

RUINS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF AMERICA.

EDITED BY

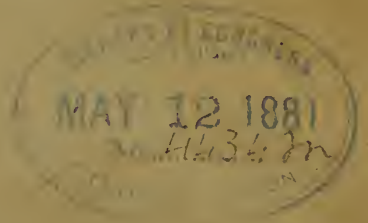
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HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN EUROPE," "ZIGZAG JOURNEYS
IN CLASSIC LANDS," AND "ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN
THE ORIENT."

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PREFACE.

THE editor has sought the best materials in the preparation of this History of America, and is indebted to McKenzie's admirable History of the United States, a work published abroad some ten years ago, for the larger part of the text, and especially for the fine moral analyses in the parts having reference to the Puritans, to Slavery, and to the War for the Union. The opening and closing chapters, and the parts having especial reference to Canada, are, for the most part, original ; the text from McKenzie has been enlarged, revised, and edited ; stories have been interpolated, and the illustrations have been selected from the best sources by the most competent editors. The publishers have thus aimed to present a work of unusual attractiveness and value.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

BOSTON, May, 1881.

✓ = full page

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ruins in Central America	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
	PAGE
The Cradock Mansion	12 ✓
Phœnician Vessel	14
Dighton Rock	15
Skeleton in Armor	16
Mounds at Marietta, Ohio	17 ✓
Mounds near Newark, Ohio	20
Fragment of Ancient Pueblo Pottery	21
Toltec Ruins, Yucatan	23 ✓
Siberian Elephant and Mastodon Restored	25
Indians in Council	27
Coil-made Jar from Southern Utah	28
Spanish Prior	31
Columbus Watching for Land	33 ✓
"Dreary with Ice and Snow"	37
Ponce de Leon in the St. John's River	38
Bivouac in Florida	39 ✓
Burial of De Soto	43 ✓
Home of the Alligator	46
Tropical Forest	47 ✓
Henry VIII.	51
Champlain	52
Quebec in 1608	53
Chained Bible, Time of James I.	56
Planting the Cross on New Lands	57 ✓
Francis I.	60
The Ruined Settlement	61 ✓
Sir Walter Raleigh	64
The Settlers at Jamestown	65 ✓
Clearing the Forest	68
John Smith a Captive among the Indians	69
Indian Attack on Settlers in Virginia	73 ✓
Baptism of Virginia Dare	77 ✓
Captain Smith and the Chief of Paspahegh	79

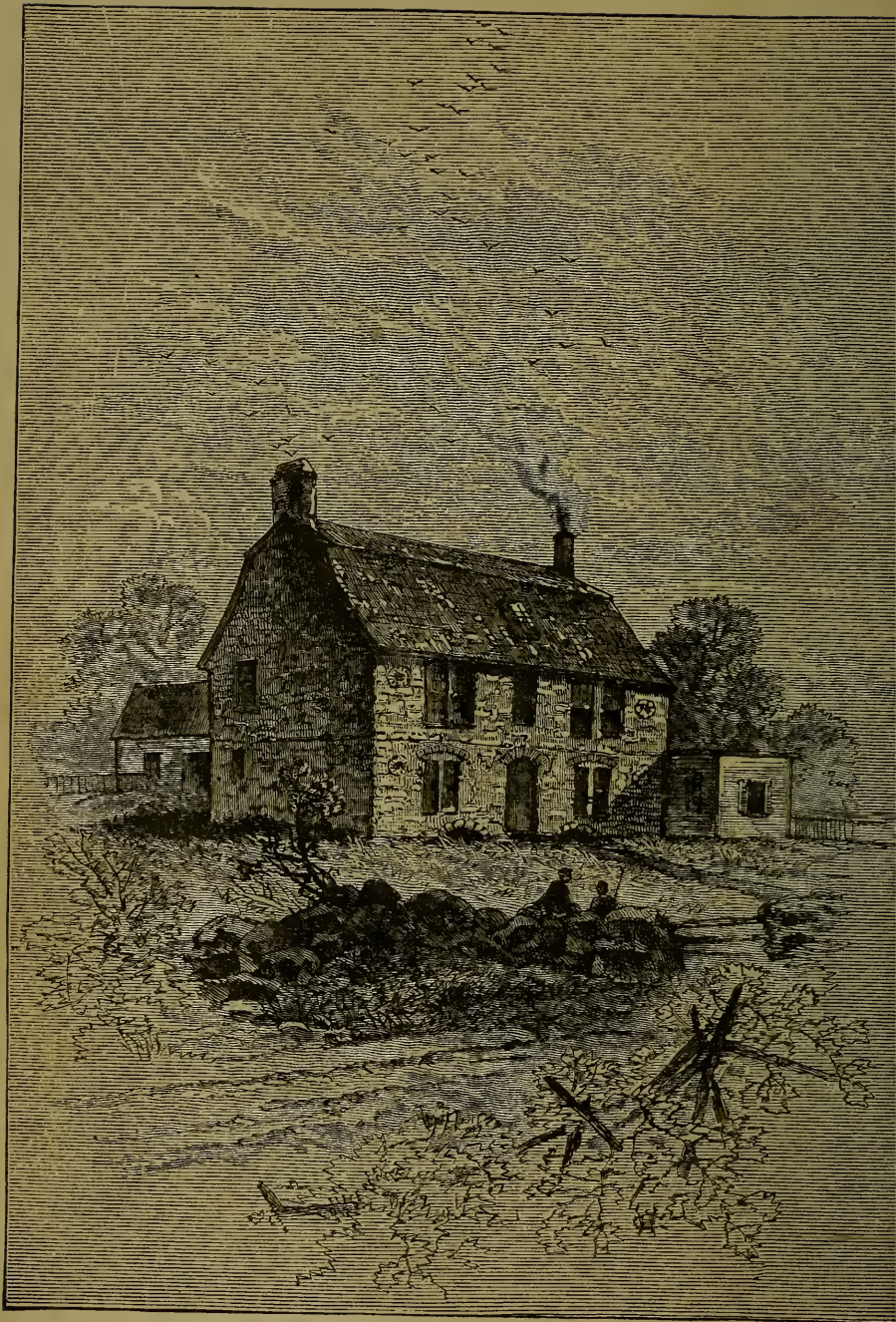
	PAGE
Marriage of John Rolfe and Pocahontas	81 ✓
“Meadows Stretched to the Eastward”	84
Dinner Amusements at Port Royal	87 ✓
Baptism of Indians at Port Royal	91
James I.	93
The Mayflower at Sea	95 ✓
William, Prince of Orange	97
The Pilgrims Receiving Massasoit	101 ✓
Many Visitors	105
Oliver Cromwell	106
Founding a New Settlement	107 ✓
Charles I.	109
Dealing out the Five Kernels of Corn	111 ✓
French and Dutch Quarrel	115 ✓
Destruction of the Narragansetts	121 ✓
The Alarm	123
Death in the Field	124
Death of King Philip	125
Weetamo on a Raft	128
Philip's Head Brought to Plymouth	129 ✓
Monument to John Eliot	135
Henry Hudson in the North River	137
Charles II.	140
Dutch Traders at Manhattan	141 ✓
Penn's Arrival in America	144
Penn's Treaty with the Indians	145 ✓
Dr. Johnson	148
Penn's Colonists on the Delaware	150 ✓
George II.	151
Oglethorpe and the Indians	153
Witchcraft at Salem Village	161 ✓
Whipping Quakers at the Cart's Tail in Boston	167 ✓
Roger Williams in Peril for his Enemies	171 ✓
George Fox	173
The Old and the New	175 ✓
James II.	178
George Washington	181
Franklin	184
Burke	185
Death of General Braddock	191 ✓
French and English Naval Conflict	195

List of Illustrations.

ix

	PAGE
Montcalm	198
Death of Wolfe	199 ✓
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham	206
Samuel Adams	209 ✓
Destruction of Tea	213 ✓
The Signal Lanterns	218
Paul Revere's Ride	219 ✓
Battle of Lexington	223 ✓
British at Colonel Barrett's	225
Roads and Historic Localities at Concord, Mass.	226
Combat at the Bridge	227 ✓
Fight at Merriam's Corner	230
Christ Church, the Old North Meeting-House	232
The Hancock House	236
Faneuil Hall	237
Andros a Prisoner in Boston	239
Queen Mary	241
The Battle of Bunker Hill	243 ✓
The Old Powder-House at Somerville	247
General Israel Putnam	251 ✓
English Ships of-War	255 ✓
Breed's and Bunker Hills	259 ✓
Bunker Hill Monument	261
The Washington Elm	262
George III.	271 ✓
Continental Currency	273
Washington Crossing the Delaware	277 ✓
Lafayette	281
English Attacked at Germantown	285 ✓
French Naval Victory	291
The Assault	301
1775	303 ✓
Mount Vernon	309
Fight between the Constellation and La Vengeance	311 ✓
The English Right of Search	315
Sea-Fight, War of 1812	317 ✓
English Captive in French and Indian War	321 ✓
Jesuit Missionary Addressing the Indians	327 ✓
Marquette and Joliet Discover the Mississippi	333 ✓
La Salle Claims the Mississippi Valley for France	337 ✓
Murder of La Salle in Texas	341

	PAGE
Emigrants on the St. Lawrence	347 ✓
Mule-jenny Spinning-frame	351
Cotton Plant	352
Scene in Texas	359 ✓
Daniel Webster	361
General Taylor on the Rio Grande	364
Spanish Monastery in Mexico	365 ✓
General Pierce Landing in Mexico	368
The Land of Promise	369 ✓
Gold Digging	372
Crossing the Mountains	373 ✓
Gold Washing in California	377 ✓
Pioneer Life in the West	381
Border Settlers	385 ✓
Pioneer Travellers	389 ✓
Home of a Western Pioneer	393 ✓
Going to Court through Western Woods	399 ✓
1861	405 ✓
Attack on Fort Sumter	409 ✓
Passing through Baltimore	415 ✓
Battle-Field	430
Slaves Escaping to Union Troops	433 ✓
Battle of Antietam	437 ✓
Plan of Battle of Gettysburg	447 ✓
The Wilderness	457
Camp Followers of Sherman's Army, Foraging	461 ✓
Sheridan Turning the Tide of Battle	465 ✓
Ruins in Richmond	471
Negro Troops in Richmond	475
President Lincoln in Richmond	479 ✓
Assassination of Lincoln	481
Capitol at Washington	487 ✓
Horticultural Hall	495
Bridge near Fairmount	499
Memorial Hall	503 ✓
The Main Building	507 ✓
James A. Garfield	509



THE CRADOCK MANSION.

The oldest house in America ; built about 1634 by Matthew Cradock, the first Governor of the Massachusetts Colony.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS RACES.

It is highly probable that the American continent was known to the ancients, though in a somewhat imperfect way. Plato, four hundred years before our Saviour's time, gives a particular account of the great island of Atlantis, "an island that was larger than Libya (Africa) and Asia." Strabo and Pliny both mention a like mysterious island. We are told that this great territory was inhabited by a powerful people, who became so wicked that they were drowned by the judgment of heaven, and that the island itself, that was larger than Africa and Asia, sunk in the sea. For many years it was deemed dangerous for navigators to sail westward on account of the ruins of this mysterious island which, it was believed, strewed the waters and impeded the way.

Atlantis may have been a fabulous land, but the Phœnicians or Canaanites had a knowledge of a country beyond the sea. Phœnicia, like England, once ruled the waves. Take the map of Asia and glance over the narrow strip of territory lying between the hills of Palestine and the sea. Here are the sites of Tyre and Sidon, the ancient London and Liverpool of the Mediterranean, into whose gay bazaars, glittering temples, and spacious palaces once flowed the lux-

uries of the world. The ships of Phœnicia gathered the treasures of the Mediterranean, the Euxine, and the Adriatic, the vine-clad hills of Ionia and Italy, and the shores of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. The Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) were for a long period believed to be the end of the world.

The Phœnician sailors began to strike out beyond the Pillars of Hercules. They visited the British Islands for tin,



PHŒNICIAN VESSEL.

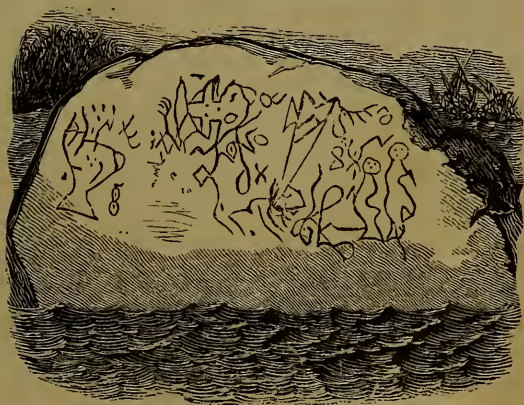
and the shores of the Baltic for amber. We are told that certain of these navigators were once driven on to a wonderfully fertile island in the Western Ocean, and that it was their purpose to keep this discovery a secret.

THE WRITING ROCK AND SKELETON IN ARMOR.

Among the most marked evidences that the coast of New England was visited by old-time mariners long before the coming of the Spanish voyagers and the Pilgrims, are the well-preserved relics known as the Writing Rock, at Dighton,

Massachusetts, the Skeleton in Armor found at Fall River, and that ancient landmark, the Old Stone Tower, at Newport.

The celebrated Writing Rock at Dighton is situated on the Taunton River, a stream associated with many Indian traditions and events of colonial history. It is often visited by antiquaries, and its inscriptions are well preserved. It consists of a solitary mass of fine-grained granite, lying on the sands of the river, a few feet above low-water mark, but covered with water at each rising of the tide. On the water side it presents an inclined plane, the face of which, eleven feet

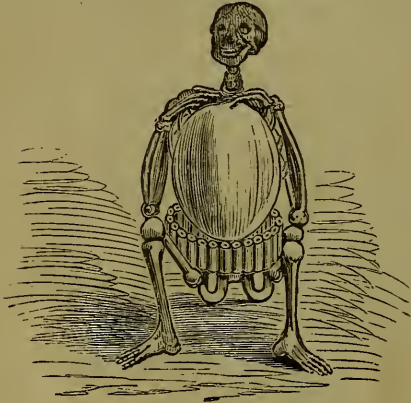


DIGHTON ROCK.

by five feet, seems to have been originally covered with sculptures and hieroglyphic inscriptions. The face of the rock is extremely hard, and, however old the inscriptions may be, those that rise above the low-water mark can have undergone but little change from the action of the elements.

The rock was noticed by the Pilgrims, but received little attention from historians and antiquaries until the years 1834-35, when a most extraordinary relic was found a few miles distant, in the town of Fall River. In digging down a hill near the town, a mass of earth slid off, uncovering a human skull, which was found to belong to a skeleton buried

in a sitting posture, enveloped in a covering of bark. This envelope was removed, when the astonished workman saw that the trunk of this skeleton was encased in a breastplate of brass. The breastplate, which was similar to that which Homer describes as having been worn by Hector, was thirteen inches long, six inches broad at the upper end and about five inches at the lower.



THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

It was evidently cast in a furnace, and was about one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

But what is most remarkable about this armor is, that it seems to have no association with the armorial customs of Northern or Eastern Europe, nor with any recent historical date. Below the breastplate, and

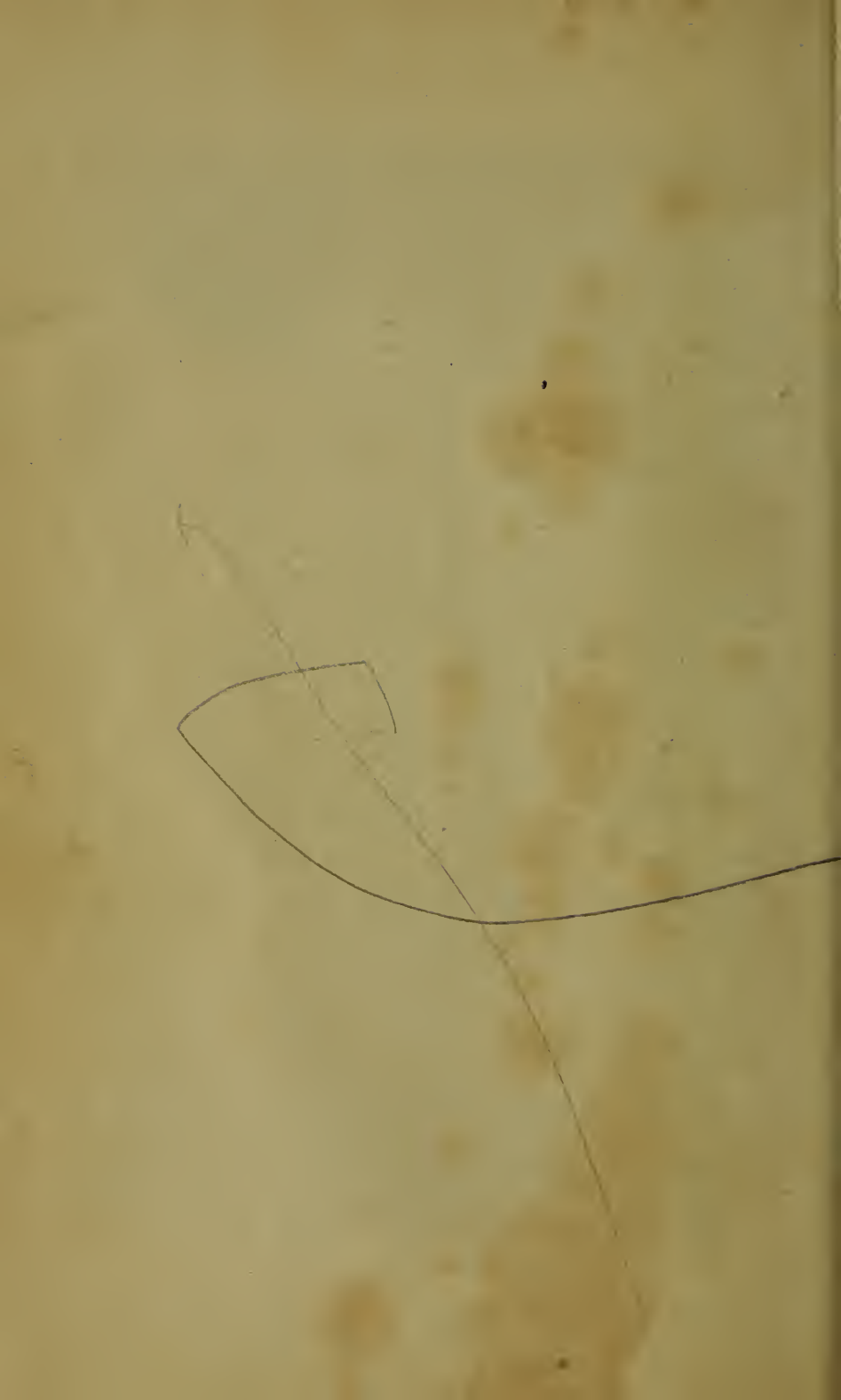
entirely encircling the body, was a belt composed of brass tubes, each four and a half inches in length and three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The tubes were cast upon hollow reeds, and were so prepared as to protect the vulnerable parts of the body below the breastplate.

Who were these mysterious and unknown mariners? The poet Longfellow, in his "Skeleton in Armor," associates this nameless hero with the builders of the round arch tower at Newport, which the Danes claim as the work of their ancestors. Out of the materials thus supplied the poet weaves a fanciful story, which is familiar to many of my readers:—

"Speak, speak, thou fearful guest,
Who with thy hollow breast,
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!"

MOUNDS AT MARIETTA, OHIO.





To which the skeleton in armor is supposed to begin his story thus : —

“ Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon.”

The researches of travellers and antiquaries have, however, thrown discredit upon the romantic narrative that follows these lines. Both the skeleton and the inscription on the Writing Rock seem to be of Asiatic origin. Several careful writers on the subject believe the Writing Rock to contain a representation of the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar), and that the mail-clad hero was one of the crew of a Phœnician vessel who passed the Pillars of Hercules and crossed the Atlantic. The armor is the same as appears in drawings taken from the sculptures found at Palenque, Mexico, which has led to the supposition that an Asiatic race transiently settled in North America, and afterwards went to Mexico and founded those rock-walled cities, in exploring the ruins of which such astonishing evidences of Asiatic civilization have been discovered. A portion of the North American Indians and certain tribes of the Aztecs in Mexico had distinct traditions of the flood.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Of all the vanished races of antiquity the Mound-builders are among the most mysterious and interesting. Their mounds are to be found principally in the West, and are numerous in the Mississippi Valley. A mound until recently was to be seen on the plain of Cahokia, Illinois, nearly opposite the city of St. Louis, Missouri, that was seven hundred feet long, five hundred feet broad, ninety feet high, and that covered more than eight acres of ground. Some of these

mounds in Wisconsin and Iowa are in the shape of huge animals ; and there is one near Brush Creek, Adams County,



MOUNDS NEAR NEWARK, OHIO.

Ohio, that is in the form of a serpent, and that is more than one thousand feet in length. The mouth of this strange figure is open, as in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval

substance, which is also curiously made of earth-works. This oval mound is thought to represent an egg.

At Marietta, Ohio, are ancient works that cover an area about three-fourths of a mile long, and half a mile broad. "There are two irregular squares, one containing fifty acres, and the other twenty-seven acres, together with the crowning work standing apart, which is a mound thirty feet high, elliptical in form, and enclosed by a circular embankment."

But the most intricate, and perhaps the most extensive, of the works of the Mound-builders are those in the Licking Valley, near Newark, Ohio, extending over an area of two square miles. Why they were built we may not even conjecture, but that they were constructed with almost infinite toil by a superior race of people, under skilled direction and for some definite purpose, no one can deny who examines them.

Many of these mounds have been found to contain skeletons; and the appearance of the bones would seem to point to an antiquity of two thousand or more years. Curious pottery, known as the "coil-made," has been found in the mounds and caves, and at the ruined pueblos in Utah. Ves-



FRAGMENT OF ANCIENT PUEBLO POTTERY.

sels of various forms and sizes were made, without the potter's wheel, by coiling bands of clay upon themselves. On the outside the projecting edges of these coils often formed bands or ridges, which were cut into diamond-shaped figures, marked with the thumb-nail, or otherwise ornamented, as shown in the engraving of the coil-made jar.

The ancient Mexican pyramids, teocallis, or temples of the sun, were still more remarkable. Two of the most ancient of these, near the city of Mexico, were each nearly two hundred feet high, and the larger of these two covers an area of eleven acres, which is nearly equal to that of the Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt. The ancient city of Mexico contained nearly two thousand temples and structures, and it is believed that there were some forty thousand in the whole empire.

Who built these mounds in the Mississippi Valley, and these pyramids in Mexico? Not the Indians who were found in America when the country was discovered. They are the productions of greater skill and culture than these tribes possessed. They are doubtless the monuments of a vanished people, whose coming and going and splendid history must ever remain to a great extent a mystery.

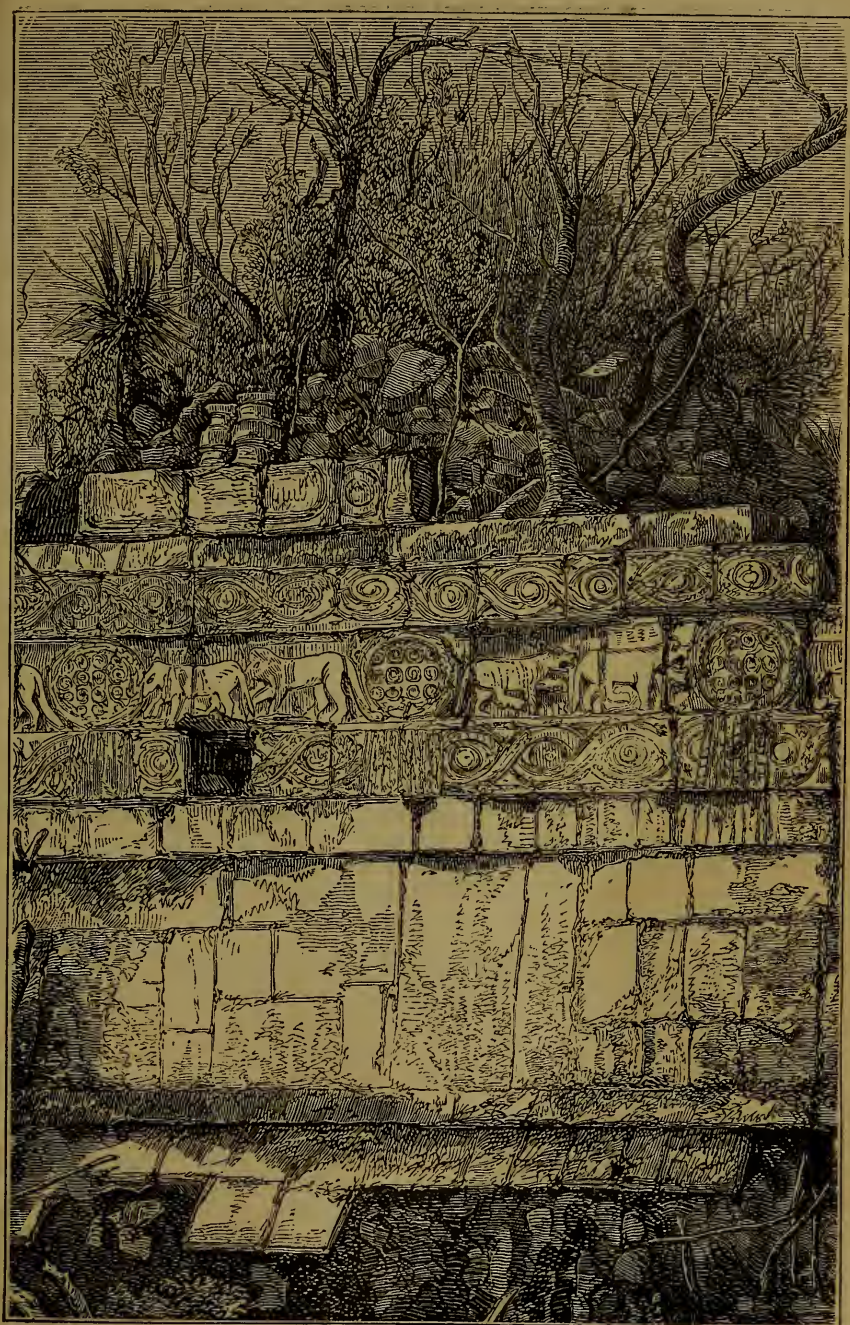
Antiquaries have furnished many theories to answer this question which arises in the mind of every student of history. Some have maintained that the Mound-builders and the mysterious people who preceded the Aztecs in Mexico were the descendants of crews from Japan, whose ships had been accidentally driven across the Pacific.

A more reasonable solution is that these people migrated from Asia.

Take your map : look at the Isthmus of Suez ; cross Central Asia to Siberia ; carefully examine Behring Strait ; run your eye down the western coast and the Mississippi Valley, thence to Mexico, thence across the Isthmus of Panama to Peru. You have now passed over the supposed track of an Asiatic race, possibly the Shepherd Kings.

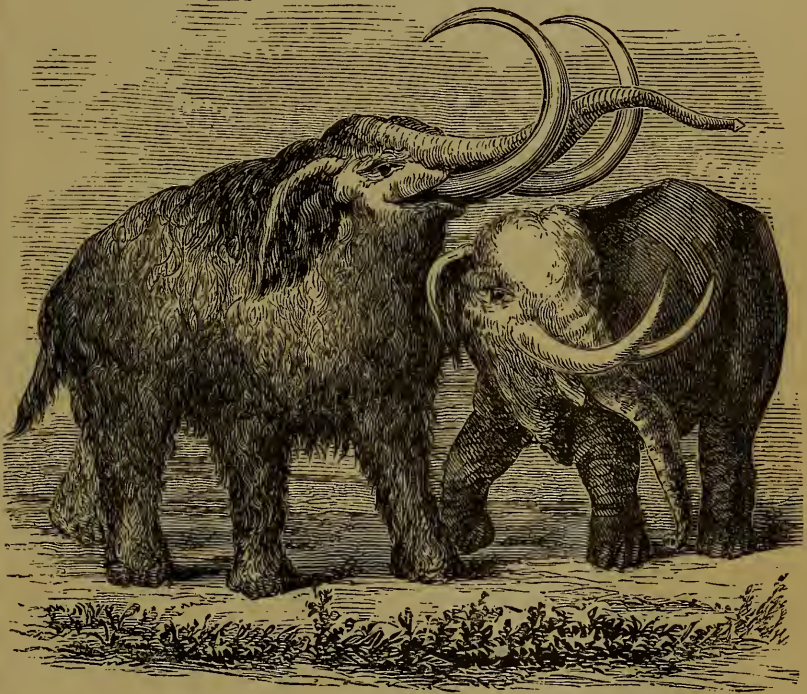
Who were the Shepherd Kings?

They came down to Egypt from Central India, driving their flocks before them, about the time of the building of the Tower of Babel. They conquered Egypt, built the pyramids, but were at last overcome by the ancient inhabitants, and



TOLTEC RUINS, YUCATAN.

driven away from the Nile. They wandered back into Central Asia. In Siberia, it would seem, they erected mounds like those in the Mississippi Valley. They are then supposed to have journeyed north, crossed Behring Strait, which was then very narrow, passed through Alaska to the temperate zone, and pushed south to Mexico, Central America, and Peru.



THE SIBERIAN ELEPHANT AND MASTODON RESTORED.

We do not say that this theory is proven to be true : it has many things to support it. It is so interesting and it makes the ancient Egyptians seem so neighborly, we could wish it to be true.

That access from Asia to America was easy centuries ago, possibly by land connection, is evident from the discovery in Siberia and on the Pacific coast, in Alaska, of the remains of the Siberian elephant.

THE INDIANS.

The Indians do not seem to have sprung from the Mound-builders or the founders of the ancient Mexican Empire. They may have been the descendants of Mongolian emigrants who crossed at different times the Strait of Behring.

Nearly all the Indian tribes that inhabited the continent at the time of its discovery are gone. They have vanished, like the forests they inhabited, and the beasts of prey they hunted. New England was once the home of the Narragansetts, the Pequots, the Mohegans, but nothing but the names of these tribes remain; the Iroquois dwelt by the great lakes of Erie and Huron, and the Algonquin nations inhabited the centre of the continent. Beyond the Algonquin territory lived the Dacotahs, on the prairies of the west, while on the south were the Tuscaroras, the Catawbias, the Creeks, and the Seminoles. With the exception of the Seminoles and the Dacotahs, hardly a remnant of these tribes remains; the church-spires rise and the school-bells ring where their wigwams clustered, and the locomotives roll through the fair valleys where they once smoked the pipe of peace, and under the pine-plumed hills against which their war-cry was raised.

They were a race of tall, powerful men — copper-colored, with hazel eye, high cheek-bone, and coarse black hair. In manner they were grave, and not without a measure of dignity. They had courage, but it was of that kind which is greater in suffering than in doing. They were true to their friends, but to their enemies they were cunning, treacherous, and cruel. Civilization could lay no hold upon them. They quickly learned to use the white man's musket. They never learned to use the tools of the white man's industry. They developed a love for intoxicating drink, passionate and irresistible beyond all example. The first settlers of New Eng-

land intended to treat them as Christian men should. They took no land from them. What land they required they bought and paid for. Nearly all of New England's soil was



INDIANS IN COUNCIL.

come by with scrupulous honesty. The friendship of the Indians was anxiously cultivated,—sometimes from fear, oftener from pity. But nothing could stay their progress towards extinction. Inordinate drunkenness and the gradual

limitation of their hunting-grounds told fatally on their numbers. And occasionally the English were forced to march against some tribe which refused to be at peace, and to inflict a defeat which left few survivors.



COIL-MADE JAR FROM SOUTHERN UTAH.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY, A. D. 1492.

IT was late in the history of the world before Europe and America became known to each other. During the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era Europe was unaware of the vast continent which lay beyond the sea.

Men had been slow to establish completely their dominion over the sea. They learned very early to build ships. They availed themselves very early of the surprising power which the helm exerts over the movements of a ship. But, during many ages, they found no surer guidance upon the pathless sea than that which the position of the sun and the stars afforded. When clouds intervened to deprive them of these uncertain guides, they were helpless. They were thus obliged to keep the land in view, and content themselves with creeping timidly along the coast.

At length there was discovered a stone which the wise Creator had endowed with strange properties. It was observed that a needle brought once into contact with that stone pointed ever afterwards steadfastly to the north. Men saw that with a needle thus influenced they could guide themselves at sea as surely as on land. The mariners' compass untied the bond which held sailors to the coast, and gave them liberty to push out upon the sea.

Just when sailors were slowly learning to put confidence in the mariners' compass, there arose in Europe a vehement desire for the discovery of unknown countries. A sudden interest sprang up in all that was distant and unexplored.

The strange fables told by travellers were greedily received. The human mind was beginning to cast off the torpor of the Middle Ages. As intelligence increased, men became increasingly eager to ascertain the form and extent of the world in which they dwelt, and to acquaint themselves with those unknown races who were their fellow-inhabitants.

Portugal and Spain, looking out upon the boundless sea, were powerfully stirred by the new impulse. The courts of Lisbon and Madrid swarmed with adventurers who had made discoveries, or who wished the means to make them. Conspicuous among these was an enthusiast, who during eighteen years had not ceased to importune incredulous monarchs for ships and men that he might open up the secrets of the sea. He was a tall man, of grave and gentle manners, and noble though saddened look. His eye was gray, "apt to enkindle" when he spoke of those discoveries in the making of which he felt himself to be Heaven's chosen agent. He had known hardship and sorrow in his youth, and at thirty his hair was white. His name was Christopher Columbus. In him the universal passion for discovery rose to the dignity of an inspiration.

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS.

Christopher Columbus, or Columbo, was born at Genoa, Italy, about the year 1436 (Irving). He was of a humble family, and one of his early employments was feeding swine. But he had a high spirit and a restless religious zeal, and he engaged in the life of a mariner at the age of fourteen. He thirsted for knowledge, and studied geometry, astronomy, geography, navigation, and the Latin language, at the University of Pavia. From this time he stored his mind with knowledge, and it was this studiousness that put it in his power to so interest a good Spanish prior in his schemes for exploration as to lead to his successful introduction to the court of Spain.

bers of which lay about, some dead, some alive, some roasting on the coals. Vespuccius did not know what they were, and describes them as "*serpents about the size of a kid, with hard, filthy skins, dog snouts, and long, coarse feet armed with large nails.*"

At length the natives grew less timid, and finally welcomed the discoverer, and treated him so hospitably that he remained nearly a fortnight, visiting their inland villages and picking up all the information he could. When he returned, hundreds of the people followed him to the shore, and even insisted upon going aboard his ship.

As they climbed over the gunwales and swarmed about the decks, suddenly Vespuccius gave the signal to have the cannon fired. The artillery thundered forth its smoke, and in a second every one of the red-skinned crowd dived into the water like frogs off a log. Reassuring them, at length, by explanations, the admiral completely won the confidence of this peaceful tribe, and when parting-time came, they exchanged presents with him. From this place he sailed north-west, exploring the coast, and finally put into the bay of Cumana, Venezuela, where he remained thirty-seven days, making inland journeys and getting acquainted with the natives.

These entertained prodigious notions of the white man's power and prowess, and, when Vespuccius began to talk of going away, begged him as a favor to punish their enemies, who lived, they said, on an island in the sea, and every year came and killed and ate a great many of their tribe. The navigator promised to avenge their wrongs, at which they were much pleased, and offered to accompany him on the expedition, but he refused to take more than seven of them.

When Vespuccius arrived at the island, the warlike cannibals came down to the shore in battle array, carrying bows, arrows, lances, and clubs, and were painted and feathered in true Indian style. A severe fight followed. At first the

Spaniards got no advantage, for the savages pressed them so closely that they could not use their swords. At last the edge of Castilian steel sent the naked foe scampering back to the woods and mountains.

Vespucius tried to make friends with these cannibals, but that was out of the question now. Their voice was still for war, and the admiral finally determined to give them enough of it. He fought them two days, took two hundred and fifty of them prisoners, burned their town, and sailed away.

On the 15th of October, 1498, Vespucius was back in Cadiz, whence he started. His two hundred and fifty cannibal prisoners he sold for slaves, justifying the act, according to the morality of his times, on the ground that they were enemies taken in war.

This is the voyage in which the discovery of America was made which gave it its name.

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING HOMES IN THE NEW LAND.

IN comparison with the great empires of the East, America's history begins at a very recent date. Yet if we note the events of that history in connection with English history, we seem to be carried far back into the past. It was during the reign of Henry VII. of England that America was discovered, that

Acadia was first seen by the Cabots, that Americus Vespuccius made the famous voyage that gave to the western world its name. It was during the reign of Henry VIII. that Florida was visited by Ponce de Leon (1512), that the Pacific Ocean was discovered by Balboa (1513), that Cortez beheld the shining cities of the Aztecs and captured Monte-



HENRY VIII.

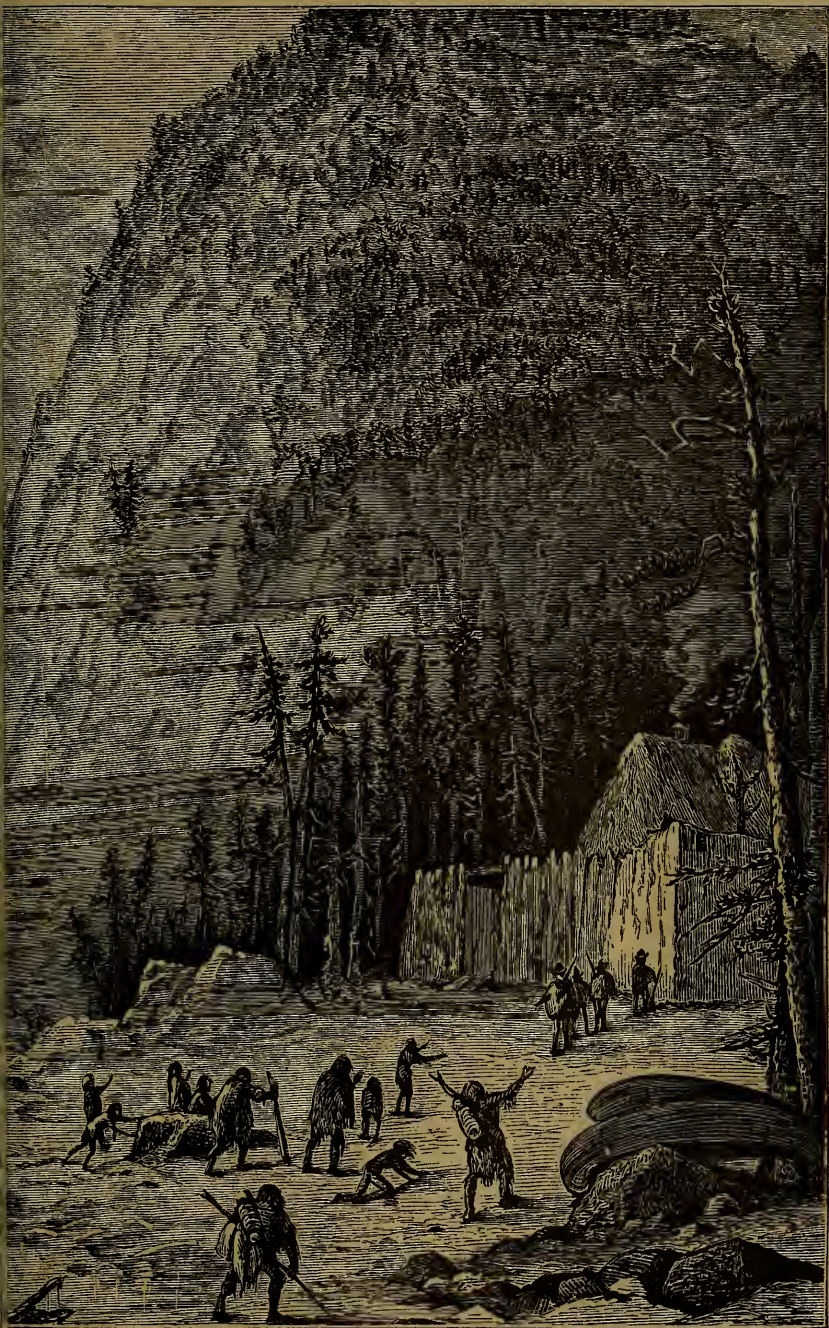
zuma (1521), that Cartier gazed on the St. Lawrence, and De Soto on the Mississippi. It was during the reign of Elizabeth that Sir Walter Raleigh made his expeditions, that Gosnold discovered Cape Cod (1602), that Quebec was founded by

the French under Champlain (1608), and that Hendrick Hudson explored the Hudson River. All these things took place before the reigns of the Jameses, the Charleses, and the Georges. It seems a long time to look back to the reigns of the Henries.

