“Well, it's dead I'll be, Murphy, if you don't let me be quiet a bit and—think!”

“You're sleepy—you're fixin' to go to sleep at your post,” taunted the one called Murphy. But his voice too was decidedly drowsy, and both presently ceased. Then silence—a long, cumulative silence—with memory whispering: “The haunted forest!”

Kingdon looked about him at the dark, mysterious trees, the startled-looking palmetto shrubs and Spanish daggers, and the trailing mystery of gray moss over all! No, he did not believe in ghosts—and yet! What face was that which had looked out of the darkness at him—looked as if it would speak? They had buried Bobby Huger at Valley Forge. Kingdon remembered all too vividly the stiffness of the slight form which he and Fairfax had laid so tenderly in the rude pine box of Duffy's making. Bobby Huger was *dead!* But who was it that had looked with his remembered face out of the darkness just then?

No, King was sure that he had not been dreaming.

Kingdon looked swiftly about him again. Tarleton's camp lay asleep. The very guard in charge of him was nodding at his post. Somehow he wished that the man would wake—it was so lonely here on the edge of the dim-draped forest. There was light enough to see, to see well, for a brilliant Southern moon disclosed the scene in all its details. But moonlight belongs to mystery, and its shimmering weirdness only served to emphasize his feeling of unearthiness.

And then—as if the night *could* bear more of eerie loveliness—a lone bird which seemed to embody within himself the spirit of all song undertook to interpret to the silence the moon and the night and the wild heart of the listener.

But suddenly the bird ceased. Silence stood tiptoe! Everything seemed to pause—the very pounding heart of him! Yonder, just beyond those yucca palms, was *that*

face again! Kingdon could not have moved if he had tried, could not have uttered a sound. And now a slight, well-remembered figure came stealing forward in the silver light. A white finger to its lips warned "Silence!"

Another moment, and the figure was leaning over him, yet with the face obscured from the light. But Kingdon saw a very real blade glint in the moonlight, and lo! the cords which bound him were cut away.

Not a word was spoken, but, beckoning him to follow, his liberator retreated swiftly.

"Follow?" Follow *what*? The young man came to his feet, but stood still between two minds. But there on the ground lay Bloody Tarleton's executioners, and that which beckoned wore the semblance of a friend. Silently as the phantom itself, he stepped among his sleeping captors, and followed the beck of that white finger—deep, deep, deep into the semitropical swamp.

Presently they came upon the big, dark forms of horses, and Kingdon's silent guide untethered them quickly, and leaped upon the back of one.

"Get up," whispered a not unfamiliar voice as Kingdon hesitated. King gasped, but obeyed. Not forgotten was his quest of the Swamp Fox, but his will-power lay thrall before the eerie circumstance. He could not choose but follow.

And then began that fantastic ride through the seemingly pathless forest—now creeping cautiously through a green-dark distance, now flying like the wind across a moon-

lit glade—threading a thicket of shrub palmettos here, fording a dark stream farther on. Whither away, spirit, whither away?

Kingdon tried to induce this shadow person to speak again—he wanted to test the fancied familiarity in that voice. Besides, his professional pride was at stake. He, a spy in the service of the Continental army, to be bewildered like this!

But all in vain. His subdued but urgent questions as to where he was and whither being led were left unanswered. Unanswered was he, too, when suddenly overcome by superstition, he pleaded to know of Duffy and his fate. Surely a spirit would know! Surely *this spirit* would know of Duff!

Some distance farther on, his dark guide spoke one word: “Imitate!” And then the speaker gave vent to a low, peculiar whistle, repeating it several times.

Kingdon obeyed, imitating the weird call till he could make it quite perfectly. Then silence again, and another dark mile, during which Kingdon began to pull his nerves together, and to try to formulate some sort of plan for escaping from this leadership and resuming his quest.

Presently they came out of the jungle on to the banks of a good-sized stream, across which they could glimpse the light of a camp-fire, and moving figures.

Kingdon’s guide pointed to the lights now, and whispered in a voice every note of which thrilled him to the marrow:

“*The Swamp Fox!* The river is fordable. Whistle as you approach. Tell the Fox that Tarleton withdraws from the chase to-morrow.”

The next moment, the shadow figure wheeled its shadow horse and—was not there at all!—not anywhere!

Kingdon sat his mount astounded. Then, recovering with a start, he turned and looked to the forest refuge of the Swamp Fox. Yonder, about that camp-fire, moved that little band of unconquerable men who, when their State was swept by fire and sword, took to the swamps, whence to issue from time to time and strike. Nobody could catch the Swamp Fox, nobody defeat him. His name spelled mystery and terror to the superstitious British, and remained the one and only hope of his tortured people.

With a sudden urge to his horse, Kingdon rode down into the shallow river, sending the weird whistling call ahead of him across the moonlit waters. There was an answer in kind from the islet camp, and presently the young spy rode into as motley and romantic a group as ever Robin Hood assembled around him in far-famed Sherwood forest.

Men and boys, white and black, grave and gay, they were—this gypsy-looking crew that received him as he rode up out of the dark waters. Kingdon had seen many queerly garbed groups in that day of all-sacrifice, but never one so fantastic. Motley indeed were the garments which hung upon them, and when, here and there, these were supplemented by drapings of the misty moss of the native forest, it had the effect of blending the wearers into the woodland

scheme itself. The young fellow got the queer feeling of one who, having crossed a river of enchantment, emerges into the midst of a fairy scene.

But when he looked into their faces—the faces of these men who preferred the fen of the rattlesnake to the safe



MARION AND HIS MEN SURPRISING A BRITISH WAGON-TRAIN

bed of the disloyal, these men whom no terror could cow and no king could corrupt—he knew them for his brothers.

The camp was alert, tense, Kingdon noted now. Men were hurriedly preparing the rude meal in process of cooking. Horses stood bitted and saddled. There were plans in the air—Kingdon felt it.

Eager, fascinated, he asked to see General Marion.

Kingdon had formed his own notion of what this unconquerable chief would be like, and he had pictured to himself a man as big as he knew the spirit of Francis Marion to be. He would be fierce, too, King had decided, fierce, and implacable!

The forest men directed him to their leader.

On a fallen tree, some little distance from the blazing camp-fire, sat a slight, small man, quietly watching the hurried preparations. His dark skin and coal-black eyes—legacies from his Huguenot ancestors—fitted indeed into Kingdon's preconceived ideal of him, but where in that quiet dignity of countenance could he hope to find his fierce forest chief? But the garb of "the leader, frank and bold," was fantastic enough, for he wore a close-fitting jacket of scarlet hue, and a small, round cap upon which was a silver crescent inscribed with the words "Liberty or Death!" Eight years before the fighting began, South Carolina had written that ultimatum across her bonnie blue flag.

General Marion received the young spy with a hand-clasp, warm and kindly, and the tired fellow was shortly seated beside him, delivering the confidential message he had ridden so many perilous miles to bring, and the later message about Tarleton. General Marion heard in silence.

And then, eager to unravel the mystery of his guidance hither, King poured out to his grave-eyed listener an account of the strange being who had delivered him from captivity and led him here.

“He looked so—so—*unnatural*,” finished the young man.