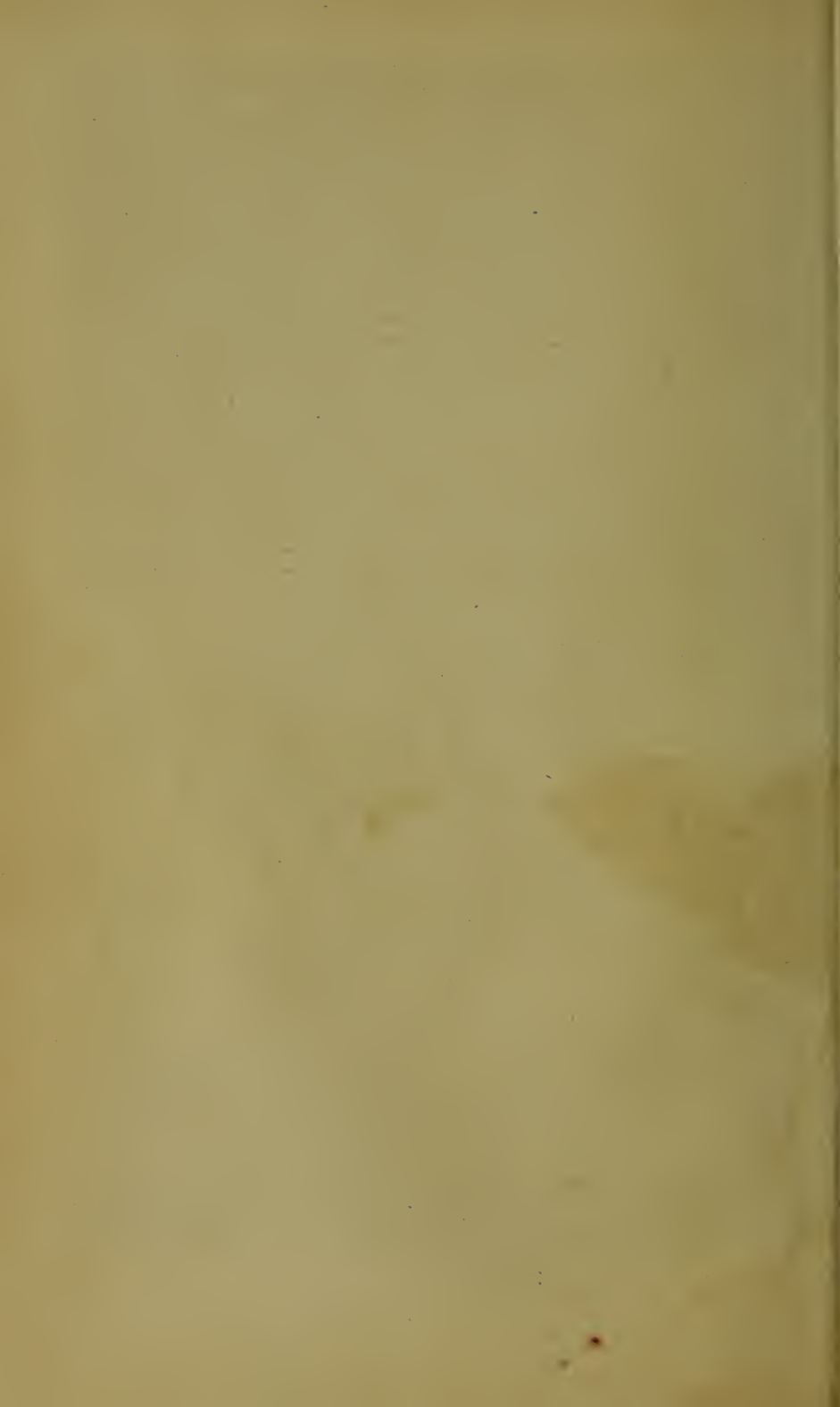


CHAMPLAIN.

It was not a pleasant world which the men and women of Europe had to live in during the sixteenth century. Fighting was the constant occupation of the kings of that time. A year of peace was a rare and somewhat wearisome exception.



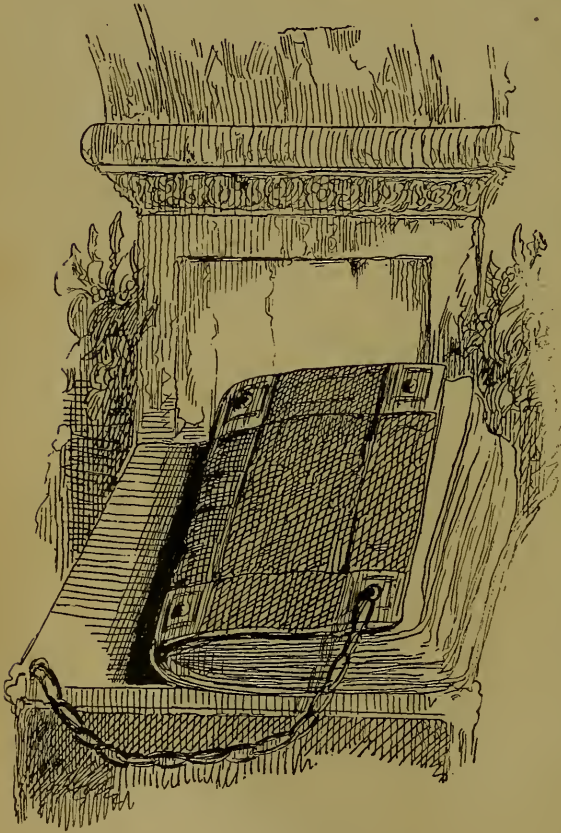
QUEBEC IN 1608.



Kings habitually, at their own unquestioned pleasure, gathered their subjects together, and marched them off to slay and plunder their neighbors. Civil wars were frequent. In these confused strifes men slew their acquaintances and friends as the only method they knew of deciding who was to fill the throne. Feeble Commerce was crushed under the iron heel of War. No such thing as security for life or property was expected. The fields of the husbandman were trodden down by the march of armies. Disbanded or deserted soldiers wandered as "masterless men" over the country, and robbed and murdered at their will. Highwaymen abounded, although highways could scarcely be said to exist. Epidemic diseases of strange type, the result of insufficient feeding and the poisonous air of undrained lands and filthy streets, desolated all European countries. Under what hardships and miseries the men of the sixteenth century passed their days, it is scarcely possible for us now to conceive.

The English Parliament once reminded James I. of certain "undoubted rights" which they possessed. The king told them, in reply, that he "did not like this style of talking, but would rather hear them say that all their privileges were derived by the grace and permission of the sovereign." Europe, during the sixteenth century, had no better understanding of the matter than James had. It was not supposed that the king was made for the people. It seemed rather to be thought that the people were made for the king. Here and there some man wiser than ordinary perceived the truth, so familiar to us, that a king is merely a great officer allowed by the people to do certain work for them. There was a Glasgow professor who taught in those dark days that the authority of the king was derived from the people, and ought to be used for their good. Two of his pupils were John Knox the reformer, and George Buchanan the historian, by whom this doctrine, so great and yet so simple, was clearly perceived

and firmly maintained. But to the great mass of mankind it seemed that the king had divine authority to dispose of his subjects and their property according to his pleasure. Poor patient humanity still bowed in lowly reverence before its kings, and bore, without wondering or murmuring, all that



CHAINED BIBLE, TIME OF JAMES I.

it pleased them to inflict. No stranger superstition has ever possessed the human mind than this boundless mediæval veneration for the king, — a veneration which follies the most abject, vices the most enormous, were not able to quench.

But as this unhappy century draws towards its close, the elements of a most benign change are plainly seen at work. The

Bible has been

largely read. The Bible is the book of all ages and of all circumstances. But never, surely, since its first gift to man, was it more needful to any age than to that which now welcomed its restoration with wonder and delight. It took deep hold on the minds of men. It exercised a silent influ-

PLANTING THE CROSS ON NEW LANDS.



ANDREWS & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

ence which gradually changed the aspect of society. The narrative portions of Scripture were especially acceptable to the untutored intellect of that time ; and thus the Old Testament was preferred to the New. This preference led to some mistakes. Rules which had been given to an ancient Asiatic people were applied in circumstances for which they were never intended or fitted. It is easy to smile at these mistakes. But it is impossible to overestimate the social and political good which we now enjoy as a result of this incessant reading of the Bible by the people of the sixteenth century.

In nearly all European countries the king claimed to regulate the religious belief of his subjects. Even in England that power was still claimed. The people were beginning to suspect that they were entitled to think for themselves, — a suspicion which grew into an indignant certainty, and widened and deepened till it swept from the throne the unhappy House of Stuart.

JACQUES CARTIER AND CANADA.

Jacques Cartier, who may be called the founder of Canada, was born at Saint Malo, France, in 1494. He had a resolute spirit, and the news of the wonderful lands that were being discovered and explored beyond the sea filled him with a desire for maritime adventure. He was intrusted by Francis I. with the command of an expedition to explore the Western Hemisphere. He sailed from the beautiful port of Saint Malo in April, 1534, with two ships and one hundred and twenty men, and in twenty days reached the coast of Newfoundland. He next sailed north, entered the Strait of Belle Isle, and planting the cross on Labrador took possession of the land in the name of his king. He deceived the natives by telling them with signs that the cross was only set up as a beacon. He explored the Bay of Chaleur, which he thus describes :

"The country is hotter than the country of Spain, and the fairest that can possibly be found, altogether smooth and level. There is no place, be it never so little, but it hath some trees, yea, albeit it be sandy; or else is full of wild corn, that hath an ear like unto rye. The corn is like oats, and small peas, as thick as if they had been sown and ploughed, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, black-



FRANCIS I.

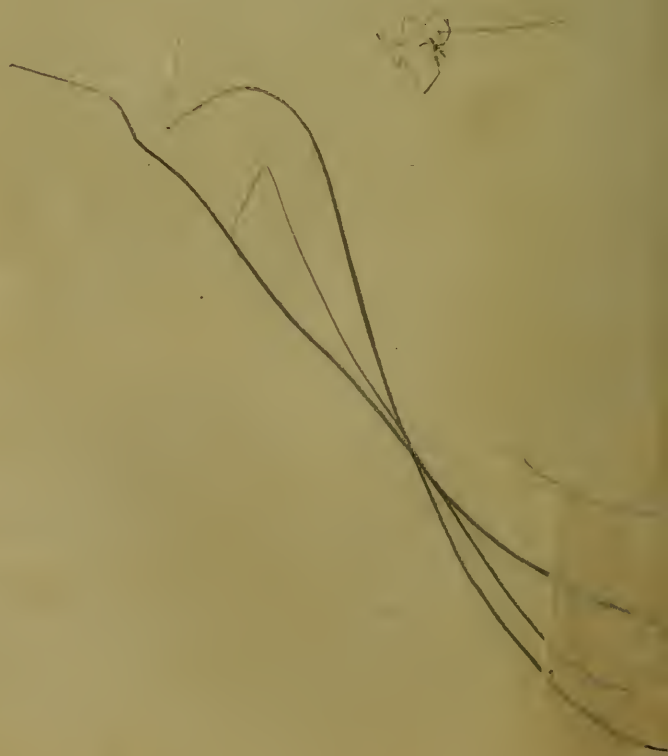
berries, white and red roses, with many other flowers of very sweet and pleasant smell. There be also many goodly meadows full of grass, and lakes where plenty of salmons be. We named it the bay of heat (Chaleur)." On the shores of the Bay of Gaspé he again planted the cross. He approached the Indians whom he met on these explorations in a most friendly manner. He

so won their confidence that one of the chiefs allowed him to take his two sons back to Saint Malo on condition that he would return with them in the following year. He doubled the east point of Anticosti, and entered the St. Lawrence as far as Mount Joly. In September he returned to France in triumph, and his name and fame filled the nation and inspired the young and chivalrous to seek like romantic exploits.

The French king fitted out a new expedition for this bold and able commander, and the young nobility of France



THE RUINED SETTLEMENT.



avored it, and some of them joined it. This expedition sailed in May, 1535. The mariners assembled in the cathedral, on Whit-Sunday before the sailing, where solemn mass was celebrated, and the bishop imparted his blessing.

In July these ships entered the St. Lawrence, and sailed on its broad waters amid scenery which realized their glowing expectations and dreams. On September 1 they came to the mouth of the wonderful river Saguenay, and on the 14th arrived at the entrance of a river at Quebec, now known as the St. Charles.

Cartier was here visited by Donnacona, the so-called king of Canada. The two Indians whom he had taken the year before from Gaspé acted as interpreters on this occasion. Cartier continued to explore this wonderful and beautiful region. In a small boat he sailed from the Lake St. Peter to an Indian settlement called Hochelaga, where he arrived October 2. This place he named Mount Royal. It is now the magnificent city of Montreal.

The Canadian winter dampened the ardor of the adventurers and depleted their number. In the spring Cartier again sailed for France, taking with him the king of Canada and nine Indian chiefs.

Cartier was now appointed viceroy of the territories he had discovered, and made a new expedition to them in 1541. He made a fourth voyage in 1543. He died about the year 1555.

On his return in 1541 he was met by savages, who asked for their king. "Donnacona is dead," Cartier replied; and he told them that the other chiefs had married in France, — a falsehood the Indians pretended to believe.

In the spring of 1542 Cartier broke up his colony and returned to France; but Robermal arrived about the same time, and established a settlement which had but a brief existence.

THE STORY OF VIRGINIA.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was one of the most learned Englishmen of his age, and was at one time a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, spent a large fortune in attempting to colonize Virginia. He succeeded in directing the attention of his countrymen to the region which had kindled his own enthusiasm.

But his colonies never prospered. Sometimes the colonists returned home disgusted by the hardships of the wilderness. Once they were massacred by the Indians. When help came from England the infant settlement was in ruins. The bones of unburied men lay about the fields; wild deer strayed among the untenanted houses. One colony wholly disappeared. To this day its fate is unknown.

In 1606 a charter from the king established a company whose function was to colonize, whose privilege was to trade. The company sent out an expedition to Virginia, which sailed in three small vessels. It consisted of one



THE SETTLERS AT JAMESTOWN.

For, one day, hungry and weary and discouraged that no one would favor his enterprises, he stopped to rest in the shadow of an old Spanish convent. It was high noon, and he asked the prior for a cup of water. The monk brought him the draught, and stopped to talk with him while he rested. He was astonished at the schemes, visions, and learning of the weary Genoese, and he promised to use his influence in his behalf with the

Spanish court; and in that chance hour the destiny of the Western World, then unknown, was in effect changed, and a new continent was added to the diadems of Aragon and Castile. Had his mind been less stored with the acquirements of his well-spent youth, when he stopped to



SPANISH PRIOR.

rest in the shadow of the convent, the map of the world might have been different to-day. The incident affords a telling lesson to the young, and aptly illustrates the value of a well-stored mind.

Columbus was convinced by his studies that the world must be spherical in form, and that there was probably land on the western side to counterbalance that on the east. He thought this land would prove to be a continuance of Asia. Lisbon was famous for the exploits of her mariners. Columbus went to Lisbon, and there married the daughter of a famous navigator, whose charts and

journals filled his mind with an unquenchable desire for discovery.

He applied to the senate of his native city for ships, but in vain. He next sought the patronage of the king of Portugal, but was disappointed. In 1484 he turned to Spain, and procured an interview with Ferdinand, king of Aragon. The cautious monarch heard his story, and referred his theory to the learned men of the University of Salamanca. Some of these wise men concluded that if there were indeed land on the other side of the globe the people there must be obliged to walk about with heads downward, as their feet would be pointed upward; and as this would not be an agreeable country to explore, they dismissed the subject.

But, at last, Columbus obtained a hearing of a more susceptible auditor at the Spanish court. Queen Isabella heard his story and favored his cause. She is said to have parted with some of her jewels to procure ships for the enthusiastic adventurer. To one woman, his wife, Columbus owed the fostering of his inspiration, and to another, the Spanish queen, the means of carrying forward his plans and fulfilling his dreams.

No sailor of our time would cross the Atlantic in such ships as were given to Columbus. In size they resembled the smaller of our river and coasting vessels. Only one of them was decked. The others were open, save at the prow and stern, where cabins were built for the crew. The sailors went unwillingly and in much fear, compelled by an order from the king.

And now the feeble squadron of three ships is on the sea, and the prows are turned toward the waste of waters, in whose mysterious distances the sun seemed to set. It is Friday, Aug. 3, 1492. On Sunday, September 9, the timid crews passed the farthest known island. Out on the unknown sea, the mariners' compass no longer pointed directly north,



COLUMBUS WATCHING FOR LAND.

and awe and terror seized the sailors, as the distance between them and the land grew wider and wider.

The ships moved on under serene skies. Trade winds blew from east to west. The air at last grew balmy, and fields of sea-weed began to appear. Land birds lit upon the spars.

One evening, just at sunset, — it was September 25, — Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted the stern of the Pinta, and peered into the far distance. A reward had been offered to the person who should first discover land. Pinzon descried a shadowy appearance far over the western sea, and cried out in great excitement, —

“Land ! land ! I claim the promised reward, Señor. Land !”

Columbus threw himself upon his knees and led the crews in singing *Gloria in excelsis*.

In the morning after the supposed discovery nothing but the wide waters appeared. The supposed island was but a cloud.

For a fortnight more the ships drifted on over the quiet waters. The seamen lost heart again and again in this awful unexplored space. They mutinied, but the lofty spirit of their leader disarmed them. At last, birds came singing again ; a branch of thorn with berries floated by the ships. A vesper hymn to the Virgin was sung in the evening that these indications of land were discovered.

“ We shall see land in the morning,” said Columbus.

He stood upon the deck all that night peering into the dim starlit spaces. At midnight he beheld a light. The morning came. Beautifully wooded shores rose in view. Birds of gorgeous plumage hovered around them. The crews set off from the ships in small boats. Columbus first stepped upon the shore.

The crews knelt on the strand and kissed the earth. They wept and chanted hymns of praise.

Then Columbus unfurled the banner of Spain, and claimed the land in the name of the Spanish sovereigns. The triumph was a realization of all the navigator's visions and dreams.

Columbus knew not the magnitude of his discovery. He died in the belief that he had merely discovered a shorter route to India. He never enjoyed that which would have been the best recompense for all his toil, — the knowledge that he had added a vast continent to the possessions of civilized men.

The revelation by Columbus of the amazing fact that there were lands beyond the great ocean, inhabited by strange races of human beings, roused to a passionate eagerness the thirst for fresh discoveries. The splendors of the newly found world were indeed difficult to be resisted. Wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice could be had, it was said, for the gathering. The sands of every river sparkled with gold. The very color of the ground showed that gold was profusely abundant. The meanest of the Indians ornamented himself with gold and jewels. The walls of the houses glittered with pearls. There was a fountain, if one might but find it, whose waters bestowed perpetual youth upon the bather. The wildest romances were greedily received, and the Old World, with its familiar and painful realities, seemed mean and hateful beside the fabled glories of the New.

The men of the nations of Europe whose trade was fighting turned gladly to the world where boundless wealth was to be wrung from the grasp of unwarlike barbarians. England and France had missed the splendid prize which Columbus had won for Spain. They hastened now to secure what they could.

A merchant of Bristol, John Cabot, obtained permission from the king of England to make discoveries in the northern parts of America. Cabot was to bear all expenses, and the king was to receive one-fifth of the gains of the adventure. Taking with him his son Sebastian, John Cabot sailed straight

westward across the Atlantic. He reached the North American continent, of which he was the undoubted discoverer (1497). The result to him was disappointing. He landed on the coast of Labrador. Being in the same latitude as England, he reasoned that he should find the same genial climate. To his astonishment he came upon a region of intolerable cold, dreary with ice and snow. John Cabot had not heard of the Gulf Stream and its marvellous influences. He did not know that the western shores of Northern Europe are rescued from perpetual winter, and warmed up to the enjoyable temperature which they possess, by an enormous river of warm water flowing between banks of cold water eastward from the Gulf of Mexico. The Cabots made many voyages afterwards, and explored the American coast from extreme north to extreme south.

The French turned their attention to the northern parts of the New World. The rich fisheries of Newfoundland attracted them. A Frenchman sailed up the great St. Lawrence River. After some failures a French settlement was established there, and for a century and a half the French peopled Canada.

Spanish adventurers never rested from their eager search after the treasures of the new continent. An aged warrior



“DREARY WITH ICE AND SNOW.”

called Ponce de Leon fitted out an expedition at his own cost. He had heard of the marvellous fountain whose waters would restore to him the years of his wasted youth. He searched in vain. The fountain would not reveal itself to the foolish old man, and he had to bear without relief the burden of his profitless years. But he found a country hitherto unseen by



PONCE DE LEON IN THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

Europeans, which was clothed with magnificent forests, and seemed to bloom with perpetual flowers. He called it Florida. He attempted to found a colony in the paradise he had discovered. But the natives attacked him, slew many of his men, and drove the rest to their ships, carrying with them their chief, wounded by the poisoned arrow of an Indian.



Ferdinand de Soto had been with Pizarro, who had made an expedition to Peru, and returned to Spain enriched with plunder. He did not doubt that in the north were cities as rich and barbarians as confiding. An expedition to discover new regions, and plunder their inhabitants, was fitted out under his command. No one doubted that success equal to that of Cortes and Pizarro would attend this new adventure. The youth of Spain were eager to be permitted to go, and they sold their houses and lands to buy the needful equipment. Six hundred men, in the prime of life, were chosen from the crowd of applicants, and the expedition sailed, high in courage, splendid in aspect, boundless in expectation. They landed on the coast of Florida, and began their march into the wilderness. They had fetters for the Indians whom they meant to take captive. They had bloodhounds, lest these captives should escape. The camp swarmed with priests, and as they marched the festivals and processions enjoined by the Church were devoutly observed.

From the outset it was a toilsome and perilous enterprise ; but to the Spaniard of that time danger was a joy. The Indians were warlike, and generally hostile. De Soto had pitched battles to fight and heavy losses to bear. Always he was victorious, but he could ill afford the cost of many such victories. The captive Indians amused him with tales of regions where gold abounded. They had learned that ignorance on that subject was very hazardous. De Soto had stimulated their knowledge by burning to death some who denied the existence of gold in that country. The Spaniards wandered slowly northwards. They looked eagerly for some great city, the plunder of whose palaces and temples would enrich them all. They found nothing better than occasionally an Indian town, composed of a few miserable huts. It was all they could do to get needful food. At length they came to a magnificent river. European eyes had seen no

such river till now. It was about a mile in breadth, and its mass of water swept downward to the sea with a current of amazing strength. It was the Mississippi. The Spaniards built vessels and ferried themselves to the western bank.

There they resumed their wanderings. De Soto would not yet admit that he had failed. He still hoped that the plunder of a rich city would reward his toils. For many months the Spaniards strayed among the swamps and dense forests of that dreary region. The natives showed at first some disposition to be helpful. But the Spaniards, in their disappointment, were pitiless and savage. They amused themselves by inflicting pain upon the prisoners. They cut off their hands; they hunted them with bloodhounds; they burned them at the stake. The Indians became dangerous. De Soto hoped to awe them by claiming to be one of the gods, but the imposture was too palpable.

“How can a man be God when he cannot get bread to eat?” asked a sagacious savage.

It was now three years since De Soto had landed in America. The utter failure of the expedition could no longer be concealed, and the men wished to return home. Broken in spirit and in frame, De Soto caught a fever and died. His soldiers felled a tree and scooped room within its trunk for the body of the ill-fated adventurer. They could not bury their chief on land, lest the Indians should dishonor his remains.

In the silence of midnight the rude coffin was sunk in the Mississippi, and the discoverer of the great river slept beneath its waters.

The Spaniards promptly resolved now to make their way to Cuba. They had tools, and wood was abundant. They slew their horses for flesh; they plundered the Indians for bread; they struck the fetters from their prisoners to reinforce their scanty supply of iron. They built ships enough



to float them down the Mississippi. Three hundred ragged and disheartened men were all that remained of the brilliant company whose hopes had been so high, whose good fortune had been so much envied.

The courage and endurance of the early voyagers excite our wonder. Few of them sailed in ships so large as a hundred tons' burden. The merchant ships of that time were very small. The royal navies of Europe contained large vessels, but commerce was too poor to employ any but the smallest. The commerce of imperial Rome employed ships which even now would be deemed large. St. Paul was wrecked in a ship of over five hundred tons' burden. Josephus sailed in a ship of nearly one thousand tons. Europe contented herself, as yet, with vessels of a very different class. A ship of forty or fifty tons was deemed sufficient by the daring adventurers who sought to reach the Land of Promise beyond the great sea.

THE STORY OF AMERICA'S NAME.

The honor of discovering America is curiously divided. Columbus, who first found the West India Islands (and six years later saw the mainland), is always *called* the discoverer, and Americus Vesputius, who first saw the continent, was lucky enough to leave the land his *name*.

This first voyage Vesputius carefully described, noting down a great many interesting and a great many whimsical things. When he landed on the coast of Venezuela, in the summer of 1497, the first thing he saw was a queer little village built over the water, like Venice. "There were about forty-four houses, shaped like bells, built upon very large piles, having entrances by means of drawbridges."

The natives proved suspicious and hostile here, and as the Spaniards stood looking at them, they drew up all their bridges, and appeared to shut themselves into their houses.

Immediately after twenty-two canoe-loads of savages came round by sea and advanced on the boats of Vespucius. A fight ensued, the natives displaying much art and treachery, but fleeing finally in dismay at the roar and smoke of the Spanish guns.



HOME OF THE ALLIGATOR.

At his next landing-place, farther south, the navigator found a gentler tribe, though, like the first, all naked savages. They retreated before him and his men, and left their wigwams, which he stopped to inspect. Fires were burning, and the Indians had just been cooking young alligators, num-



TROPICAL FOREST.



hundred and five men. Of these one-half were gentlemen of broken fortune ; some were tradesmen ; others were footmen. Only a very few were farmers, or mechanics, or persons in any way fitted for the life they sought.

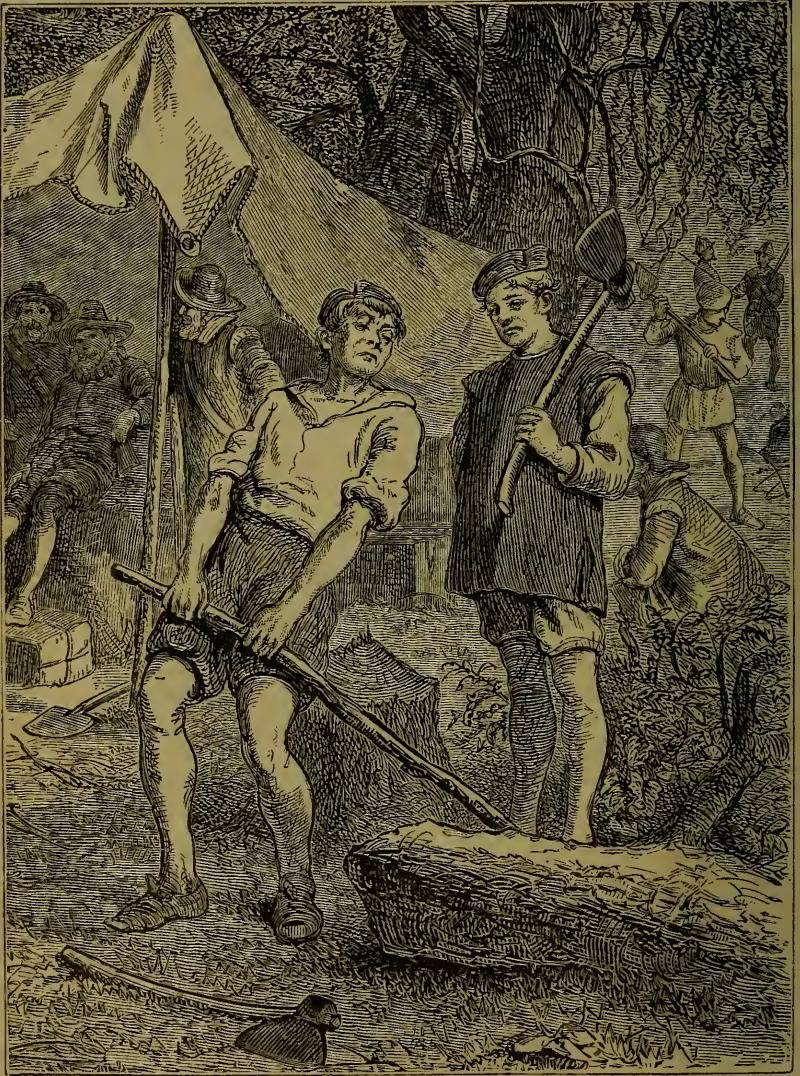
But, happily for Virginia, there sailed with these founders of a new empire a man whom Providence had highly gifted with fitness to govern his fellow-men. His name was John Smith. No writer of romance would have given his hero this name. But, in spite of his name, the man was truly heroic. He was still under thirty, a strong-limbed, deep-chested, massively built man.

From boyhood he had been a soldier, roaming over the world in search of adventures, wherever hard blows were being exchanged. He was mighty in single combat. Once, while opposing armies looked on, he vanquished three Turks, and like David, cut off their heads, and bore them to his tent. Returning to England when the passion for colonizing was at its height, he felt at once the prevailing impulse. He joined the Virginian expedition. Ultimately he became its chief. His fitness was so manifest that no reluctance on his own part, no jealousies on that of his companions, could bar him from the highest place. Men became kings of old by the same process which now made Smith a chief.

The emigrants sailed up the James River. Landing there, they proceeded to construct a little town, which they named Jamestown, in honor of the king. This was the first colony which struck its roots in American soil. The colonists were charmed with the climate and with the luxuriant beauty of the wilderness on whose confines they had settled. But as yet it was only a wilderness. The forest had to be cleared that food might be grown.

The exiled gentlemen labored manfully, but under grievous discouragements. "The axes so oft blistered their tender fingers, that many times every third blow had a loud oath

to drown the echo." Smith was a man upon whose soul there lay a becoming reverence for sacred things. He de-



CLEARING THE FOREST.

vised how to have every man's oaths numbered; "and at night, for every oath, to have a can of water poured down his sleeve." Under this treatment the evil assuaged.



JOHN SMITH A CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS.



The emigrants had landed in early spring. Summer came with its burning heat. Supplies of food ran low. "Had we been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness," Smith wrote, "we might have been canonized as saints." The colonists sickened and died. Before autumn every second man had died. But the hot Virginian sun, which proved so deadly to the settlers, ripened the wheat they had sowed in the spring, and freed the survivors from the pressure of want. Winter brought them a healthier temperature and abundant supplies of wild-fowl and game.

When the welfare of the colony was in some measure secured, Smith set forth with a few companions to explore the interior of the country. He and his followers were captured by the Indians. The followers were summarily butchered. Smith's composure did not fail him in the worst extremity. He produced his pocket-compass, and interested the savages by explaining its properties. He wrote a letter in their sight, to their infinite wonder. They spared him, and made a show of him in all the settlements. He was to them an unfathomable mystery. He was plainly superhuman. Whether his power would bring to them good or evil, they were not able to determine. After much hesitation they chose the course which prudence seemed to counsel. They resolved to extinguish powers so formidable, regarding whose use they could obtain no guarantee. So they condemned him to death.

The chief, by whose order Smith was to be slain, was named Powhatan. The manner of execution was to be one of the most barbarous. Smith was bound and stretched upon the earth, his head resting upon a great stone. The mighty club was uplifted to dash out his brains. But Smith was a man who won golden opinions of all. The Indian chief had a daughter, Pocahontas, a child of ten or twelve years. She could not bear to see the pleasing Englishman destroyed.

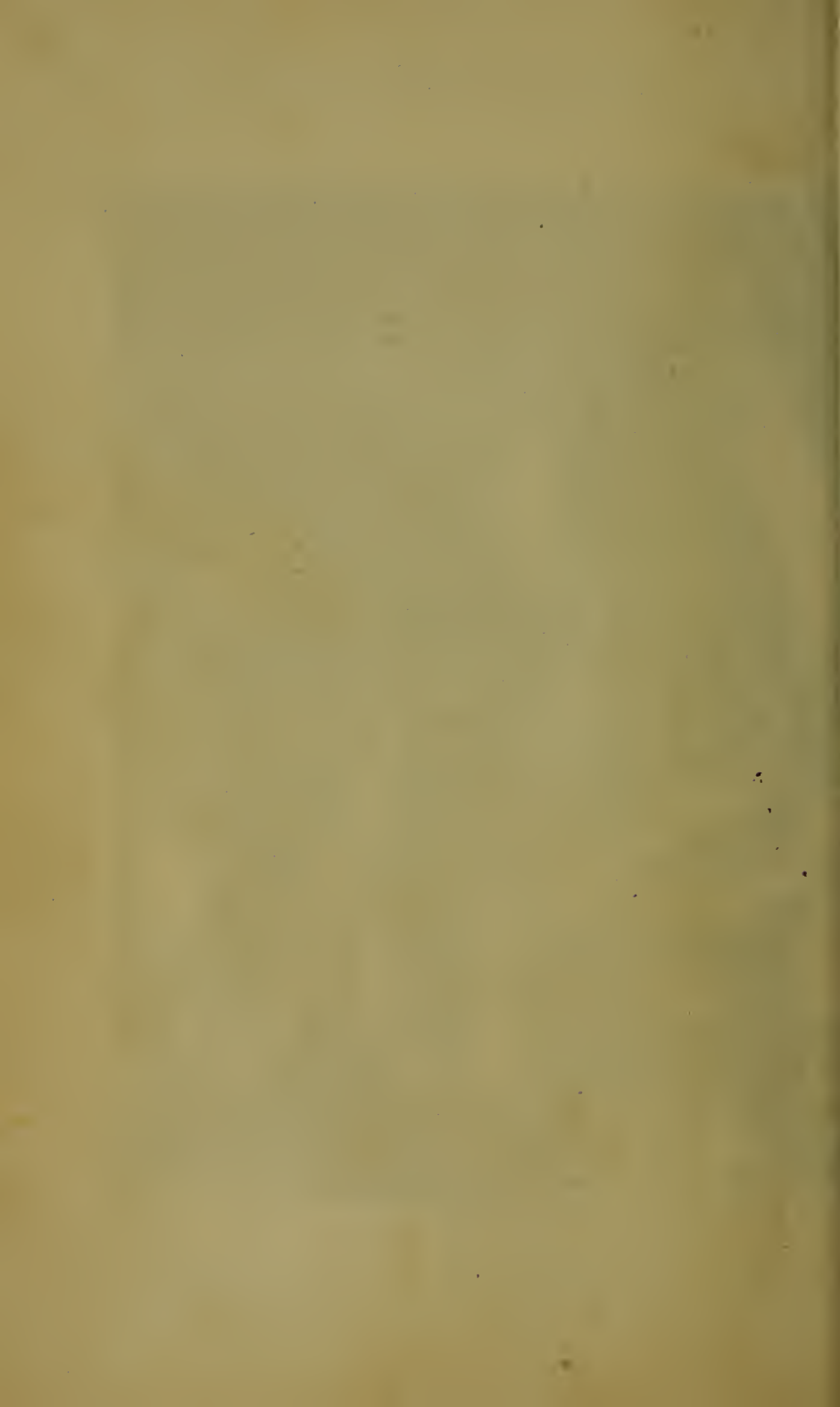
As Smith lay waiting the fatal stroke, she caught him in her arms and interposed herself between him and the club. Her intercession prevailed, and Smith was set free.

Five years later, "an honest and discreet" young Englishman, called John Rolfe, loved this young Indian girl. He had a sore mental struggle about uniting himself with "one of barbarous breeding and of a cursed race." But love triumphed. He labored for her conversion, and had the happiness of seeing her baptized in the little church of Jamestown. Then he married her.

When Smith returned from captivity the colony was on the verge of extinction. Only thirty-eight persons were left, and they were preparing to depart. With Smith, hope returned to the despairing settlers. They resumed their work, confident in the resources of their chief. Fresh arrivals from England cheered them. The character of these reinforcements had not as yet improved. "Vagabond gentlemen" formed still a large majority of the settlers, — many of them, we are told, "packed off to escape worse destinies at home." The colony, thus composed, had already gained a very bad reputation; so bad that some, rather than be sent there, "chose to be hanged, *and were.*" Over these most undesirable subjects Smith ruled with an authority which no man dared or desired to question. But he was severely injured by an accidental explosion of gunpowder. Surgical aid was not in the colony. Smith required to go to England, and once more ruin settled down upon Virginia. In six months the five hundred men whom Smith had left dwindled to sixty. These were already embarked and departing, when they were met by Lord Delaware, the new governor. Once more the colony was saved.

Years of quiet growth succeeded. Emigrants — not largely now of the dissolute sort — flowed steadily in. Bad people bore rule in England during most of the seventeenth century, and they sold the good people to be slaves in Virginia. The





victims of the brutal Judge Jeffreys — the Scotch Covenanters taken at Bothwell Bridge — were shipped off to this profitable market. In 1688 the population of Virginia had increased to fifty thousand. The little capital grew. Other little towns established themselves. Deep in the unfathomed wilderness rose the huts of adventurous settlers, in secluded nooks, by the banks of nameless Virginian streams. A semblance of roads connected the youthful communities. The Indians were relentlessly suppressed. The Virginians bought no land. They took what they required, slaying or expelling the former occupants. Perhaps there were faults on both sides. Once the Indians planned a massacre so cunningly that over three hundred Englishmen perished before the bloody hand of the savages could be stayed.

The early explorers of Virginia found tobacco in extensive use among the Indians. It was the chief medicine of the savages. Its virtues — otherwise unaccountable — were supposed to proceed from a spiritual presence whose home was in the plant. Tobacco was quickly introduced into England. It rose rapidly into favor. Men who had heretofore smoked hemp eagerly sought tobacco. King James wrote vehemently against it. He issued a proclamation against trading in an article which was corrupting to mind and body. He taxed it heavily when he could not exclude it. The Pope excommunicated all who smoked in churches. But, in defiance of law and reason, the demand for tobacco continued to increase.

The Virginians found their most profitable occupation in supplying this demand. So eager were they that tobacco was grown in the squares and streets of Jamestown. In the absence of money, tobacco became the Virginian currency. Accounts were kept in tobacco. The salaries of members of Assembly, the stipends of clergymen, were paid in tobacco. Offences were punished by fines expressed in tobacco. Ab-

sence from church cost the delinquent fifty pounds ; refusing to have his child baptized, two thousand pounds ; entertaining a Quaker, five thousand pounds. When the stock of tobacco was unduly large, the currency was debased, and much inconvenience resulted. The Virginians corrected this evil in their monetary system by compelling every planter to burn a certain proportion of his stock.

Within a few years of the settlement the Virginians had a written Constitution, according to which they were ruled. They had a parliament chosen by the burghs, and a governor sent them from England. The Episcopal Church was established among them, and the colony divided into parishes. A college was erected for the use, not only of the English, but also of the most promising young Indians. In this colony the first white child was born. She was baptized under the name of Virginia Dare.

THE STORY OF LADY POCAHONTAS.

Pocahontas was baptized under the name of Rebecca. After her marriage with John Rolfe she went with her husband to England, where, being a chief's daughter, she was known as Lady Pocahontas. She was eighteen years old at her baptism, was very graceful and beautiful, and had learned much refinement from her intercourse with English society.