At the word “unnatural” Kingdon fancied that the grave, dark eyes of his listener narrowed slightly—that the straight glance grew keener. King got the impression that the chief was studying *him*.

“Why ‘unnatural’?” asked the even voice.

“I—don’t know,” answered the lad, and he didn’t.

There was a distinct pause, and then the general offered his only explanation: “A light-winged messenger of mine,” he said.

General Marion closed the interview with an urgent invitation to the young fellow to partake of their midnight supper of roasted sweet potatoes and unsalted beef.

King was glad enough to fall to with the others, for he, like them, had been riding far and hard; and, like them, he must mount and ride again—the brief rest ended.

It was while they were feasting that a giant Scot whom the men called “MacDonald” came dragging into their midst a figure which he planted down among them with unnecessary vim.

“That bad penny again,” he exclaimed, “and we hoped that we had lost him!”

Kingdon sprang to his feet. And, at the same moment, the “bad penny,” catching sight of him, let out a yell: “Pretty soldier!”

The Scot let go his hold, and the brothers rushed together. In the explanations which followed, it developed

that "the bad penny" had escaped to the Swamp Fox after the defeat of Gates at Camden, and kept things lively here by his will-o'-the-wisp performances. King noted with thankfulness that the saucy imp seemed a pet among the men. And his heart beat high when the grave commander put his arm about the returned boy's shoulders quite as their father might have done. It would not be given to Kingdon to serve with this little brother of his—for their work carried them far apart—but he experienced a deep comfort in realizing that, living, the lad was in noble company, and that if it should be his to die, he would fall among brave men.

"*To horse!*" The order had come, and the men sprang to obey—but which way to ride, and to what end, nobody in the whole round world but their leader knew.

Kingdon was quickly on his horse again, and after hurriedly given directions from MacDonald, prepared to thread his way out of the forest, alone, and by a new path. He would have given much to have gone with the Swamp Fox—with his brother—but he was compelled to return to the one who had sent him.

Another minute, and he and Duff turned and waved good-by to each other, the younger lad sweeping away with Marion's gallant men. Kingdon spurred his horse in the opposite direction, and followed the river for a long way. Presently, however, he began to realize that he was not finding the landmarks MacDonald had been at such pains to describe.

On and on and on— Yes, he was lost!

His strange steed now began to add to his discomfort by developing a fear of the gnomelike cypress knees that studded the forest way. Presently the creature came to a dead stand and positively refused to go forward. Per-



THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE TO GATES

From a drawing by F. C. Yohn

suasion did no good. Oh, well, there was medicine for such stubbornness. All out of patience now, King applied the whip and spur. Alas for such methods! There was one frightful rearing up, one headlong plunge, and then—*Nothingness!*

Kingdon opened his eyes with the queer feeling of being alone and yet *not* alone. He had fallen in the forest—and

he lay in the forest. A few yards away, his horse was feeding quietly, and near by were those gnomelike cypress knees which had brought him to his fall. He was alone in the haunted forest. And yet——

He turned his head apprehensively toward its more shadowy depths, and there, seated on the ground beside him, was that slight, mysterious figure which, a few hours earlier, had piloted him to the Swamp Fox. The face was in shadow.

There was a long moment of eerie quiet, and then Kingdon asked in a whisper: “Who *are* you?”

The reply, which did not come immediately, was in whisper too: “Anything you choose to believe me.”

“Are you—a *spirit*?”

“Aren’t *you*?”—the answer was accompanied by a low laugh, a laugh so eerie—so *almost remembered*—that the young fellow waked to the last fibre of him. He was no longer a half-dazed, hurt thing, subject to any sort of hallucinations—he was the soldier now, and the *spy*. But he was careful not to throw off his bewildered demeanor, and he raised his hand to his forehead with a well-simulated groan. The cloud that had veiled the face of the declining moon now scurried away, and left the spot bathed in brilliant, semitropical moonlight.

Kingdon pretended to close his eyes, but watched narrowly. He still could not see the face, for the light fell directly upon the head, but he saw other things.

The hands which ministered to him were slight, small—

and were very soft. The right sleeve of the stranger's jacket had been torn very badly, evidently by the bushes, and the swinging tatters dropped away from the arm, leaving it half bare to his alertly watchful eyes.

Kingdon drew his own conclusions.

"Thanks," he said; "I am much better." And he sat up. Presently he leaned forward and said in a very earnest whisper:

"You are loyal, whoever—*whatever* you are, and I see that you are in the confidence of the loyal. Can I trust you with a secret?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"A deep, *dark* secret?" Kingdon urged.

The figure caught a quick breath and leaned forward. "Yes!" came again, and in tense eagerness.

King lowered his voice mysteriously: "It's this," he confided; "you are—a *girl!*"

The figure was on its feet with a bound, and had whirled to escape, but King—none the less quick—sprang after and caught it.

"Not so fast, little lady," he laughed; "the big chief has made it my business to know things, and I am going to know *your face!*"

His captive spoke not a word, but pulled back, manfully enough now, and he had to exert quite a bit of muscle in bringing the slight creature into the light. With the moonlight streaming down upon them, King took hold of the delicate chin and raised the face to the full light.

“*Peggy!*” he gasped, falling back, “*Peggy Ravenel!*”

A low, now well-remembered, laugh answered him.

But Kingdon was mopping the nervous perspiration from his forehead. “You—you—” he exclaimed, “look so like Bobby!”

“Yes,” said the girl, “we were always alike, and with my hair cut short and these clothes of his, I suppose I am very like him—dear Bobby!”

“But you are more like *him*—than like your old self, *Peggy.*”

The girl was silent for a moment, and then said, quite tenderly: “Uncle Huger says that I *am* more like Robert than like the old *Peggy*. King—I am trying to be.”

“It is like him to serve as you are serving, *Peggy*. Do you know,” he continued, “I half believed you were Bobby’s spirit—come home!”

“I sometimes think,” began the girl in a half-whisper, “I sometimes think that he lends me his courage.” There was a pause between them, and then the girl continued: “I have always wanted to tell you, Kingdon—I know now why men died at Bunker Hill and Charleston and Saratoga—I know why Bobby died at Valley Forge.”

“The best part of you was only sleeping, *Peggy.*” He was thinking of how she had danced with the enemies of her country in Philadelphia, and he knew that she was too.

It was with a laugh which was half sob that she answered him:



"YOU ARE LOYAL, WHOEVER—WHATEVER YOU ARE"

“And you certainly did jump at me to wake me up! Do you remember how you abused me, King—that morning at Philadelphia? I thought you were going to shake me! And then came *Valley Forge* and—Bobby! Do you think if I try very, very hard, King, that I can atone?”

Kingdon took her hand quickly within both his own. “You *have* atoned, Peggy. And now you must go home and leave this sort of thing for *men*— It’s too dangerous for a girl.”

But Peggy shook her head. “If you can dare for your country,” she said, “why shouldn’t I?”

“But women should be spared the more perilous things.”

“Kingdon,” she exclaimed, “if Liberty is worth the lives of men, *it is worth the lives of women, too!*”

When Kingdon replied, it was as if to himself. “And the Swamp Fox needs his ‘light-winged messenger,’” he said.

“Yes,” said the girl, “and I must be gone now. I thought you were badly hurt or I should not have tarried.”

“But may I not go with you?” he begged, “I have lost my own way completely.”

“Two make twice as much noise as one,” she replied, with another shake of the head. But she lingered to hear the story of his troubles, and to set him right. And then she went swiftly to where her pony was tethered in the shadows. The next moment, she had mounted and was ready. Kingdon extricated his own bridle from where it

had caught in the thorn boughs, and sprang into the saddle, his steed docile enough now. It was time to say good-by.

“When the war is over,” Kingdon began, using that most wistful of all wistful phrases, “I—am coming back to South Carolina.”

The girl did not answer.

“*May I, Peggy?*” he begged.

“Y-yes,” said Peggy.

Kingdon rode up close beside her and held out his hand.

“Good-by, comrade,” he said.

“Good-by.”

Peggy wheeled her horse and took the wood way to the camp of the Swamp Fox, and Kingdon set his face toward the one who had sent him.

In a few moments, night and silence and a Southern moon had the scene to themselves, with one lone mocking-bird pouring out in song all the mystery of haunted forests and haunted hearts.

(Concluded on page 277)

MACDONALD'S RAID

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE *

With Francis Marion was a huge, raw-boned Scotchman by the name of MacDonald, who was the hero of many a thrilling adventure, and whom it was difficult to keep from sheer rashness.

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Paul Hamilton Hayne has given us a thrilling account in verse of one of this Scot's most daring exploits—the raid of Georgetown, South Carolina, a place that contained a garrison of three hundred British. It seems that one idle, rainy day MacDonald grew unusually restive. Now a rainy day, with nothing to do, is maddening to the tamest of us, and MacDonald was not tame. He was fully capable of creating all the excitement his soul longed for, even in pretty weather, and on this rainy day he was ripe for trouble. He had plenty of pluck, plenty of imagination, and, above all, plenty of voice. So, with four chosen troopers he stole out of his swamp and fell upon the three hundred British of Georgetown. The five of them dashed through the place at a mad gallop, hacking right and left with their swords, and yelling fiercely: “Death to the Redcoats and *down* with the King!”

The people of the town fled into their homes in terror, and the British soldiers made straight for their redoubt with the cry:

“Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day!”

The fun over, MacDonald and his chosen four retired unscathed to their palmetto swamp again.

I remember it well; 'twas a morn dull and gray,
And the legion lay idle and listless that day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When MacDonald arose, and unsheathing his blade,

Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I'm hot for a
raid.

Let the carbines be loaded, the war harness ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!"

We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright,
To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in fight;
Yet he chose from our numbers *four* men and no more.
"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be strong as four-
score,

If you follow me fast wheresoever I lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, stanch heart and bold
steed.

Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle-bits ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!"

In a trice we were mounted; MacDonald's tall form
Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a storm
When the clouds on Ben Lomond hang heavy and stark,
And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the
dark;

His left hand on his sword-belt, his right lifted free,
With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch from the knee,
His lithe Arab was off like an eagle on wing—
Ha! death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!

'Twas three leagues to the town, where, in insolent pride
Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and wide,
The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms,
A soft *dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms;
When fierce yells, as if borne on some fiendridden rout,
With strange cheer after cheer, are heard echoing with-
out,

Over which, like the blast of ten trumpeters, ring,
“Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!”

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoofstroke and shout,
That the foemen made straight for their inmost redoubt,
And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth they,
“Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day!
Are the works, think you, strong? God of heaven, what
a din!

'Tis the front wall besieged—have the rebels rushed in?
It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant ring
Of ‘death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!’ ”

Meanwhile through the town, like a whirlwind we sped
And ere long be assured that our broadswords were red.

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy left
Whose heart was unpierced, or whose head-piece uncleft,
What should we do next, but—as careless and calm
As if we were scenting a summer morn’s balm

'Mid a land of pure peace—just serenely drop down
On the few constant friends who still stopped in the town.
What a welcome they gave us! One dear little thing,
As I kissed her sweet lips, did I dream of the King?—

Of the King or his minions? No; war and its scars
Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars
From a love-girdled earth; but alack! on our bliss,
On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on kiss,
Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush thick and fast
Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash *ruse* at last;
So we haste to our coursers, yet flying, we fling
The old watch-words abroad, "Down with Redcoats and
King!"

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hardbeaten track
We had traversed that morn, we glanced momentarily back,
And beheld their long earth-works all compassed in flame:
With a vile plunge and hiss the huge musket-balls came,
And the soil was ploughed up, and the space 'twixt the
trees
Seemed to hum with the war-song of Brobdignag bees;
Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring
The shouts, "Death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!"

THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH *

“Past two o’clock and Cornwallis is taken.”
How the voice rolled down the street
Till the silence rang and echoed
With the stir of hurrying feet!
In the hush of the Quaker city,
As the night drew on to morn,
How it startled the troubled sleepers,
Like the cry of a man-child born!

“Past two o’clock and Cornwallis is taken.”
How they gathered, man and maid,
Here the child with a heart for the flint-lock,
There the trembling grandsire staid!
From the stateliest homes of the city,
From hovels that love might scorn,
How they followed that ringing summons,
Like the cry for a king’s heir born!

“Past two o’clock and Cornwallis is taken.”
I can see the quick lights flare,
See the glad, wild face at the window,
Half dumb in a breathless stare.

* From “Ships in Port,” by Lewis Worthington Smith. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam’s Sons, publishers, New York and London.

In the pause of an hour portentous,
In the gloom of a hope forlorn,
How it throbbed to the star-deep heavens,
Like the cry for a nation born!

“Past two o’clock and Cornwallis is taken.”
How the message is sped and gone
To the farm and the town and the forest
Till the world was one vast dawn!
To distant and slave-sunk races,
Bowed down in their chains that morn,
How it swept on the winds of heaven,
Like a cry for God’s justice born.

ALL’S WELL!

(Concluded from page 271)

CHAPTER XV

AT YORKTOWN

By a happy concourse of circumstances, many of the friends who had gone out of the old Latin School pledged to the hard road of revolution were destined to meet again at the end of that long, long trail across the cruel years—that trail so dark with menace at every turning, so blood-marked by the feet which pressed ever doggedly forward along its desperate way!

The autumn of 1781 found Lord Cornwallis, with all

the British forces then in Virginia, intrenched on that famous old Yorktown tongue of land that extends out between the York and James Rivers to the Chesapeake, and twenty-three-year-old Lafayette, with a much inferior force, established on the neck of the peninsula to cut off his retreat by land. The question had become, could Lafayette, with his raw forces, hold against the trained and superior numbers of Cornwallis should the latter choose to sweep over him to freedom?

But the sea was the greater problem.

British war-ships by the score lay idle in New York harbor in easy call of Cornwallis, while the French fleet under Grasse—America's only sea hope—was operating in the far-off West Indies. Rumor had it that Lafayette had appealed to Washington for help by land and by sea. Rumor also persistently stated that Cornwallis was calling for the aid of the British fleets and forces at New York.

Which would answer, and *when*? Would the distant French ships come and complete the destruction of Cornwallis? Or would the proud Mistress of the Seas stretch out her hand in time to save him? God of the faithful, *which*?