Her admiration for Captain John Smith seems to have been her ruling passion as long as that brave man remained in the colony. He treated her with the kindness of a father, he delighted in making her little presents that were surprises, and his courage made him appear to her as something more than human.

The Indians again and again sought the life of Smith. The brother of Powhatan once surrounded him with a body of



BAPTISM OF VIRGINIA DARE.

hostile Indians. Smith ignored the Indians, and dared Opechancanough to a single combat. This so frightened and disconcerted the Indian that he had not the courage to order



CAPTAIN SMITH AND THE CHIEF OF PASPAHEGH.

his arrest. The chief of Paspahgeh, a tribe near Jamestown, once attempted to surprise and shoot Smith. But the latter seized him before he could use his weapons. The chief was a very strong man, and he pushed his antagonist towards the

river, and, suddenly forcing him over the bank, attempted to drown him. But Smith was too nimble for him. He seized him by the throat, and, quickly drawing his sword, would have killed him had he not begun to beg and cry out for mercy. He led him a prisoner to Jamestown, and made war on the tribe and reduced them to submission.

Pocahontas twice saved the life of Smith at the risk of her own, and she is said to have loved him. She never visited Jamestown after he went away. They told her that he was dead.

Smith heard of the arrival of Pocahontas in England ; he remembered her devotion with gratitude ; he called on her and then sent an eloquent petition to the queen, asking that royal favor be shown her.

He said : —

“Being in Virginia and taken prisoner by Powhatan, I received from this savage great courtesy, and from his son Nantaquans, and his sister Pocahontas, the king’s most dear and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart of my desperate estate gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first Christian this proud king and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortal foes to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks’ fattening amongst these savage countries, at the minute of my execution she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine ; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestown. . . .

“Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, as, had not the savages fed us, we directly had starved. And this relief, most gracious Queen, was commonly brought us by this lady, Pocahontas ; notwithstanding all these passages when unconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jars have been



MARRIAGE OF JOHN ROLFE AND POCAHONTAS.

oft appeased, and our wants supplied. Were it the policy of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinary affection for our nation, I know not; but of this I am sure, when her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprise me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and, with watered eyes, give me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his fury, which had he known he had surely slain her.

“Jamestown, with her wild train she as freely frequented as her father’s habitation; and during the time of two or three years, she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion. . . .

“As yet I never begged any thing of the state, and it is my want of ability and her exceeding desert; your birth, means, and authority; her birth, virtue, want, and simplicity, doth make me thus bold humbly to beseech your majesty to take this knowledge of her, though it be from one so unworthy to be the reporter as myself, her husband’s estate not being able to make her fit to attend your majesty.”

The English court received Pocahontas with delight. She was invited to the great receptions of the nobility, and enjoyed the splendors of civilization as much as she had delighted in the barbaric pomp of her father’s lodges.

The first meeting of Pocahontas and Smith in England was very touching. She started on seeing him, and gazed at him in silence. Then she buried her face in her hands and wept. She seemed to feel deeply injured. She said:—

“I showed you great kindness in my own country. You promised my father that what was yours should be his. You called Powhatan your father when *you* were in a land of strangers, and now that I am in a land of strangers you must allow me to do the same.”

Smith said that as she was a king’s daughter, it would not be allowable in court for her to call him “father.”

"I must call you father," she said, "and you must call me child. I will be your countrywoman for ever. They told me you were dead."

After remaining in England a year, Rolfe determined to return to America. Pocahontas did not wish to leave England. A child had been born to her, and in England the world looked beautiful, and the future bright and fair. She became very sad ; she seemed to feel some evil was approaching. She died at Gravesend, March, 1617, just as she was about to sail. Some of the noblest families of Virginia are descended from the infant son which she left in her sorrow and youth, when life seemed to lie so fair before her.



"MEADOWS STRETCHED TO THE EASTWARD."

THE STORY OF ACADIA.

Every intelligent reader is familiar with Longfellow's beautiful story of "Evangeline." Few poems so haunt the imagination. Amid the pressure of care, the disappointments of

ambition, and under a sense of the hollowness of society, the fancy flits to Acadia; and whoever has gone into that land with the poet is sure to return to it again in dreams.

“ In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o’er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o’er the plain; and away to the north-
ward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne’er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the
maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics. Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows; But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners; There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

Acadia — now Nova Scotia — is itself a dream. Port Royal is gone; the maps do not contain it. Grand Pré is still to be seen, but it is no more the Norman town of the Golden Age.

Take the map. On the Bay of Fundy you will find the town of Annapolis, in Nova Scotia. It is situated near a pleasant bay called Annapolis, or Annapolis Harbor. It is nearly surrounded with picturesque hills. This harbor was visited in 1604 by De Monts, a French explorer. One of the noblemen who accompanied him was Baron de Poutrincourt. He saw the harbor and green hills in summer time, and he desired to settle there. He obtained from De Monts a grant of the region about the enchanting harbor, and he called the place Port Royal. De Monts formed a settlement at the mouth of St. Croix River, which was not successful.

Poutrincourt went to France and returned after a time to Port Royal with an ideal colony. He caused an immense banqueting hall to be erected, which was well supplied with deer, moose, bear, and all kinds of wild fowl. He made friends of the Indians and entertained the chiefs at sumptuous feasts.

The daily noonday meal was usually the scene of much vivacity. Champlain, the explorer, who discovered Lake Champlain and gave to it its name, was there; Lescarbot, the chronicler and troubadour; soldiers, artisans, and servants. With Poutrincourt, the feudal lord, often sat an Indian chief who was more than one hundred years old. One of the diversions at the table was to toss tidbits of French cookery to Indian children, who crawled like dogs about the floor. It is told that an aged Indian in dying once seriously inquired if



DINNER AMUSEMENTS AT PORT ROYAL.

the pies in Paradise would be as good as those at Port Royal. At night, by the blazing pine logs, Champlain would relate the stories of his wonderful adventures. What stories they must have been !

Sad news came to the colony after these happy and never-to-be-forgotten days. The monopoly granted to De Monts was rescinded by the home powers, and the colony was obliged to return to France.

The Indians loved this French colony, and were greatly disappointed at its departure. They bade their benefactors farewell with tears and lamentations, and stood on the shore as if heart-broken, as the boats sailed away to the ship on the lovely bay. Poutrincourt promised them that he would return again.

He kept the promise. He returned in 1610. The Indians had awaited his coming, and protected the houses of the French while he was gone. He found his favorite Port Royal as he had left it, and as faithful hearts to welcome him back again.

A new colony was founded, and its efforts were largely directed to converting the Indians to Christianity. The aged chief we have mentioned was one of the first converts and the first to be baptized. Indians came to Port Royal from all the country around for baptism. There were bitter contests of words and plots between the Jesuits and the liberal Catholic priests, but with this exception, Acadia was like a dream-land again. The ladies of the French court favored the mission, and astonishing tidings of great numbers of converts were yearly carried to them across the sea. Other colonists followed, and the French settlement grew. Peace and contentment prevailed. The Jesuits left the settlement to loving and benevolent curés, —

“And the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.”

By the fortunes of war this colony was transferred to England ; but its heart was still with France. The English distrusted its loyalty and sent an armed force to surprise and attack it, and to carry away the once happy people, and scatter them throughout their American domains. The Acadians were crowded into transports, their families were separated, their friendships and attachments blighted, and they were exiled among strangers never to see each other again. The name of Acadia was blotted out. The story of "Evangeline" is almost the only memorial of this most romantic and ideal settlement that remains.

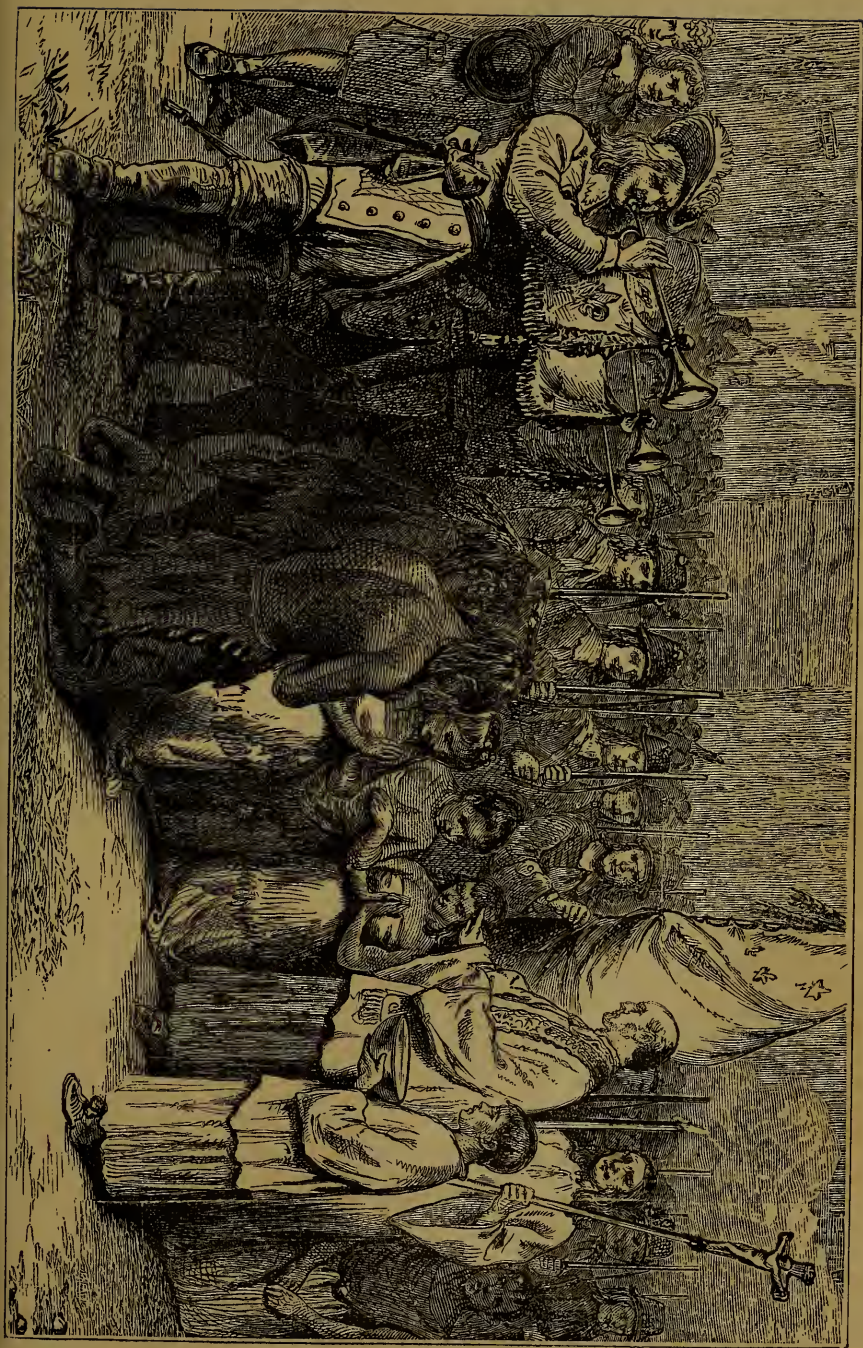
Acadia has one lesson in history that we ought not to forget. Love wins love, even from a savage's heart. The French from the first were kind and generous to the Indians ; not only *just*, as the Puritans of New England tried to be, but magnanimous and noble. Among the best citizens of the American Acadia were these Indians, faithful and grateful to those who were ever true to them.

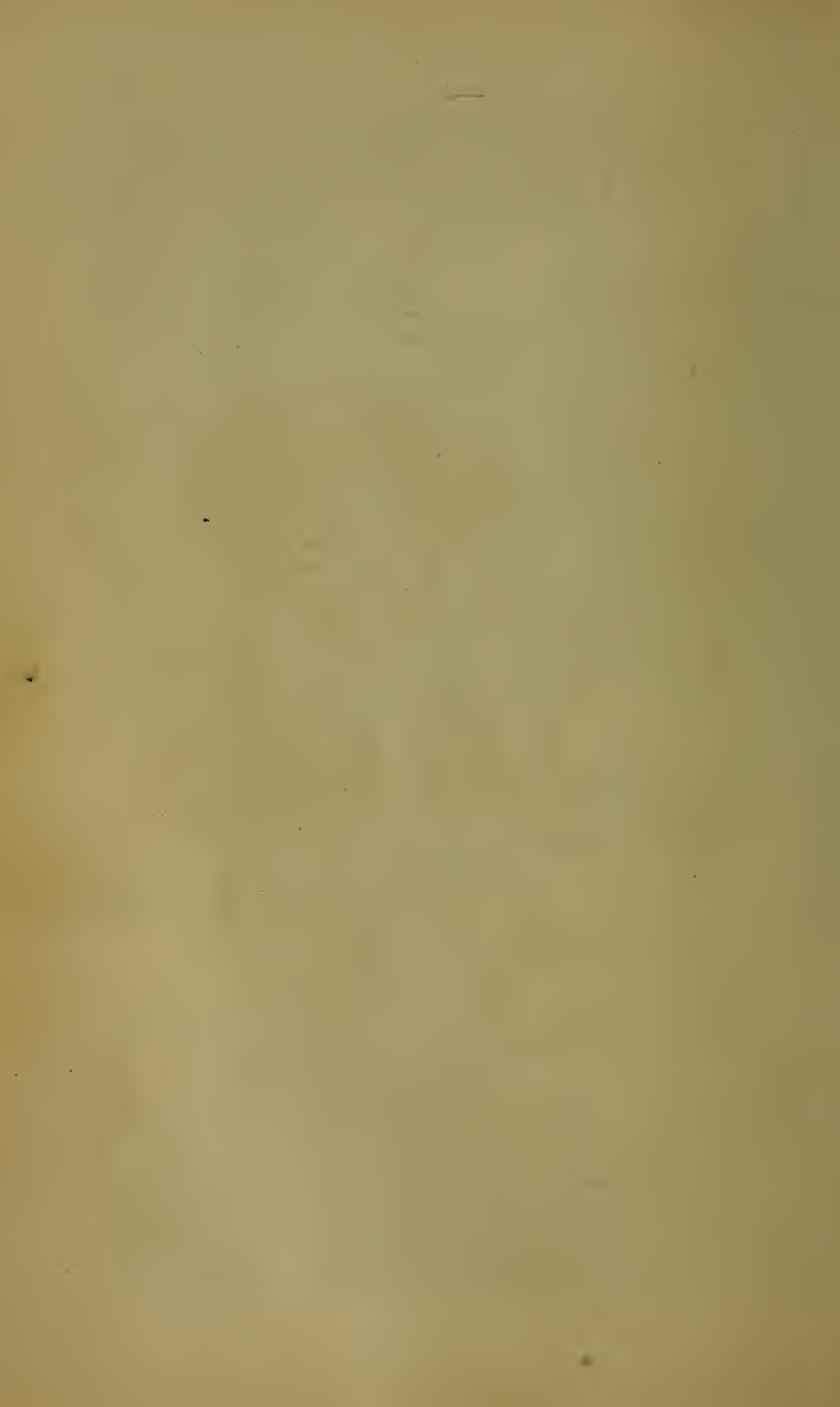
NEW ENGLAND.

A little more than two centuries ago New England was one vast forest. Here and there a little space was cleared, a little corn was raised, a few Indian families made their temporary abode. The savage occupants of the land spent their profitless lives to no better purpose than in hunting and fighting. The rivers which now give life to so much cheerful industry flowed uselessly to the sea. Providence had prepared a home which a great people might fitly inhabit. Let us see whence and how the men were brought who were the destined possessors of its opulence.

The Reformation had taught that every man is entitled to read his Bible for himself, and guide his life by the light he obtains from it. But the lesson was too high to be soon

BAPTISM OF INDIANS AT PAPT POUAI





learned. Protestant princes no more than Popish could permit their subjects to think for themselves. James I. had just ascended the English throne. His was the head of a fool and the heart of a tyrant. He would allow no man to separate himself from the

Established Church. He would "harry out of the land" all who attempted such a thing. And he was as good as his word. Men would separate from the church, and the king stretched out his pitiless hand to crush them.



JAMES I.

On the northern borders of Nottinghamshire stands the little town of Scrooby. Here there were some grave and well-reputed persons, to whom the ceremonies of the Established Church were an offence. They met in secret at the house of one of their number, a gentleman named Brewster. They were ministered to in all scriptural simplicity by the pastor of their choice, — Mr. Robinson, a wise and good man. But their secret meetings were betrayed to the authorities, and their lives were made bitter by the persecutions that fell upon them. They resolved to leave their own land and seek among strangers that freedom which was denied them at home.

They embarked with all their goods for Holland. But when the ship was about to sail, soldiers came upon them,

plundered them, and drove them on shore. They were marched to the public square of Boston, and there the Fathers of New England endured such indignities as an unbelieving rabble could inflict. After some weeks in prison they were suffered to return home.

Next spring they tried again to escape. This time a good many were on board, and the others were waiting for the return of the boat which would carry them to the ship. Suddenly dragoons were seen spurring across the sands. The shipmaster pulled up his anchor and pushed out to sea with those of his passengers whom he had. The rest were conducted to prison. After a time they were set at liberty. In little groups they made their way to Holland. Mr. Robinson and his congregation were reunited, and the first stage of the weary pilgrimage from the Old England to the New was at length accomplished.

Eleven quiet and not unprosperous years were spent in Holland. The Pilgrims worked with patient industry at their various handicrafts. They quickly gained the reputation of doing honestly and effectively whatever they professed to do, and thus they found abundant employment. Mr. Brewster established a printing-press, and printed books about liberty, which, as he had the satisfaction of knowing, greatly enraged the foolish King James. The little colony received additions from time to time, as oppression in England became more intolerable.

The instinct of separation was strong within the Pilgrim heart. They could not bear the thought that their little colony was to mingle with the Dutchmen and lose its independent existence. But already their sons and daughters were forming alliances which threatened this result. The fathers considered long and anxiously how the danger was to be averted. They determined again to go on pilgrimage. They would seek a home beyond the Atlantic, where they



THE MAYFLOWER AT SEA.

could dwell apart, and found a State in which they should be free to think.

On a sunny morning in July the Pilgrims kneel upon the seashore at Delfthaven, while the pastor prays for the success of their journey. Out upon the gleaming sea a little ship lies waiting. Money has not been found to transplant the whole colony, and only a hundred have been sent. The remainder will follow when they can. These hundred depart amid tears and prayers and fond farewells. Mr. Robinson dismissed them with counsels which breathed a pure and high-toned wisdom.

Sixty-eight years later, another famous departure from the coast of Holland took place. It was that of William, Prince of Orange, com-



WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

ing to deliver England from tyranny, and give a new course to English history. A powerful fleet and army sailed with the Prince. The chief men of the country accompanied him to his ships. Public prayers for his safety were offered up in all the churches. Insignificant beside this seems at first sight the unregarded departure of a hundred working men and women. It was in truth, however, not less but even more memorable. For these poor people went forth to found a great empire, destined to leave as deep and as enduring a mark upon the world's history as Rome or even as England has done.

The *Mayflower*, in which the Pilgrims made their voyage,

was a ship of one hundred and sixty tons. The weather proved stormy and cold; the voyage unexpectedly long. It was early in September when they sailed. It was not till the 11th November that the *Mayflower* dropped her anchor in the waters of Cape Cod Bay.

It was a bleak-looking and discouraging coast which lay before them. Nothing met the eye but low sand-hills, covered with ill-grown wood down to the margin of the sea. The Pilgrims had now to choose a place for their settlement. About this they hesitated so long that the captain threatened to put them all on shore and leave them. Little expeditions were sent to explore. At first no suitable locality could be found. The men had great hardships to endure. The cold was so excessive that the spray froze upon their clothes, and they resembled men cased in armor. At length a spot was fixed upon. The soil appeared to be good, and abounded in "delicate springs" of water. On the 22d December the Pilgrims landed, — stepping ashore upon a huge boulder of granite, which is still reverently preserved by their descendants. Here they resolved to found their settlement, which they agreed to call New Plymouth.

The winter was severe, and the infant colony was brought very near to extinction. They had been badly fed on board the *Mayflower*, and for some time after going on shore there was very imperfect shelter from the weather. Sickness fell heavily on the worn-out Pilgrims. Every second day a grave had to be dug in the frozen ground. By the time spring came there were only fifty survivors, and these sadly enfeebled and dispirited.

But all through this dismal winter the Pilgrims labored at their heavy task. The care of the sick, the burying of the dead, sadly hindered their work. But the building of their little town went on. They found that nineteen houses would contain their diminished numbers. These they built. Then

they surrounded them with a palisade. Upon an eminence beside their town they erected a structure which served a double purpose. Above, it was a fort, on which they mounted six cannon; below, it was their church. Hitherto the Indians had been a cause of anxiety, but had done them no harm; now they felt safe.

The Pilgrims had been careful to provide for themselves a government. They had drawn up and signed, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, a document forming themselves into a body politic, and promising obedience to all laws framed for the general good. Under this constitution they appointed John Carver to be their Governor. They dutifully acknowledged King James, but they left no very large place for his authority. They were essentially a self-governing people. They knew what despotism was, and they were very sure that democracy could by no possibility be so bad.

The welcome spring came at length, and "the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." The health of the colony began somewhat to improve.

Early in the spring a very pleasing episode happened in the history of the colony. Let us tell you

THE STORY OF MASSASOIT.

The great benefactor of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was an Indian chief. For more than forty years, when the colony was weak and defenceless, encountering sickness, famine, and peril on every hand, he was its defender and protector. His influence saved it from destruction by the Narragansetts. If any hero deserves a noble monument in New England, it is Massasoit.

This great and good chief dwelt at Sowamset, now Warren, Rhode Island. Massasoit's spring is still to be seen near one of the wharves of that town. Another of his favorite residen-

ces was Mount Hope, a lovely hill overlooking the Narragansett Bay, where was the principal burying-ground of his race.

Morton in his "Memorial" describes Massasoit as a portly man, grave of countenance and spare of speech. He loved peace and friendship, and had a great veneration for the wisdom of the Pilgrims.

His tribe and most of the New England tribes had been depleted by a great plague which had prevailed in New England a few years before the landing of the Pilgrims. We are told that the "savages died in heaps," that their bodies turned yellow after death, and that their unburied bones were often seen in depopulated villages by the first settlers in their explorations. But for this destruction of once powerful tribes the colonists must have been early overpowered in the Indian wars.

On Thursday, March 22, 1621, one hundred and one days after the landing of the Pilgrims, Massasoit, accompanied by his brother and sixty warriors, came to Plymouth to make a league of friendship with the colony. He had sent word of his coming, but on that day he suddenly made his appearance on Watson's Hill, which overlooked the settlement, and drew up his braves in a most imposing array. The latter were painted and fantastically dressed. The Pilgrims desired to receive the chief with due honor, but the distressing winter had rendered half their number unfit for such service. But Edward Winslow approached Massasoit with a present, and remained with the warriors as a hostage, while the good chief and a body of unarmed men went down the hill to the settlement. Captain Miles Standish, who had mustered a military company of six musketeers, met him.

It must have been much like an exploit of Baron Steuben, — that March day's reception on the wild Plymouth hillside. The Captain gave his orders in deep tones, and the men faced, and wheeled, and saluted their guest. A drum



was beaten, and a trumpet sounded; then came Governor Carver to the sachem and kissed his hand, and the two sat down on a rug and made a treaty of peace which protected the colony for nearly a half century.

Edward Winslow returned the visit of Massasoit during the following summer. In March, 1623, news came to Plymouth that the chief was dangerously sick. Mr. Winslow was sent by the colonists to visit him. He was accompanied by Mr. Hamden, and by Hobomok, an Indian interpreter.

Hobomok greatly loved his chief. On the way to Sowamset in Pokonoket, the residence of Massasoit, he would break out into exclamations of grief:—

“My loving sachem! O my loving sachem! many have I known, but never any like thee. Whilst I live I shall never see his like among Indians!”

Mr. Winslow in his journal has left a most interesting account of this visit to Massasoit. He says:—

“When we came to the house we found it so full of men that we could scarcely get in, though they used their best endeavors to make way for us. We found the Indians in the midst of their charms for him, making such a noise as greatly affected those of us who were well, and therefore was not likely to benefit him who was sick. About him were six or eight women, who chafed his limbs to keep heat in him.

“When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the English, were come to see him. Having understanding left, though his sight was wholly gone, he asked who was come. They told him, Winslow.

“He desired to speak with me. When I came to him, he put forth his hand and I took it. He then inquired:—

“‘*Keen Winslow?*’ which is to say, ‘Art thou Winslow?’

“I answered, ‘*Ahhe;*’ that is, ‘Yes.’

“Then he said, ‘*Matta neen wouckanet namen, Winslow;*’ that is to say, ‘O Winslow, I shall never see thee again.’

“I then called Hobomok, and desired him to tell Massasoit that the Governor, hearing of his sickness, was sorry; and though, by reason of much business, he could not come himself, yet he sent me with such things as he thought most likely to do him good in his extremity, and that if he would like to partake of it I would give it to him. He desired that I would. I then took some conserve on the point of my knife, and gave it to him, but could scarce get it through his teeth. When it had dissolved in his mouth, he swallowed the juice of it. When those who were about him saw this they rejoiced greatly, saying that he had not swallowed any thing for two days before. His mouth was exceedingly furred, and his tongue much swollen. I washed his mouth and scraped his tongue, after which I gave him more of the conserve, which he swallowed with more readiness. He then desired to drink. I dissolved some of the conserve in water, and gave it to him.

“Within half an hour there was a visible change in him. Presently his sight began to come. I gave him more, and told him of an accident we had met with in breaking a bottle of drink the Governor had sent him, assuring him that if he would send any of his men to Patuxet (Plymouth), I would send for more. I also told him that I would send for chickens to make him some broth, and for other things which I knew were good for him, and that I would stay till the messenger returned, if he desired. This he received very kindly, and appointed some who were ready to go by two o'clock in the morning, against which time I made ready a letter.

“He requested that the day following I would take my gun and kill him some fowl, and make him some pottage, such as he had eaten at Plymouth, which I promised to do. His appetite returning before morning, he desired me to make him some broth without fowl before I went out to hunt. I was now quite at a loss what to do. I, however, caused a woman

to pound some corn, put it into some water, and place it over the fire. When the day broke, we went out to seek herbs ; but it being early in the season, we could find none except strawberry leaves. I gathered a handful of them, with some sassafras root, and put them into the porridge. It being boiled, I strained it through my handkerchief, and gave him at least a pint, which he liked very well. After this his sight mended more and more, and he took some rest. We now felt constrained to thank God for giving his blessing to such raw and ignorant means. It now appeared evident that he would recover, and all of them acknowledged us as the instruments of his preservation.

“That morning he caused me to spend in going from one to another of those who were sick in town, requesting me to wash their mouths also, and to give to each of them some of the same that I gave him. This pains I willingly took.



MANY VISITORS.

“The messengers who had been sent to Plymouth had by this time returned ; but Massasoit, finding himself so much better, would not have the chickens killed, but kept them that they might produce more. Many, whilst we were there, came to see him ; some of them, according to their account, came not less than a hundred miles. Upon his recovery, he said : —

“‘Now I see that the English are my friends, and love me, and whilst I live I will never forget this kindness which they have shown me.’

“As we were about to come away he called Hobomok

to him and revealed to him a plot the Massachusetts had formed to destroy the English. He told him that several other tribes were confederate with them; that he, in his sickness, had been earnestly solicited to join them, but had refused, and that he had not suffered any of his people to unite with them."

Massasoit died, as is supposed, in the autumn of 1661, forty-one years after the landing of the Pilgrims. In 1662, his two sons, Wamsetta and Metacom, came to Plymouth to renew the treaty of peace he had made, and desired that English names should be given them. The court named them after the two heroes of Macedon, Alexander and Philip.

The years which followed the coming of the Pilgrims were years through which good men in England found it bitter



OLIVER CROMWELL.

to live. Charles I. was upon the throne. Laud was Archbishop of Canterbury. Bigotry as blind and almost as cruel as England had ever seen thus sat in her high places. A change was near. John Hampden was farming his lands in Buckinghamshire. A greater than he — his cousin, Oliver

Cromwell — was leading his quiet rural life at Huntingdon, not without many anxious and indignant thoughts about the evils of his time. John Milton was peacefully writing his



minor poems, and filling his mind with the learning of the ancients. The men had come, and the hour was at hand.

But as yet King Charles and Archbishop Laud governed in their own way. They fined and imprisoned every man who ventured to think otherwise than they wished him to think: they slit his nose, they cut off his ears, they gave him weary hours in the pillory. They ordered that men



CHARLES I.

should not leave the kingdom without the king's permission. Eight ships lay in the Thames, with their passengers on board, when that order was given forth. The soldiers cleared the ships, and the poor emigrants were driven back, in poverty and despair, to endure the misery from which they were so eager to escape.

New England was the refuge to which the wearied victims of this senseless tyranny looked. The Pilgrims wrote to their friends at home, and every letter was regarded with the interest due to a "sacred script." They had hardships to tell of at first; then they had prosperity and comfort; always they had liberty. New England seemed a paradise to men who were denied permission to worship God according to the manner which they deemed right. Every summer a few ships were freighted for the settlements. Many of the silenced

ministers came. Many of their congregations came, glad to be free, at whatever sacrifice, from the tyranny which disgraced their native land.

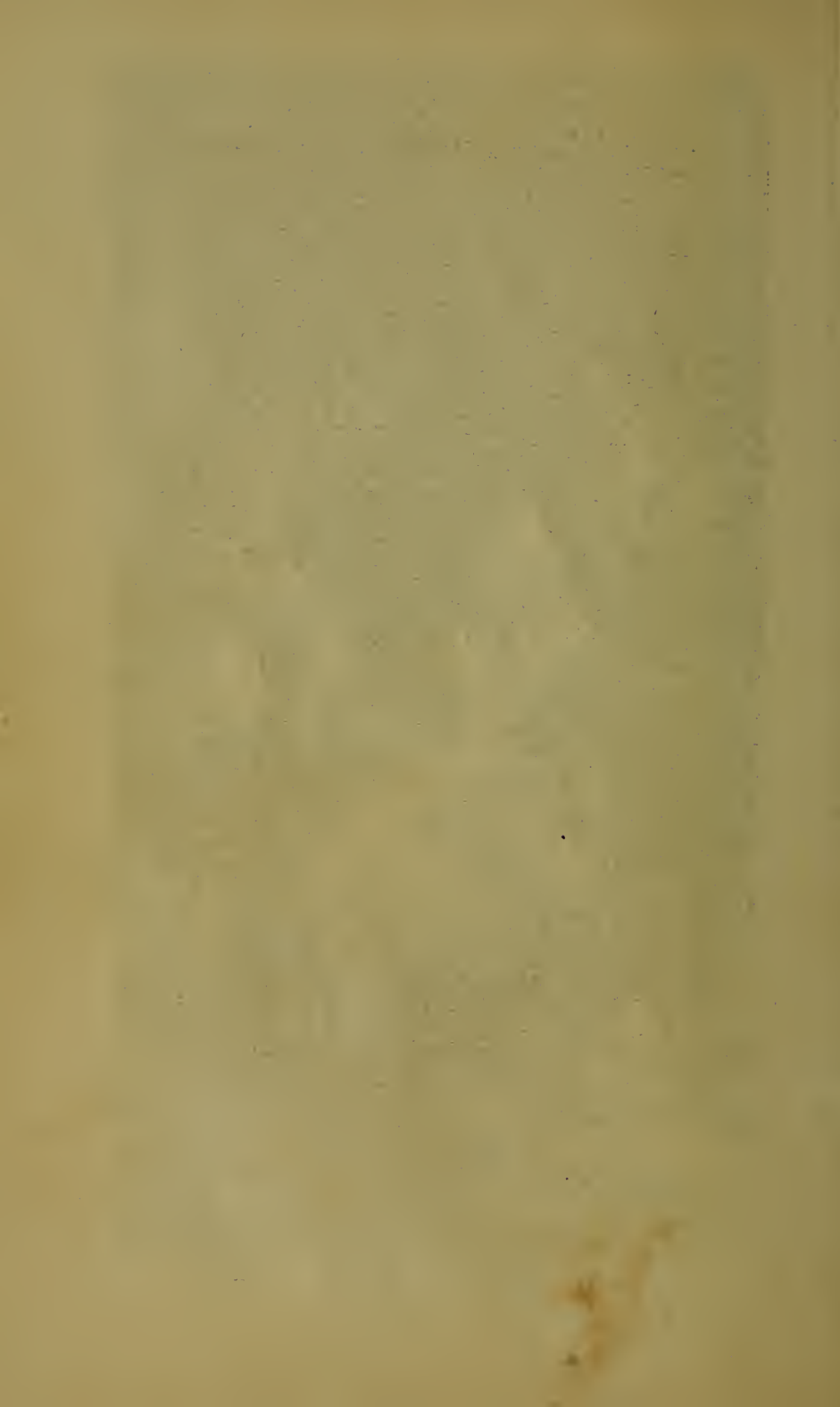
The region around New Plymouth became too narrow for the population. From time to time a little party would go forth, with a minister at its head. With wives and children and baggage they crept slowly through the swampy forest. By a week or two of tedious journeying they reached some point which pleased their fancy, or to which they judged that Providence had sent them. There they built their little town, with its wooden huts, its palisade, its fort, on which one or two guns were ultimately mounted. Thus were founded many of the cities of New England.

For some years the difficulties which the colonists encountered were almost overwhelming. There seemed at times even to be danger that death by starvation would end the whole enterprise. At one time the amount of food was limited to five kernels of corn to each person for one day. But they were a stout-hearted, patient, industrious people, and labor gradually brought comfort. The virgin soil began to yield them abundant harvests. They fished with such success that they manured their fields with the harvest of the sea. They spun and they wove. They felled the timber of their boundless forests. They built ships, and sent away to foreign countries the timber, the fish, the furs which were not required at home. Ere many years a ship built in Massachusetts sailed for London, followed by "many prayers of the churches." Their infant commerce was not without its troubles. They had little or no coin. Indian corn was made a legal tender. Bullets were legalized in room of the farthings which, with their other coins, had vanished to pay for foreign goods. But no difficulty could long resist their steady, undismayed labor.

They were a noble people who had thus begun to strike



DEALING OUT THE FIVE KERNELS OF CORN.



their roots in the great forests of New England. Their peculiarities may indeed amuse us. The Old Testament was their statute-book, and they deemed that the institutions of Moses were the best model for those of New England. They made attendance on public worship compulsory. They christened their children by Old Testament names. They regulated female attire by law. They considered long hair unscriptural, and preached against veils and wigs.

The least wise among us can smile at the mistakes into which the Puritan Fathers of New England fell; but the most wise of all ages will most profoundly reverence the purity, the earnestness, the marvellous enlightenment of these men. From their incessant study of the Bible they drew a love of human liberty unsurpassed in depth and fervor. Coming from under despotic rule, they established at once a government absolutely free.

The Pilgrims bore with them across the sea a deep persuasion that their infant state could not thrive without education. Three years after the landing, it was reported of them among the friends they left in London, that "their children were not catechised, nor taught to read." The colonists felt keenly this reproach. They utterly denied its justice. They owned, indeed, that they had not yet attained to a school, much as they desired it. But all parents did their best, each in the education of his own children. In a very few years schools began to appear. Such endowment as could be afforded was freely given. Some tolerably qualified brother was fixed upon, and "entreated to become schoolmaster." And thus gradually the foundations were laid of the noble school system of New England. Soon a law was passed that every town containing fifty householders must have a common school; every town of a hundred householders must have a grammar school. Harvard College was established within fifteen years of the landing.

The founders of New England were men who had known at home the value of letters. Brewster carried with him a library of two hundred and seventy-five volumes, and his was not the largest collection in the colony. The love of knowledge was deep and universal. New England has never swerved from her early loyalty to the cause of education.

Twenty-three years after the landing of the Pilgrims the population of New England had grown to twenty-four thousand. Forty-nine little wooden towns, with their wooden churches, wooden forts, and wooden ramparts, were dotted here and there over the land. There were four separate colonies, which hitherto had maintained separate governments. They were Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven. There appeared at first a disposition in the Pilgrim mind to scatter widely, and remain apart in small self-governing communities. For some years every little band which pushed deeper into the wilderness settled itself into an independent State, having no political relations with its neighbors. But this isolation could not continue. The wilderness had other inhabitants, whose presence was a standing menace. Within "striking distance" there were Indians enough to trample out the solitary little English communities. On their frontiers were Frenchmen and Dutchmen, — natural enemies, as all men in that time were to each other. For mutual defence and encouragement, the four colonies joined themselves into the United Colonies of New England. This was the first confederation in a land where confederations of unprecedented magnitude were hereafter to be established.



CHAPTER IV.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

EARLY in the history of New England, efforts were made to win the Indians to the Christian faith. The Governor of Massachusetts appointed ministers to carry the gospel to the savages. Mr. John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, was a minister at Roxbury. Moved by the pitiful condition of the natives, he acquired the language of some of the tribes in his neighborhood. He went and preached to them in their own tongue. He used to make a missionary tour every fortnight, and he visited all the Indians in the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies. His zeal led him into great dangers. "I have not been dry night or day," he once wrote, "from the third day of the week unto the sixth; but so travel, and at night pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and so continue." He printed books for the Indians. Many of them listened to his sermons in tears. Many professed faith in Christ, and were gathered into congregations. He gave them a simple code of laws. It was even attempted to establish a college for training native teachers. But this had to be abandoned. The slothfulness of the Indian youth, and their devouring passion for strong liquors, unfitted most of them for the ministry. No persuasion could induce them to labor. They could be taught to rest on the Sabbath; they could not be taught to work on the other six days. These were grave hinderances; but, in spite of them, Christianity made considerable progress among them. The hold which it then gained was never altogether lost. And it was observed that in all the

misunderstandings which arose between the English and the natives, the converts steadfastly adhered to their new friends.

A few of the Indians became preachers ; among the most noted at a later period was Samuel Occum, who visited England, composed poetry, and was called the Indian Whitefield.

Several hymns composed by Indians were used in the churches. The best known is that beginning, —

“ When shall we three meet again ? ”

It was composed by three Indians at the planting of a memorial pine on leaving Dartmouth College, where they had been receiving a Christian education. The stanzas which follow are particularly fine : —

“ Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There we three shall meet again.

“ When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, health, and strength are laid, —
Where immortal spirits reign,
There we three shall meet again.”

These Indians, it is said, afterwards met in the same place and composed another hymn, which is as beautiful and touching. It begins : —

“ Parted many a toil-spent year,
Pledged in youth to memory dear,
Still to friendship's magnet true,
We our social joys renew ;
Bound by love's unsevered chain,
Here on earth we meet again.”

But we must leave this pleasant glance at the work of Eliot and his successors, and take up the most painful events in the colonial history of New England.

The story of King Philip, and of the short, but bitter and heroic war that he waged against the colonists, is very romantic and affecting.

King Philip himself was a hero, to whom even his enemies could not refuse their respect and admiration. He was the younger son of that noble old chieftain, Massasoit, who had welcomed the Pilgrims to the soil of the New World, and had lived and died their faithful and powerful friend. Massasoit had two sons, and they were named by Governor Winslow, as we have already told you, Alexander and Philip. Alexander succeeded Massasoit, but died suddenly, on his way home from a visit to the colony of Plymouth, and the rank and authority of Massasoit passed from Alexander to Philip.

Philip was a noble-hearted Indian, full of patriotism, courage, and good sense. He was a statesman as well as a warrior, and governed his tribe, the Wampanoags, with rare judgment.

At first he was friendly to the Puritans, as his father had been before him. He often exchanged presents with them, and sent envoys to them, and was their ally in their troubles with other tribes. As he grew older, however, he began to perceive the dangers which menaced his people. Year by year the whites encroached more and more upon the Indian hunting-grounds and forests. The Indians, he saw, were constantly receding before the new-comers; they were being crowded into the narrow peninsulas and remote corners of New England, and the villages of the whites were starting up everywhere, on the spots where once the red-skins dwelt in peace.