It was in search of the answer to that question that a little scouting party made their cautious way through the willow copse along the lower York River, one day in late August. They were eager, desperately eager, in their search of the horizon for sail as they paused ever and anon at points

of vantage to train their glasses seaward. But only the dim blue of the endless waters answered their agonized hope.

“Hello! What’s *that?*” exclaimed one, as he suddenly reined back his horse deeper into the covering undergrowth.

A Redcoat was riding toward them down the forest aisle.

The second scout pressed forward. “Joe,” he exclaimed, in a whisper, “that looks like—that is——”

Joe Radford took a keener look through the willows, and whispered hoarsely: “Macduff Marsh, if I’m alive, and with a red coat on his dastard back!”

The unconscious Redcoat was approaching the ambushed party now, but was riding with slow, alert caution. They could see his face plainly—there was no mistaking him.

It was a tense moment for the two, a moment of dramatic decision.

“He is Kingdon’s brother,” suggested Joe Radford.

“He’s America’s enemy!” growled the giant other. And they rode out of the willows upon their sometime comrade and friend.

The startled Redcoat jerked back his horse upon its haunches, but the next moment he was rocking in the saddle, convulsed with laughter.

The captors looked at each other—sheepishly at first, then they too began to laugh.

“Where did you get that coat?” was the first question they could get breath enough to put.

“Stole it,” laughed Macduff, “with my nag here. I escaped out of Yorktown last night. Old Corny took me away from General Greene at Guilford, and brought me into Virginia.”

“‘Yorktown’?” exclaimed Radford; “what do you know about Yorktown?—about Lord Cornwallis’s defenses there?”

“Everything!” exclaimed Duffy, now grave enough. “When they got me, I pretended to turn coat. They believed me—fancy their doing it!—and gradually I wormed my way into what they would give their ears to keep from the Americans.”

Radford gathered up his reins. “We must get back with this to General Lafayette!” he cried.

“Hold on,” interposed the second scout, who was no other than the giant Smith, “Fairfax is commanding—we must wait for him here, as he said.”

It was during that wait for the commander of their scouting party that they told Duffy of General Lafayette’s perilous position, and of what they hoped and what they feared from those inscrutable waters yonder. And Duffy told them in turn of how strong were Cornwallis’s intrenchments at Yorktown, and of rumors of white-winged reinforcement for him from the British in New York.

It was while they sat, aghast at the seriousness of the Americans’ position, that young Carter suddenly came crashing through the bushes—his eyes and cheeks on fire.

“Sail within the capes!” he almost sobbed out, as he burst upon them.

“*Which?*” The eager cry went up from all together.

“*I don't know!*” and he wheeled his horse about. “Go back to camp,” he ordered. “I must ride farther down and see—too many of us can't escape detection.” With a swift recognition of Duff now, a “hail and farewell,” he crashed through the willows again and was gone.

And they faced about to order, but with their young hearts bursting with the agonized question:

“Those war-ships standing in between the capes down yonder—were they flying the union jack of a destroying enemy or the rescuing lilies of France? God of the desperate, *which?*”

The sun was setting over the camp of Lafayette when Radford and Smith, with Macduff between them, were ushered into the presence of the twenty-three-year-old “French boy” who, with a much inferior force, was holding the great Cornwallis against the sea. The young Lafayette was much the same figure they had known at Valley Forge. True, the four years which had intervened between then and now had left their unmistakable traces upon him, but he was scarcely more than a boy yet, and his mobile face was still alight with vivid youth. Instant upon their entrance, he was eager for what they brought.

“General,” explained Joe, as they came to salute be-

fore him, "here is a man with inside information about Yorktown."

A swift question or two, and Macduff and the major-general were down at a table together, where the American lad, with pencil and paper supplied, sketched his running description of the British fortifications with inspired strokes.

The two others stood in respectful silence till Duff finished: "And these two redoubts to the right here are the enemy's strongest points. With them carried by assault, the rest would be—*possible*."

The young major-general looked up at the youth with a rewarding smile.

As Duff rose to retire, an officer opened the door, and Fairfax stood before them—a Fairfax white with the tensity of something carried on his heart! The three other youths, knowing as they did the momentous question to which he bore answer, held their breath to hear, while the Marquis de Lafayette leaned forward eagerly, saying:

"What news?"

Young Carter's voice was scarcely his own as he replied: "Upward of thirty sail are within the Chesapeake, your lordship, and they are flying—*the French Flag!*"

"Ah!" The single syllable escaped the young marquis like a winged prayer, and then the group stood silent—dumb with feeling too vast for words.

It was with a noticeable effort to reinforce the self-command of all of them that the major-general here looked about at them with an including smile. But as he did so,

a speculative, reminiscent interest dawned in his eyes, and, turning to Fairfax, he said:

“Carter, I feel zat I have been in zis group before.”

The others remembered.

“Yes, general”—it was Fairfax who answered—“it was in the little stone house at Valley Forge. Lady Washington was there, and a comrade of ours was—dying.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the general with the light of a tender remembrance now in the eyes, “*Le petit Huguenot*— Yes, I remember.”

With the level rays of the sinking sun falling upon the American buff and blue which the young nobleman wore so proudly in preference to the resplendent uniform of the French Empire, and with the knowledge in their hearts that down in the Chesapeake the breezes were fluttering the flag of the golden lilies, the young Americans present felt the application, as Fairfax stepped forward quietly and said:

“And *we* remember, your lordship, Bobby Huger’s ‘Thank God—and France!’ ”

At the delicate tribute the vivid face of the marquis was swept for a moment by a look of warm appreciation, but in the next he leaned forward, deeply concerned, and said:

“But in moments like zese, my comrades, we must not forget ze one whose master hand directs us here as at every step, *ze one greatest*”— he came to his feet in the attitude

of reverence as he pronounced the name—“Zheneral Washington!”

The next day, Kingdon Marsh, General Washington’s confidential messenger, came riding hot-hoofed into camp. Duff saw him and yelled, but he swept by Duff. Joe Radford, running up, got only a nod from him. He all but rode over Fairfax in his haste to gain the headquarters of the Marquis de Lafayette.

But official interviews can’t last forever. And an hour later, the boys had King backed up against a tree, and were pouring hot-shot questions into him.

Where did he come from, and what for?

It was none of their business!

Where was General Washington?

In his boots.

What was everybody *waiting* for? Here was the French fleet! It had landed three thousand men to reinforce Lafayette— Why didn’t the marquis *strike*? Didn’t he know that sea help might come for the British while he deliberated?

But Kingdon only closed his lips the tighter.

Was the marquis a *coward*?

At this, the confidential messenger exploded. “No,” he cried indignantly. “The Marquis de Lafayette is *heroic!*”

Suddenly Duff had an inspiration. “King,” he said incisively, looking his brother in the eye, “is General Washington coming? *Is that what we are waiting for?*”

Kingdon's face burnt scarlet under the centre shot, and though he held his lips closed, they had their answer.