Still, Philip faithfully observed the treaties which old Massasoit had made with the Plymouth and other colonies, and

which he himself had accepted; he even received insults from the whites without resenting them; and contented himself with holding long and grave councils with his warriors, at his beautiful and picturesque seat on Mount Hope, in Rhode Island.

At last, however, an event occurred which exhausted Philip's patience, and kindled the flame of hatred and vengeance in the breasts of his Indian subjects.

It happened that one of Philip's tribe, converted by the pious and devoted missionary, Eliot, had studied at Cambridge, and was then employed as a teacher. In consequence of some misconduct, however, he fled, and sought protection from Philip. After a while he returned again to the colony, and accused Philip of treachery towards it. It was not long before some of the Wampanoags waylaid and killed him. Three of the Indians were taken by the Puritans, charged with the murder, hastily tried, and hung.

Philip and his tribe could not bear this. At first the chief hesitated. But his scruples were soon overcome by the fierce young warriors, and so, of a sudden, the war burst forth. Several whites were killed near Swanzy; and it is said that Philip wept when he heard that the first blood had been shed. The signal was only needed to arouse most of the tribes throughout New England to rise against the white intruders. Some Indians remained on the side of the colonies, and Philip saw that the war would be a desperate one, and that the chances were greatly against him.

The English had guns and forts and sure supplies of food; Philip and his Indians were badly armed with old muskets and bows, and they must trust to luck for provisions, while they had no houses to shelter them. The war spread rapidly through New England. The two colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were prompt in meeting the defiance of the red-skins. Within a week after the first



bloodshed, the white troops had driven Philip and his warriors from Mount Hope. Not long after, Philip was a fugitive, and sped from tribe to tribe, rousing them to vengeance.

It seemed as if the war was over; it had really but just begun. Now occurred many terrible and never-to-be-forgotten scenes. The In-

dians, avoiding the white troops, dodging them, and never meeting them face to face in the open field, carried on the contest in their savage way of massacring the helpless, and burning villages. Many a fair and quiet settlement was made desolate.



THE ALARM.

The new houses of the settlers were suddenly laid waste. Women and children were ruthlessly murdered, and burned in the houses. Whole villages disappeared by fire. No one could feel safe; fire and death menaced the colonists in the fields, in their beds, in their churches, at the home porch. Out of the one hundred towns which, at that time, the New England colonies contained, twelve were entirely destroyed, and more than forty were more or less injured.

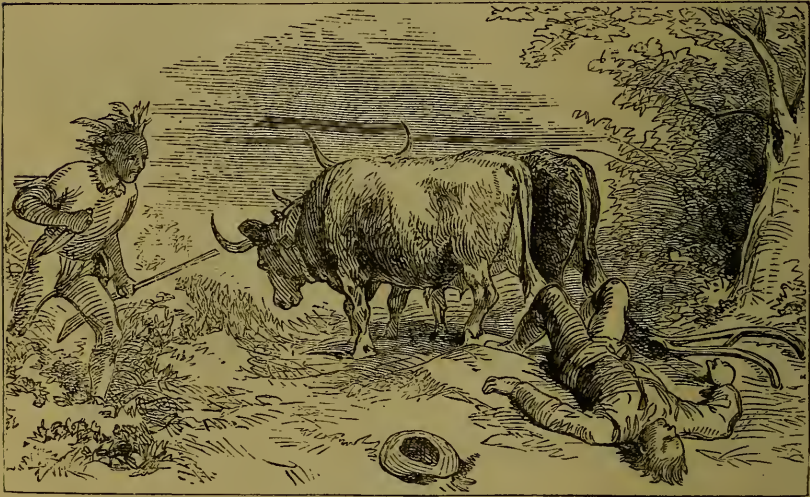
The Indians suffered, perhaps, not less terribly than the whites. The great tribe of the Narragansetts joined in the war, and it was their chief, Canonchet, who said, —

“We will fight to the last man before we will become servants to the English!”

The fort of this tribe, which, built of palisades, stood where the town of South Kingston, Rhode Island, now stands, was

the hiding-place and rendezvous of many of the Indians who had been defeated. This fort the Plymouth colonists resolved to destroy.

In December, 1675, when the snow lay deep on the dreary forest roads, Josiah Winslow set out for Fort Narragansett, at the head of a thousand resolute and well-armed men. It was a long march to this rude fortification ; but on reaching it



DEATH IN THE FIELD.

they soon destroyed it. The fort and its cabins were set on fire ; the winter stores of the Indians, their food and clothing, worse still, their old men, women, and children, were consumed in the flames.

The chief Canonchet was soon after taken prisoner. Offered his life if he would submit and agree to make peace, he proudly refused ; and then, being condemned to death, he said, —

“I like it well ; I shall die before I speak any thing unworthy of myself.”

There were still terrible ravages and sufferings among the colonies ; but by the end of 1675 the force of the Indians



DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

was broken, and their hope of ridding the soil of the white intruders was gone. Philip, wandering from tribe to tribe, saw with grief that his efforts had been in vain. Many tribes deserted his cause, and hastened to make peace with the colonies. Most of his own brave warriors had fallen by the bullet or by disease. Troops of Indians fled for safety into Canada; Philip appealed in vain to the powerful Mohawks to come to his aid.

The heroic chief at last yielded to despair. He became a fugitive, flying and hiding from the pursuit of his enemies. He lay in swamps; he crouched in caves and forests; and at last crept with difficulty back towards Mount Hope, his beloved old home, the scene of his glory, and that of his fathers. On his way, his wife and young son, idols of his heart, were taken prisoners, and in his anguish he exclaimed, "My heart breaks. Now I am ready to die."

He was pursued by the brave and gallant Captain Church, who had now completely broken the power of the Indians in Massachusetts; and as Philip was on the eve of being captured at last, a traitor Indian shot him in a swamp where he lay concealed. Church, in accordance with the custom at that time, ordered the head of the dead chieftain to be severed from the body and carried to Plymouth, where it was set up on a pole, and remained in public view for several years. The body was quartered and hung upon trees. Thus did our less enlightened ancestors retaliate upon Philip for kindling the war.

Of the great tribe of the Narragansetts, scarcely one hundred men survived the war.

The young son of Philip, the last remaining sachem of the once happy and powerful tribe of the Wampanoags, and the last of the family of Massasoit, was sold into slavery in Bermuda.

One romantic incident of this famous struggle of the In-

dians, on the one hand, for their ancient domain, and of the colonies, on the other, for the existence of white settlements in New England, is worth relating.

Equal in bravery and heroism to Philip was Weetamo, the queen of Pocasset. She was a proud and active woman, and ruled resolutely over one of the principal tribes. The seat of her domain was just across Narragansett Bay, opposite the promontory occupied by the Wampanoags. She was friendly to the Puritans. Shortly before the war she had wedded Alex-



WEETAMO ON A RAFT.

ander, Philip's elder brother; but as we have seen, Alexander suddenly died on his return from a visit to Plymouth.

When the war broke out, Weetamo resolved to join the whites against her own nation. But Philip sought a council with her, and eloquently urged her to reverse her decision.

He told her that Alexander had been foully dealt with; that he had been poisoned by the English. He persuaded her of this, and she then resolved to lead her tribe into the contest as Philip's ally.

Weetamo had many adventures, accompanied her warriors, and inspired them with her presence. But the fate of war went against her, as against the rest, and she, like Philip, was forced to fly.

At last she was driven to the banks of the bay. There



PHILIP'S HEAD BROUGHT TO PLYMOUTH.



were no canoes ; if she remained where she was she would surely be taken. She was resolved, however, to reach Pocasset, and jumping upon a hastily constructed raft, she attempted to cross the bay. But on the way over she was drowned. Her body was recovered by the English ; the head was cut off and exposed to view on the green at Taunton, whereupon the friendly Indians who were there set up a dismal howl.

It is rarely that characters more heroic than Philip and Weetamo appear amid the contests of even highly civilized nations ; and although their misfortunes resulted in the preservation of what was destined to be our great nation, we can afford to respect their patriotism, and admire their bravery.

THE STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF ANNAWON.

On that memorable August morning that Captain Benjamin Church and his party surprised and killed Philip, sachem of the Wampanoags, at the foot of Mount Hope in Rhode Island, a voice was heard in the woods calling out lustily : —

“ *Gootash! Gootash!* ”

“ Who is that ? ” asked Captain Church, of his Indian interpreter.

“ That is old Annawon, Philip’s great captain. He is calling on his soldiers to fight bravely. ”

As soon as Annawon knew that Philip had fallen, and that he could render him no further service, he fled. With a sorrowful heart he turned away from the green declivities overlooking the beautiful inland seas, the ancestral seat of the old Indian sachems, and the general burying-ground of the braves of the race.

He turned to the north, taking with him the poor, wretched, despairing remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Wampanoags.

Immediately after the death of Philip, Captain Church went to Plymouth, hoping to find rest in retirement after his long struggle with the Wampanoags and the Narragansetts. He had been here but a short time when a post came from Rehoboth to inform the officers of the colonial government that Annawon and his company were ranging about the woods of Rehoboth and Swanzey, causing a feeling of insecurity in those exposed frontier towns. Captain Church was at once despatched to disarm and disperse the party of Annawon.

After many interesting adventures, he came to a place in the vicinity of Rehoboth, where he captured a number of Indian fugitives. Among these was a young woman.

“What company did you come from last?” asked Captain Church, of the young captive.

“From Annawon’s.”

“How many were in his company when you left him?”

“About fifty or sixty.”

“How far is it to the place where you left Annawon?”

“It is a long distance.”

Captain Church was separated from his company at this time. There were with him six men, — one Englishman and five friendly Indians. He saw the necessity of immediate action. Annawon would soon learn of the approach of the English and elude his pursuers. Captain Church knew that he could surprise him that night, if he pressed forward without delay, and he resolved to do this with the little force then at hand, though the enterprise would be one of unusual peril. He unfolded his purpose to the company, and asked them if they were willing to go. The Indians were at first startled by the proposal of so daring an exploit. They told him that they were always ready to obey his commands. “But,” they added, “Annawon is a great soldier. He was one of the valiant captains under Massasoit, and he has been a principal leader during the present war. He has with him now some of

Philip's most resolute men. It would be a pity, after the great deeds you have done, for you to throw away your life in the end. Nevertheless, if you give the command we will follow you."

The brave party set out on the hazardous expedition. It was a dreamy afternoon, late in summer, and they arrived at the outskirts of the wood in which the great Indian warrior was concealing himself, just as the sun was declining. As the shadows deepened and the stars came out over the wide forest, the party cautiously entered the still wood, led by a captive Indian, who acted as a guide. They soon reached the place where the old warrior and his braves were taking their rest. This retreat was protected by high rocks, partly covered with low bushes, moss, and fern. Captain Church crept to the shelf of one of these rocks, and, looking over, beheld the great Annawon lying by the bright camp-fire. A part of the Indians were reposing beside him, and a part were preparing an evening meal. He discovered the arms of the party stacked at a distance, and partly covered to protect them from the dew. Captain Church surveyed the encampment for a moment, then made his resolution. It was to seize the arms, and to make Annawon a prisoner in his own camp.

Captain Church ordered two Indian captives to go down the declivity before him, and to lead the way to the place where Annawon was lying. An old squaw below was pounding corn in a mortar. When she pounded, the adventurers descended, and when she rested, they lay still. Captain Church presently found himself in the encampment, concealed from view by the captives who went before. He first came to young Annawon, the son of the great warrior. He stepped over him very quietly, but the young man, opening his eyes and discovering at a glance the situation, whipped his blanket over his head, and, shrinking up in a heap, lay perfectly motionless, evidently expecting to be killed. Captain Church now

stood at the feet of Annawon. The old warrior started, his eyes flashing, and his face wearing an expression of surprise, horror, and despair. He uttered the single word "*Howoh!*" then remained staring and silent. The great moon was now rising, silvering the forest; the camp-fires were lighting up the shadows of the rocks, and in the dim light, amid the perfect silence of the encampment, stood the bold English captain, hatchet in hand, beside the prostrate body of his terror-struck foe.

The arms of the Indians having been secured by Captain Church's men, the camp was alarmed and Annawon's warriors were informed that their chieftain had been made a captive. The Indians, not knowing how small a force had thus boldly surprised them, promised to surrender on the condition that their lives should be spared.

"Annawon," said Captain Church at last, "what had you for supper to-night?"

"*Taubut,*" answered the astonished warrior in a deep voice.

"I have come to sup with you," said Captain Church.

"Will you have cow-beef or horse-beef?"

"I will have cow-beef."

"Women," said the warrior sadly but generously, "prepare the English-a supper."

It was a bright, moonlight night, and Captain Church kept watch by the fading camp-fires. Towards morning, he saw Annawon, who supposed that he was asleep, arise and step aside from the company. He presently returned, bringing in his hand some glittering treasure, and, falling upon his knees, said in a half-confident, half-pitiable voice, "Great captain, you have killed Philip; you have conquered his country; you have now captured the last Indian warriors. The war is now ended by your means, and these things now belong to you."

He opened the pack, and took out King Philip's girdle of wampum, nine inches broad, richly embellished with figures of birds, beasts, and flowers. He put this around Captain Church's neck, and it hung down to his feet. He then put upon the captain's arm the other ornaments that had once been used on occasions of state by the fallen roytelet, and presented him with a beautiful wampum crown, never more to adorn the brow of a Wampanoag chieftain.

Annawon was executed in Boston, — a deed of cruelty and wickedness for which there can be offered no proper apology or excuse.



CHAPTER V.

THE GROWING EMPIRE.

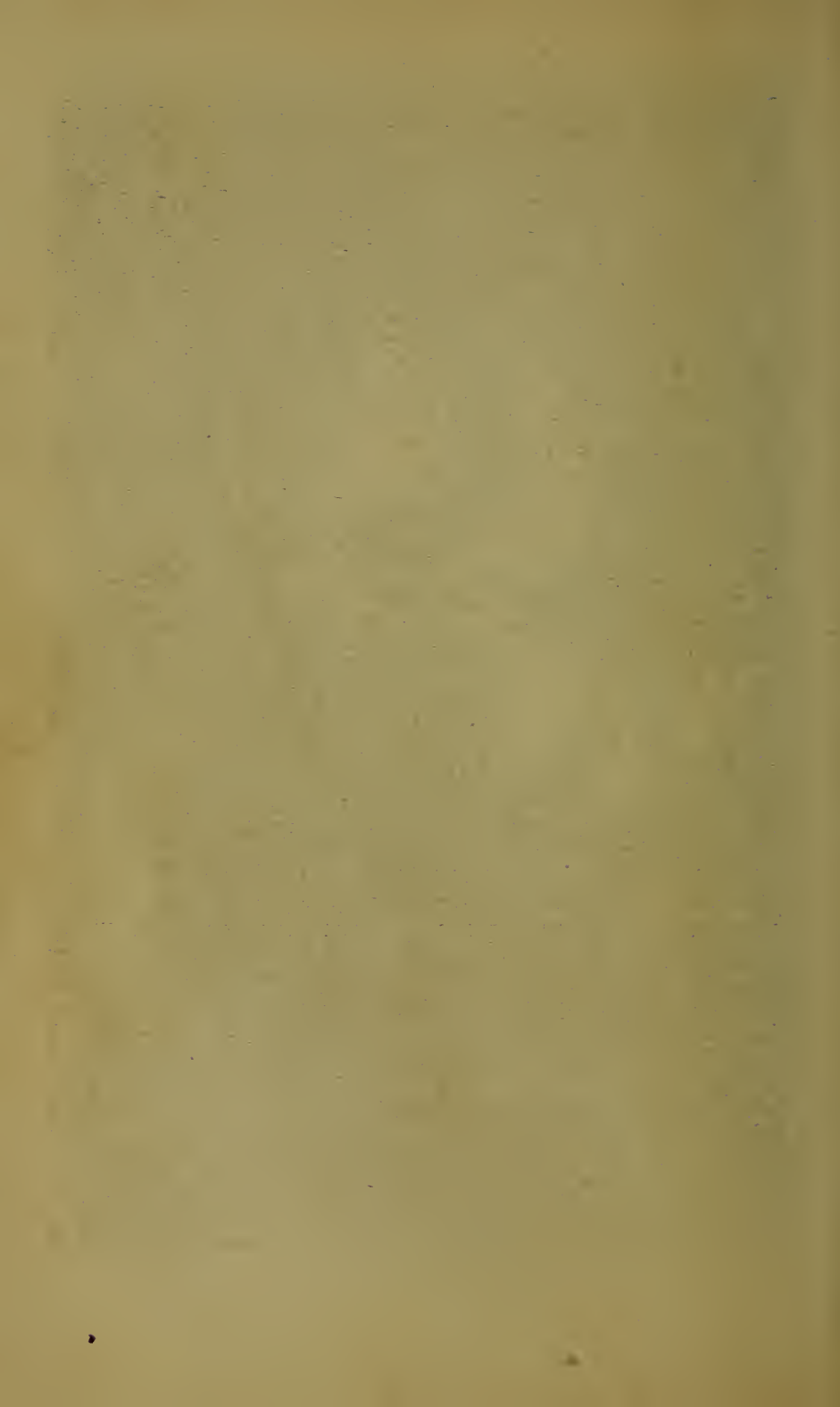
NEW YORK.

DURING the first forty years of its existence, the great city which we call New York was a Dutch settlement, known among men as New Amsterdam. That region had been discovered for the Dutch East India Company by Henry Hudson, who was still in search, as Columbus had been, of a shorter route to the East. He explored the river which is called after his name. The Dutch have never displayed any great aptitude for colonizing ; but they were unsurpassed in mercantile discernment, and they set up trading stations with much judgment.

Three or four years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the Dutch West India Company determined to enter into trading relations with the Indians along the line of the Hudson River. They sent out a few families, who planted themselves at the southern extremity of Manhattan Island. A wooden fort was built, around which clustered a few wooden houses, just as in Europe the baron's castle arose and the huts of the baron's dependants sheltered beside it. The Indians sold valuable furs for scanty payment in blankets, beads, muskets, and intoxicating drinks. The prudent Dutchmen grew rich, and were becoming numerous. But a fierce and prolonged war with the Indians broke out. The Dutch, having taken offence at something done by the savages, expressed their wrath by the massacre of an entire tribe.



HENRY HUDSON IN THE NORTH RIVER.



The Indians of that region made common cause against the dangerous strangers. All the Dutch villages were burned down. Long Island became a desert. The Dutchmen were driven in to the southern tip of the island on which New York stands. They ran a palisade across the island in the line of what is now Wall Street. To-day, Wall Street is the scene of the largest monetary transactions ever known among men. The hot fever of speculation rages there incessantly, with an intensity unknown elsewhere. Then, it was the line within which a disheartened and diminishing band of colonists strove to maintain themselves against a savage foe.

The war came to an end. For twenty years the colony continued to flourish under the government of a sagacious Dutchman called Peter Stuyvesant. Peter had been a soldier, and had lost a leg in the wars. He was a brave and true-hearted man, but withal despotic. When his subjects petitioned for some part in the making of laws, he was astonished at their boldness. He took it upon him to inspect the merchants' books. He persecuted the Lutherans and "the abominable sect of Quakers."

It cannot, therefore, be said that his government was faultless. The colony prospered under it, however, and a continued emigration from Europe increased its importance. But in the twentieth year certain English ships of war sailed up the bay, and, without a word of explanation, anchored near the settlement. Governor Peter was from home, but they sent for him, and he came with speed. He hastened to the fort and looked out into the bay.

There lay the ships, — grim, silent, ominously near. Appalled by the presence of his unexpected visitors, the Governor sent to ask wherefore they had come. His alarm was well founded; for Charles II. of England had presented to his brother James of York a vast stretch of territory, including the region which the Dutch had chosen for their

settlement. It was not his to give, but that signified nothing either to Charles or to James. These ships had come to take possession in the Duke of York's name.

A good many of the colonists were English, and they were well pleased to be under their own government. They would not fight.



CHARLES II.

The Dutch remembered the Governor's tyrannies, and they would not fight. Governor Peter was prepared to fight single-handed. He had the twenty guns of the fort loaded, and was resolute to fire upon the ships. So at least he professed. But the inhabitants begged him, in mercy to

them, to forbear; and he suffered himself to be led by two clergymen away from the loaded guns. It was alleged, to his disparagement, afterwards, that he had "allowed himself to be persuaded by ministers and other chicken-hearted persons." Be that as it may, King Charles's errand was done. The little town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, with all the neighboring settlements, passed quietly under English rule. The future Empire City was named New York, in honor of one of the meanest tyrants who ever disgraced the English throne. With the settlements on the Hudson there fell also into the hands of the English those of New Jersey, which the Dutch had conquered from the Swedes.



THE LAND OF PENN.

The uneventful but quietly prosperous career of Pennsylvania began in 1682. The Stuarts were again upon the throne of England. They had learned nothing from their exile ; and now, with the hour of their final rejection at hand, they were as wickedly despotic as ever.

William Penn was the son of an admiral who had gained victories for England, and enjoyed the favor of the royal family, as well as of the eminent statesmen of his time. The highest honors of the State would in due time have come within the young man's reach, and the brightest hopes of his future were reasonably entertained by his friends. To the dismay of all, Penn became a Quaker. It was an unspeakable humiliation to the well-connected admiral. He turned his son out of doors, trusting that hunger would subdue his intractable spirit. After a time, however, he relented, and the youthful heretic was restored to favor.

Ere long the admiral died, and Penn succeeded to his possessions. It deeply grieved him that his brethren in the faith should endure such wrongs as were continually inflicted upon them. He could do nothing at home to mitigate the severities under which they groaned. Therefore he formed the great design of leading them forth to a new world. King Charles owed to the admiral a sum of £16,000, and this doubtful investment had descended from the father to the son. Penn offered to take payment in land, and the king readily bestowed upon him a vast region stretching westward from the river Delaware.

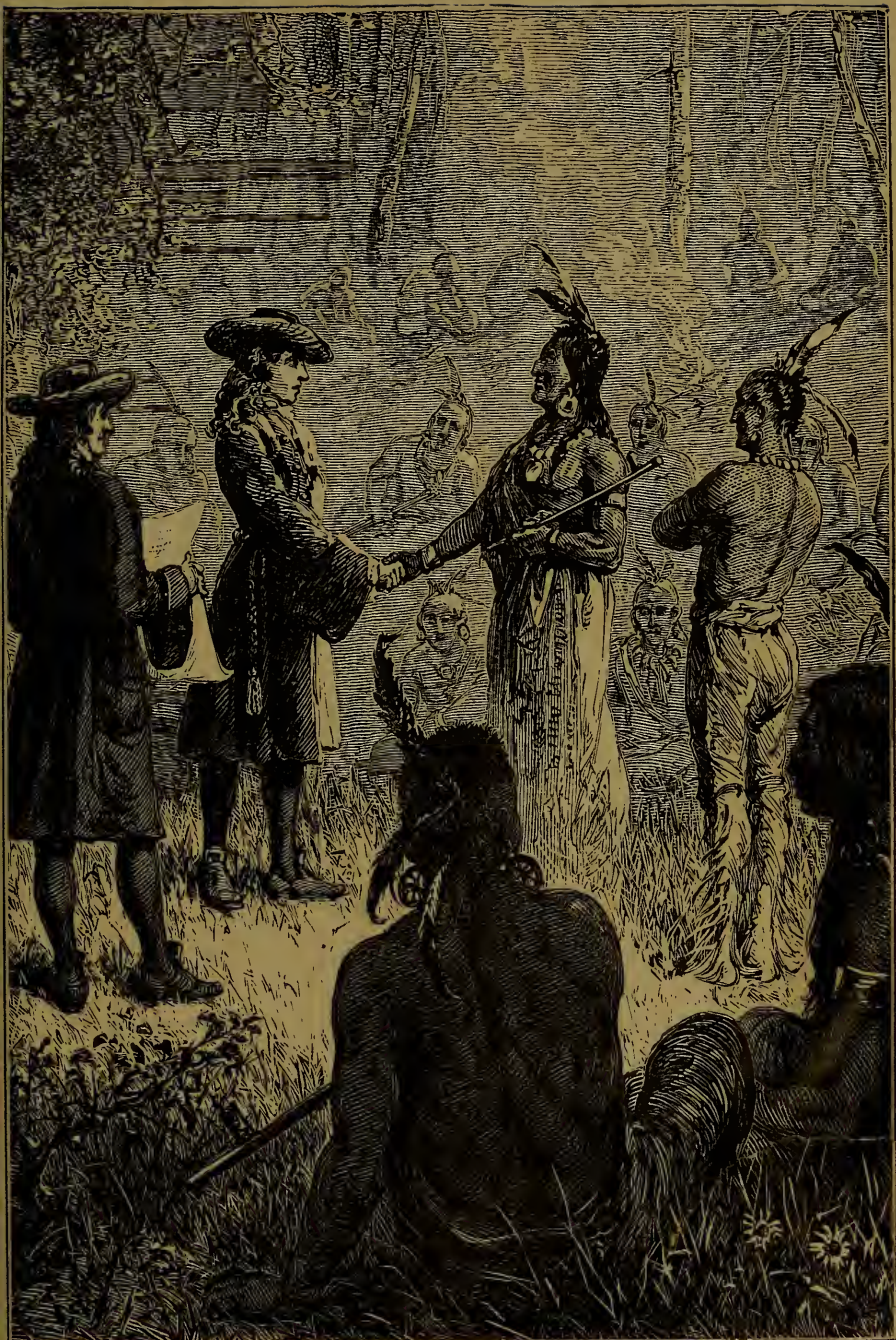
Here Penn proposed to found a State, free and self-governing. It was his noble ambition "to show men as free and as happy as they can be." He came to America. He proclaimed to the people already settled in his new dominions

that they should be governed by laws of their own making. "Whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire," he told them, "for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with." He was as good as his word. The people appointed representatives, by whom a Constitution was framed. Penn confirmed the arrangements which the people chose to adopt.



PENN'S ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.

Penn dealt justly and kindly with the Indians, and they requited him with a reverential love such as they evinced to no other Englishman. The neighboring colonies waged bloody wars with the Indians who lived around them, now inflicting defeats which were almost exterminating, now sustaining hideous massacres. Penn's Indians were his children



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

and most loyal subjects. No Quaker blood was ever shed by Indian hand in the Pennsylvanian territory.

Soon after Penn's arrival, he invited the chief men of the Indian tribes to a conference. The meeting took place beneath a huge elm-tree. The pathless forest has long given way to the houses and streets of Philadelphia, but a marble monument points out to strangers the scene of this memorable interview. Penn, with a few companions, unarmed, and dressed according to the simple fashion of their sect, met the crowd of formidable savages. They met, he assured them, as brothers "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will." No advantage was to be taken on either side. All was to be "openness and love;" and Penn meant what he said. Strong in the power of truth and kindness, he bent the fierce savages of the Delaware to his will. They vowed "to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." Long years after, they were known to recount to strangers, with deep emotion, the words which Penn had spoken to them under the old elm-tree.

The fame of Penn's settlement went abroad in all lands. An asylum was opened "for the good and oppressed of every nation." Of these there was no lack. Grave and God-fearing men from all the Protestant countries sought a home where they might live as conscience taught them. The new colony grew apace. Its natural advantages were tempting. Penn reported it as "a good land, with plentiful springs, the air clear and fresh, and an innumerable quantity of wild-fowl and fish. During the first year twenty-two vessels arrived, bringing two thousand persons. In three years Philadelphia was a town of six hundred houses.

When Penn, after a few years, revisited England, he was able truly to relate that "things went on sweetly with the Friends in Pennsylvania; that they increased finely in outward things and in wisdom."

OGLETHORPE AND GEORGIA.

The thirteen States which composed the original Union were Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.



DR. JOHNSON.

Of these the latest born was Georgia. Only fifty years had passed since Penn established the Quaker State on the banks of the Delaware. But changes greater than centuries have sometimes wrought had taken place. The Revolution had vindicated the liberties of the British people. The era of despotic government had closed. The real governing power was no longer the king, but the Parliament.

Among the members of Parliament during the rule of Sir Robert Walpole was one almost unknown to us now, but deserving of honor beyond most men of his time. His name was James Oglethorpe. He was a soldier, and had fought against the Turks and in the great Marlborough wars against Louis XIV. In advanced life he became the friend of Samuel Johnson. Dr. Johnson urged him to write some account of his adventures. "I know no one," he said,



“whose life would be more interesting ; if I were furnished with materials I should be very glad to write it.” Edmund Burke considered him “a more extraordinary person than any he had ever read of.” John Wesley “blessed God that ever he was born.” Oglethorpe attained the great age of ninety-six, and died in the year 1785. The year before his death he attended the sale of Dr. Johnson’s books, and was there met by Samuel Rogers, the poet. “Even then,” says Rogers, “he was the finest figure of a man you ever saw, but very, very old ; the flesh of his face like parchment.”

In Oglethorpe’s time it was in the power of a creditor to imprison, according to his pleasure, the man who owed him money and was not able to pay it. It was a common circumstance that a man should be imprisoned during a long series of years for a trifling

debt. Oglethorpe had a friend upon whom this hard fate had fallen. His attention was thus painfully called to the cruelties which were inflicted upon the unfortunate and helpless. He appealed to Parliament, and after inquiry a partial remedy was obtained. The benevolent exertions of Oglethorpe procured liberty for multitudes who but for him might have ended their lives in captivity.



GEORGE II.

This however did not content him. Liberty was an incom-

plete gift to men who had lost, or perhaps had scarcely ever possessed, the faculty of earning their own maintenance. Oglethorpe devised how he might carry these unfortunate men to a place where, under happier auspices, they might open a fresh career. He obtained from King George II. a charter by which the country between the Savannah and the Altamaha, and stretching westward to the Pacific, was erected into the province of Georgia. It was to be a refuge for the deserving poor, and next to them for Protestants suffering persecution. Parliament voted £10,000 in aid of the humane enterprise, and many benevolent persons were liberal with their gifts. In November the first exodus of the insolvent took place. Oglethorpe sailed with one hundred and twenty emigrants, mainly selected from the prisons, — penniless, but of good repute. He surveyed the coasts of Georgia, and chose a site for the capital of his new State. He pitched his tent where Savannah now stands, and at once proceeded to mark out the line of streets and squares. The Indians welcomed him with surprise and delight, and he was equally astonished and pleased at some of the fantastic ceremonies with which they first approached him. One of the Indian chiefs presented him with a buffalo skin adorned with the feathers of an eagle. “The feathers,” he said, “signify *love*; the buffalo skin means *protection*: love and protect our families.”

Next year the colony was joined by about a hundred German Protestants, who were then under persecution for their beliefs. The colonists received this addition to their numbers with joy. A place of residence had been chosen for them, which the devout and thankful strangers named Ebenezer. They were charmed with their new abode. The river and the hills, they said, reminded them of home. They applied themselves with steady industry to the cultivation of indigo and silk, and they prospered.

The fame of Oglethorpe's enterprise spread over Europe.



OGLETHORPE AND THE INDIANS.

All struggling men, against whom the battle of life went hard, looked to Georgia as a land of promise. They were the men who most urgently required to emigrate ; but they were not always the men best fitted to conquer the difficulties of the emigrant's life. The progress of the colony was slow. The poor persons of whom it was originally composed were honest but ineffective, and could not in Georgia more than in England find out the way to become self-supporting. Encouragements were given which drew from Germany, from Switzerland, and from the highlands of Scotland, men of firmer texture of mind, better fitted to subdue the wilderness and bring forth its treasures.

With Oglethorpe there went out, on his second expedition to Georgia, the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley. Charles went as secretary to the Governor. John was even then, although a very young man, a preacher of unusual promise. He burned to spread the gospel among the settlers and their Indian neighbors. He spent two years in Georgia, and these were unsuccessful. His character was unformed ; his zeal out of proportion to his discretion. The people felt that he preached "personal satires" at them. He returned to begin his great career in England, with the feeling that his residence in Georgia had been of much value to himself, but of very little to the people whom he sought to benefit. But the church that he founded is to-day the largest Christian body in America, and is especially powerful in the South.

Just as Wesley reached England, his fellow-laborer George Whitefield sailed for Georgia. There were now little settlements spreading inland, and Whitefield visited these, bearing to them the word of life. He founded an Orphan-House at Savannah, and supported it by contributions, obtained easily from men under the power of his unequalled eloquence. He visited Georgia very frequently, and his love for that colony remained with him to the last.

Slavery was, at the outset, forbidden in Georgia. It was opposed to the gospel, Oglethorpe said, and therefore not to be allowed. He foresaw, besides, what has been so bitterly experienced since, that slavery must degrade the poor white laborer. But soon a desire sprang up among the less scrupulous of the settlers to have the use of slaves. Within seven years from the first landing, slave-ships were discharging their cargoes at Savannah.

CHAPTER VI.

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

WHEN the Pilgrims left their native land, the belief in witchcraft was universal. England, in much fear, busied herself with the slaughter of friendless old women who were suspected of an alliance with Satan. King James had published his book on Demonology a few years before, in which he maintained that to forbear from putting witches to death was an "odious treason against God." England was no wiser than her king. During James's life, and long after his decease, the yearly average of executions for witchcraft was somewhere about five hundred.

There were times when the excitement concerning witches was so violent in England that almost any old woman whom disease or infirmities had rendered unsightly was liable to fall under the suspicion of witchcraft. Then, after a trial as senseless and as ridiculous as the charge, she was hustled off to suffer a most painful death.

The Evil One, according to an old English superstition, used to set his mark on all true witches, and that part of the body where the stigma was placed was insensible to pain. Hence a true witch might be discovered by pricking her with pins.

Pricking became a profession in Scotland during the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and a class of execrable fellows called prickers filled their slender purses by going from place to place, and sticking pins into helpless old women.

The supposed witches often lost their fortitude under the torture, and confessed themselves guilty of whatever they were accused of. Being condemned by their own words, it only remained to put them to death.

A vile monster by the name of Hopkins, who became rich by going from town to town and pretending to detect witches, used to bind suspected persons hand and foot, and cast them into the river. He said that true witches renounced their baptism, and therefore water would reject them, and they would float. Hence, when the accused floated, as commonly was the case, she was adjudged guilty, and was taken from the water to be hung.

This wretch, after a notorious career, fell into disrepute, the people reasoning that he himself must be in the confidence of bad spirits, else he would not know so readily who were witches and who were not.

They resolved to measure him by his own standard, by casting him into the river in order to see if his body would sink or swim. The result was that he floated, and being found a wizard by his own test, his miserable end was made to verify the Scripture: "In such measure as ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The following trustworthy story, the outlines of which we gather from Sir Walter Scott, presents a fair picture of witchcraft in England, not long before the Commonwealth: —

About the year 1634 a boy by the name of Edmund Robinson, the son of an ignorant and superstitious man living in Pendle Forest, began to make a great stir in the vicinity of the place where he lived, by relating some very remarkable occurrences which he claimed to have seen.

He said that he wandered forth into the woods one day to gather wild fruit, when he chanced to meet in a retired glade two greyhounds. Thinking to have a bit of sport, he started a hare from a thicket, and tried to induce the greyhounds

to give chase ; but, contrary to the instincts of such animals, they allowed the hare to escape without any attempt to molest it.

He was very angry, and, seizing a stick, was about to beat one of the hounds, when suddenly the animal started up before him in the form of a woman, whom he presently recognized as a certain Dame Dickenson, the wife of a neighbor. The other hound as suddenly changed into a little boy.

Dame Dickenson seemed much chagrined at the discovery, and told young Robinson that she would give him a sum of money if he would promise not to disclose what he had seen. He replied, —

“Nay, thou art a witch.”

The dame, without further parley, took a bridle from her pocket, and shaking it over the head of the little boy by her side, changed him into a horse. She seized young Robinson, and, mounting the steed, galloped away.

They came to an obscure building in the forest, and, on entering with the dame, Robinson beheld an assemblage of witches making frightful faces, and performing mysterious incantations. They would take hold of a halter, make hideous faces, and give a pull, when there would suddenly appear before them roast meat, porringers of milk, and other rustic dainties.

One would suppose that a story so ridiculous in itself would have passed for a myth, even though rendered somewhat remarkable by the youth and simplicity of the narrator. Not so ; the superstitious took alarm, busybodies put the wonderful tale in rapid circulation, and the fever of excitement spread. The boy obtained great celebrity as a “witch finder,” but at last acknowledged that his marvellous story was an imposture.

The Pilgrims carried with them across the Atlantic the uni-

versal delusion. Their way of life was fitted to strengthen it. They lived on the verge of vast and gloomy forests. The howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther sounded nightly around their cabins. Treacherous savages lurked in the woods, watching the time to plunder and to slay. Every circumstance was fitted to increase the susceptibility of the mind to gloomy and superstitious impressions. But for the first quarter of a century, while every ship brought news of witch-killing at home, no satanic outbreak disturbed the settlers. The sense of brotherhood was yet too strong among them. Men who have braved great dangers and endured great hardships together do not readily come to look upon each other as the allies and agents of the Evil One.

In the State of Massachusetts there was a little town, now a fine city, called Salem, sitting pleasantly between two rivers; and in this town there dwelt at that time a minister whose name was Parris. The daughter and niece of Mr. Parris became ill of a strange nervous disease. It was a dark time for Massachusetts; for the colony was at war with the French and Indians, and was suffering cruelly from their ravages. The doctors sat in solemn conclave on the afflicted girls, and pronounced them bewitched. Mr. Parris, not doubting that it was even so, bestirred himself to find the offenders. He fastened suspicion upon three old women, who were at once arrested. Then, with marvellous rapidity, the mania spread through the town. The rage and fear of the distracted community rose high. Every one suspected his neighbor. Children accused their parents. Parents accused their children. The prisons could scarcely contain the suspected. The town of Falmouth hanged its minister, a man of intelligence and worth. Some near relations of the Governor were denounced. Witches were believed to ride in the air at night. Even the beasts were not safe. A dog was solemnly put to death for the part he had taken in some satanic festivity.



For more than twelve months this mad panic raged. It is just to say that the hideous cruelties which were practised in Europe were not commonly resorted to in the prosecution of American witches. Torture was seldom inflicted to wring confession from the victim. The American test was more humane, and not more foolish, than the European. Those suspected persons who denied their guilt were judged guilty and hanged. Those who confessed were, for the most part, set free. Many hundreds of innocent persons, who scorned to purchase life by falsehood, perished miserably under the fury of an excited people. Giles Corey was pressed to death in Salem for refusing to confess that he was a *wizard*.

The so-called Salem witchcraft seems to have in reality begun in Boston in 1688. The children of Mr. John Goodwin began to behave in a very strange manner: we are told that they "barked like dogs, mewed like cats, and flew through the air like geese." Geese often touch their feet to the ground when flying, and we presume the Goodwin children flew in this way. Cotton Mather, the minister at Boston, pronounced these children to be bewitched. A weak old woman, who was a Papist, was accused of the witchcraft, and was executed.

The delusion spread, principally among the children, until the Massachusetts Bay Colony was filled with terror and suspicion. Gallows Hill at Salem, now a tanyard, was the scene of those awful tragedies which have so darkened the fair pages of colonial history.

The fire had been kindled in a moment; it was extinguished as suddenly. The Governor of Massachusetts only gave emphasis to the reaction which had occurred in the public mind, when he abruptly stopped all prosecutions against witches, dismissed all the suspected, pardoned all the condemned. The House of Assembly proclaimed a fast, entreating that God would pardon the errors of his people

“in the late tragedy raised by Satan and his instruments.” One of the judges stood up in church in Boston, with bowed-down head and sorrowful countenance, while a paper was read, in which he begged the prayers of the congregation, that the innocent blood which he had erringly shed might not be visited on the country or on him. The Salem jury asked forgiveness of God and the community for what they had done under the power of “a strong and general delusion.” Poor Mr. Parris was now at a sad discount. He made public acknowledgment of his error. But at his door lay the origin of all this slaughter of the unoffending. His part in the tragedy could not be forgiven. The people would no longer endure his ministry, and demanded his removal. Mr. Parris resigned his charge, and went forth from Salem a broken man.

If the error of New England was great and most lamentable, her repentance was prompt and deep. Five-and-twenty years after she had clothed herself in sackcloth, old women were still burned to death for witchcraft in Great Britain. The year of blood was never repeated in America.