And in truth, it was within that very hour that the Count de Grasse had urged Lafayette to give immediate battle to the British in order that his fleet might be released to return to the West Indies. It was within that very hour that certain other of the marquis's countrymen had tempted him to snatch eternal fame for himself, by himself striking the final blow to Cornwallis. But the knightly boy had heard the whisper of an ideal higher than that of personal glory, and he answered Grasse and those others by insisting that the great stroke should be reserved for the one who had made all this possible.

"That's it!" exclaimed Fairfax now, studying the tell-tale scarlet of Kingdon's cheeks, "the marquis is stepping aside for 'the one greatest'!"

"Glory!" cried Duff. "But when is the big chief coming?"

Silence!

Macduff stepped up to his brother. "I've got here," he whispered, "a letter for a certain pretty soldier from a certain 'light-winged messenger' in the service of General Marion. Do you care to see it?"

The warm light springing to Kingdon's handsome eyes told how much.

"Then tell me *when General Washington is coming*," tempted the younger.

But Kingdon withdrew the eager hand he had extended for the letter.

“Here, take it!” said Duff, shoving the missive at him. “I never want to be accused of cruelty to animals!”

Kingdon seized little Peggy’s letter, and fled with it to the covering thicket to have it all to himself.

And then, one day, the one greatest for whom Lafayette delayed, rode into camp and took from the French boy’s chivalrous hands the command of the siege of Yorktown.

The cat was out of the bag! Everybody heard now how Washington had made a great show of preparing to attack Clinton at New York, and had then slipped away with his armies to finish the trapped Cornwallis, while the fooled Clinton—still expecting the attack—refused to weaken his own forces by answering Cornwallis’s appeals for help.

And oh! but it was a brave day that, in the camp of Lafayette, when their commander-in-chief came out to review them—and they standing so straight and soldierly in their ragged clothes! So eager to be what he willed them! And brave were the days which followed shortly, when the forces which he headed came swinging gaily into camp. Worn? Yes, by six long years of battling and despairing! But buoyed now by the promise of a great victory—with, perhaps, beyond that victory, *peace*—peace and love and home again!

And oh, what a sight for weary eyes that camp became! What with its crowding numbers now greater than Cornwallis’s own—its motley assortment of Continentals to the

right there, and, across the camp, the brilliantly uniformed forces of the Count de Rochambeau, come with Washington's Continentals four hundred miles to catch the Britisher whom Lafayette had trapped.

And how stirring that scene, with its constant marching and counter-marching, its wheeling of guns, its roll of drums—with hither and yon swift couriers speeding between fleet and armies—with the makers of a great history gathering in distinguished groups—and with, over all, the star-wreathed flag of the new republic and the lily-crested banner of the proud old empire of France!

Tough old Duffy Marsh was the only one of the Latin School boys who worked with General Lincoln in the opening of that two-mile trench, "the first parallel." Three days and nights were they at it, and after that first dark, stolen night, they shovelled dirt under the fire of British guns. But the job was finished at last. Duff left his good right arm in that trench, but he gaily boasted to the other boys that he was "nearly left-handed, anyhow."

On the afternoon of the 9th of October, the parallel being completed and the big guns placed, General Washington himself put the match to the first gun, and immediately thereafter, a furious discharge of cannon and mortars hurled the greetings of a United America to the commander of His Britannic Majesty's armies in the South. The ten days' battle of Yorktown had begun!

Day and night the opposing cannon thundered—with

bright day dimmed by the smoke of battle—with night lit ever and anon by the blaze of rockets and shell. Red-hot shot from the French set fire to enemy ships upon the river, and presently long fingers of flame were writing the doom of British tyranny across the black horizon.

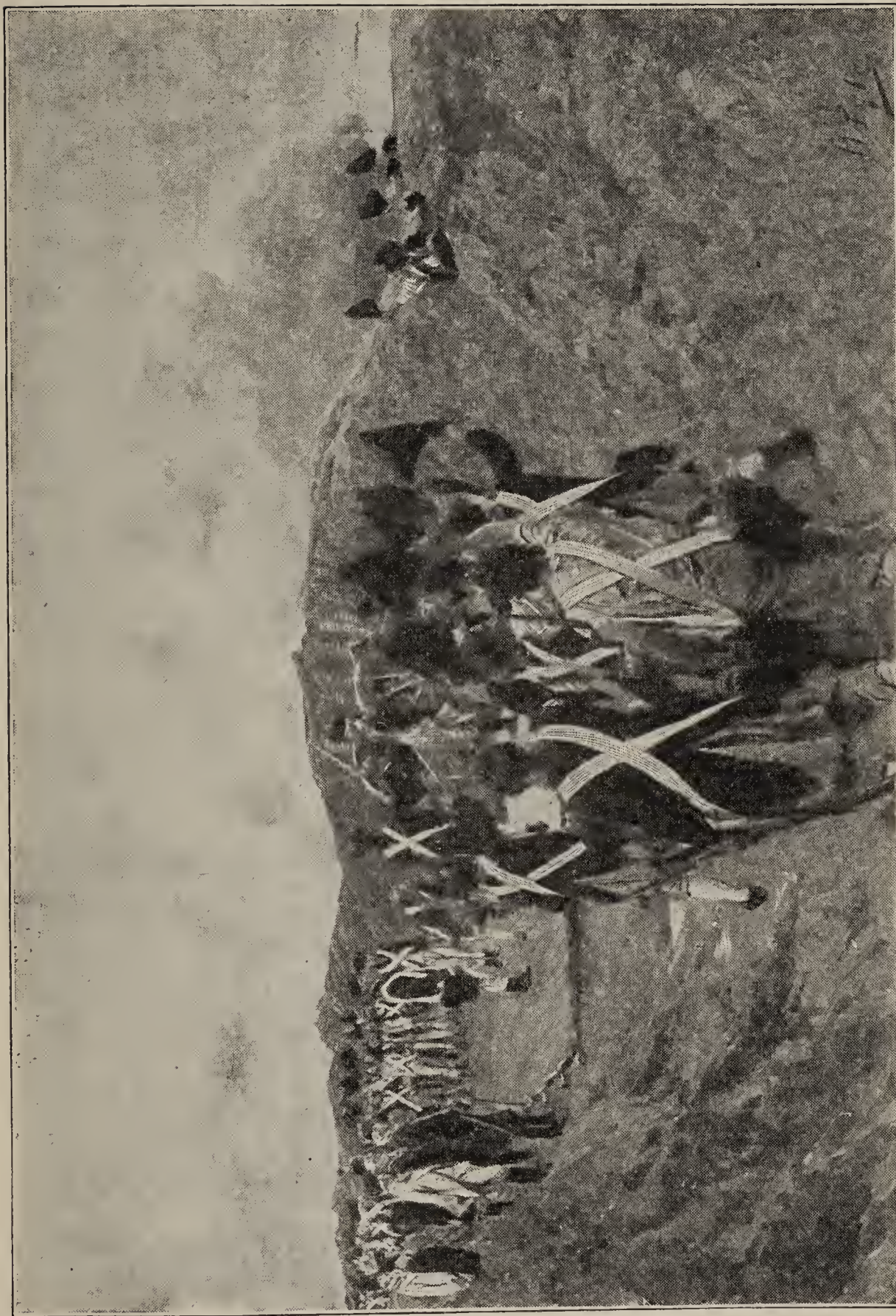
A second parallel was begun—within three hundred yards of the British works. It soon became apparent that the two redoubts of Cornwallis so skilfully sketched for Lafayette by Duff's good right hand must indeed be taken by storm.

The plans were quickly made. The attacks on the two redoubts were to be simultaneous, the taking of the one to the right being intrusted to the Americans; and that of the left, to the French.

By the direction of General Washington, Lafayette chose Colonel Alexander Hamilton, of New York, to lead his attacking column, while the French assault was to be headed by the Baron Viomenil.

It must be remembered that General Lafayette, from the time he offered his single sword to America, was an *American officer*, in command of American troops. For when, at length, France sent forces under Rochambeau to the aid of America, Lafayette remained with his beloved Continentals. At Yorktown, he was immediately under Washington in command; and so it was that it became his to direct the proposed American assault.

It was during the arrangements for these simultaneous attacks that it fell to the lot of Fairfax, in attendance on



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WASHINGTON FIRING THE FIRST GUN AT THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN

After a painting by Howard Pyle

the Marquis de Lafayette, to be a background witness to a scene which sent his American blood hot to his temples.

The baron had called to discuss plans with the marquis. They conversed in French, but Fairfax understood. The baron, speaking to the marquis as to a Frenchman, urged that French troops were better for this business of assault, and questioned greatly the ability of the Americans to take the redoubt assigned to them.

The young American in the background held his breath to hear how this other Frenchman would reply.

But Lafayette answered as an American, and with proud rebuke in his voice: "We shall *see*, my lord!"

When Viomenil withdrew, Fairfax came forward quickly, saying: "I understood, your lordship—forgive me. And—may I *thank you*?"

Meanwhile, Kingdon was pulling wires to get to take part in the assault. He had seen much gallant service from the time in which he and Macduff, ensconced behind that stone fence at Lexington, had hurled good old Massachusetts' rocks at the flying Pitcairn, but it had been principally as spy or confidential messenger, and he now burned to be in the thick of the fray.

He had his wish, for when the night of assault came, he was numbered with Hamilton's men. And he found the giant Smith and Fairfax and Joe among the volunteers too, for youthful valor seeks ever the post of danger. Fairfax had told them of the doubting Viomenil's estimate of

the Americans; and so it was with indignant determination that they held their places in the ready column, while their commander-in-chief rode down the line on his big white horse, and told them what he expected of them.

Two shells were to be the signal for advance. They were watching the dark sky now with thrilled eagerness. Suddenly, a flaming signal went up from an American battery, and immediately thereafter, another from the French.

“Advance!” rang down the American column.

“*En Avant!*” down the French. And the two went forward under their gallant leaders. Through darkness and a rain of shot and shell they pressed, with ever and anon some brave fellow dropping by the way—on and on, till they reached the defenses of felled trees and stones guarding the redoubts to be taken. The French paused to give their sappers and miners time to blow up the “abatis” which thus blocked their advance.

But in the American column, it was different. No sooner did they gain the obstruction, than they found a quicker way. Without an instant’s hesitation, big old Smith—who had always carried his masterful strength as a king his sceptre—who would have given *his* right hand to be first “over the top”—knelt down before the obstructing abatis, and offered his tall shoulders as a mount to the man who should go over first.

In a flash, New York’s brilliant son leaped upon the offered shoulder, then onto the top of the abatis. One moment he paused there, with sword on high, waving his men

to follow, then alone he sprang into the ditch beyond. Laurens of South Carolina followed next, then others. More strong men were now offering their shoulders, and others were tearing away the great logs. The whole column now was pouring over the abatis to the work of death beyond!

The work which they were there for was accomplished in nine minutes' time. Not a shot was fired. Naked steel did it all. He who is tempted to doubt the chivalry of America, let him keep this in remembrance—not one enemy there who yielded but was promptly spared.

Viomenil had doubted. Through the thick fire of the enemy Lafayette sent a flying aide-de-camp to him with the message that the Americans *were in their redoubt*, and asked *if the baron wished them to come to his assistance!*

But the proud baron replied that he would be in his redoubt in five minutes—and he made good his word.

Everything depended on the taking of these two posts, and so it was in tense suspense that the allied camps waited the result of the sortie. General Washington, too eager for prudence, took his stand in the grand battery to watch the progress of the assaults. The risk that he ran, with the enemy's guns trained upon that position, was great indeed, and gave deep concern to those about him. But when an aide ventured to remind him that the position was much exposed, the general only replied gravely:

“If you think so, you are at liberty to step back.”

Shortly afterward a musket-ball struck the cannon in

the embrasure at which Washington stood and, rolling along it, fell at his feet.

General Knox grasped his arm, crying: "My dear general, *we can't spare you yet!*"

"It is a spent ball," replied the commander quietly; "no harm is done."

But when the gallant feats upon which so much depended were accomplished, the eager chief drew a sigh of relief, and, turning to Knox, exclaimed:

"It is done, *and well done!*"

Not until the next day did the boys find out that dear old Joe Radford had dropped in the dark that night.

Despairing now, Cornwallis attempted to embark his men for escape across the York. But the rain descended and the winds blew, and—beaten back—he was only too glad to regain bombarded Yorktown again. Time had been when Washington had faced a much more perilous crossing, but Washington had conquered the storm!

Day and night the opposing cannon thundered on—with daylight and flamelit darkness both revealing the works of the enemy crumbling fast and faster. Brave men were dying on both sides. On both sides, gallant deeds were being written into history.

On the morning of the 17th day of October the commander of His Britannic Majesty's armies in the South sent across the line to the defender of American rights—the white flag of surrender!

Duff and Kingdon and Fairfax faced each other in the sudden dead quiet of the silenced guns, then each turned away, to bear by himself as best he could the unnerving joy of that supreme hour.

The climax scene of the Great Drama of Freedom was ready to be staged. The time was the afternoon of the 19th day of October, and the place, an autumn-tinted field immediately south of Yorktown. On the left side of the road running out of the town, the French, under the Count de Rochambeau, were drawn up in military line. Splendidly uniformed, faultlessly trained, they made a brave sight that day.

But immediately across the road from them, and in line like themselves, were the real heroes of the drama—Washington and his ragged Continentals! Here were the man and the men who had borne the burden of the long, long fight—who had suffered worse than death, that national life might come of their sacrifice.

But, mounted on his splendid charger, the commander-in-chief made as brave a figure as any across the way, and near him—still on the side of America—was “that French boy,” with eyes now only for “the one greatest.”

Silence and order prevailed. But every heart there was like to break for happiness.

In the front rank of the Americans, and very near the commander, two young soldiers stood, supporting a third whose stump of a right arm was still swathed in bandages.

Orders were for quiet, but Kingdon and Fairfax found it hard to keep Duff's fever-touched tongue from babbling.

“That's General Lincoln,” he whispered now, indicating a mounted figure near the chief. “Cornwallis broke his heart at Charleston—Corny made us *case our colors* when we surrendered the city to him!”

“Hush!” whispered his brother. “Listen!” The sound of approaching music had suddenly pointed the quiet.