CHAPTER VII.

PERSECUTION AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

THE Puritans left their native England and came to the "outside of the world," as they called it, that they might enjoy liberty to worship God according to the way which they deemed right. They had discovered that they themselves were entitled to toleration. They felt that the restraints laid upon them were very unjust and very grievous. But their light as yet led them no further. They had not discovered that people who differed from them were as well entitled to be tolerated as they themselves were. Simple as it seems, men have not all found out even yet that every one of them is fully entitled to think for himself.

Thus it happened that, before the Pilgrims had enjoyed for many years the cheerful liberty of their new home, doctrines raised their heads among them which they felt themselves bound to suppress. One February day there stepped ashore at Boston a young man upon whose coming great issues depended. His name was Roger Williams. He was a clergyman, "godly and zealous," — a man of rare virtue and power. Cromwell admitted him, in later years, to a considerable measure of intimacy. He was the friend of John Milton in the bright days of the poet's youth, ere yet "the ever-during dark" surrounded him. From him Milton acquired his knowledge of the Dutch language. He carried with him to the New World certain strange opinions. Long thought had satisfied him that in regard to religious

belief and worship man is responsible to God alone. No man, said Williams, is entitled to lay compulsion upon another man in regard to religion. The civil power has to do only with the "bodies and goods and outward estates" of men. In the domain of conscience God is the only ruler.

New England was not able to receive these sentiments. Williams became minister at Salem, where he was held in high esteem. In time his opinions drew down upon him the unfavorable notice of the authorities. The General Court of Massachusetts brought him to trial for the errors of his belief. His townsmen and congregation deserted him. His wife reproached him bitterly with the evil he was bringing upon his family. Mr. Williams could do no otherwise. He must testify with his latest breath, if need be, against the "soul oppression" which he saw around him. The court heard him, discovered error in his opinions, declared him guilty, and pronounced upon him sentence of banishment.

All honor to this good and brave, if somewhat eccentric, man! He of all the men of his time saw most clearly the beauty of absolute freedom in matters of conscience. He went forth from Salem.

He lived during a part of one winter with the sachem Massasoit at Mount Hope. He obtained a grant of land from the Indians, and he founded the State of Rhode Island. Landing one day from a boat in which he explored his new possessions, he climbed a gentle slope, and rested with his companions beside a spring. It seemed to him that the capital of his infant State ought to be here.

He laid the foundations of his city, which he named Providence, in grateful recognition of the power which had guided his uncertain steps.

It is to-day one of the most beautiful and thrifty cities in the Union. His settlement was to be "a shelter for persons



WHIPPING QUAKERS AT THE CART'S TAIL IN BOSTON.



distressed for conscience." Most notably has it been so. Rhode Island has no taint of persecution in her statute-book or in her history. Massachusetts continued to drive out her heretics. Rhode Island took them in. They might err in their interpretation of Scripture. Pity for themselves if they did so. But while they obeyed the laws, they might interpret Scripture according to the light they had. Many years after, Mr. Williams became President of the colony which he had founded. The neighboring States were at that time sharply chastising the Quakers with lash, branding-iron, and imprisonment. Rhode Island was invited to join in the persecution. Mr. Williams replied that he had no law whereby to punish any for their belief "as to salvation and an eternal condition." He dissented from the doctrines of the Quakers. In his seventy-third year he rowed thirty miles in an open boat to wage a public debate with some of the advocates of the system. Thus and thus only could he resist the progress of opinions which he deemed pernicious. In beautiful consistency and completeness stands out to the latest hour of his long life this good man's loyalty to the absolute liberty of the human conscience.

He cherished a very forgiving spirit towards those who sent him into exile. Learning that the Pequot Indians had arranged a meeting with the Narragansetts, for the purpose of destroying the Massachusetts Colony, he suddenly surprised the council, and dissuaded them from their purpose. In this deed he put his life in peril for his enemies.

Thus, too, it happened that when seven or eight men began to deny that infants should be baptized, New England never doubted that she did right in forcibly trampling out their heresy. The heretics had started a meeting of their own, where they might worship God apart from those who baptized their infants. One Sabbath morning the constable invaded their worship and forcibly bore them away to church.

Their deportment there was not unsuitable to the manner of their inbringing. They audaciously clapped on their hats while the minister prayed, and made no secret that they deemed it sin to join in the services of those who practised infant baptism. For this "separation of themselves from God's people" they were put on trial. They were fined, and some of the more obdurate among them were ordered to be "well whipped." We have no reason to doubt that this order was executed in spirit as well as in letter. Then a law went forth that every man who openly condemned the baptizing of infants should suffer banishment. Thus resolute were the good men of New England that the right which they had come so far to enjoy should not be enjoyed by any one who saw a different meaning from theirs in any portion of the Divine Word.

When Massachusetts had reason to apprehend the coming of certain followers of the Quaker persuasion from England, she was smitten with a great fear. A fast-day was proclaimed, that the alarmed people might "seek the face of God in reference to the abounding of errors, especially those of the Ranters and Quakers." As they fasted, a ship was nearing their shores with certain Quaker women on board. These unwelcome visitors were promptly seized and lodged in prison; their books were burned by the hangman; they themselves were sent away home by the ships which brought them. All shipmasters were strictly forbidden to bring Quakers to the colony. A poor woman, the wife of a London tailor, left her husband and her children, to bring, as she said, a message from the Lord to New England. Her trouble was but poorly bestowed; for they to whom her message came requited her with twenty stripes and instant banishment.

The banished Quakers took the earliest opportunity of finding their way back. Laws were passed dooming to death



ROGER WILLIAMS IN PERIL FOR HIS ENEMIES.

all who ventured to return. A poor fanatic was following his plough in distant Yorkshire, when he thought the word of the Lord came to him, saying, "Go to Boston." He went, and the ungrateful men of Boston hanged him. Four persons in all suffered death. Many were whipped. Some had their ears cut off. But public opinion, which has always been singularly humane in America, began to condemn these foolish cruelties. The Quakers had friends at home, friends who had access to the court. There came a letter in the king's name directing that the authorities of New England should "forbear to proceed further against the Quakers." That letter came by the hands of a Quaker who was under sentence of death if he dared to return. The authorities could not but receive it, could not but give effect to it. The persecution ceased; and with it may be said to close, in America, all forcible interference with the right of men to think for themselves.

The Quakers, as they are known to us, are of all sects the least offensive. A persecution of this serene, thoughtful, self-restrained people may well surprise us. But, in justice to New England, it must



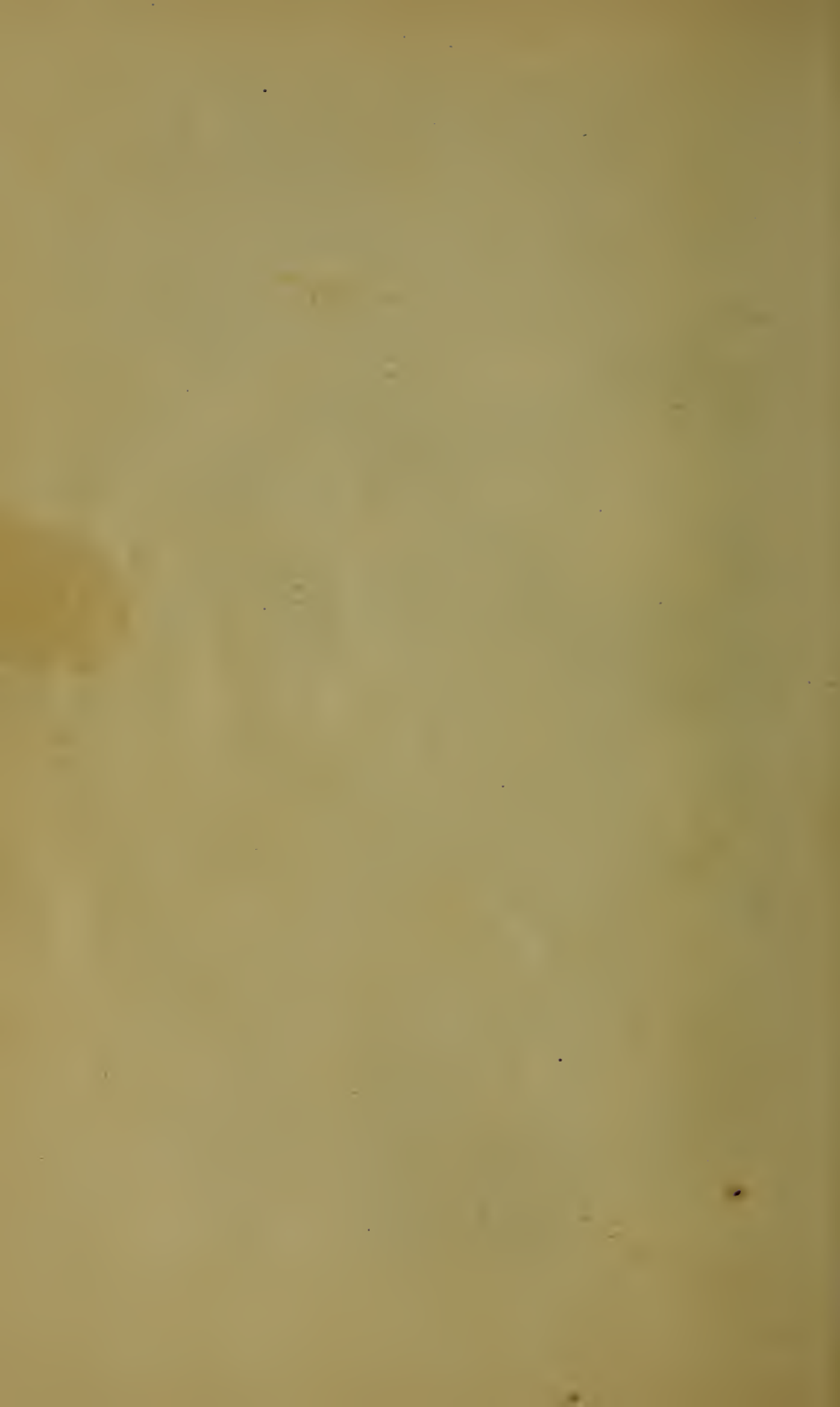
GEORGE FOX.

be told that the first generation of Quakers differed extremely from succeeding generations. They were a fanatical people, — extravagant, intemperate in speech, rejectors of

lawful authority. They believed themselves guided by an "inner light," which habitually placed them at variance with the laws and customs of the country in which they lived. George Fox declared that "the Lord forbade him to put off his hat to any man." His followers were provokingly aggressive. They invaded public worship. They openly expressed their contempt for the religion of their neighbors. They perpetually came with "messages from the Lord," which it was not pleasant to listen to. They appeared in public places very imperfectly attired, thus symbolically to express and to rebuke the spiritual nakedness of the time. The second generation of New England Quakers were people of beautiful lives, spiritual-minded, hospitable, and just. When their zeal allied itself with discretion, they became a most valuable element in American society. They have firmly resisted all social evils. But we can scarcely wonder that they created alarm at first. The men of New England took a very simple view of the subject. They had bought and paid for every acre of soil which they occupied. Their country was a homestead from which they might exclude whom they chose. They would not receive men whose object seemed to be to overthrow their customs, civil and religious. It was a mistake, but a most natural mistake. Long afterwards, when New England saw her error, she made what amends she could, by giving compensation to the representatives of those Quakers who had suffered in the evil times.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.



CHAPTER VIII.

GROWTH AND GOVERNMENT OF THE COLONIES.

THERE was at the outset considerable diversity of pattern among the governments of the colonies. As time wore on, the diversity lessened, and one great type became visible in all. There was a governor appointed by the king. There was a Parliament chosen by the people. Parliament held the purse-strings. The governor applied for what moneys the public service seemed to him to require. Parliament, as a rule, granted his demands, but not without consideration, and a distinct assertion of its right to refuse should cause appear. As the Revolution drew near, the function of the governor became gradually circumscribed by the pressure of the assemblies. When the governor, as representing the king, fell into variance with the popular will, the representatives of the people assumed the whole business of government. The most loyal of the colonies resolutely defied the encroachments of the king or his governor. They had a pleasure and a pride in their connection with England ; but they were, at the same time, essentially a self-governing people. From the government which existed before the Revolution it was easy for them to step into a federal union. The colonists had all their interests and all their grievances in common. It was natural for them, when trouble arose, to appoint representatives who should deliberate regarding their affairs. These representatives required an executive to give practical effect to their resolutions. The officer who was appointed for that purpose was called, not king, but President ; and was chosen,

not for life, but for four years. By this simple and natural process arose the American government.

At first Virginia was governed by two councils, one of which was English, and the other colonial. Both were entirely under the king's control. In a very few years the representative system was introduced, and a popular assembly, over whose proceedings the governor retained the right of veto, regulated the affairs of the colony. Virginia maintained her loyalty to the Stuarts. Charles II. ruled her in his exile, and was crowned in a robe of Virginian silk, presented by the devoted colonists. The baffled Cavaliers sought refuge in Virginia from the hateful triumph of Republicanism. Vir-

ginia refused to acknowledge the Commonwealth, and had to be subjected by force. When the exiled house was restored, her joy knew no bounds.

The New England States were of different temper and different government. While yet on board the *Mayflower*, the Pilgrims, as we have seen,



JAMES II.

formed themselves into a body politic, elected their governor, and bound themselves to submit to his authority, "confiding in his prudence that he would not adventure upon any matter of moment without consent of the rest." Every church member was an elector. For sixty years this democratic form of government was continued, till the despotic James II. over-

turned it in the closing years of his unhappy reign. The Pilgrims carried with them from England a bitter feeling of the wrongs which kings had inflicted on them, and they arrived in America a people fully disposed to govern themselves. They cordially supported Cromwell. Cromwell, on his part, so highly esteemed the people of New England that he invited them to return to Europe, and offered them settlements in Ireland. They delayed for two years to proclaim Charles II. when he was restored to the English throne. They sheltered the regicides who fled from the king's vengeance. They hailed the Revolution, by which the Stuarts were expelled and constitutional monarchy set up in England. Of all the American colonies, those of New England were the most democratic and the most intolerant of royal interference with their liberties.

New York was bestowed upon the Duke of York, who for a time appointed the governor. Pennsylvania was a grant to Penn, who exercised the same authority. Ultimately, however, in all cases, the appointment of governor rested with the king, while the representatives were chosen by the people.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In the year 1740 there broke out a great European war. There was some doubt who should fill the Austrian throne. The emperor had just died, leaving no son or brother to inherit his dignities. His daughter, Maria Theresa, stepped into her father's place, and soon made it apparent that she was strong enough to maintain what she had done. Two or three kings thought they had a better right than she to the throne. The other kings ranged themselves on this side or on that. The idea of looking on while foolish neighbors destroyed themselves by senseless war, had not yet been suggested. Every king took part in a great war, and sent his

people forth to slay and be slain, quite as a matter of course. So they raised great armies, fought great battles, burned cities, wasted countries, inflicted and endured unutterable miseries, all to settle the question about this lady's throne. But the lady was of an heroic spirit, well worthy to govern, and she held her own, and lived and died an empress.

During these busy years a Virginian mother, widowed in early life, was training up her eldest son in the fear of God, all unaware, as she infused the love of goodness and duty into his mind, that she was giving a color to the history of her country throughout all its coming ages. That boy's name was George Washington.

He was born in 1732. His father, a gentleman of good fortune, with a pedigree which can be traced beyond the Norman conquest, died when his son was eleven years of age. Upon George's mother devolved the care of his early education. She was a devout woman, of excellent sense and deep affections; but a strict disciplinarian, and of a temper which could brook no shadow of insubordination. Under her rule — gentle, and yet strong — George learned obedience and self-control. In boyhood he gave remarkable promise of those excellences which distinguished his mature years. His schoolmates recognized the calm, judicial character of his mind, and he became in all their disputes the arbiter from whose decision there was no appeal. He inherited his mother's love of command, happily tempered by a lofty disinterestedness and a love of justice, which seemed to render it impossible that he should do or permit aught that was unfair. His person was large and powerful. His face expressed the thoughtfulness and serene strength of his character. He excelled in all athletic exercises. His youthful delight in such pursuits developed his physical capabilities to the utmost, and gave him endurance to bear the hardships which lay before him.

Young gentlemen of Virginia were not educated then so liberally as they have been since. It was presumed that Washington would be a mere Virginian proprietor and farmer,



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

as his father had been ; and his education was no higher than that position then demanded. He never learned any language but his own. The teacher of his early years was also

the sexton of the parish. Even when he was taken to a more advanced institution, he attempted no higher study than the keeping of accounts and the copying of legal and mercantile papers. A few years later, it was thought he might enter the civil or military service of his country; and he was put to the study of mathematics and land-surveying.

George Washington did nothing by halves. In youth, as in manhood, he did thoroughly what he had to do. His school exercise books are models of neatness and accuracy. His plans and measurements made while he studied land surveying were as scrupulously exact as if great pecuniary interests depended upon them. In his eighteenth year he was employed by Government as surveyor of public lands. Many of his surveys were recorded in the county offices, and remain to this day. Long experience has established their unvarying accuracy. In all disputes to which they have any relevancy, their evidence is accepted as decisive. During the years which preceded the Revolution he managed his estates, packed and shipped his own tobacco and flour, kept his own books, conducted his own correspondence. His books may still be seen. Perhaps no clearer or more accurate record of business transactions has been kept in America since the Father of American Independence rested from book-keeping. The flour which he shipped to foreign ports came to be known as his, and the Washington brand was habitually exempted from inspection. A most reliable man, his words and his deeds, his professions and his practice, are ever found in most perfect harmony. By some he has been regarded as a stolid, prosaic person, wanting in those features of character which captivate the minds of men. Not so. In an earlier age George Washington would have been a true knight-errant, with an insatiable thirst for adventure and a passionate love of battle. He had in a high degree those qualities which make ancient knighthood picturesque. But higher qualities than

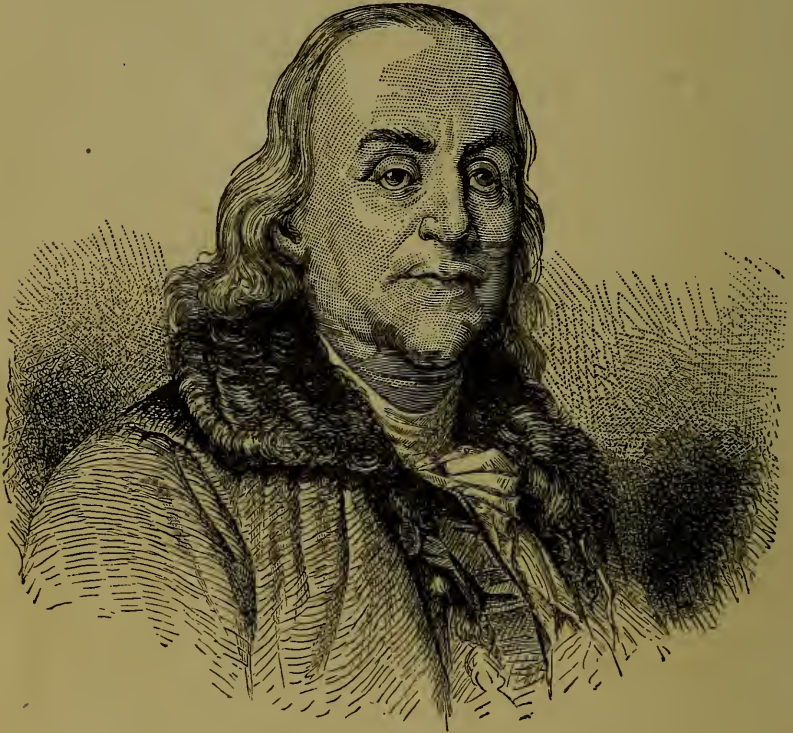
these bore rule within him. He had wisdom beyond most, giving him deep insight into the wants of his time. He had clear perceptions of the duty which lay to his hand. What he saw to be right, the strongest impulses of his soul constrained him to do. A massive intellect and an iron strength of will were given to him, with a gentle, loving heart, with dauntless courage, with purity and loftiness of aim. He had a work of extraordinary difficulty to perform. History rejoices to recognize in him a revolutionary leader against whom no questionable transaction has ever been alleged.

The history of America presents, in one important feature, a very striking contrast to the history of nearly all older countries. In the old countries, history gathers round some one grand central figure, — some judge or priest or king, — whose biography tells all that has to be told concerning the time in which he lived. That one predominating person — David, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon — is among his people what the sun is in the planetary system. All movement originates and terminates in him, and the history of the people is merely a record of what he has chosen to do or caused to be done. In America it has not been so. The American system leaves no room for predominating persons. It affords none of those exhibitions of solitary, all-absorbing grandeur which are so picturesque, and have been so pernicious. Her history is a history of her people, and of no conspicuous individuals. Once only in her career is it otherwise. During the lifetime of George Washington her history clings very closely to him ; and the biography of her great chief becomes in a very unusual degree the history of the country.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

While Washington's boyhood was being passed on the banks of the Potomac, a young man, destined to help him in

gaining the independence of the country, was toiling hard in the city of Philadelphia to earn an honest livelihood. His name was Benjamin Franklin. He kept a small stationer's shop. He edited a newspaper. He was a bookbinder. He made ink. He sold rags, soap, and coffee. He was also a printer, employing a journeyman and an apprentice to aid



FRANKLIN.

him in his labors. He was a thriving man ; but he was not ashamed to convey along the streets, in a wheelbarrow, the paper which he bought for the purposes of his trade. As a boy he had been studious and thoughtful. As a man he was prudent, sagacious, trustworthy.

When he had earned a moderate competency he ceased to labor at his business. Henceforth he labored to serve his

fellow-men. Philadelphia owes to Franklin her university, her hospital, her first and greatest library.

He earned renown as a man of science. It had long been his thought that lightning and electricity were the same ; but



BURKE.

he found no way to prove the truth of his theory. At length he made a kite fitted suitably for his experiment. He stole away from his house during a thunder-storm, having told no one but his son, who accompanied him. The kite was sent

up among the stormy clouds, and the anxious philosopher waited. For a time no response to his eager questioning was granted, and Franklin's countenance fell. But at length he felt the welcome shock, and his heart thrilled with the high consciousness that he had added to the sum of human knowledge.

When the troubles arose in connection with the Stamp Act, Franklin was sent to England to defend the rights of the colonists. The vigor of his intellect, the matured wisdom of his opinions, gained for him a wonderful supremacy over the men with whom he was brought into contact. He was examined before Parliament. Edmund Burke said that the scene reminded him of a master examined by a parcel of school-boys, so conspicuously was the witness superior to his interrogators.

Franklin was an early advocate of the independence of the colonies, and aided in preparing the famous Declaration. In all the councils of that eventful time he bore a leading part. He was the first American ambassador to France; and the good sense and vivacity of the old printer gained for him high favor in the fashionable world of Paris. He lived to aid in framing the Constitution under which America has enjoyed so great prosperity. He died soon after. A few months before his death he wrote to Washington: "I am now finishing my eighty-fourth year, and probably with it my career in this life; but in whatever state of existence I am placed hereafter, if I retain any memory of what has passed here, I shall with it retain the esteem, respect, and affection with which I have long regarded you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FRENCH COLONIES.

THE French to the greater extent were the occupants of Canada. Montreal and Quebec were French cities. England and France were often at variance, and as often their hostility affected the peace of the colonies.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which gave a brief repose to Europe, left unsettled the contending claims of France and England upon American territory. France had possessions in Canada and also in Louisiana, at the extreme South, many hundreds of miles away. She claimed the entire line of the Mississippi River, with its tributaries; and she had given effect to her pretensions by erecting forts at intervals to connect her settlements in the North with those in the South. Her claim included the valley of the Ohio. This was a vast and fertile region, whose value had just been discovered by the English. It was yet unpeopled; but its vegetation gave evidence of wealth unknown to the colonists in the eastern settlements. The French, to establish their claim, sent three hundred soldiers into the valley, and nailed upon the trees leaden plates which bore the royal arms of France. They strove by gifts and persuasion to gain over the natives, and expelled the English traders who had made their adventurous way into those recesses.

The English, on their part, were not idle. A great trading company was formed, which, in return for certain grants of land, became bound to colonize the valley, to establish trading

relations with the Indians, and to maintain a competent military force. This was in the year 1749. In that age there was but one solution of such difficulties. Governments had not learned to reason. They could only fight. Early in 1751 both parties were actively preparing for war. That war went ill with France. When the sword was sheathed in 1759, she had lost not only Ohio, but the whole of Canada.

When the fighting began, it was conducted on the English side wholly by the colonists. Virginia raised a little army. Washington, then a lad of twenty-one, was offered the command, so great was the confidence already felt in his capacity. It was war in miniature as yet. The object of Washington in the campaign was to reach a certain fort on the Ohio, and hold it as a barrier against French encroachment. He had his artillery to carry with him, and to render that possible he had to make a road through the wilderness. He struggled heroically with the difficulties of his position. But he could not advance at any better speed than two miles a day; and he was not destined to reach the fort on the Ohio. After toiling on as he best might for six weeks, he learned that the French were seeking him with a force far outnumbering his. He halted, and hastily constructed a rude intrenchment, which he called Fort Necessity, because his men had nearly starved while they worked at it. He had three hundred Virginians with him, and some Indians. The Indians deserted so soon as occasion arose for their services. The French attack was not long withheld. Early one summer morning a sentinel came in bleeding from a French bullet. All that day the fight lasted. At night the French summoned Washington to surrender. The garrison were to march out with flag and drum, leaving only their artillery. Washington could do no better, and he surrendered.

Thus ended the first campaign in the war which was to drive France from Ohio and Canada. Thus opened the

military career of the man who was to drive England from the noblest of her colonial possessions.

But now the English Government awoke to the necessity of vigorous measures to rescue the endangered valley of the Ohio. A campaign was planned which was to expel the French from Ohio, and wrest from them some portions of their Canadian territory. The execution of this great design was intrusted to General Braddock, with a force which it was deemed would overbear all resistance. Braddock was a veteran who had seen the wars of forty years. Among the fields on which he had gained his knowledge of war was Culloden, where he had borne a part in trampling out the rebellion of the Scotch. He was a brave and experienced soldier, and a likely man, it was thought, to do the work assigned to him. But that proved a sad miscalculation. Braddock had learned the rules of war; but he had no capacity to comprehend its principles. In the pathless forests of America he could do nothing better than strive to give literal effect to those maxims which he had found applicable in the well-trodden battle-grounds of Europe.

The failure of Washington in his first campaign had not deprived him of public confidence. Braddock heard such accounts of his efficiency that he invited him to join his staff. Washington, eager to efface the memory of his defeat, gladly accepted the offer.

The troops disembarked at Alexandria. The colonists, little used to the presence of regular soldiers, were greatly emboldened by their splendid aspect and faultless discipline, and felt that the hour of final triumph was at hand. After some delay, the army, with such reinforcements as the province afforded, began its march. Braddock's object was to reach Fort Duquesne, the great centre of French influence on the Ohio. It was this same fort of which Washington had endeavored so manfully to possess himself in his disastrous campaign of the previous year.

Fort Duquesne had been built by the English, and taken from them by the French. It stood at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela ; which rivers, by their union at this point, form the Ohio. It was a rude piece of fortification, but the circumstances admitted of no better. The fort was built of the trunks of trees. Wooden huts for the soldiers surrounded it. A little space had been cleared in the forest, and a few patches of wheat and Indian corn grew luxuriantly in that rich soil. The unbroken forest stretched all around. Three years later the little fort was retaken by the English, and named Fort Pitt. Then in time it grew to be a town, and was called Pittsburg ; and men found in its neighborhood boundless wealth of iron and of coal. To-day a great and fast-growing city stands where, a century ago, the rugged fort and its cluster of huts were the sole occupants. The rivers, then so lonely, are ploughed by innumerable keels ; and the air is dark with the smoke of innumerable furnaces. The judgment of the sagacious Englishmen who deemed this a locality which they would do well to get hold of has been amply borne out by the experience of posterity.

Braddock had no doubt that the fort would yield to him directly he showed himself before it. Benjamin Franklin looked at the project with his shrewd, cynical eye. He told Braddock that he would assuredly take the fort if he could only reach it ; but that the long slender line which his army must form in its march "would be cut like thread into several pieces" by the hostile Indians. Braddock "smiled at his ignorance." Benjamin offered no further opinion. It was his duty to collect horses and carriages for the use of the expedition, and he did what was required of him in silence.

The expedition crept slowly forward, never achieving more than three or four miles in a day ; stopping, as Washington said, "to level every mole-hill, to erect a bridge over every



DEATH OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

brook." It left Alexandria on the 20th April. On the 9th July Braddock, with half his army, was near the fort. There was as yet no evidence that resistance was intended. No enemy had been seen. The troops marched on as to assured victory. So confident was their chief, that he refused to employ scouts, and did not deign to inquire what enemy might be lurking near.

The march was along a road twelve feet wide, in a ravine, with high ground in front and on both sides. Suddenly the Indian war-whoop burst from the woods. A murderous fire smote down the troops. The provincials, not unused to this description of warfare, sheltered themselves behind trees and fought with steady courage. Braddock, clinging to his old rules, strove to maintain his order of battle on the open ground. A carnage, most grim and lamentable, was the result. His undefended soldiers were shot down by an unseen foe. For three hours the struggle lasted. Then the men broke and fled in utter rout and panic. Braddock, vainly fighting, fell mortally wounded. He was carried off the field by some of his soldiers. The poor pedantic man never got over his astonishment at a defeat so inconsistent with the established rules of war.

"Who would have thought it?" he murmured, as they bore him from the field.

He scarcely spoke again, and died in two or three days. Nearly eight hundred men, killed and wounded, were lost in this disastrous encounter, — about one-half of the entire force engaged.

All the while England and France were nominally at peace. But now war was declared. The other European powers fell into their accustomed places in the strife, and the flames of war spread far and wide. On land and on sea the European people strove to shed blood and destroy property, and thus produce human misery to the largest possible extent. At the

outset every fight brought defeat and shame to England. English armies under incapable leaders were sent out to America and ignominiously routed by the French. On the continent of Europe the uniform course of disaster was scarcely broken by a single victory. Even at sea, England seemed to have fallen from her high estate, and her fleets were turned back from the presence of an enemy.

The rage of the people knew no bounds. The admiral who had not fought the enemy when he should have done so was hanged. The Prime Minister began to tremble for his neck. One or two disasters more, and the public indignation might demand a greater victim than an unfortunate admiral. The Ministry resigned, and William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, came into power.

Then, all at once, the scene changed, and there began a career of triumph more brilliant than even England had ever known. The French fleets were destroyed. French possessions all over the world were seized. French armies were defeated. Every post brought news of victory. For once the English people, greedy as they are of military glory, were satisfied.

One of the most splendid successes of Pitt's administration was gained in America. The colonists had begun to lose respect for the English army and the English government. But Pitt quickly regained their confidence. They raised an army of 50,000 men to help his schemes for the extinction of French power. A strong English force was sent out, and a formidable invasion of Canada was organized.

Most prominent among the strong points held by the French was the city of Quebec. Thither in the month of June came a powerful English fleet, with an army under the command of General Wolfe. Captain James Cook, the famous navigator, who discovered so many of the sunny islands of the Pacific, was master of one of the ships. Quebec stands



FRENCH AND ENGLISH NAVAL CONFLICT.

upon a peninsula formed by the junction of the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence Rivers. The lower town was upon the beach. The upper was on the cliffs, which at that point rise precipitously to a height of two hundred feet. Wolfe tried the effect of a bombardment. He laid the lower town in ruins very easily, but the upper town was too remote from his batteries to sustain much injury. It seemed as if the enterprise would prove too much for the English, and the sensitive Wolfe was thrown by disappointment and anxiety into a violent fever. But he was not the man to be baffled. The shore for miles above the town was carefully searched. An opening was found whence a path wound up the cliff. Here Wolfe would land his men, and lead them to the Heights of Abraham. Once there, they would defeat the French and take Quebec, or die where they stood.

On a starlight night in September the soldiers were embarked in boats which dropped down the river to the chosen landing-place. As the boat which carried Wolfe floated silently down, he recited to his officers Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," then newly received from England; and he exclaimed at its close, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec to-morrow." He was a man of feeble bodily frame, but he wielded the power which genius in its higher forms confers. Amid the excitements of impending battle he could walk, with the old delight, in the quiet paths of literature.

The soldiers landed, and clambered as they best might up the rugged pathway. All through the night armed men stepped silently from the boats and silently scaled those formidable cliffs. The sailors contrived to drag up a few guns. When morning came, the whole army stood upon the Heights of Abraham ready for the battle.

Montcalm, the French commander, was so utterly taken by surprise that he refused at first to believe the presence of the

English army. He lost no time in marching forth to meet his unexpected assailants. The conflict was fierce but not prolonged. The French were soon defeated and put to flight. Quebec surrendered. But Montcalm did not make that sur-



MONTCALM.

render, nor did Wolfe receive it. Both generals fell in the battle. Wolfe died happy that the victory was gained. In his last moments he heard the cry, —

“They fly! they fly!”

“Who fly?” he asked.



DEATH OF WOLFE.

“The French,” was the answer.

“Then I die content.”

Montcalm was thankful that death spared him the humiliation of giving up Quebec. They died as enemies. But the men of a new generation, thinking less of the accidents which made them foes than of the noble courage and devotedness which united them, placed their names together upon the monument which marks out to posterity the scene of this decisive battle.

This battle had a most important bearing on the destiny of America. By it the English rule was established in America, and Canada became an English possession.

France did not quietly accept her defeat. Next year she made an attempt to regain Quebec. It was all in vain. In due time the success of the English resulted in a treaty of peace, under which France ceded to England all her claims upon Canada. Spain at the same time relinquished Florida. England had now undisputed possession of the western continent, from the region of perpetual winter to the Gulf of Mexico.

CHAPTER X.

THE EVE OF REVOLUTION.

A CENTURY and a half had now passed since the first colony had been planted on American soil. The colonists were fast ripening into fitness for independence. They had increased with marvellous rapidity. Europe never ceased to send forth her superfluous and needy thousands. America opened wide her hospitable doors, and gave assurance of liberty and comfort to all who came. The thirteen colonies now contained a population of about three millions.

Up to the year 1764, the Americans cherished a deep reverence and affection for the mother country. They were proud of her great place among the nations. They gloried in the splendor of her military achievements. They copied her manners and her fashions. She was in all things their model. They always spoke of England as "home." To be an Old England man was to be a person of rank and importance among them. They yielded a loving obedience to her laws. They were governed, as Benjamin Franklin stated it, at the expense of simple pen and ink. When money was asked from their Assemblies, it was given without grudge. "They were led by a thread," such was their love for the land which gave them birth.

Ten or twelve years passed. A marvellous change came over the temper of the American people. They bound themselves by great oaths to use no article of English manufacture, to engage in no transaction which

would put a shilling into any English pocket. They formed "the inconvenient habit of carting," that is, of tarring and feathering and dragging through the streets, such persons as avowed friendship for the English government. They burned the Acts of the English Parliament by the hands of the common hangman. They killed the king's soldiers. They refused every amicable proposal. They cast from them for ever the king's authority. They engendered a dislike to the English name, of which some traces lingered among them for generations.

By what unhallowed magic was this change wrought so swiftly? By what process, in so few years, were three millions of people taught to abhor the country they so loved?

The ignorance and folly of the English government wrought this evil. But there is little cause for regret. Under the fuller knowledge of our modern time, colonies are allowed to discontinue their connection with the mother country when it is their wish to do so. Better had America gone in peace. But better to go, even in wrath and bloodshed, than continue in paralyzing dependence upon England.

For many years England had governed her American colonies harshly, and in a spirit of undisguised selfishness. America was ruled, not for her own good, but for the good of English commerce. She was not allowed to export her products except to England. No foreign ship might enter her ports. Woollen goods were not allowed to be sent from one colony to another. At one time the manufacture of hats was forbidden. In a liberal mood Parliament removed that prohibition, but decreed that no maker of hats should employ any negro workman, or any larger number of apprentices than two. Iron-works were forbidden. Up to the latest hour of English rule the Bible was not allowed to be printed in America.

The Americans had long borne the cost of their own government and defence. But in that age of small revenue and profuse expenditure on unmeaning continental wars, it had been often suggested that America should be taxed for the purposes of the home government. Some one proposed that to Sir Robert Walpole in a time of need. The wise Sir Robert shook his head. It must be a bolder man than he was who would attempt that. A man bolder, because less wise, was found in due time.

The Seven Years' War had ended, and England had added a hundred millions to her national debt. The country was suffering, as countries always do after great wars, and it was no easy matter to fit the new burdens on to the national shoulder. The hungry eye of Lord Grenville searched where a new tax might be laid. The Americans had begun visibly to prosper. Already their growing wealth was the theme of envious discourse among English merchants. The English officers who had fought in America spoke in glowing terms of the magnificent hospitality which had been extended to them. No more need be said. The House of Commons passed a resolution asserting their right to tax the Americans. No solitary voice was raised against this fatal resolution. Immediately after, an Act was passed imposing certain taxes upon silks, coffee, sugar, and other articles. The Americans remonstrated. They were willing, they said, to vote what moneys the king required of them, but they vehemently denied the right of any Assembly in which they were not represented to take from them any portion of their property. They were the subjects of the king, but they owed no obedience to the English Parliament. Lord Grenville went on his course. He had been told the Americans would complain but submit, and he believed it. Next session an Act was passed imposing Stamp Duties on America. The measure awakened no interest.

Edmund Burke said he had never been present at a more languid debate. In the House of Lords there was no debate at all. With so little trouble was a continent rent away from the British empire.

Benjamin Franklin told the House of Commons that America would never submit to the Stamp Act, and that no power on earth could enforce it. The Americans made it impossible for Government to mistake their sentiments. Riots, which swelled from day to day into dimensions more "enormous and alarming," burst forth in the New England States. Everywhere the stamp distributors were compelled to resign their offices. One unfortunate man was led forth to Boston Common, and made to sign his resignation in presence of a vast crowd. Another, in precarious health, was visited in his sick-room, and obliged to pledge that if he lived he would resign. A universal resolution was made that no English goods would be imported till the Stamp Act was repealed. The colonists would "eat nothing, drink nothing, wear nothing that comes from England," while this great injustice endured. The Act was to come into force on the 1st of November. That day the bells rang out funereal peals, and the colonists wore the aspect of men on whom some heavy calamity has fallen. But the Act never came into force. Not one of Lord Grenville's stamps was ever bought or sold in America. Some of the stamped paper was burned by the mob. The rest was hidden away to save it from the same fate. Without stamps, marriages were null; mercantile transactions ceased to be binding; suits at law were impossible. Nevertheless, the business of human life went on. Men married; they bought; they sold; they went to law, — illegally, because without stamps. But no harm came of it.

England heard with amazement that America refused to obey the law. There were some who demanded that the

Stamp Act should be enforced by the sword. But it greatly moved the English merchants that America should cease to import their goods. William Pitt — not yet Earl of Chatham — denounced the Act, and said he was glad America had resisted. Pitt and the merchants triumphed, and the Act



WILLIAM PITT — EARL OF CHATHAM.

was repealed. There was illumination in the city that night. The city bells rang for joy. The ships in the Thames displayed all their colors. The saddest heart in all London was that of poor King George, who never ceased to lament “the fatal repeal of the Stamp Act.”

It was during the agitation arising out of the Stamp Act that the idea of a General Congress of the States was suggested. A loud cry for union had arisen. "Join or die," was the prevailing sentiment. The Congress met in New York. It did little more than discuss and petition. It is interesting merely as one of the first exhibitions of a tendency towards federal union in a country whose destiny, in all coming time, this tendency was to fix.

The repeal of the Stamp Act delayed only for a little the fast-coming crisis. A new Ministry was formed, with the Earl of Chatham at its head. But soon the great earl lay sick and helpless, and the burden of government rested on incapable shoulders. Charles Townshend, a clever, captivating, but most indiscreet man, became the virtual Prime Minister. The feeling in the public mind had now become more unfavorable to America. Townshend proposed to levy a variety of taxes from the Americans. The most famous of his taxes was one of threepence per pound on tea. All his proposals became law.

This time the more thoughtful Americans began to despair of justice. The boldest scarcely ventured yet to suggest revolt against England, so powerful and so loved. But the grand final refuge of independence was silently brooded over by many. The mob fell back on their customary solution. Great riots occurred. To quell these disorders, English troops encamped on Boston Common. The town swarmed with red-coated men, every one of whom was a humiliation. Their drums beat on the Sabbath, and troubled the orderly men of Boston even in church. At intervals fresh transports dropped in, bearing additional soldiers, till a great force occupied the town. The galled citizens could ill brook to be thus bridled. The ministers prayed to Heaven for deliverance from the presence of the soldiers. The General Court of Massachusetts called vehemently on the Governor to remove

them. The Governor had no powers in that matter. He called upon the Court to make suitable provision for the king's troops, — a request which it gave the Court infinite pleasure to refuse.

The universal irritation broke forth in frequent brawls between soldiers and people. One wintry moonlight night in March, when snow and ice lay about the streets of Boston, a more than usually determined attack was made upon a party of soldiers. The mob thought the soldiers dared not fire without the order of a magistrate, and were very bold in the strength of that belief. It proved a mistake. The soldiers did fire, and the blood of eleven slain or wounded persons stained the frozen streets. This was "the Boston Massacre," which greatly inflamed the patriot antipathy to the mother country.

One day ships destined for Boston loaded with taxed tea show their tall masts in the bay. The citizens run together to hold council. It is Sunday, and the men of Boston are strict. But here is an exigency, in presence of which all ordinary rules are suspended. The crisis has come at length. If that tea is landed it will be sold; it will be used; and American liberty will become a byword upon the earth.

Samuel Adams was the true king in Boston at that time. He was a man in middle life, of cultivated mind and stainless reputation, a powerful speaker and writer, a man in whose sagacity and moderation all men trusted. He resembled the old Puritans in his stern love of liberty, his reverence for the Sabbath, his sincere, if somewhat formal, observance of all religious ordinances. He was among the first to see that there was no resting-place in this struggle short of independence. "We are free," he said, "and want no king." The men of Boston felt the power of his resolute spirit, and manfully followed where Samuel Adams led.

It was hoped that the agents of the East India Company



SAM'L. ADAMS

would have consented to send the ships home. But the agents refused. Several days of excitement and ineffectual negotiation ensued. People flocked in from the neighboring towns. The time was spent mainly in public meeting. The city resounded with impassioned discourse. But meanwhile the ships lay peacefully at their moorings, and the tide of patriot talk seemed to flow in vain. Other measures were visibly necessary. One day a meeting was held, and the excited people continued in hot debate till the shades of evening fell. No progress was made. At length Samuel Adams stood up in the dimly lighted church, and announced, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." With a stern shout the meeting broke up. Fifty men disguised as Indians hurried down to the wharf, each man with a hatchet in his hand. The crowd followed. The ships were boarded; the chests of tea were brought on deck, broken up, and flung into the bay. The approving citizens looked on in silence. It was felt by all that the step was grave and eventful in the highest degree. So still was the crowd that no sound was heard but the stroke of the hatchet and the splash of the shattered chests as they fell into the sea. All questions about the disposal of those cargoes of tea at all events are now solved.

This is what America did. It was for England to make the next move. Lord North was now at the head of the British government. It was his lordship's belief that the troubles in America sprang from a small number of ambitious persons, and could easily, by proper firmness, be suppressed. "The Americans will be lions while we are lambs," said General Gage. The king believed this. Lord North believed it. In this deep ignorance he proceeded to deal with the great emergency. He closed Boston as a port for the landing and shipping of goods. He imposed a fine to indemnify the East India Company for their lost teas. He withdrew the charter

of Massachusetts. He authorized the Governor to send political offenders to England for trial. Great voices were raised against these severities. Lord Chatham, old in constitution now, if not in years, and near the close of his career, pleaded for measures of conciliation. Edmund Burke justified the resistance of the Americans. Their opposition was fruitless: all Lord North's measures of repression became law; and General Gage, with an additional force of soldiers, was sent to Boston to carry them into effect.

Gage was an authority on American affairs. He had fought under Braddock. Among blind men the one-eyed man is king. Among the profoundly ignorant the man with a little knowledge is irresistibly persuasive. "Four regiments sent to Boston," said the hopeful Gage, "will prevent any disturbance." He was believed; but, unhappily for his own comfort, he was sent to Boston to secure the fulfilment of his own prophecy. He threw up some fortifications and lay as in a hostile city. The Americans appointed a day of fasting and humiliation. They did more. They formed themselves into military companies. They occupied themselves with drill. They laid up stores of ammunition. Most of them had muskets, and could use them. He who had no musket now got one. They hoped that civil war would be averted, but there was no harm in being ready.

While General Gage was throwing up his fortifications at Boston, there met at Philadelphia a Congress of delegates, sent by the States, to confer in regard to the troubles which were thickening round them. Twelve States were represented. Georgia as yet paused timidly on the brink of the perilous enterprise. They were notable men who met there, and their work is held in enduring honor. "For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom," said the great Earl of Chatham, "the Congress of Philadelphia shines unrivalled." The low-roofed, quaint old room in which their meetings were



DESTRUCTION OF TEA.

held became one of the shrines which Americans delight to visit. George Washington was there, and his massive sense and copious knowledge were a supreme guiding power. Patrick Henry, then a young man, brought to the council a wisdom beyond his years, and a fiery eloquence, which, to some of his hearers, seemed almost more than human. He had already proved his unfitness for farming and for shop-keeping. He was now to prove that he could utter words which swept over a continent, thrilling men's hearts like the voice of the trumpet, and rousing them to heroic deeds. John Rutledge from South Carolina aided him with an eloquence little inferior to his own. Richard Henry Lee, with his Roman aspect, his bewitching voice, his ripe scholarship, his rich stores of historical and political knowledge, would have graced the highest assemblies of the Old World. John Dickenson, the wise farmer from the banks of the Delaware, whose Letters had done so much to form the public sentiment, — his enthusiastic love of England overborne by his sense of wrong, — took regretful but resolute part in withstanding the tyranny of the English government.

We have the assurance of Washington that the members of this Congress did not aim at independence. As yet it was their wish to have wrongs redressed and to continue British subjects. Their proceedings give ample evidence of this desire. They drew up a narrative of their wrongs. As a means of obtaining redress, they adopted a resolution that all commercial intercourse with Britain should cease. They addressed the king, imploring his majesty to remove those grievances which endangered their relations with him. They addressed the people of Great Britain, with whom, they said, they deemed a union as their greatest glory and happiness; adding, however, that they would not be hewers of wood and drawers of water to any nation in the world. They appealed to their brother colonists of Canada for support in their

peaceful resistance to oppression. But Canada, newly conquered from France, was peopled almost wholly by Frenchmen. A Frenchman at that time was contented to enjoy such an amount of liberty and property as his king was pleased to permit. And so from Canada there came no response of sympathy or help.

Here Congress paused. Some members believed, with Washington, that their remonstrances would be effectual. Others, less sanguine, looked for no settlement but that which the sword might bring. They adjourned, to meet again in May. This was enough for the time. What further steps the new events of that coming summer might call for, they would be prepared, with God's help, to take.

England showed no relenting in her treatment of the Americans. The king gave no reply to the address of Congress. The Houses of Lords and of Commons refused even to allow that address to be read in their hearing. The king announced his firm purpose to reduce the refractory colonists to obedience. Parliament gave loyal assurances of support to the blinded monarch. All trade with the colonies was forbidden. All American ships and cargoes might be seized by those who were strong enough to do so. The alternative presented to the American choice was without disguise. The Americans had to fight for their liberty, or forego it. The people of England had, in those days, no control over the government of their country. All this was managed for them by a few great families. Their allotted part was to toil hard, pay their taxes, and be silent. If they had been permitted to speak, their voice would have vindicated the men who asserted the right of self-government, — a right which Englishmen themselves were not to enjoy for many a long year.

General Gage had learned that considerable stores of ammunition were collected at the village of Concord, eighteen miles from Boston. He would seize them in the king's

name. Late one April night eight hundred soldiers set out on this errand. They hoped their coming would be unexpected, as care had been taken to prevent the tidings from being carried out of Boston. But as they marched, the clang of bells and the firing of guns gave warning far and near of their approach. In the early morning they reached Lexington.

THE STORY OF LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

A day or two before the eventful 19th of April, 1775, General Gage began preparations for a military expedition. Boats from a ship-of-war were launched to carry the troops across the Charles River. The movement was observed by the patriots. Companies of soldiers were massed on Boston Common, under pretence of learning a new military exercise.

Doctor, afterwards General, Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, at once sent Paul Revere, an energetic patriot of Boston, to arouse the country. He was to notify Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington, and to warn the people of Concord that the troops were coming to destroy the military stores collected there. Warren had been informed of the object of the expedition.

Revere only waited to ask a friend to hang out two lanterns in the steeple of the North Meeting-house, as a signal to notify watchers on the other side of the river when the troops were in motion, and then rowed across the stream to Charlestown. He was not a moment too soon. General Gage heard that his plans were discovered. Orders were at once given that no person should be allowed to leave Boston. Had these orders been given five minutes sooner, the whole course of the Revolution might have been changed. As it was, Revere reached the other side in safety. He galloped on horseback through the towns,

calling up the people in every house. He reached Lexington. Hancock and Adams were warned. Still pressing on, he was captured by a party of British officers, but not



THE SIGNAL LANTERNS.

before he had communicated his news to a friend, who carried it on to Concord.

Meanwhile the troops had embarked at the foot of Bos-



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

ton Common, — which is now solid ground, — crossed the Charles, and landed in Cambridge. By marching all night, they reached Lexington just as day was breaking. The militia of that town had been called out at one o'clock in the morning by the ringing of the church bell, and had been dismissed until they should be called together again by the beat of the drum on the appearance of the British troops.

At length a messenger who had been sent out to watch for the coming of the troops galloped back with news of their arrival. The drum was quickly beaten. Sixty or seventy farmers took their places in the ranks, to meet a force of more than ten times as many regular soldiers.

It was a chilly spring morning, just before sunrise, when the British force marched upon Lexington Common. The act and attitude of the little band of farmers opposed to this force made them as grand a type of patriotism and bravery as the world has ever witnessed.

On two points the patriots were determined. They were ready to die for their country. Their captain, John Parker, had given the strictest orders that they should not be the first to fire. Yet the orders were hardly necessary. Major Pitcairn rode upon the Common, and shouting with an oath to the "villains" and "rebels," as he called them, to disperse, almost instantly ordered his soldiers to fire, and he set the example.

It was murder. The captain of the Lexington company had determined to disperse his men, and when the firing began they retreated quickly. But they left eleven of their comrades dead, and nine were wounded, — fully one-quarter of all who had rallied at the sound of the drum. The British fire was returned by only a few of the wounded Americans. No English blood was shed. But the hostilities had begun. It was no battle, and yet Samuel Adams,

who heard from a distance the firing which announced to him the opening of a conflict for which he had long been looking, and from which his soul did not flinch, exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning this is!"

The regulars knew that the whole country was rising in arms. They foresaw that if they were to accomplish the object of their expedition, — to destroy the stores at Concord, — they must press on. Accordingly, they only stopped to cheer loudly over their easy victory over threescore farmers who had not attacked them, and resumed their march. Concord is six miles from Lexington, but so quickly did the troops move that it was only seven o'clock in the morning when they reached the town.

They were too late, however. The alarm had been given hours before. The inhabitants of the town, with strong hands and willing hearts, had made the expedition fruitless. The military stores had been mostly removed, scattered, and concealed. Something remained for the British to destroy, but by no means enough to pay for the hard march and the uselessly shed blood.

Meantime, the neighboring towns were aroused. Their companies of militia and minute-men came pouring in from all the country around. Their numbers were still too few to attack the troops. Indeed, at that time there was little intention of attacking them. They had first assembled near the liberty-pole in the village of Concord; but, when they saw that they were outnumbered four to one, they withdrew to a hill on the other side of Concord River, about a mile from the centre of the town.

Meanwhile, several parties of British soldiers were sent out to search for the concealed supplies. One went over the south bridge, and another over the north bridge. As the Provincial soldiers were in full view from the north bridge, a half of the latter detachment, about a hundred in



BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

ROBERT T. BROWN, 1875

all, were left to guard the bridge while the rest went forward.

The battle was fought by accident. From the hill where they watched the regulars, the Concord men saw their bridge held against them. Worse yet, smoke could be seen rising in the neighborhood of their homes. What could they do but march to the rescue of their wives and children and property? There was a short consultation. Then Colonel Barrett, whose house the north-bridge detachment had gone to search, gave the order to advance.

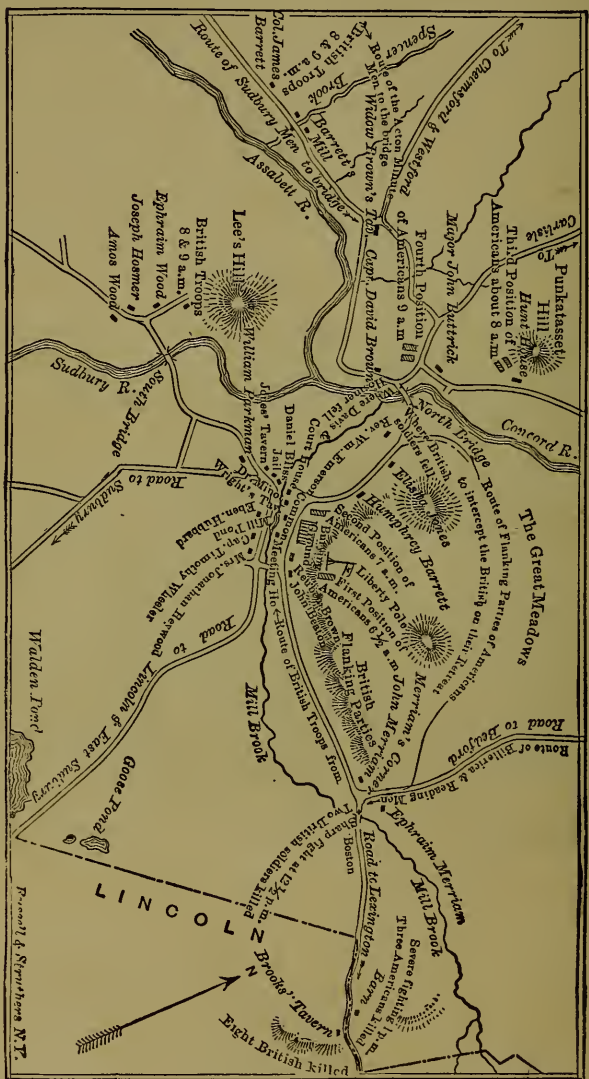


BRITISH AT COLONEL BARRETT'S.

“I haven't a man that is afraid to go,” said Isaac Davis, captain of the company from Acton; and, drawing his sword, he called out, “March!”

The farmer-soldiers fell into line, and marched bravely and confidently down the hill and into the road that led to the bridge. The order given at Lexington was repeated here. Not a shot was to be fired unless the regulars attacked

them. The British had heard the command to advance. They saw the men marching towards them, and began



ROADS AND HISTORIC LOCALITIES OF CONCORD, MASS.

quickly to tear up the planks of the bridge. On this the Americans quickened their steps. Then the British fired, —



COMBAT AT THE BRIDGE.

at first one or two shots. No one was hurt. Then a few more, by which two men were wounded ; then a volley, and two of the patriots fell dead.

“Fire, fellow-soldiers ! For God’s sake, fire !” shouted Major John Buttrick, of Concord, leaping in the air, and turning round to his men. The American Revolution was begun. Two British soldiers were killed, and several more were wounded. Again the regulars had fired first. This time the fire had been returned. Blood had been shed by men in armed rebellion against the mother country of Great Britain.

This was the battle of Concord. It was as short as the battle of Lexington, — not more than two minutes from the first shot to the last. The Americans had attacked and taken the bridge. The guarding party had retreated in disorder toward the town.

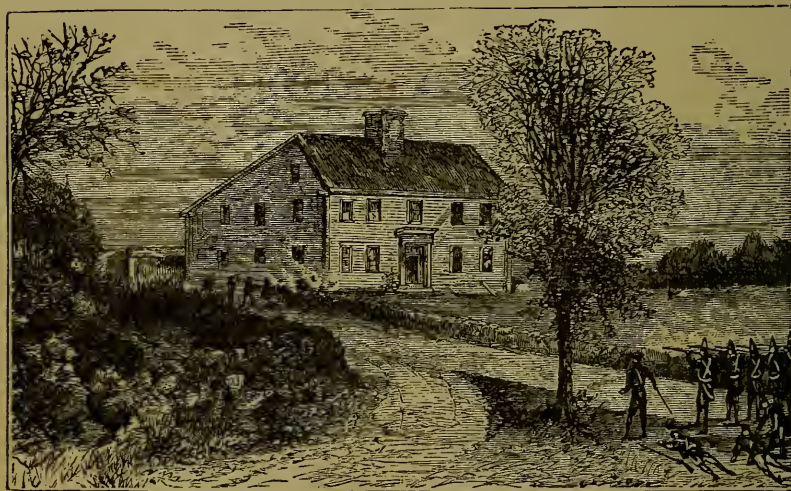
When the British forces had been gathered in the town once more, their officers were much perplexed. They knew they must retreat, and the sooner the better. They were sure they would be attacked, and had no means of knowing by how many men, or in what way. Delay only increased the danger.

As quickly as possible the march toward Lexington and Boston was begun. It was now about noon. The winter had been the mildest ever known in New England, and the spring the earliest. The day had become intensely hot ; the sun poured his rays fiercely down on the alarmed and retreating battalion of troops. The Americans had intercepted the provision train sent out from Boston to supply them with food. They had only what they could plunder from the people on the road. But this was not the worst feature of their situation.

The minute-men, without orders from their officers, and each acting on his own account, had run across the country,

and they lay in ambush behind the trees and the walls along the road. They fired at the British from their safe hiding-places, and when the column had passed them, they hurried along by a circuitous route and found other retreats from which to wage their terrible and harassing war. As some of these men grew tired, others came in from the neighboring country to take their places. So the fight went on.

At first the trained soldiery marched in order. Their



FIGHT AT MERRIAM'S CORNER.

comrades were falling at their sides, but it was more dangerous to stop than to go on. Soon they became so exhausted and alarmed, for their ammunition was nearly used up, that they began to run in wild disorder. Their officers were obliged to threaten the soldiers with death to compel them to form the lines again.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The demoralized troops were within a mile of the place where they had murdered the people of Lexington in the morning. Here they were met by the flower of the British

army, that had been sent for their succor from Boston. These troops were under Lord Percy, and were twelve hundred strong, with two field-pieces. They were not a moment too soon. Lord Percy formed a hollow square to receive the fugitives, who, as a British writer of the time said, lay down to rest, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of a dog after a chase."

Even when the regulars were thus reinforced, their position was very perilous. Their enemies were increasing in numbers every moment. In a short time the troops would certainly be cut off and overwhelmed unless they moved at once. The march was resumed, and the fighting began again. More men came up to help the patriots, who had become weary with their long, irregular march and hard work. It was seven o'clock in the evening when the British force reached Charlestown. Protected by the guns of the ship-of-war in the harbor, they took to their boats and were ferried across to Boston.

The losses of the British were seventy-three killed, one hundred and seventy-two wounded, and twenty-six missing; while the Americans lost forty-nine killed, thirty-six wounded, and five missing. The loss of the regulars in officers was very heavy.

We will close this long chapter with another story, which we give to illustrate the spirit of the colonists during the trying times immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities.

THE GERMAN BOY'S FUNERAL.

In the middle of May, 1766, the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act was received in Boston. The town then numbered some twenty thousand people. The fate of the bill for the repeal of the Stamp Act had been for weeks almost the only subject of discussion. Upon it, the patriots felt, rested the destiny of the colonies.

Men scanned the blue line of Boston Harbor, to see the white sails rise from the sea, and rushed to the wharves to receive the first intelligence from London. At length, on May 16, a lovely vernal day, a brigantine flying the English flag was seen beyond the green islands of the bay, and

soon entered the inner harbor. She was met at the wharf by a crowd, restless and impatient with anxiety.

An hour later the bells of the town began to ring; the long-idle ships in the harbor shot their ensigns into the warm May air; the booming of cannon startled the people of the neighboring towns, and, as



CHRIST CHURCH, THE OLD NORTH MEETING-HOUSE.

evening came on, great bonfires on Beacon Hill blazed upon the sea. From lip to lip passed the single expression of joy and relief, "The Stamp Act is repealed!"

A few days later witnessed a more remarkable scene,—a public holiday to give expression to the joy. At one o'clock in the morning the bell of Doctor Byles's church, standing near the Liberty Tree, where the colonists used to

meet, gave the signal for the beginning of the festival. It was followed by the melodious chimes of Christ Church, at the North End, and then by all the bells of the town.

The first shimmering light and rosy tinges of the May morning found Hollis Street steeple fluttering with gay banners, and the Liberty Tree displaying among its new leaves an unexampled glory of bunting and flags.

The festivities lasted until midnight. At night an obelisk which had been erected on the Common in honor of the occasion was illuminated with two hundred and eighty lamps, and displayed upon its top a revolving wheel of fire, as the crowning triumph of pyrotechny. The Hancock House was a blaze of light, and Province House was in its vice-regal glory.

But though the Stamp Act was repealed, the British Government continued to tax the colonies, and the sudden sunshine of joy soon was overcast, and the storm gathered again.

The article upon which the Crown made the most persistent attempt to raise a revenue was *tea*. The tax was a small matter, of itself; but if the right to tax one article was admitted, the right to tax all articles was acknowledged.

As the excise officers of Great Britain held control of the ports, and in some cities were supported by soldiery, no tea could be obtained without paying the tax. The people therefore resolved that they would neither use, sell, nor buy an ounce of tea upon which this unjust tax had been paid.

In February, 1770, the mistresses of three hundred families in Boston signed their names to a league, by which they bound themselves not to drink any tea until the obnoxious revenue act was repealed.

Of course the young ladies were as ready to deny themselves the use of this fashionable beverage as were their

mothers ; and only a few days later a great multitude of misses, pretty and patriotic, signed a document headed with these words : —

“ We, the daughters of those patriots who have and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principally regard their posterity, — as such do with pleasure engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign tea, in hopes to frustrate the plan which tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life.”

Yet in Boston were five traders who refused to be controlled by the non-importation agreements of their fellow-countrymen, but continued to import and sell taxed tea.

Among them was one Theophilus Lillie.

The patriotic spirit was shared by the boys as well as by the misses. On the 22d of February, 1770, “ some boys and children,” says an old record, “ set up a large wooden head, with a board faced with paper, on which were painted the figures of four of the importers who had violated the merchants’ agreement, in the middle of the street, before Theophilus Lillie’s door.”

The figure was so placed that its dexter finger pointed at Lillie’s store. The merchant must have been greatly annoyed. One of his friends, an officer of the king, termed an “ informer,” soon saw the figure ; and he, too, was quite in a rage.

Seeing a farmer passing in the street, he tried to persuade him to drive his cart against the image, but the shrewd old patriot was too well pleased with its purpose to meddle with it. A man with a charcoal-cart was next importuned to break down this effigy, but he, too, refused.

A crowd of people soon gathered at the point, and the informer, seeing that they were becoming incensed at his attempts to destroy the image, retreated in great vexation to his own house, followed by numerous men and boys.

On the way he cried, "Perjury! perjury!" in a significant manner to several citizens whom he passed, meaning that they violated their oaths to support the Crown. Such insulting address produced vituperation in return.

Some of the boys, excited by the violent language, very wrongly threw sticks, stones, and other missiles at the informer, until he shut himself up in his house.

Enraged beyond the control of prudence, he was not satisfied with personal safety, but foolishly determined to be revenged. He came to the window with a gun, and without waiting for the people to go away, discharged it, point blank, into the crowd.

Two boys were hit, one being wounded slightly, the other mortally.

Little Christopher Snyder, a German boy, eleven years of age, was in this crowd. He had lingered to laugh at the image, and when the informer retired, he followed with the rest to see what might happen.

He was struck by one of the random shots, and was mortally wounded. Yet we have no evidence that he took any part in the disturbance other than being present and looking on.

The funeral of the lad was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration, in marked contrast with that which had followed the reception of the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act.

The colonists were accustomed to hold nearly all patriotic assemblies under that giant relic of the old-time forests called the Liberty Tree.

Here, after the passage of the Stamp Act, Lord Bute and other obnoxious statesmen had been hung in effigy. Here the patriots consulted when the British troops in their gay uniforms came marching into the town, and held it by the glitter of the bayonet in the streets.

It was here that the principal ceremonies of young Snyder's funeral were appointed to take place.

It was the 26th of February. The religious services of the funeral were said at the house of Madame Apthorp on Frog Lane, as the boy Snyder was in the service of Madame Apthorp at the time of his death.

The corpse was then taken to the Liberty Tree, amid tolling bells, where the immense procession began. Fifty school-boys led, and were followed by about two thousand citizens. The pall was supported by six boys; the coffin bore a Latin inscription, "Innocence itself is not safe." Business was suspended. The whole population of the town was in the streets, and the bells of the neighboring towns were heard echoing the solemn funeral bells of Boston.



OLD HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.

CHAPTER XI.

BUNKER HILL AND THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

THE city of Boston is full of the monuments of an heroic past. The stranger who visits it is surprised to note how strong patriotic sentiment has preserved the relics of the old colonial city amid the merchant palaces of the present time. The Old

South Church, in which the duty of resistance to the tyranny of the British Crown was once so perilously proclaimed, still stands in the busiest centre of trade. Faneuil Hall, the old Cradle of Liberty, where the colonial delegates united with the Virginia House of Burgesses in

counselling armed protection of the provinces against a foreign power, still rises quaint and stately in the market place. Go where you will, in every part of the city the past lives again, and reads to the present its lessons.



FANEUIL HALL.

Go to the State House, and examine its relics and monuments, and then make a circuit around it in the old-time streets.

The beacon light in colonial times was situated on the high ground not far distant from the spot now crowned by the gilded dome of the State House ; and hence this point of land was called Beacon Hill.

The old Hancock House, now removed, stood here on Beacon Street, and the land now occupied by the State House was formerly a part of Governor Hancock's cow-pasture, and was purchased by the town from the Governor's heirs for the State. The Hancock House, a fine old colonial structure, stood somewhat back from the street, on the ground now occupied by the elegant mansion of the late Gardner Brewer.

We cannot give place to a description of the familiar marbles in Doric Hall in the State House, which are associated with recent history, — the statue of Governor Andrew, the busts of Adams and Lincoln, and Milmore's incomparable bust of Sumner. We may mention, incidentally, that the corner-stone of the State House was laid in 1795, with a speech from Governor Samuel Adams. The most interesting objects to the antiquary in the State House are the fine statue of Washington by Chantrey, and copies of the memorial inscriptions of the Washington family in Brighton Parish, England. These are in a somewhat shadowy recess, which is separated from Doric Hall by a glass protector. In the Doric Hall stairway to the rotunda are four tablets taken from the base of a column completed on Beacon Hill in 1791. The Senate Chamber contains old-time relics and portraits, and the ancient cod-fish hangs from the ceiling in the House of Representatives, an emblem of the early industry of the State.

Passing down Beacon to Tremont Street, in the direc-



ANDROS A PRISONER IN BOSTON.

tion of the Tremont House, the visitor will easily recognize the quaint old stone King's Chapel, and will wish to cross Tremont Street, to take a look at King's Chapel burying-ground.

The Chapel itself is rich with antiquities. The original communion service was presented by William and Mary, and the old organ was selected for it by Handel, after that maëstro had become blind. Its walls are lined with monuments.

The burying-ground is a picturesque spot. The Boston branch of the Winslow family rest here. Here sleeps also the famous Mary Chilson, of honorable memory, who has been said to be the first to leap on shore from the Mayflower. She died in 1679. Here sleep Governor John Leverett (1679), Governor John



QUEEN MARY.

Winthrop (1649), Governor John Winthrop, Jr. (1676), Elder Thomas Oliver (1658), and the celebrated John Cotton and John Davenport. The remains of Lady Anne Andros, wife of the unpopular governor of that name, whom the colonists deposed and imprisoned on account of the tax he levied upon them, were deposited here on a dull, cloudy day in the early part of 1689.

A few steps from King's Chapel, on the opposite side of the street, between the Tremont House and Park Street Church, the visitor will find the old Granary Burying-

ground, first used about 1660, where rests Boston's venerated dust. The trees interweave their branches above the tombs, and only pencil-rays of sunlight break the broad, cool shadows of the spot. The Paddock elms used to keep guard over it in front. Within the enclosure are the remains of Governor Hancock, the Franklin family, Governors Bowdoin, Adams, Sumner, and Sullivan; Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Peter Faneuil of revered memory, Thomas Prince, Hon. John Phillips, the first mayor of the city, Reverend Doctors Belknap, Lothrop, Eckley, Stillman, and Baldwin, and, last but not least of a long list of historic notables, Paul Revere. The victims of the Boston Massacre on the ever-memorable 5th of March were buried here. The gravestone of Peter Daillè, a French Huguenot minister of blessed memory, is still seen. Queer old Governor Bellingham, who at an advanced age "married himself" to a young wife, "contrary to the practice of the Province," was buried here in 1672.

Going around to Salem Street, we come to Christ Church and Copp's Hill Burying-ground. From the steeple of this church the signal light was hung for Paul Revere. The old pulpit was furnished with Bible and prayer-book by George II. Pitcairn was interred in the vaults of the church, and it is said his remains are still there, and that the wrong body was sent by mistake to Westminster Abbey. The chime of bells in the steeple was hung in 1744. These bells rang through the palmy days of the English Georges; they were Revolutionary tones, and they have played through all the republic's years of prosperity and peace. The city has stretched far beyond the limits of their sound. In Copp's Hill Burying-ground, near at hand, rest the remains of the Mather family. It was from this hill that Clinton and Burgoyne directed the



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

battery that set fire to Charlestown at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Among the notable relics outside of Boston, and in its immediate vicinity, may be named the old Cradock mansion in Medford, the old Powder House in Somerville, and the Craigie House in Cambridge, better known as the residence of Longfellow, the poet, and as Washington's headquarters.

Let us now turn from our peaceful walk amid historic associations to the stirring scenes of the war.

The encounters at Lexington and Concord thoroughly aroused the American people. The news rang through the land that blood had been spilt, that already there were martyrs to the great cause. Mounted couriers galloped along all highways. Over the bustle of the marketplace, in the stillness of the quiet village church, there broke the startling shout, "The war has begun." All men felt that the hour had come, and they promptly laid aside their accustomed labor that they might gird themselves for the battle. North Carolina, in her haste, threw off the authority of the king, and formed herself into military companies. Georgia sent gifts of money and of rice, and cheering letters, to confirm the bold purposes of the men of Boston. In aristocratic and loyal Virginia there was a general rush to arms. From every corner of the New England States men hurried to Boston.

Down in pleasant Connecticut an old man was ploughing his field one April afternoon. His name was Israel Putnam. He was now a farmer and tavern-keeper, — a combination frequent at that time in New England, and not at all inconsistent, we are told, "with a Roman character." Formerly he had been a warrior. He had fought the Indians, and had narrowly escaped the jeopardies of such warfare. Once he had been bound to a tree, and the

savages were beginning to toss their tomahawks at his head, when unlooked-for rescue found him. As rugged old Israel ploughed his field, some one told him of the fight at Lexington. That day he ploughed no more. He sent word home that he had gone to Boston. Unyoking his horse from the plough, in a few minutes he was mounted and hastening towards the camp.

Boston and its suburbs stand on certain islets and peninsulas, access to which, from the mainland, is gained by one isthmus which is called Boston Neck, and another isthmus which is called Charlestown Neck. A city thus circumstanced is not difficult to blockade. The American yeomanry blockaded Boston. There were five thousand soldiers in the town; but the retreat from Concord inclined General Gage to some measure of patient endurance, and he made no attempt to raise the blockade.

The month of May was wearing on. Still General Gage lay inactive. Still patriot Americans poured in to the blockading camp. They were utterly undisciplined. They were without uniform. The English scorned them as a rabble "with calico frocks and fowling-pieces." But they were Anglo-Saxons, with arms in their hands and a fixed purpose in their minds. It was very likely that the unwise contempt of their enemies would not be long unrebuked.

At this time an event took place in an unexpected quarter, which fired the spirit of the colonists from Rhode Island to Georgia.

THE STORY OF TICONDEROGA AND ETHAN ALLEN.

In the early days of the Revolution the American patriots gained many important advantages by their boldness, almost amounting to audacity, in attacking forts and garrisons unexpectedly. One of the most successful and



THE OLD POWDER-HOUSE AT SOMERVILLE.

romantic enterprises of this kind was the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys. The event took place on the 10th of May, 1775, three weeks and one day after the great day at Concord and Lexington.

Very soon after the first blood was shed, leading men felt that it was highly necessary to obtain the control of Lake Champlain, and get possession of the valuable military stores at Fort Ticonderoga. Plans were laid simultaneously in the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut by different parties to effect this. The projectors of these plans were neither of them aware that the other was moving in the matter. Massachusetts gave Benedict Arnold a commission as colonel. He was ordered to raise four hundred men to reduce Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Connecticut lent eighteen hundred dollars to the leaders in the enterprise from that colony, and a quantity of ammunition was purchased, which, however, was not used for the purpose for which it was intended.

The Connecticut patriots were first at work. They went to Bennington, Vermont, and offered the command to Ethan Allen, who immediately accepted it. Allen was a very brave and daring man, though rough and uneducated. He had already made himself conspicuous by his bold resistance to the government of New York, which attempted to exercise its control over that part of the country where he lived. He was exactly the man for the times and the work.

While the recruits were assembling at Castleton, which was made the head-quarters of the expedition, Arnold appeared there with his Massachusetts commission. He was allowed to join the party, but Ethan Allen was immediately made a colonel and put in supreme command.

The first step made was to learn the condition of the fort. For this duty Captain Noah Phelps, of Connecticut, volunteered. He dressed himself like a Vermont farmer, and went to the fort to *get shaved!* He pretended that he thought there was a barber there. Once inside, by putting on an awkward and simple manner, he contrived to get the information he wanted, and with it he returned to the camp.

On the evening of the 9th of May, the whole force of two hundred and seventy men arrived at Orwell, opposite Ticonderoga. There was much difficulty in getting boats to convey the men across, and many stratagems were resorted to. Two young men managed to get the use of one large boat by a trick. They took their guns and a jug of rum, and hailed a boat belonging to a British major who was stationed in the neighborhood. It was in charge of a colored man, whom they knew to be very fond of liquor. They told him they wanted to join a hunting party on the other side, and offered to help row. The man fell into the trap. As soon as he reached the shore he was made a prisoner and his boat was seized.

Only eighty-three men could cross in the boat at once. Both Allen and Arnold accompanied the party. When they arrived near the fort it was so near morning that Allen did not dare to wait for the rest of his force, but determined to undertake the capture of the fort at once. Then occurred a dispute between the two colonels. Each insisted on his right to lead the men. It was at last settled that they should walk side by side, but Allen on the right as commander.

A young lad named Nathan Beman undertook to guide the "rebels" into the fort. When the men approached the outer gate, the sentinel or guard snapped his lock and retreated. The Americans followed him closely along the covered way. Before he could give an alarm they were



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

drawn up on the parade ground inside the fort and in possession of it. Then the Green Mountain Boys gave three cheers in honor of their bloodless victory.

The officers were asleep in their apartments. A frightened soldier pointed out the door of the commanding officer to Colonel Allen, who called out, "Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison." At this, Captain Delaplace, who had not had time to dress, made his appearance, with his breeches in his hand.

"Deliver this fort instantly," said Allen sternly.

"By what authority?" asked Captain Delaplace.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Colonel Allen.

The captain would have said more, but Allen held his drawn sword near Delaplace's head, and the latter prudently determined to surrender. Accordingly he gave orders that the garrison should be paraded without arms.

Thus, before the commander of the fort had learned that the war had begun, he and his entire command of about fifty men were made prisoners. The Americans also secured more than two hundred pieces of cannon, with a very large quantity of other arms, an immense amount of ammunition, and other property, all without losing a man.

The volunteers immediately proceeded to take Crown Point, where they were quite as successful, and then surprised and captured an armed sloop on the lake. This gave them complete control of Lake Champlain and its forts, which was a great advantage to the colonists. The Continental Congress, whose name Allen invoked, disapproved of the whole proceeding, but subsequent events showed how much wiser were the daring spirits who conceived it, and carried it into execution, than the more prudent and timid statesmen of the day.

On the 25th of May several English ships-of-war dropped their anchors in Boston Harbor. It was rumored that they brought large reinforcements under Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton, — the best generals England possessed. Shortly it became known that Gage now felt himself strong enough to break out upon his rustic besiegers. But the choice of time and place for the encounter was not to be left with General Gage.

On Charlestown peninsula, within easy gun-shot of Boston, there are two low hills, one of which, the higher, is called Bunker Hill, and the other, Breed's Hill. In a council of war the Americans determined to seize and fortify one of these heights, and there abide the onslaught of the English. There was not a moment to lose. It was said that Gage intended to occupy the heights on the night of the 18th of June. But Gage was habitually too late. On the 16th, a little before sunset, twelve hundred Americans were mustered on Cambridge Common for special service. Colonel Prescott, a veteran who had fought against the French, was in command. Putnam was with him, to be useful where he could, although without specified duties. Prayers were said; and the men, knowing only that they went to battle, and perhaps to death, set forth upon their march. They marched in silence, for their way led them under the guns of English ships. They reached the hill-top undiscovered by the supine foe. It was a lovely June night, warm and still. Far down lay the English ships, awful, but as yet harmless. Across the Charles River, Boston and her garrison slept the sleep of the unsuspecting. The "All's well!" of the sentinel crept, from time to time, dreamily up the hill. Swift now with spade and mattock, for the hours of this midsummer night are few and precious, — swift, but cautious, too, for one ringing stroke of iron upon stone may ruin all!



ENGLISH SHIPS-OF-WAR.

When General Gage looked out upon the heights next morning, he saw a strong intrenchment and swarms of armed men where the untrodden grass had waved in the summer breeze a few hours before. He looked long through his glass at this unwelcome apparition. A tall figure paced to and fro along the rude parapet. It was Prescott.

“Will he fight?” asked Gage eagerly.

“Yes, sir,” replied a bystander, “to the last drop of his blood.”

It was indispensable that the works should be taken. A plan of attack was immediately formed. It was sufficiently simple. No one supposed that the Americans would stand the shock of regular troops. The English were therefore to march straight up the hill and drive the Americans away. Meanwhile reinforcements were sent to the Americans, and supplies of ammunition were distributed. A gill of powder, to be carried in a powder-horn or loose in the pocket, two flints, and fifteen balls were served out to each man. To obtain even the fifteen balls, they had to melt down the organ-pipes of an Episcopal church at Cambridge.

At noon English soldiers to the number of two thousand crossed over from Boston. The men on the hill-top looked out from their intrenchments upon a splendid vision of bright uniforms and bayonets and field-pieces flashing in the sun. They looked with quickened pulse but unshaken purpose. To men of their race it is not given to know fear on the verge of battle.