“Zounds!” exclaimed Duff, after a moment of strained attention. “Do you know that tune the Britishers are playing? It's ‘The World Turned Upside Down’! Glory be! but *isn't* it?—with us ‘rebels’ making our lords and masters lay down their arms!”

And now the redcoated column appeared, marching down between the lines of Washington and Rochambeau.

Then Duff again, and out of the fulness of his knowledge of Yorktown: “That's not *Cornwallis* at their head—that's—that's General O'Hara! Gee, but Old Corny is ashamed to show his face! And look! Oh, *look!* Their *colors are cased!* King! Fax! That's for Charleston!”

Onward the sullen British came.

And now, General O'Hara, the bearer of a splendid sword, rode up to the commander-in-chief of the American forces, and uncovered before him. The young fellows heard him distinctly as he apologized for the non-appearance of Lord Cornwallis on account of “indisposition,” and himself offered his general's sword in surrender.

Washington received him with all courtesy, but motioned him to General Lincoln.

There was no help for it, so O'Hara laid the symbol of Lord Cornwallis's defeat in the hands of the man whom his lordship had once humiliated.

General Lincoln received the sword with gallant courtesy, then promptly returned it.

And now came the color-bearers, but with their haughty banners cased and hidden, as they were yielded into American hands.

It was all over now but the laying down of arms. In a field farther on, British muskets were flung down upon the soil now British no more forever.

It was during this part of the impressive ceremony that Kingdon's soldierly tension broke for a moment before a tide of memories.

"Duff," he said, suddenly turning to his "little brother" a face down which the hot tears coursed all unfelt, "Duff, do you remember that April morning—on the village green—and those——?"

Duff could only answer by a nod.

With an effort Kingdon finished: "*Yorktown is the answer to Lexington!*"

And then, a white-haired, quivering man beside them whispered a message down the lines: "In the name of the Lord, all's well!"

WORK—A SONG OF TRIUMPH

BY ANGELA MORGAN *

Americanism means work, means effort, means the constant and unending strife with our conditions, which is not only the law of nature, if the race is to progress, but which is really the law of the highest happiness for us ourselves.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Work !

Thank God for the might of it.

The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—

Work, that springs from the heart's desire,

Setting the brain and the soul on fire—

Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,

And what is so glad as the beat of it,

And what is so kind as the stern command,

Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work !

Thank God for the pride of it,

For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,

Sweeping the life in its furious flood,

Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood.

Mastering stupor and dull despair,

Moving the dreamer to do and dare.

Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,

* From "The Hour Has Struck," by Angela Morgan. John Lane & Co. By special permission of the author.

And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work !

Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it,
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.

Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work !

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,

Calling the plan of the Maker out,
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaking the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blazing the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for the world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

THE COTTON-GIN

BY WILLIAM A. AND ARTHUR MAY MOWRY *

In the quiet times that followed the French and Indian War, two years after the Treaty of 1763, Eli Whitney was born in Worcester County in Massachusetts. During the Revolutionary War he was busy making nails by hand, the only way in which nails were made in those days. He earned money enough by this industry and by teaching school to pay his way through college. But it was a slow process, and he was nearly twenty-seven years of age when he was graduated at Yale. Immediately upon his graduation he went to Georgia—a long distance from home in those days—having made an engagement to become private tutor in a wealthy family of that State. On his arrival he found that the man who had engaged his services, unmind-

* From "American Inventions and Inventors," by William A. and Arthur M. Mowry. By permission of the publishers, Silver, Burdett & Company.

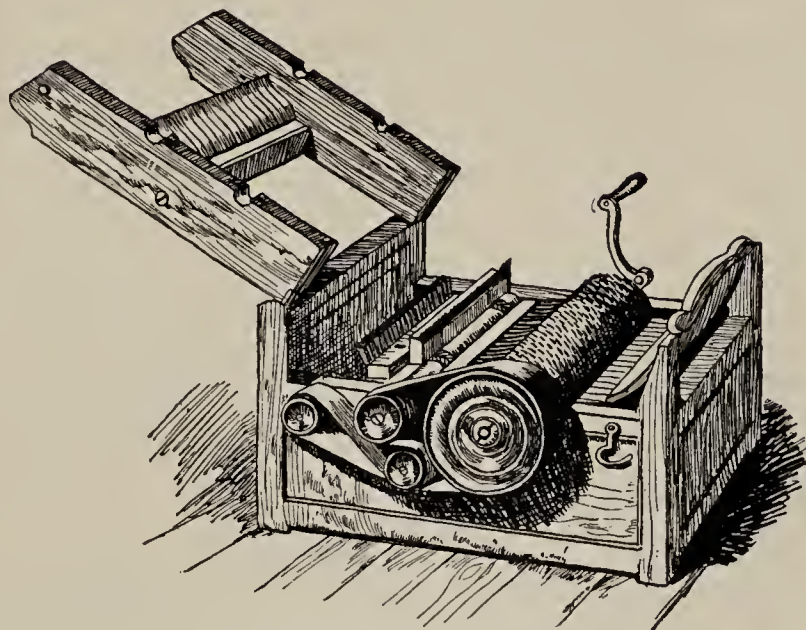
ful of the contract, had filled the position with another tutor.

The widow of the famous General Nathanael Greene had a beautiful home at Mulberry Grove, on the Savannah River. Mrs. Greene invited young Whitney to make her house his home while he studied law. She soon perceived that he had great inventive genius. He devised several articles of convenience which Mrs. Greene much appreciated.

At that time the entire cotton crop of this country might have been produced upon a single field of two hundred acres. Cotton then commanded a very high price, because of the labor of separating the cotton fibre from the seed. The cotton clung to the seed with such tenacity that one man could separate the seed from only four or five pounds of cotton in a day. At that rate it would take him three months to make up a bale of clear cotton. Already inventions in machinery for the making of cotton cloth had made the production of cotton a necessity. Some means must be provided for a more rapid separation of cotton from the seed in order to make manufacturing profitable.

One day, one of Mrs. Greene's friends was regretting, in conversation with her, that there could be no profit in the cultivation of cotton. Mrs. Greene had great faith in the inventive powers of young Whitney, and she suggested that he be asked to make a machine which would separate the seed skilfully and rapidly, "for," said she, "Eli Whitney can make anything."

When the workmen in the deep mines of England needed a safety-lamp to shield them from the explosions of the damp, they applied to the great chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, and he invented one. So, these cotton-raisers appealed to Mr. Whitney to invent for them a cot-



THE COTTON-GIN

ton-engine or "gin." He knew nothing about either raw cotton or cottonseed. Could he be expected to invent a machine that would separate the cottonseed which he had never seen from the raw cotton which also he had never seen? But Whitney was an inventor. Trifles must not stand in his way. He secured samples of the cotton and the seed; even this was not an easy thing to do, for it was not the right season of the year.

He began to work out his idea of the cotton-gin, but met with many obstacles. There were no wire manufactories in the South and he could not obtain wire even in

Savannah. Therefore, he had to make his wire himself. Still further, he was obliged to manufacture his own iron tools. Step by step he overcame all obstacles, until he had a machine that he thought would answer the purpose.