The English soldiers paused for refreshments when they landed on the Charlestown peninsula. The Americans could hear the murmur of their noisy talk and laughter. They saw the pitchers of grog pass along the ranks. And then they saw the Englishmen rise and stretch themselves to their grim morning's work. From the steeples and

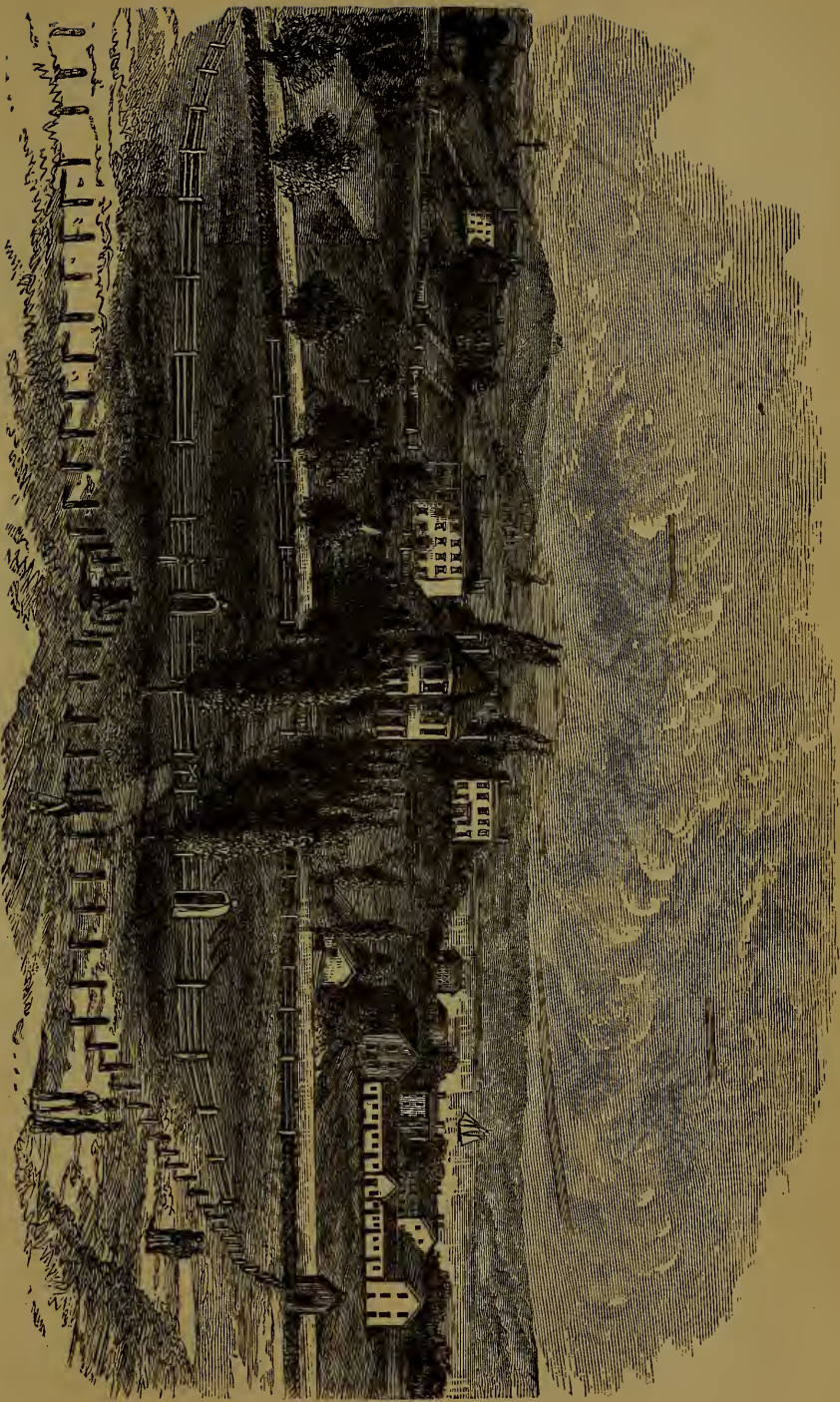
house-tops of Boston, from all the heights which stand round about the city, thousands of Americans watched the progress of the fight.

The soldiers had no easy task before them. The day was "exceeding hot," the grass was long and thick, the uphill march was toilsome, the enemy watchful and resolute. As if to render the difficulty greater, the men carried three days' provision with them in their knapsacks. Each man had a burden which weighed one hundred and twenty pounds in knapsack, musket, and other equipments. Thus laden, they began their perilous ascent.

While yet a long way from the enemy they opened a harmless fire of musketry. There was no reply from the American lines.

"Aim low," said Putnam, "and wait until you see the whites of their eyes."

The Englishmen were very near the works when the word was given. Like the left-handed slingers of the tribe of Benjamin, the Americans could shoot to a hair's-breadth. Every man took his steady aim, and when they gave forth their volley few bullets sped in vain. The slaughter was enormous. The English recoiled in some confusion, a pitiless rain of bullets following them down the hill. Again they advanced almost to the American works, and again they sustained a bloody repulse. And now, at the hill-foot, they laid down their knapsacks and stripped off their great-coats. They were resolute this time to end the fight by the bayonet. The American ammunition was exhausted. They could give the enemy only a single volley. The English swarmed over the parapet. The Americans had no bayonets, but for a time they waged unequal war with stones and the but-ends of their muskets. They were soon driven out, and fled down the hill and across the Neck to Cambridge, the English ships raking them with grape-shot as they ran.



BRED'S AND BUNKER HILLS.

They had done their work. Victory no doubt remained with the English. Their object was to carry the American intrenchments, and they had carried them. Far greater than this was the gain of the Americans. It was proved that, with the help of some slight field-works, it was possible for undisciplined patriots to meet on equal terms the best troops England could send against them. Henceforth the success of the Revolution was assured. "Thank God!" said Washington, when he heard of the battle. "The liberties of the country are safe." Would that obstinate King George could have been made to see it!

But many wives must be widows, and many children fatherless, before those dull eyes will open to the unwelcome truth.

Sixteen hundred men lay, dead or wounded, on that fatal slope. The English had lost nearly eleven hundred; the Americans nearly five hundred. Seldom indeed in any battle has so large a proportion of the combatants fallen.

The Americans, who had thus taken up arms and re-



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

sisted and slain the king's troops, were wholly without authority for what they had done. No governing body of any description had employed them or recognized them. What were still more alarming deficiencies, they were without a general, and without adequate supply of food and ammunition. Congress now, by a unanimous vote, adopted



THE WASHINGTON ELM.

the army, and elected George Washington commander-in-chief of the patriot forces. They took measures to enlist soldiers, and to raise money for their support.

Washington joined the army before Boston. He formally assumed command under a great elm in Cambridge, which is still standing (1881). The army consisted of about fourteen thousand men. They were almost without

ammunition. Their stock of powder would afford only nine rounds to each man. They could thus have made no use of their artillery. Their rude intrenchments stretched a distance of eight or nine miles. At any moment the English might burst upon them, piercing their weak lines, and rolling them back in hopeless rout. But the stubborn provincials were as yet scarcely soldiers enough to know their danger. Taking counsel only of their own courage, they strengthened their intrenchment, and tenaciously maintained their hold on Boston.

The head-quarters of Washington at Cambridge were near the present site of Harvard College. It is known as the Craigie House, and is the home of the poet Longfellow.

Washington looked at his foe. He saw a British army of ten thousand men, perfect in discipline and equipment. It was a noble engine, but, happily for the world, it was guided by incompetent hands. General Gage tamely endured siege without daring to strike a single blow at the audacious patriots. It was no easy winter in either army. The English suffered from small-pox. Their fleet failed to secure for them an adequate supply of food. They had to pull down houses to obtain wood for fuel, at the risk of being hanged if they were discovered. They were dispirited by long inaction. They knew that in England the feeling entertained about them was one of bitter disappointment. Gage was recalled by an angry Ministry, and quitted in disgrace that Boston where he had hoped for such success. General Howe succeeded to his command and to his policy of inactivity.

Washington, on his side, was often in despair. His troops were mainly enlisted for three months only. Their love of country gave way under the hardships of a soldier's life. Washington was a strict disciplinarian. Patriotism proved a harder service than the men counted for.

Fast as their time of service expired, many set their faces homeward. Washington plied them with patriotic appeals, and caused patriot songs to be sung about the camp. "Such dearth of public spirit," Washington writes, "and such want of virtue, such fertility in all the low arts, I never saw before." When January came he had a new army, much smaller than the old, and the same weary process of drilling began afresh. He knew that Howe was aware of his position. The inactivity of the English general astonished Washington. He could explain it no otherwise than by believing that Providence watched over the liberties of the American people.

In February liberal supplies of arms and ammunition reached him. There came also ten regiments of militia. Washington was now strong enough to take a step.

To the south of Boston lie the heights of Dorchester. If the Americans could seize and hold these heights, the English would be compelled to leave Boston. The night of the 4th of March was fixed for the enterprise. A heavy fire of artillery occupied the attention of the enemy. By the light of an unclouded moon a strong working-party took their way to Dorchester Heights. A long train of wagons accompanied them, laden with hard-pressed bales of hay. These were needed to form a breastwork, as a hard frost bound the earth, and digging alone could not be relied upon. The men worked with such spirit that by dawn the bales of hay had been fashioned into various redoubts and other defences of most formidable aspect. A thick fog lay along the heights, and the new fortress looked massive and imposing in the haze. "The rebels," said Howe, "have done more work in one night than my whole army would have done in a month."

And now the English must fight or yield up Boston. The English chose to fight. They were in the act of em-

barking to get at the enemy when a furious east wind began to blow, scattering their transports and compelling the delay of the attack. All next day the storm continued to rage. The English, eager for battle, lay in unwilling idleness. The vigorous Americans never ceased to dig and build. On the third day the storm abated. But it was now General Howe's opinion that the American position was impregnable. It may be that he was wisely cautious. It may be that he was merely fearful. But he laid aside his thoughts of battle, and prepared to evacuate Boston. On the 17th the last English soldier was on board, and all New England was finally wrested from King George.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE.

A curious song, called "Yankee Doodle," was written by a British sergeant at Boston, in 1775, to ridicule the rude ways of certain people there, when the American army, under Washington, was encamped at Cambridge and Roxbury. Many of the volunteers from the country towns were ungainly and awkward in appearance, and showed a quaint inquisitiveness that provoked satire. The air of "Yankee Doodle," with quaint words about "Lucy Locket" who lost "her pocket," was known in Cromwell's time. It was at one time called "Chevy Chase," and it well fits this old Scottish ballad. The word *Yankee* was evidently borrowed from the provincial vocabulary of a Cambridge farmer, named Jonathan Hastings, who lived about the year 1713, and who was accustomed to speak of his "*Yankee* good horse," his "*Yankee* good cider." The Harvard students used to call him *Yankee* Jonathan.

There is a story associated with this song which is at once amusing and pathetic. When Lord Percy marched out of Boston, for Lexington, he passed through Roxbury, his band playing "Yankee Doodle" in derision. It was

a suggestive tune, as it was often employed as a Rogues' March when offenders were drummed out of camp.

A Roxbury boy grew very merry as he heard the tune, while the soldiers were passing by.

"What makes you so lively, my lad?" asked Lord Percy.

"To think how you will dance by and by to 'Chevy Chase.'"

As Earl Percy in the ballad of "Chevy Chase" was slain, Lord Percy was made despondent by the unexpected prophecy of the boy. Percy was driven back from Lexington in disgrace, and "Yankee Doodle" was played by the victorious Americans when Burgoyne surrendered.

Perhaps the reader may like to see the original version of "Yankee Doodle," with its provincial dialect:—

1.

Father and I went down to camp
 Along with Captain Goodwin,
 Where we *see* the men and boys
 As thick as hasty-*puddin'*.

2.

There was *Captain* Washington
 Upon a *strapping* stallion,
 A giving orders to his men;
 I *guess* there was a million.

3.

And then the feathers on his hat,
 They looked so tarnal *fin*,
 I wanted peskily to get,
 To give to my Jemima.

4.

And then they had a *swampin* gun
 As big as log of maple,
 On a *deuced* little cart, —
 A load for father's cattle.

5.

And every time they fired it off
 It took a horn of powder ;
 It made a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.

6.

I went as near to it myself
 As Jacob's under-pinnin',
 And father went as near again, —
 I thought the deuce was in him.

7.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
 I thought he would have cocked it ;
 It scared me so I shrinkèd off
 And hung by father's pocket.

8.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
 He *kind a* clapped his hand on't,
 And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
 Upon the little end on't.

9.

And there I *see* a pumpkin shell
 As big as mother's basin,
 And every time they touched it off
 They scampered like the nation.

10.

And there I *see* a little keg,
 Its head was made of leather ;
 They knocked upon't with little sticks
 To call the folks together.

11.

And then they'd *fife away like fun*
 And play on *cornstalk* fiddles,
 And some had *ribbons* red as blood
 All wound around their middles.

12.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

13.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For 'lasses cakes, to carry home
To give to his wife and young ones.

14.

I see another *snarl* of men
A diggin' graves, they told me, —
So *tarnal* long, so *tarnal* deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

15.

They scared me so, I *hooked* it off,
Nor slept, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

EVEN yet, after months of fighting, the idea of final separation from Great Britain was distasteful to a considerable portion of the American people. To the more enlightened it had long been evident that no other course was possible ; but very many still clung to the hope of a friendly settlement of differences. Some, who were native Englishmen, loved the land of their birth better than the land of their adoption. The Quakers and Moravians were opposed to war as sinful, and would content themselves with such redress as could be obtained by remonstrance. Some, who deeply resented the oppressions of the home government, were slow to relinquish the privilege of British citizenship. Some would willingly have fought had there been hope of success, but could not be convinced that America was able to defend herself against the colossal strength of England. The subject was discussed long and keenly.

The intelligence of America was in favor of separation. All the writers of the colonies urged incessantly that to this it must come. Pamphlets and gazette articles set forth the oppressions of the old country, and the need of independence in order to the welfare of the colonies. Conspicuous among those whose writings aided in convincing the public mind stands the unhonored name of Thomas Paine, the infidel. Paine had been only a few months in the colonies, but his restless mind took a ready interest in the great question of

the day. He had a surprising power of direct, forcible argument. He wrote a pamphlet styled "Common Sense," in which he urged the Americans to be independent.

The time was now ripe for the consideration by the Congress at Philadelphia of the great question of independence. It was a grave and most eventful step, which no thinking man would lightly take, but it could no longer be shunned. On the 7th of June a resolution was introduced, declaring "That the United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent." The House was not yet prepared for a measure so decisive. Many members still paused on the threshold of that vast change. Pennsylvania and Delaware had expressly enjoined their delegates to oppose it; for the Quakers were loyal to the last. Some other States had given no instructions, and their delegates felt themselves bound, in consequence, to vote against the change. Seven States voted for the resolution; six voted against it. Greater unanimity than this was indispensable. With much prudence, it was agreed that the matter should stand over for two or three weeks.

On the 4th of July, 1776, a Declaration of Independence was adopted, with the unanimous concurrence of all the thirteen States. In this famous document the usurpations of the English government were set forth in unsparing terms. The divinity which doth hedge a king did not protect poor King George from a rougher handling than he ever experienced before. His character, it was said, "was marked by every act which can define a tyrant." And then it was announced to the world that the Thirteen Colonies had terminated their political connection with Great Britain, and entered upon their career as free and independent States.

The vigorous action of Congress nerved the colonists for their great enterprise of defence. The paralyzing hope of reconciliation was extinguished. The quarrel must now be fought out to the end, and liberty must be gloriously won or



GEORGE III.

shamefully lost. Everywhere the Declaration was hailed with joy. It was read to the army amidst exulting shouts. The soldiers in New York expressed their transference of allegiance by taking down a leaden statue of King George and casting it into bullets to be used against the king's troops. Next day Washington, in the dignified language which was habitual to him, reminded his troops of their new duties and responsibilities. "The General," he said, "hopes and trusts that every officer and soldier will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."



CHAPTER XIII.

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE.

ENGLAND put forth as much strength as she deemed needful to subdue her rebellious colonists. She prepared a strong fleet and a strong army. She entered into contracts with some of the petty German princes to supply a certain number of soldiers. These were chiefly Hessians. It was a matter of regular sale and purchase. England supplied money at a fixed rate. The Duke of Brunswick and some others supplied a stipulated number of men, who were to shed their blood in a quarrel of which they knew nothing. Even in a dark age these transactions were a scandal. Frederick of Prussia loudly expressed his contempt for both parties. When any of the hired men passed through any part of his territory he levied on them the toll usually charged for cattle, — like which, he said, they had been sold !

So soon as the safety of Boston was secured, Washington moved with his army southward to New York. Thither, in the month of June, came General Howe. Thither also came his brother, Lord Howe, with the forces which England had provided for this war. These reinforcements raised the British army to twenty-five thousand men. Lord Howe brought with him a commission from King George to pacify the dissatisfied colonists. He invited them to lay down their arms, and he assured them of the king's pardon. His proposals were singularly inopportune. The Declaration of Independence had just been published. The Americans had deter-

mined to be free. They were not seeking to be forgiven, and they rejected with scorn Lord Howe's proposals. The sword must now decide between King George and his alienated subjects.

Lord Howe encamped his troops on Staten Island, a few miles from New York. His powerful fleet gave him undisputed command of the bay, and enabled him to choose his point of attack. The Americans expected that he would land upon Long Island, and take possession of the heights near Brooklyn. He would then be separated from New York only by a narrow arm of the sea, and he could with ease lay the city in ruins. Washington sent a strong force to hold the heights, and throw up intrenchments in front of Brooklyn. General Putnam was appointed to the command of this army. Staten Island lies in full view of Brooklyn. The white tents of the English army, and the formidable English ships lying at their anchorage, were watched by many anxious eyes; for the situation was known to be full of peril. Washington himself did not expect success in the coming fight, and hoped for nothing more than that the enemy's victory would cost him dear.

After a time it was seen that a movement was in progress among the English. One by one the tents disappeared. One by one the ships shook their canvas out to the wind, and moved across the bay. Then the Americans knew that their hour of trial was at hand.

Putnam marched his men out from their lines to meet the English. At daybreak the enemy made his appearance. The right wing of the American army was attacked, and troops were withdrawn from other points to resist what seemed the main attack. Meanwhile a strong English force made its way unseen round the American left, and established itself between the Americans and their intrenchments. This decided the fate of the battle. The Americans made a brave

but vain defence. They were driven within their lines after sustaining heavy loss.

Lord Howe could easily have stormed the works, and taken or destroyed the American army. But his lordship felt that his enemy was in his power, and he wished to spare his soldiers the bloodshed which an assault would have caused. He was to reduce the enemy's works by regular siege. It was no part of Washington's intention to wait for the issue of these operations. During the night of August 29 he silently withdrew his broken troops, and landed them safely in New York. So skilfully was this movement executed, that the last boat had pushed off from the shore before the British discovered that their enemies had departed.

But now New York had to be abandoned. Washington's army was demoralized by the defeat at Brooklyn. Washington confessed to the President of Congress with deep concern that he had no confidence "in the generality of the troops." To fight the well-disciplined and victorious British with such unskilful men seemed useless. He marched northward, and took up a strong position at Harlem, a village nine miles from New York. But the English ships, sweeping up the Hudson River, showed themselves on his flank and in his rear. The English army approached him in front. There was no choice but retreat. Washington crossed over to the Jersey side of the river. The English followed him, after storming a fort in which nearly three thousand men had been left, the whole of whom were made prisoners.

The fortunes of the revolted colonies were now at the very lowest ebb. Washington had only four thousand men under his immediate command. They were in miserable condition, — imperfectly armed, poorly fed and clothed, without blankets or tents or shoes. An English officer said of them, without extreme exaggeration, "In a whole regiment there is scarce one pair of breeches." This was the army which was



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.



to snatch a continent from the grasp of England! As they marched towards Philadelphia the people looked with derision upon their ragged defenders, and with fear upon the brilliant host of pursuers. Lord Howe renewed his offer of pardon to all who would submit. This time his lordship's offers commanded some attention. Many of the wealthier patriots took the oath, and made their peace with a government whose authority there was no longer any hope of throwing off.

Washington made good his retreat to Philadelphia, so hotly pursued that his rear-guard, engaged in pulling down bridges, were often in sight of the British pioneers sent to build them up. When he crossed the Delaware he secured all the boats for a distance of seventy miles along the river-course. Lord Howe was brought to a pause, and he decided to wait upon the eastern bank till the river should be frozen.

Washington knew well the desperate odds against him. He expected to be driven from the Eastern States. It was his thought, in that case, to retire beyond the Alleghanies, and in the wilderness to maintain undying resistance to the English yoke. Meantime he strove like a brave strong man to win back success to the patriot cause. It was only now that he was able to rid himself of the evil of short enlistments. Congress resolved that henceforth men should be enlisted to serve out the war.

Winter came, but Lord Howe remained inactive. He himself was in New York; his army was scattered about among the villages of New Jersey, fearing no evil from the despised Americans. All the time Washington was increasing the number of his troops, and improving their condition. But something was needed to chase away the gloom which paralyzed the country. Ten miles from Philadelphia was the village of Trenton, held by a considerable force of British and Hessians. At sunset on Christmas evening Washington

marched out from Philadelphia, having prepared a surprise for the careless garrison of Trenton. The night was dark and tempestuous, and the weather was so intensely cold that two of the soldiers were frozen to death. The march of the barefooted host could be tracked by the blood-marks which they left upon the snow. At daybreak they burst upon the astonished Royalists. The Hessians had drunk deep on the previous day, and they were ill prepared to fight. Their commander was slain as he attempted to bring his men up to the enemy. After his fall the soldiers laid down their arms, and surrendered at discretion.

A week after this encounter three British regiments spent a night at Princeton, on their way to Trenton to retrieve the disaster which had there befallen their Hessian allies. Washington made another night march, attacked the Englishmen in the early morning, and after a stubborn resistance defeated them, inflicting severe loss.

These exploits, inconsiderable as they seem, raised incalculably the spirits of the American people. When triumphs like these were possible under circumstances so discouraging, there was no need to despair of the commonwealth. Confidence in Washington had been somewhat shaken by the defeats which he had sustained. Henceforth it was unbounded. Congress invested him with absolute military authority for a period of six months, and public opinion confirmed the trust. The infant republic was delivered from its most imminent jeopardy by the successes of Trenton and Princeton.

And now a new force entered into the hitherto unequal contest. France still felt, with all the bitterness of the vanquished, her defeat at Quebec and her loss of Canada. She had always entertained the hope that the Americans would avenge her by throwing off the English yoke. To help forward its fulfilment, she sent occasionally a secret agent among

them, to cultivate their good-will to the utmost. When the troubles began she sent secret assurances of sympathy, and secret offers of commercial advantages. She was not prepared as yet openly to espouse the American cause. But it was always safe to encourage the American dislike to England,



LAFAYETTE.

and to connive at the fitting out of American privateers, to prey upon English commerce.

The Marquis de Lafayette was at this time serving in the French army. He was a lad of nineteen, of immense wealth, and enjoying a foremost place among the nobility of France. The American revolt had now become a topic at French

dinner-tables. Lafayette heard of it first from the Duke of Gloucester, who told the story at a dinner given to him by some French officers. That conversation changed the destiny of the young Frenchman. "He was a man of no ability," said Napoleon. "There is nothing in his head but the United States," said Marie Antoinette. Lafayette had the deepest sympathies with the cause of human liberty. They were always generous and true. No sooner had he satisfied himself that the American cause was the cause of liberty, than he hastened to ally himself with it. He left his young wife and his great position, and he offered himself to Washington. His presence was a vast encouragement to a desponding people. He was a visible assurance of sympathy beyond the sea. America is the most grateful of nations; and this good, impulsive man has ever deservedly held a high place in her love. Washington once, with tears of joy in his eyes, presented Lafayette to his troops. Counties are named after him, and cities and streets. Statues and paintings hand down to successive generations of Americans the image of their first and most faithful ally.

Lafayette was the lightning-rod by which the current of republican sentiments was flashed from America to France. He came home when the war was over and America free. He was the hero of the hour. A man who had helped to set up a republic in America was an unquiet element for old France to receive back into her bosom. With the charm of a great name and boundless popularity to aid him, he everywhere urged that men should be free and self-governing.

The spring-time of 1777 came, — "the time when kings go out to battle," — but General Howe was not ready. Washington was contented to wait, for he gained by delay. Congress sent him word that he was to lose no time in totally subduing the enemy. Washington could now afford to smile at the vain confidence which had so quickly taken the place of

despair. Recruits flowed in upon him in a steady if not a very copious stream. The old soldiers whose terms expired were induced, by bounties and patriotic appeals, to re-enlist for the war. By the middle of June, when Howe opened the campaign, Washington had eight thousand men under his command, tolerably armed and disciplined, and in good fighting spirit. The patriotic sentiment was powerfully reinforced by a thirst to avenge private wrongs. Howe's German mercenaries had behaved very brutally in New Jersey, plundering and burning without stint. Many of the Americans had witnessed outrages such as turn the coward's blood to flame.

Howe wished to take Philadelphia, then the political capital of the States. But Washington lay across his path, in a strong position, from which he could not be enticed to descend. Howe marched towards him, but shunned to attack him where he lay. Then he turned back to New York, and, embarking his troops, sailed with them to Philadelphia. The army was landed on the 25th August, and Howe was at length ready to begin the summer's work.

The American army waited for him on the banks of a small river called the Brandywine. The British superiority in numbers enabled them to attack the Americans in front and in flank. The Americans say that their right wing, on which the British attack fell with crushing weight, was badly led. One of the generals of that division was a certain William Alexander, known to himself and the country of his adoption as Lord Stirling, — a warrior brave but foolish, "aged, and a little deaf." The Americans were driven from the field, but they had fought bravely, and were undismayed by their defeat.

A fortnight later a British force, with Lord Cornwallis at its head, marched into Philadelphia. The Royalists were numerous in that city of Quakers. The city was moved to unwonted cheerfulness. On that September morning, as the

loyal inhabitants looked upon the bright uniforms and flashing arms of the king's troops, and listened to the long-forbidden strains of "God save the King," they felt as if a great and final deliverance had been vouchsafed to them. The patriots estimated the fall of the city more justly. It was seen that if Howe meant to hold Philadelphia, he had not force enough to do much else. Said the sagacious Benjamin Franklin, "It is not General Howe that has taken Philadelphia; it is Philadelphia that has taken General Howe."

The main body of the British were encamped at Germantown, guarding their new conquest. So little were the Americans daunted by their late reverses, that, within a week from the capture of Philadelphia, Washington resolved to attack the enemy. At sunrise on the 4th October the English were unexpectedly greeted by a bayonet-charge from a strong American force. It was a complete surprise, and at first the success was complete. But a dense fog, which had rendered the surprise possible, ultimately frustrated the purpose of the assailants. The onset of the eager Americans carried all before it. But as the darkness, enhanced by the firing, deepened over the combatants, confusion began to arise. Regiments got astray from their officers. Some regiments mistook each other for enemies, and acted on that belief. Confusion swelled to panic, and the Americans fled from the field.

Winter was now at hand, and the British army returned to quarters in Philadelphia. Howe would have fought again, but Washington declined to come down from the strong position to which he had retired. His army had again been suffered to fall into straits which threatened its very existence. A patriot Congress urged him to defeat the English, but could not be persuaded to supply his soldiers with shoes or blankets, or even with food. He was advised to fall back



ENGLISH ATTACKED AT GERMANTOWN.



on some convenient town where his soldiers would find the comforts they needed so much. But Washington was resolute to keep near the enemy. He fixed on a position at Valley Forge, among the hills, twenty miles from Philadelphia. Thither through the snow marched his half-naked army. Log-huts were erected with a rapidity of which no soldiers are so capable as Americans. There Washington fixed himself. The enemy was within reach, and he knew that his own strength would grow. The campaign which had now closed had given much encouragement to the patriots. It is true they had been often defeated. But they had learned to place implicit confidence in their commander. They had learned also that in courage they were equal, in activity greatly superior, to their enemies. All they required was discipline and experience, which another campaign would give. There was no longer any reason to look with alarm upon the future.

In the month of June, when Howe was beginning to make his slow advance to Philadelphia, a British army set out from Canada to conquer the northern parts of the revolted territory. General Burgoyne was in command. He was resolute to succeed. "This army must not retreat," he said, when they were about to embark. The army did not retreat. On a fair field general and soldiers would have played a part of which their country would have had no cause to be ashamed. But this was a work beyond their strength.

Burgoyne marched deep into the New England States. But he had to do with men of a different temper from those of New York and Philadelphia. At his approach every man took down his musket from the wall and hurried to the front. Little discipline had they, but a resolute purpose and a sure aim. Difficulties thickened around the fated army. At length Burgoyne found himself at Saratoga. It was now October. Heavy rains fell. Provisions were growing scanty. The

enemy was in great force, and much emboldened by success. Gradually it became evident that the British were surrounded, and that no hope of fighting their way out remained. Night and day a circle of fire encompassed them. Burgoyne called his officers together. They could find no place for their sorrowful communing beyond reach of the enemy's musketry, so closely was the net already drawn. There was but one thing to do, and it was done. The British army surrendered. Nearly six thousand brave men in sorrow and in shame laid down their arms. The men who took them were mere peasants. No two of them were dressed alike. The officers wore uncouth wigs. Most of them carried muskets and large powder-horns slung around their shoulders. No humiliation like this had befallen the British arms.

These grotesque American warriors behaved to their conquered enemies with true nobility. General Gates, the American commander, kept his men strictly within their lines, that they might not witness the piling of the British arms. No taunt was offered, no look of disrespect was directed against the fallen. "All were mute in astonishment and pity."

England felt acutely the shame of this great disaster. Her people were used to victory. For many years she had been fighting in Europe, in India, in Canada, and always with brilliant success. Her defeat in America was contrary to all expectation. It was a bitter thing for a high-spirited people to hear that their veteran troops had surrendered to a crowd of half-armed peasantry. Under the depressing influence of this calamity it was determined to redress the wrongs of America. Parliament abandoned all claim to tax the colonies. Every vexatious enactment would be repealed. All would be forgiven, if America would return to her allegiance. Commissioners were sent bearing the olive branch to Congress. Too late — altogether too late! Never more can

America be a dependency of England. With few words Congress peremptorily declined the English overtures. America had chosen her course. For good or for evil she would follow it to the end.

A great war may be very glorious, but it is also very miserable. Twenty thousand Englishmen had already perished in this war. Trade languished, and among the working classes there was want of employment and consequent want of food. American cruisers swarmed upon the sea, and inflicted enormous losses upon English commerce. The debt of the country increased. And for all these evils there was no compensation. There was not even the poor satisfaction of success in the unprofitable undertaking.

If it was any comfort to inflict even greater miseries than she endured, England did not fight in vain. The sufferings of America were very lamentable. The loss of life in battle and by disease, resulting from want and exposure, had been great. The fields in many districts were unsown. Trade was extinct; the trading classes were bankrupt. English cruisers had annihilated the fisheries and seized the greater part of the American merchant ships. Money had wellnigh disappeared from the country. Congress issued paper money, which proved a very indifferent substitute. The public had so little confidence in the new currency that Washington declared, "A wagon-load of money will scarcely purchase a wagon-load of provisions."

But the war went on. It was not for England, with her high place among the nations, to retire defeated from an enterprise on which she had deliberately entered. As for the Americans, after they had declared their resolution to be independent, they could die, but they could not yield.

The surrender of Burgoyne brought an important ally to the American side. The gods help those who help themselves. So soon as America proved that she was likely to

conquer in the struggle, France offered to come to her aid. France had always looked with interest on the war; partly because she hated England, and partly because her pulses already throbbed with that new life, whose misdirected energies produced, a few years afterwards, results so lamentable. Even now a people contending for their liberties awakened the sympathies of France. America had sent three commissioners — one of whom was Benjamin Franklin — to Paris, to cultivate as opportunity offered the friendship of the French government. For a time they labored without visible results. But when news came that Burgoyne and his army had surrendered, hesitation was at an end. A treaty was signed by which France and America engaged to make common cause against England. The king opposed this treaty so long as he dared, but he was forced to give way. England, of course, accepted it as a declaration of war.

Spain could not miss the opportunity of avenging herself upon England. Her king desired to live at peace, he said, and to see his neighbors do the same. But he was profoundly interested in the liberties of the young republic, and he was bound by strong ties to his good brother of France. Above all, England had in various quarters of the world grievously wronged him by violating his territory and interfering with the trade of his subjects. When his preparations were complete he joined France and America in the league, and declared war against England.

The fleets of France and Spain appeared in the British Channel, and England had to face the perils of invasion. The spirit of her people rose nobly to meet the impending trial. The southern counties were one great camp. Voluntary contributions from all parts of the country aided government to equip ships and soldiers. The king was to head his warlike people, should the enemy land, and share their danger and their glory. But the black cloud rolled harmlessly away,



FRENCH NAVAL VICTORY.

and the abounding heroism of the people was not further evoked. The invading admirals quarrelled. One of them wished to land at once ; the other wished first to dispose of the English fleet. They could not agree upon a course, and therefore they sailed away home each to his own country, having effected nothing.

The war spread itself over a very wide surface. In the North Paul Jones, with three American ships, alarmed the Scotch coast and destroyed much shipping. Spain besieged Gibraltar, but failed to regain that much-coveted prize. On the African coast the French took Senegal from the English, and the English took Goree from the French. In the West Indies the French took St. Vincent and Granada.

The remaining years of the war were distinguished by few striking or decisive enterprises. The fleet sent by France sailed hither and thither. When General Howe was made aware of its approach, he abandoned Philadelphia and retired to New York. Washington followed him on his retreat, but neither then nor for some time afterward could effect much. Congress and the American people formed sanguine expectations of the French alliance, and ceased to put forth the great efforts which distinguished the earlier period of the war. The English overran Georgia and the Carolinas.

THE STORY OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

The Americans had a strong fortress at West Point, on the Hudson River. It was one of the most important places in the country, and its acquisition was anxiously desired by the English. Possession of West Point would have given them command of the Hudson, up which their ships-of-war could have sailed for more than a hundred miles. But that fort, sitting impregnably on rocks two hundred feet above the level of the river, was hard to win ; and the Americans were careful to garrison effectively a position so vitally important.

Benedict Arnold was a brilliant but ambitious American officer, who had served, not without distinction, from the beginning of the war. He had fought in Canada when the Americans unsuccessfully invaded that province. He had, by extravagance in living, involved himself in debt, which he aggravated hopelessly by ill-judged mercantile speculations. He had sufficient influence with Washington to obtain the command of West Point. There is little doubt that when he sought the appointment it was with the full intention of selling that important fortress to the enemy. He opened negotiations at once with Sir Henry Clinton, then in command of the English army at New York.

Clinton sent Major André to arrange the terms of the contemplated treachery. A mournful interest attaches to the name of this young officer, the fate which befell him was so very sad.

John André was of Swiss descent. He was educated in Switzerland. At the age of eighteen he entered a London counting-house. He was a lover of literature, and among his friends were Anna Seward, the "Swan of Litchfield," and an accomplished cousin of Miss Seward, Honora Sneyd. André became enamored of Miss Sneyd; she did not return the affection, but gave her hand to Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth. André, to soothe and forget his disappointed affections, left commercial pursuits, and turned from the associations of home to the turmoil of war in a foreign land. He was once taken prisoner, and, finding himself about to be stripped of his possessions, hid the picture of Honora Sneyd in his mouth. Anna Seward wrote a monody on André after his execution, which was very popular in England, and which so severely censured General Washington as to call from him an explanation. André was honored by a monument in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, his brother was knighted, and a pension was settled upon his family.

At midnight Major André landed from the boat of a British ship-of-war, at a lonely place where Arnold awaited him. Their conference lasted so long that it was deemed unsafe for André to return to the ship. He was conducted to a place of concealment within the American lines, to await the return of darkness. He completed his arrangement with Arnold, and received drawings of the betrayed fortress. His mission was now accomplished. The ship from which he had come lay full in view. Would that he could reach her! But difficulties arose, and it was resolved that he must ride to New York, a distance of fifty miles. Disguising himself as he best could, André reluctantly accepted this very doubtful method of escape from his fearful jeopardy.

Within the American lines he had some narrow escapes, but the pass given by Arnold carried him through. He was at length beyond the lines. His danger might now be considered at an end, and he rode cheerfully on his lonely journey. He was crossing a small stream; thick woods on his right hand and his left enhanced the darkness of the night. Three armed men stepped suddenly from among the trees and ordered him to stand. From the dress of one of them, André thought he was among friends. He hastened to tell them he was a British officer, on very special business, and he must not be detained. Alas for André! they were not friends; and the dress which deceived him had been given to the man who wore it when he was a prisoner with the English, in place of a better garment of which his captors had stripped him.

André was searched; but at first nothing was found. It seemed as if he might yet be allowed to proceed, when one of the three men exclaimed, —

“Boys, I am not satisfied. His boots must come off.”

André's countenance fell. His boots were searched, and Arnold's drawings of West Point were discovered. The men

knew then that he was a spy. He vainly offered them money. They were incorruptible. He was taken to the nearest military station, and the tidings were at once sent to Washington, who chanced to be then at West Point. Arnold had timely intimation of the disaster, and fled for refuge to a British ship-of-war.

André was tried by a court formed of officers of the American army. He gave a frank and truthful account of his part in the unhappy transaction, bringing into due prominence the circumstance that he was brought, without intention or knowledge on his part, within the American lines. The court judged him on his own statement, and condemned him to be hanged as a spy.

His capture and sentence caused deep sensation in the English army, and every effort was made to save him. But the danger to the patriot cause had been too great. There were dark intimations of other treasons yet unrevealed. It was needful to give emphatic warning of the perils which waited on such unlawful negotiations. André begged that he might be allowed to die a soldier's death. Even this poor boon was refused to the unhappy young man. But this was mercifully concealed from André to the very last.

Ten days after his arrest André was led forth to die. He was under the impression that his last request had been granted, and that he would die by the bullet. It was a fresh pang when the gibbet, with its ghastly preparations, stood before him.

“How hard is my fate!” he said; “but it will soon be over.”

He bandaged his own eyes; with his own hands adjusted the noose to his neck. The cart on which he stood moved away, and poor Major André was no longer in the world of living men. Forty years afterwards his remains were taken home to England and laid in Westminster Abbey.

During the later years of the war the English kept possession of the Southern States. When the last campaign opened, Lord Cornwallis with a strong force represented British authority in the South, and did all that he found possible for the suppression of the patriots. But the time was past when any real progress in that direction could be made. A certain vigorous and judicious General Greene, with such rough semblance of an army as he could draw together, gave Lord Cornwallis many rude shocks. The English gained little victories occasionally, but they suffered heavy losses, and the territory over which they held dominion was upon the whole becoming smaller.

About midsummer the joyous news reached Washington that a powerful French fleet, with an army on board, was about to sail for America. With this reinforcement, Washington had it in his power to deliver a blow which would break the strength of the enemy, and hasten the close of the war. Clinton held New York, and Cornwallis was fortifying himself in Yorktown. The French fleet sailed for the Chesapeake, and Washington decided in consequence that his attack should be made on Lord Cornwallis. With all possible secrecy and speed the American troops were moved southward to Virginia. They were joined by the French, and they stood before Yorktown a force twelve thousand strong. Cornwallis had not expected them, and he called on Clinton to aid him. But it was too late. He was already in a grasp from which there was no escaping.

Throughout the war, the weakness of his force often obliged Washington to adopt a cautious and defensive policy, which grievously disappointed the expectations of his impatient countrymen. It is not therefore to be imagined that his leadership was wanting in vigor. Within his calm and well-balanced mind there lurked a fiery energy, ready to burst forth when occasion required.

The siege of Yorktown was pushed on with extraordinary vehemence. The English, as their wont is, made a stout defence, and strove by desperate sallies to drive the assailants from their works. But in a few days the defences of Yorktown lay in utter ruin, beaten to the ground by the powerful artillery of the Americans. The English guns were silenced. The English shipping was fired by red-hot shot from the French batteries. Ammunition began to grow scarce. The place could not be held much longer, and Clinton still delayed his coming. Lord Cornwallis must either force his way out and escape to the North, or surrender. One night he began to embark his men in order to cross the York River and set out on his desperate march to New York. A violent storm arose and scattered his boats. The men who had embarked got back with difficulty, under fire from the American batteries. All hope was now at an end. In about a fortnight from the opening of the siege, the British army, eight thousand strong, laid down its arms.

The joy of America over this great crowning success knew no bounds. One highly emotional patriot was said to have expired from mere excess of rapture. Some others lost their reason. In the army, all who were under arrest were at once set at liberty. A day of solemn thanksgiving was proclaimed, and devoutly observed throughout the rejoicing States.