Accordingly one day, he entered the room where Mrs. Greene was conversing with friends, and exclaimed: "The victory is mine!" All the guests, as well as the hostess, went with the inventor to examine the machine. He set the model in motion. It consisted of a cylinder four feet in length and five inches in diameter. Upon this was a series of circular saws half an inch apart and projecting two inches above the surface of the revolving cylinder. The saws passed through narrow slits between bars; these bars might be called the ribs of the hopper.

At once the saw-teeth caught the cotton which had been placed in the hopper and carried it over between the bars. The seed was left behind, as it was too large to pass through. The saws revolved smoothly and the cotton was thoroughly separated from the seed. But after a few minutes the saws became clogged with the cotton and the wheels stopped. Poor Whitney was in despair. Victory was not yet his.

Mrs. Greene came to the rescue. Her housewifely instincts saw the difficulty at once and the remedy as well. "Here's what you want!" she exclaimed. She took a clothes-brush hanging near by and held it firmly against the teeth of the saws. The cylinder began again to revolve, for the saws were quickly cleaned of the lint, which no

longer clogged the teeth. "Madam," said the grateful Whitney, "you have perfected my invention."

The inventor added a second, larger cylinder, near the first. On this he placed a stiff set of brushes. As the two cylinders revolved, the brushes freed the saw-teeth from the cotton and left it in the receiving pan.

Thus the cotton-gin was invented by the Yankee school-



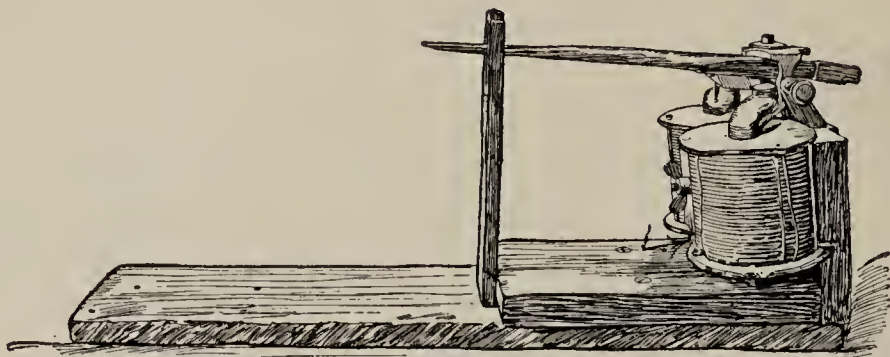
THE McCORMICK REAPER

master, Eli Whitney. Though improved in its workmanship and construction, it is still in use wherever cotton is raised. One man with a Whitney cotton-gin can clean a thousand pounds of cotton in place of the five pounds formerly cleaned by hand.

When a safety-lamp was needed, Davy invented it. When faster water travel was demanded, Fulton constructed the steamboat. When the world needed vast wheat-fields, McCormick devised his reaper. When the

time had come for the telegraph, Morse studied it out. In the fulness of time, Bell, Edison, and others invented the telephone. When a cotton-gin was needed, Eli Whitney made it. Here again the law holds that "necessity is the mother of invention."

When a great invention is made, everybody wants the benefit of it, and people seem to think that the inventor



MORSE'S ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT

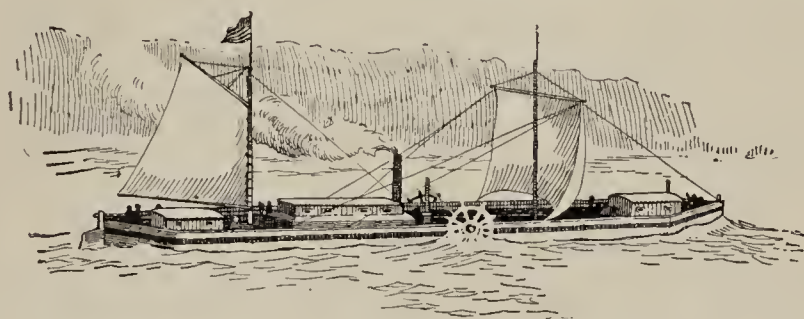
From the model in the Patent Office, Washington

"has no rights which they are bound to respect." Whitney secured a patent upon his machine, but, unmindful of that, a great many persons began to make cotton-gins. He was immediately involved in numerous legal contests. Before he secured a single verdict in his favor he had sixty lawsuits pending. After many delays he finally secured the payment of \$50,000 which the Legislature of South Carolina had voted him. North Carolina allowed him a percentage on all cotton-gins used in the State for five years. Tennessee promised to do the same, but did not keep her promise.

Mr. Whitney struggled along, year after year, until he

was convinced that he should never receive a just return for his invention. Seeing no way to gain a competence from the cotton-gin, he determined to continue the contest no longer, removed to New Haven, and turned his attention to the making of firearms. Here he eventually gained a fortune. He made such improvements in the manufacture of firearms as to lay his country under permanent obligation to him for greatly increasing the means of national defense.

Robert Fulton once said: “Arkwright, Watt, and Whitney were the three men that did more for mankind than any of their contemporaries.” Macaulay said: “What Peter the Great did to make Russia dominant, Eli Whitney’s invention of the cotton-gin has more than equalled in its relation to the power and progress of the United States.”



THE “CLERMONT”—ROBERT FULTON’S STEAMBOAT

THE WHITE REPUBLIC

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

Of Pilgrim eyes previsioned and Puritan lips foretold,
Dowered with wealth of woodland and glory of virgin
gold,
Awoke the White Republic, the gift of the Lord Most
High,
As broad and free as the borders be of her own wide
western sky!
Mother of loyal daughters, whose girdle and guard are
these—
Their leagues of inland waters and bulwarks of splendid
seas,
Each to the other plighted till the end of time they
stand,
Palmetto to pine united and prairie to pasture-land.

She hath store of grain ungarnered and harvests her sons
have sown,
She is jewelled with mines unminted whose measure no
man hath known,
And the light of her eyes is steady, and her onward march
is free,
For it knows no rest, but is like the quest of her rivers that
seek the sea.

Upward and on she presses with a zeal no check may
rein,
With a strength no shock may shatter while her seasons
wake and wane,
Nerved of her stirring stories of the deeds and the deaths
of men,
She wins for greater glories till the lapse of human ken.

Her breath is sweet of the southland where the fragile
jasmine blows,
On her brow is the excellent whiteness of still Sierra
snows,
And her feet are shod with the mosses of the murmurous
woodland ways,
And her temples crowned with fillets of the sheaves of slen-
der maize:
As the wild Atlantic fearless, as the hushed Pacific calm,
She rules her rugged hilltops and her breathless groves of
palm,
And, whether in waste or city, with freedom her shining
shield,
She is queen by right of her splendid might and the love
her children yield.

And on through the unrun ages, through stormy and sun-
lit days,
Still shall the crescent pages of history sing her praise,

As by ways of strife and burden to the goal of strife's sur-
cease
She pursues the priceless guerdon, the dawn of a deathless
peace,
The wise and wonderful mother of states and states to
be,
Guarded and well defended of the sons who made her
free,
Of the sons who learned to love her, and of loving her
learned to die
For the flag of the White Republic, the gift of the Lord
Most High!

JUL 25 1922

W.C. P. K.