Well might the colonists rejoice, for their long and bitter struggle was now about to close. Stubborn King George would not yield yet. But England and her Parliament were sick of this hopeless and inglorious war. The House of Commons voted that all who should advise the continuance of the war were enemies to the country. A new Ministry was formed, and negotiations with a view to peace were begun. The king had no doubt that if America were allowed to go, the West Indies would go; Ireland would go; all his foreign possessions would go; and discrowned England would sink

into weakness and contempt. But too much heed had already been given to the king and his fancies. Peace was concluded with France and Spain, and the independence of America was at length recognized.

Eight years had passed since the first blood was shed at Lexington. Thus long the unyielding English, unused to failure, had striven to regain the lost ascendancy. Thus long the colonists had borne the miseries of invasion, not shaken in their faith that the independence which they had undertaken to win was well worth all it cost them. And now they were free, and England was the same to them as all the rest of the world, — “in peace, a friend; in war, a foe.” They had little left them but their liberty and their soil. They had been unutterably devastated by those eight bloody years. Their fields had been wasted; their towns had been burned. Commerce was extinct. Money had almost disappeared from the country. Their public debt reached the large sum of one hundred and seventy millions of dollars. The soldiers who had fought out the national independence were not paid till they showed some disposition to compel a settlement. There was nothing which could be called a government. There were thirteen sovereign States, loosely knit together by a Congress. That body had power to discuss questions affecting the general good; to pass resolutions; to request the several States to give effect to these resolutions. The States might or might not comply with such request. Habitually they did not, especially when money was asked for. Congress had no power to tax. It merely apportioned among the States the amounts required for the public service, and each State was expected to levy a tax for its proportion. But in point of fact it became utterly impossible to get money by this process.

Great hardships were endured by the laboring population. The impatience of a suffering people expressed itself in occa-

sional sputterings of insurrection. Two thousand men of Massachusetts rose in arms to demand that the collection of debts should be suspended. It was some weeks before that rising could be quelled, as the community generally sympathized with the insurgents. During four or five years the miseries of the ungoverned country seemed to warrant the belief that her War of Independence had been a mistake.

But a future of unparalleled magnificence lay before this sorely vexed and discouraged people. The boundless cornlands of the West, the boundless cotton-fields of the South, waited to yield their wealth. Pennsylvania held unimagined treasures of coal and iron, soon to be evoked by the irresistible spell of patient industry. America was a vast storehouse, prepared by the Great Father against the time when his children would have need of it. The men who are the stewards over its opulence have now freed themselves from some entanglements and hinderances which grievously diminished their efficiency, and they stand prepared to enter in good earnest upon that high industrial vocation to which Providence has called them.

There had been periods during the war when confidence in Washington's leadership was shaken. He sustained many reverses. He oftentimes retreated. He adhered tenaciously to a defensive policy, when Congress and people were burning with impatience to inflict crushing defeat upon the foe. The deplorable insufficiency of his resources was overlooked, and the blame of every disaster fell on him. And when at length the cause began to prosper, and hope brightened into triumph, timid people were apt to fear that Washington was growing too powerful. He had become the idol of a great army. He had but to signify his readiness to accept a throne, and his soldiers would have crowned him king. It was usual in the revolutions of the world that a military chief should grasp at supreme power; and so it was feared that Washing-

ton was to furnish one example more of that lawless and vulgar lust of power by which human history has been so largely dishonored.

But Washington sheathed his sword, and returned gladly to his home on the banks of the Potomac. He proposed to spend his days "in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues." He hoped "to glide gently down the stream which no human effort can ascend." He occupied himself with the care of his farm, and had no deeper feeling than thankfulness that he was at length eased of a load of public care. The simple grandeur of his character was now revealed beyond possibility of misconception. The measure of American veneration for this greatest of all Americans was full. Henceforth Mount Vernon was a shrine to which pilgrim feet were ever turned, evoking such boundless love and reverence as never were elsewhere exhibited on American soil.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE THIRTEEN STATES BECOME A NATION.

WASHINGTON saw from the beginning that his country was without a government. Congress was a mere name. There were still thirteen sovereign States, in league for the moment, but liable to be placed at variance by the differences which time would surely bring. Washington was satisfied that without a central government they could never be powerful or respected. Such a government, indeed, was necessary in order even to their existence. European powers would, in its absence, introduce dissensions among them. Men's minds would revert to that form of government with which they were familiar. Some ambitious statesman or soldier would make himself king, and the great experiment, based upon the equality of rights, would prove an ignominious failure.

The more sagacious Americans shared Washington's belief on this question. Conspicuous among these was Alexander Hamilton,—perhaps, next to Washington, the greatest American of that age. Hamilton was a brave and skilful soldier, a brilliant debater, a persuasive writer, a wise statesman. In his nineteenth year he entered the army, at the very beginning of the war. The quick eye of Washington discovered the remarkable promise of the lad. He raised him to high command in the army, and afterwards to high office in the government. It was Hamilton who brought order out of the financial chaos which followed





the war. It was Hamilton who suggested the convention to consider the framing of a new Constitution. Often, during the succeeding years, Hamilton's temperate and sagacious words calmed the storms which marked the infancy of the great republic. His career had a dark and bloody close. In his forty-seventh year he stood face to face, one bright July morning, with an ambitious politician named Aaron Burr. Burr had fastened a quarrel upon him, in the hope of murdering him in a duel. Hamilton had resolved not to fire. Burr fired with careful aim, and Hamilton fell, fatally wounded. One of the ablest men America has ever possessed was thus lost to her.

Immediately after the close of the war Hamilton began to discuss the weakness of the existing form of government. He was deeply convinced that the union of the States, in order to be lasting, must be established on a solid basis; and his writings did much to spread this conviction among his fellow-countrymen. Washington never ceased, from his retirement, to urge the same views. Gradually the urgent need of a better system was recognized. It indeed soon became too obvious to be denied. Congress found it utterly impossible to get money. Between 1781 and 1786, ten millions of dollars were called for from the States, but only two millions and a half were obtained. The interest on the debt was unpaid. The ordinary expenses of the government were unprovided for. The existing form of government was an acknowledged failure. Something better had to be devised, or the tie which bound the thirteen States would be severed.

Hamilton obtained the sanction of Congress to his proposal that a convention of delegates from the several States should be held. This convention was to review the whole subject of the governing arrangement, and to recommend such alterations as should be considered adequate to the

exigencies of the time. Philadelphia, as usual, was the place of meeting. Thither, in the month of May, came the men who were charged with the weighty task of framing a government under which the thirteen States should become a nation.

Fifty-five men composed this memorable council. Among them were the wisest men of whom America, or perhaps any other country, could boast. Washington himself presided. Benjamin Franklin brought to this — his latest and his greatest task — the ripe experience of eighty-two years. New York sent Hamilton, regarding whom Prince Talleyrand said, long afterwards, that he had known nearly all the leading men of his time, but he had never known one on the whole equal to Hamilton. With these came many others whose names are held in enduring honor. Since the meeting of that first Congress which pointed the way to independence, America had seen no such assembly.

The convention sat for four months. The great work which occupied it divided the country into two parties. One party feared most the evils which arise from weakness of the governing power, and sought relief from these in a close union of the States under a strong government. Another party dwelt more upon the miserable condition of the over-governed nations of Europe, and feared the creation of a government which might grow into a despotism. The aim of the one was to vest the largest possible measure of power in a central government. Hamilton, indeed, — to whom the British Constitution seemed the most perfect on earth, — went so far as to desire that the States should be merely great municipalities, attending only, like an English corporation, to their own local concerns. The aim of the other was to circumscribe the powers accorded to the general government, to vindicate the sovereignty of the individual States, and give to it the widest possible scope.

These two sets of opinions continued to exist and conflict for three-quarters of a century, till that which assigned an undue dominion to what were called State Rights perished in the overthrow of the government of the Confederate States.

Slowly and through endless debate the convention worked out its plan of a government. The scheme was submitted to Congress, and thence sent down to the several States. Months of fiery discussion ensued. Somewhat reluctantly, by narrow majorities, in the face of vehement protests, the Constitution was at length adopted under which the thirteen States were to become so great.

Great Britain has no written Constitution. She has her laws ; and it is expected that all future laws shall be in tolerable harmony with the principles on which her past legislation has been founded. But if Parliament were to enact, and the sovereign to sanction, any law at variance with these principles, there is no help for it. Queen, Lords, and Commons are supreme authority, from whose decisions there lies no appeal. In America it is different ; with us the supreme authority is a written Constitution. Congress may unanimously enact, and the President may cordially sanction, a new law. The Judges of the Supreme Court, sitting in the same building where Congress meets, may compare that law with the Constitution. If it is found at variance with the Constitution, it is unceremoniously declared to be no law, and entitled to no man's obedience. With a few amendments, the original Constitution remains in full force now, receiving, as it increases in age, the growing reverence of the people. The men who framed it must have been very wise. The people for whom it was framed must possess in high degree the precious Anglo-Saxon veneration for law. Otherwise the American paper Constitution must long ago have shared the fate of the numerous documents of this

class under which the French vainly sought rest during their first Revolution.

The Federal Constitution was adopted on the 17th of September, 1787. Under it General George Washington was elected the first President. John Adams was elected Vice-President. The first President was inaugurated on April 30, 1789.

The question of the public debt was the first issue that the new Congress had to meet.

Washington, with a sigh, asked a friend, "What is to be done about this heavy debt?" "There is but one man in America can tell you," said his friend, "and that is Alexander Hamilton." Washington made Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. The success of his financial measures was immediate and complete. "He smote the rock of the national resources," said Daniel Webster, "and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet." All the war debts of the States were assumed by the general government. Efficient provision was made for the regular payment of interest, and for a sinking fund to liquidate the principal. Duties were imposed on shipping, on goods imported from abroad, and on spirits manufactured at home. The vigor of the government inspired public confidence. Commerce began to revive. In a few years the American flag was seen on every sea. The simple manufactures of the country resumed their long-interrupted activity. A national bank was established. Courts were set up, and judges were appointed. The salaries of the President and the great functionaries were settled. A home was chosen for the general government on the banks of the Potomac, where the capital of the Union was to supplant the little wooden village, — remote from the agitations which arise in the great centres of population. In-

numerable details connected with the establishment of a new government were discussed and fixed. Novel as the circumstances were, little of the work then done has required to be undone. Succeeding generations of Americans have approved the wisdom of their early legislators,



MOUNT VERNON.

and continue unaltered the arrangements which were framed at the outset of the national existence.

Washington was President during the first eight years of the Constitution. He survived his withdrawal from public life only three years, dying, after a few hours' illness, in

the sixty-eighth year of his age. His countrymen mourned him with a sorrow sincere and deep. Their reverence for him has not diminished with the progress of the years. Each new generation of Americans catches up the veneration — calm, intelligent, but profound — with which its fathers regarded the blameless chief. To this day there is an affectionate watchfulness for opportunities to express the honor in which his name is held. To this day the steamers which ply upon the Potomac strike mournful notes upon the bell as they sweep past Mount Vernon, where Washington spent the happiest days of his life, and where he died.



FIGHT BETWEEN THE CONSTELLATION AND LA VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM WASHINGTON TO MADISON.

THIRTY years of peace succeeded the War of Independence. There were, indeed, passing troubles with the Indians, ending always in the sharp chastisement of those disagreeable savages. There was an expedition against Tripoli, to avenge certain indignities which the barbarians of that region had offered to American shipping. There was a misunderstanding with the French Directory, which was carried to a somewhat perilous extreme. A desperate fight took place between a French frigate and an American frigate, resulting in the surrender of the former. But these trivial agitations did not disturb the profound tranquillity of the nation, or hinder its progress in that career of prosperity on which it had now entered.

In 1797, General Washington having declined to be a candidate for President, John Adams was chosen his successor, and Thomas Jefferson was elected Vice-President. During the administration of Mr. Adams, the city of Washington became the seat of government. Congress had hitherto met in the city of Philadelphia. In 1801 Thomas Jefferson was elected President and Aaron Burr Vice-President. Mr. Jefferson continued in office eight years. He was succeeded by James Madison in 1809.

In 1806 England gave out a decree announcing that all the coasts of France and her allies were in a state of blockade, and that any vessels attempting to trade with the

blockaded countries were liable to seizure. At that time nearly all the continent was in alliance with France. Napoleon replied by declaring the British Islands in a state of blockade. These decrees closed Europe against American vessels. Many captures were made, especially by English cruisers. American merchants suffered grievous losses, and loudly expressed their just wrath against the wicked laws which wrought them so much evil.

There was another question out of which mischief arose. England has always maintained that any person who has once been her subject can never cease to be so. He may remove to another country. He may become the citizen of another State. English law recognizes no such transaction. England claims that the man is still an English subject, entitled to the advantages of that relation, and bound by its obligations. America, on the other hand, asserted that men could lay down their original citizenship and assume another, could transfer their allegiance, could relinquish the privileges and absolve themselves from the obligations which they inherited. The Englishmen who settled on her soil were regarded by her as American citizens, and as nothing else.

Circumstances arose which bestowed dangerous importance upon these conflicting doctrines. England at that time obtained sailors by impressment; that is to say, she seized men who were engaged on board merchant vessels, and compelled them to serve on board her ships-of-war. It was a process second only to the slave-trade in its iniquity. The service to which men were thus introduced could not but be hateful. There was a copious desertion, as opportunity offered, and America was the natural refuge. English ships-of-war claimed the right to search American vessels for men who had deserted; and also for men who, as born English subjects, were liable to be impressed. It

may well be believed that this right was not always exercised with a strict regard to justice. It was not always easy to distinguish an Englishman from an American. Perhaps the English captains were not very scrupulous as to the evidence on which they acted. The Americans



THE ENGLISH RIGHT OF SEARCH.

asserted that six thousand men, on whom England had no shadow of claim, were ruthlessly carried off to fight under a flag they hated ; the English Government admitted the charge to the extent of sixteen hundred men. The American people vehemently resented the intolerable pretension

of England. Occasionally an American ship resisted it, and blood was freely shed.

Congress prohibited commerce with the European Powers which had disregarded her rights on the sea. Commerce was interrupted, and the grievance was not abated. At length Congress ended suspense by passing a bill which declared war against Great Britain.

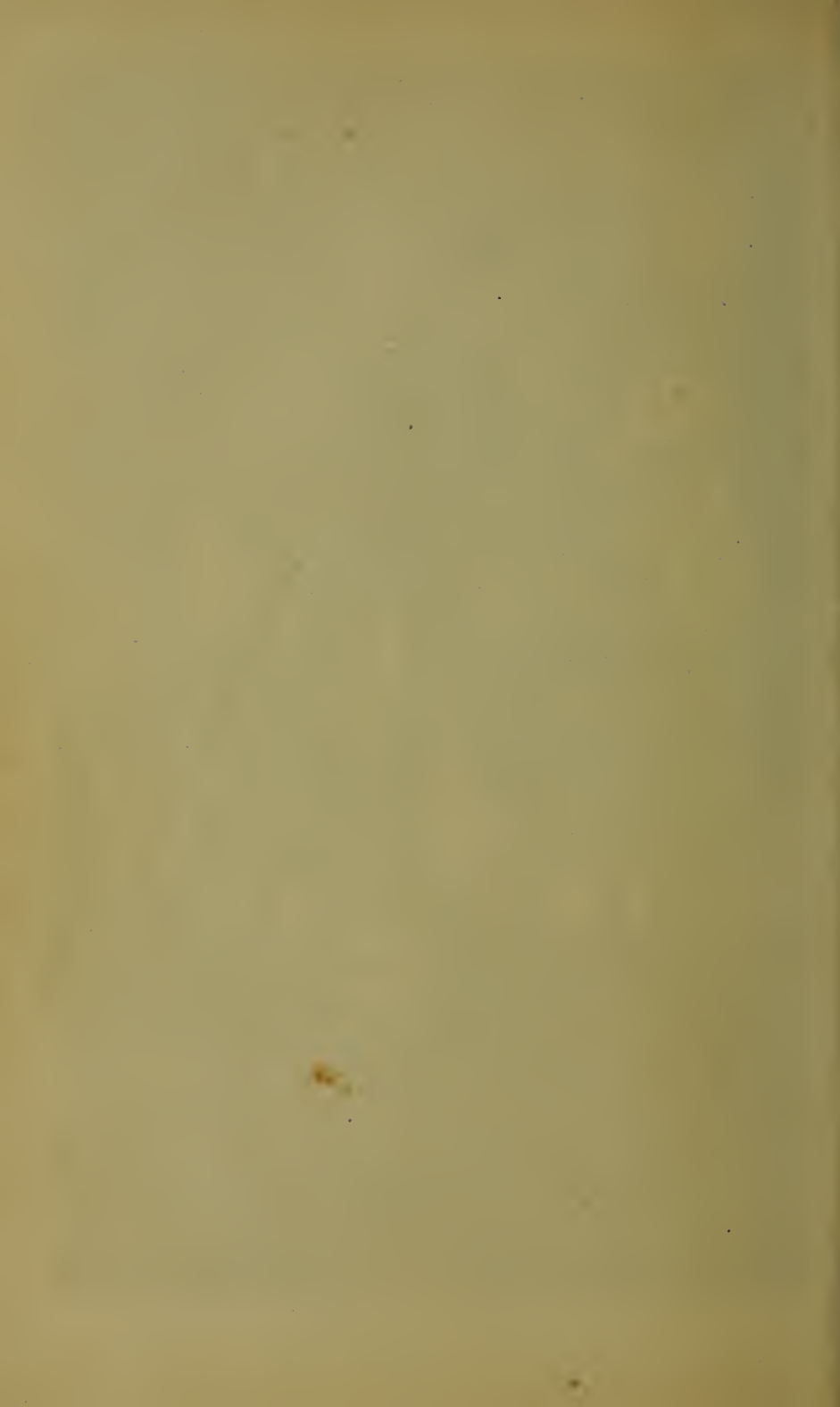
When war was declared, England possessed one thousand ships-of-war, and America possessed twenty. Their land forces were in like proportion. England had nearly a million of men under arms. America had an army reckoned at twenty-four thousand, many of them imperfectly disciplined, and not yet to be relied upon in the field. Her treasury was empty. She was sadly wanting in officers of experience. She had declared war, but it was difficult to see what she could do in the way of giving effect to her hostile purposes.

But she held to these purposes with unfaltering tenacity. Four days after Congress had resolved to fight, England repealed those blockading decrees, which had so justly offended the Americans. There remained now only the question of the right of search. The British Minister at Washington proposed that an attempt should be made to settle peaceably this sole remaining ground of quarrel. The proposal was declined.

The first efforts of the Americans were signally unsuccessful. They attacked Canada with an army of two thousand five hundred men. But this force had scarcely got upon Canadian ground when it was driven back. It was besieged in Fort Detroit by an inferior British army and forced to surrender. The unfortunate General Hull, who commanded, was brought to trial by his angry countrymen and sentenced to be shot. He was pardoned, however, in consideration of former services.



SEA-FIGHT, WAR OF 1812.



A second invasion followed, closed by a second surrender. During other two campaigns the Americans prosecuted their invasion. Ships were built and launched upon the great lakes which lie between the territories of the combatants.

At sea a strange gleam of good fortune cheered the Americans. It was there England felt herself omnipotent. She, with her thousand ships, might pardonably despise the enemy who came against her with twenty. But it was there disaster overtook her.

During the autumn months a series of encounters took place between single British and American ships. In every instance victory remained with the Americans. Five English vessels were taken or destroyed. The Americans were in most of these engagements more heavily manned and armed than their enemies. But the startling fact remained. Five British ships-of-war had been taken in battle by the Americans. Five defeats had been sustained by England. Her sovereignty of the sea had received a rude shock.

The loss of a great battle would not have moved England more profoundly than the capture of these five unimportant ships. It seemed to many to foretell the downfall of her maritime supremacy. She had ruled the seas, because, heretofore, no other country produced sailors equal to hers. But a new power had now arisen, whose home, equally with that of Britannia herself, was upon the deep. If America could achieve these startling successes while she had only twenty ships, what might she not accomplish with that ampler force which she would hereafter possess? England had many enemies, all of whom rejoiced to see in these defeats the approaching decay of her envied greatness.

Among English sailors there was a burning eagerness to wipe out the unlooked-for disgrace which had fallen upon

the flag. A strict blockade of American ports was maintained. On board the English ships which cruised on the American coasts impatient search was made for opportunities of retrieving the honor of the service.

Two English ships lay off Boston in the summer of 1813, under the command of Captain Broke. Within the bay the American frigate Chesapeake had lain for many months. Captain Broke had bestowed especial pains upon the training of his men, and he believed he had made them a match for any equal force. He and they desired to test their prowess in battle. He sent away one of his ships, retaining only the Shannon, which was slightly inferior to the Chesapeake in guns and in men. And then he stood close in to the shore, and sent to Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake an invitation to come forth, that they might "try the fortune of their respective flags."

From his mast-head Captain Broke watched anxiously the movements of the hostile ship. Soon he saw her canvas shaken out to the breeze. His challenge was accepted. The stately Chesapeake moved slowly down the bay, attended by many barges and pleasure-boats. To the oversanguine men of Boston it seemed that Captain Lawrence sailed out to assured victory. They crowded to house-top and hill to witness his success. They prepared a banquet to celebrate his triumphant return.

Slowly and in grim silence the hostile ships drew near. No shot was fired till they were within a stone's throw of each other, and the men in either could look into the faces of those they were about to destroy. Then began the horrid carnage of a sea-fight. The well-trained British fired with steady aim, and every shot told. The rigging of their enemy was speedily ruined; her stern was beaten in; her decks were swept by discharges of heavy guns loaded with musket-balls. The American firing was much less effect-



ive. After a few broadsides, the ships came into contact. The Shannon continued to fire grape-shot from two of her guns. The Chesapeake could now reply feebly, and only with musketry. Captain Broke prepared to board. Over decks heaped with slain and slippery with blood the Englishmen sprang upon the yielding foe. The American flag was pulled down, and resistance ceased.

The fight lasted but a quarter of an hour. So few minutes ago the two ships, peopled by seven hundred men in the pride of youth and strength, sailed proudly over seas which smiled in the peaceful sunlight of that summer evening! Now their rigging lies in ruins upon the cumbered decks; their sides are riven by shot; seventy-one dead bodies wait to be thrown overboard; one hundred and fifty-seven men lie wounded and in anguish, some of them to die, some to recover and live out cheerless lives, till the grave opens for their mutilated and disfigured forms. Did these men hate each other with a hatred so intense that they could do no less than inflict these evils upon each other? They had no hatred at all. Their governments differed, and this was their method of ascertaining who was in the right! Surely men will one day be wise enough to adopt some process for the adjustment of differences less wild in its inaccuracy, less brutish in its cruelty, than this.

This victory, so quickly won and so decisive, restored the confidence of England in her naval superiority. The war went on with varying fortune. The Americans, awakening to the greatness of the necessity, put forth vigorous efforts to increase both army and navy. Frequent encounters between single ships occurred. Sometimes the American ship captured or destroyed the British. More frequently now the British ship captured or destroyed the American. The superb fighting capabilities of the race

were splendidly illustrated, but no results of a more solid character can be enumerated.

But meanwhile momentous changes had occurred in Europe. Napoleon had been overthrown, and England was enjoying the brief repose which his residence in Elba afforded. She could bestow some attention now upon her American quarrel. Several regiments of Wellington's soldiers were sent to America, under the command of General Ross, and an attack upon Washington was determined. The force at General Ross's disposal was only three thousand five hundred men. With means so inconsiderable, it seemed rash to attack the capital of a great nation. But the result proved that General Ross had not underestimated the difficulties of the enterprise.

Only seven thousand men could be drawn together to resist the advance of the English. These took post at Bladensburg, where there was a bridge over the Potomac. The English were less numerous, but they were veterans who had fought under Wellington in many battles. To them it was play to rout the undisciplined levies. They dashed upon the enemy, who, scarcely waiting to fire a shot, broke and fled towards Washington in hopeless confusion.

That same evening the British marched quietly into Washington. General Ross had orders to destroy or hold to ransom all public buildings. He offered to spare the national property, if a certain sum of money were paid to him. The authorities declined his proposal. Next day a great and most unjustifiable ruin was wrought. The Capitol, the President's residence, the government offices, even the bridge over the Potomac, all were destroyed. The navy yard and arsenal, with some ships in course of building, were set on fire by the Americans themselves. The President's house was pillaged by the soldiers before it was burned. These devastations were effected in obedience to

peremptory orders from the British Government, on whom rests the shame of proceedings so reprehensible and so unusual in the annals of civilized war. On the same day the British withdrew from the ruins of the burning capital, and retired towards the coast.

The Americans were becoming weary of the war. There was small hope of success, now that Britain had no other enemy to engage her attention. America had no longer a ship-of-war to protect her coasts from insult. Her trade was nearly extinct. Her exports, which were seventy millions of dollars before the war, had sunk to one-tenth of that amount. Two-thirds of the trading classes were insolvent. The revenue hitherto derived from customs had ceased. The credit of the country was not good. Taxation became very oppressive, and thus enhanced extremely the unpopularity of the war. Some of the New England States refused to furnish men or money, and indicated a disposition to make peace for themselves, if they could not obtain it otherwise.

Peace was urgently needed, and happily was near at hand. Late one Saturday night a British sloop-of-war arrived at New York, bearing a treaty of peace, already ratified by the British Government. The cry of "Peace! peace!" rang through the gladdened streets. The city burst into spontaneous illumination. The news reached Boston on Monday morning. Boston was almost beside herself with joy. A multitude of idle ships had long lain at her wharves. Before night carpenters were at work making them ready to go to sea. Sailors were engaged; cargoes were being passed on board. Boston returned without an hour's delay to her natural condition of commercial activity.

British and American commissioners had met at Ghent, and had agreed upon terms of peace. The fruitlessness of

war is a familiar discovery when men have calmness to review its losses and its gains. Both countries had endured much during these three years of hostilities; and now the peace left as they had been before the questions whose settlement was the object of the war.

The treaty was concluded on the 24th December. Could the news have been flashed by telegraph across the Atlantic, much brave life would have been saved. But seven weeks elapsed before it was known in the southern parts of America that the two countries were at peace. And meanwhile one of the bloodiest fights of the war had been fought.

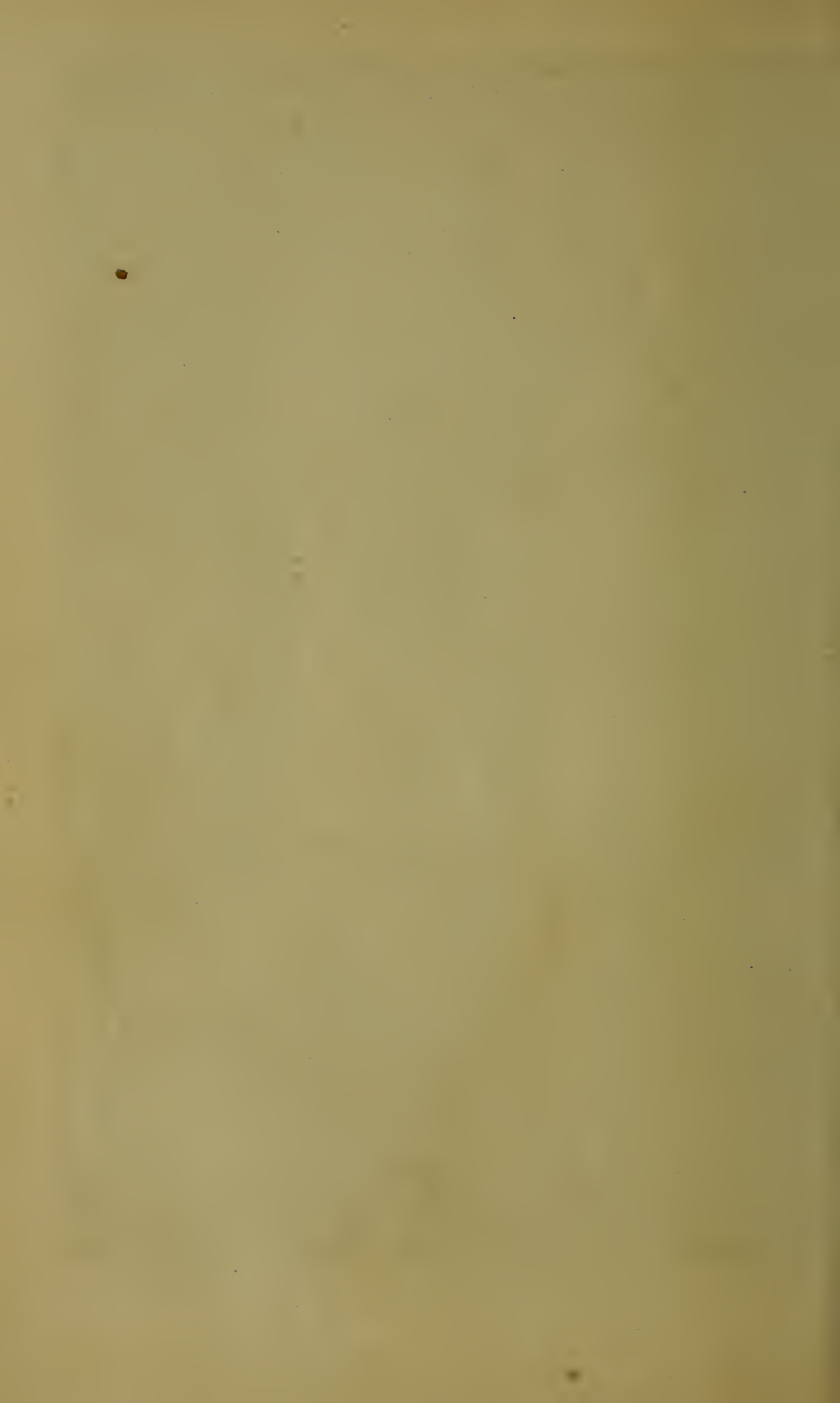
New Orleans, a town of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, was then, as it is now, one of the great centres of the cotton trade, and commanded the navigation of the Mississippi. The capture of a city so important could not fail to prove a heavy blow to America. An expedition for this purpose was organized. Just when the commissioners at Ghent were felicitating themselves upon the peace they had made, the British army, in storm and intolerable cold, was being rowed on shore within a few miles of New Orleans.

Sir Edward Pakenham, one of the heroes of the Peninsula, commanded the English. The defence of New Orleans was intrusted to General Jackson. Jackson had been a soldier from his thirteenth year. He had spent a youth of extraordinary hardship. He was now a strong-willed, experienced, and skilful leader, in whom his soldiers had boundless confidence. Pakenham, fresh from the triumphs of the Peninsula, looked with mistaken contempt upon his formidable enemy.

Jackson's line of defence was something over half a mile in length. The Mississippi covered his right flank, an impassable swamp and jungle secured his left. Along his front ran a deep broad ditch, topped by a rampart com-



JESUIT MISSIONARY ADDRESSING THE INDIANS.



posed of bales of cotton. In this strong position the Americans awaited the coming of the enemy.

At daybreak on the 8th January the British, six thousand strong, made their attack. The dim morning light revealed to the Americans the swift advance of the red-coated host. A murderous fire of grape and round shot was opened from the guns mounted on the bastion. Brave men fell fast, but the assailants passed on through the storm. They reached the American works. It was their design to scale the ramparts, and, once within, to trust to their bayonets, which had never deceived them yet. But at the foot of the ramparts it was found that scaling-ladders had been omitted in the preparations for the assault! The men mounted on each other's shoulders, and thus some of them forced their way into the works, only to be shot down by the American riflemen. All was vain. A deadly fire streamed incessantly from that fatal parapet upon the defenceless men below. Sir Edward Pakenham fell mortally wounded. The carnage was frightful, and the enterprise visibly hopeless. The troops were withdrawn in great confusion, having sustained a loss of two thousand men. The Americans had seven men killed and the same number wounded.

Thus closed the war. Both countries look with just pride upon the heroic courage so profusely displayed in battle, and upon the patient endurance with which great sacrifices were submitted to. It is a pity these high qualities did not find a more worthy field for their exercise. The war was a gigantic folly and wickedness, such as no future generation of Americans or Englishmen, we may venture to hope, will ever repeat.

On the Fourth of July, 1826, all America kept holiday. On that day, fifty years before, the Declaration of Independence was signed, and America began her great career as

a free country. Better occasion for jubilee the world has seldom known. The Americans must needs do honor to the fathers of their independence, most of whom have already passed away; two of them, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, died on this very day. They must pause and look back upon this amazing half-century. The world had never seen growth so rapid. There were three millions of Americans who threw off the British yoke. Now there were twelve millions. The thirteen States had increased to twenty-four. The territory of the Union had been prodigiously enlarged. Louisiana had been sold by France. Florida had been ceded by Spain. Time after time tribes of vagrant Indians yielded up their lands and enrolled themselves subjects of the great republic. The Gulf of Mexico now bounded the Union on the south, and the lakes which divide her from Canada on the north. From the Atlantic on the east, she already looked out upon the Pacific on the west. Canals had been cut leading from the Great Lakes to the Hudson, and the grain which grew on the corn-lands of the West, thousands of miles away, was brought easily to New York. Innumerable roads had been made. The debt incurred in the War of Independence had been all paid, and the still heavier debt incurred in the second war with England was being rapidly extinguished. A steady tide of emigration flowed westward. Millions of acres of the fertile wilderness which lay towards the setting sun had been at length made profitable to mankind. Extensive manufactories had been established in which cotton and woollen fabrics were produced. The foreign trade of the country amounted to two hundred millions of dollars.

The Marquis Lafayette, now an old man, came to see once more before he died the country he had helped to save, and took part with wonder in the national rejoicing.

The poor colonists, for whose liberties he fought, had already become a powerful and wealthy nation. Everywhere there had been expansion. Everywhere there were comfort and abundance. Everywhere there were boundless faith in the future, and a vehement, unresting energy, which would surely compel the fulfilment of any expectation, however vast.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO EMPIRES, — THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

NORTH AMERICA was now divided into two principal empires, the United States and Canada. The Mexican empire at the South has entered but little into the history and progress of the world.

The French empire in America had passed away. Let us glance at this vanished dominion, so full of romance and once so promising of great results.

The French settlements in Acadia, on the Bay of Fundy, and in Canada, were formed before the building of Jamestown. They became military and missionary posts rather than agricultural colonies, and depended upon the home government for support rather than upon themselves. They were famous for brilliant explorations, but the explorers nowhere rooted themselves to the soil. They gained the friendship of the Indians and lived in peace with them, joined them in the chase and dance, and even adopted their customs and habits. The French Jesuits penetrated the recesses of the wilderness, preaching in wigwams, baptizing converts, and adorning them with the emblems of their faith.

In 1673 two of these missionaries, Marquette and Joliet, discovered the Mississippi, finding their way to it by the great water-courses of the Fox and Wisconsin. In 1682 Robert de la Salle passed down the river to the Gulf



MARQUETTE AND JOLIET DISCOVER THE MISSISSIPPI.

of Mexico, and in honor of Louis XIV. called the territory Louisiana. The king afterwards granted him a commission to found a colony there. The explorer accepted the trust, came with his colony in ships from France to the Gulf of Mexico, but was unable to find the mouth of the Mississippi. He landed on the coast of Texas, and founded a temporary settlement. He then started on an expedition by land to discover the Mississippi. A conspiracy was formed against him among his own followers, and he was treacherously shot by one of them, and his colony was not long afterwards destroyed by the Indians.

As often as England and France went to war, there was war between the English and French colonists. The French always found allies in the Indians, and, by employing these merciless warriors, gained a reputation for barbarity quite foreign to their national character. This was the case during King William's War, when the massacre at Schenectady occurred; and, again, in 1706, when Deerfield and Haverhill, in Massachusetts, were sacked and burned by the French and Indians.

The decisive struggle between the French and English in America, for the possession of the country between the Great Lakes and the Mexican Gulf, began in 1753. Louisiana had now become quite populous and wealthy, and a plan was formed to connect Canada with Louisiana by a line of forts, extending from Lake Erie along the waters of the Ohio to the Mississippi, thus bounding the English territory. The project brought the French into collision with the Ohio Company, which led to the French and Indian war (1754). It was during this war that Acadia was depopulated, for refusing to give allegiance to the English. Seven thousand Acadians were forced on shipboard and transported to the English colonies, where they were scattered and supported as pau-

pers. The struggle ended in 1762, in the victory of the English at Quebec.

The English colonies now began to grow in Canada. Immigration increased, Montreal became a city, and a thronging multitude of settlers began to build on the tributaries of the Ohio. The borders of the lakes on either side were lined with prosperous villages. The War for Independence separated the Canadian from the Atlantic colonies at the natural boundary of the gulf and lakes.

The population of Canada became nearly four millions. Montreal is one of the most beautiful cities in America, and contains some of the finest churches in the New World. It is situated in a region of varied beauty, that has been called the "Garden of the Continent." The view from Mount Royal, which seems to overhang the city, is one of the most picturesque in the North. The St. Lawrence, the Lachine Rapids, the distant mountains of Belœil and Boucherville, the rich soil, with bending orchards and dark forests, the villas, country seats, and pleasure-grounds near at hand, the melodious bell of the French cathedral in the mild, bright air, all combine to make the scene one ever to be remembered: —

"Ever changing, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall; the river's flow;
The woody valley, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly reaching to the sky;
The pleasant seat; the ruined tower;
The naked rock; the shady bower;
The town, the village, dome, and farm,
Each gives to each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm."

It was with such scenery in view that Thomas Moore wrote his "Canadian Boat Song:" —



“Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We give to St. Ann our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and daylight’s past.”

The growth of Canada has been affected by few political changes or little to disturb its peace. In 1791 Canada was divided into two provinces, called Upper and Lower Canada, and afterwards Ontario and Quebec. A governor was appointed for each by the English government, and each had its Representative Assembly. In 1840 the British Parliament passed an act uniting the two provinces under the name of the Province of Canada. On the 1st of July, 1867, Queen Victoria, by proclamation, declared the provinces of Ontario (Upper Canada), Quebec (Lower Canada), Nova Scotia (Acadia), and New Brunswick, to be united under one federal government, to be known as the DOMINION OF CANADA. Three other provinces, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, and Manitoba, afterwards joined this confederation.

The Governor General of Canada is appointed by the sovereign of England, and represents the Crown. He resides at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. The vice-royal residence is known as Rideau Hall.

Ottawa, like Montreal, is beautiful in situation. On the west of the city is the cataract of the Ottawa or Chaudière Falls; and on the east are two cataracts, over which the rapid Rideau falls into the Ottawa. The city has a population of about twenty-two thousand.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORY OF SLAVERY.

SOON after the Revolution, several slave-owning States prohibited the importation of slaves. The Constitution provided that Congress might suppress the slave-trade after the lapse of twenty years. But for the resistance of South Carolina and Georgia the prohibition would have been immediate. At length, at the earliest moment when it was possible, Congress gave effect to the general sentiment by enacting "that no slaves be imported into any of the thirteen United Colonies."

And why had this not been done earlier? If the colonists were sincere in their desire to suppress this base traffic, why did they not suppress it? The reason is not difficult to find. England would not permit them. England forced the slave-trade upon the reluctant colonists. The English Parliament watched with paternal care over the interests of this hideous traffic. During the first half of the eighteenth century Parliament was continually legislating to this effect. Every restraint upon the largest development of the trade was removed with scrupulous care. Every thing that diplomacy could do to open new markets was done. When the colonists sought by imposing a tax to check the importation of slaves, that tax was repealed. Land was given free, in the West Indies, on condition that the settler should keep four negroes for every hundred acres. Forts were built on the African coast for the protection of the trade. So recently as the year 1749 an Act



MURDER OF LA SALLE IN TEXAS.

was passed bestowing additional encouragements upon slave-traders, and emphatically asserting, "The slave-trade is very advantageous to Great Britain." There are no passages in all her history so humiliating as these.

It is marvellous that such things were done, deliberately, and with all the solemnities of legal sanction, by men not unacquainted with the Christian religion, and humane in all the ordinary relations of life. The Inquisition inflicted no suffering more cruel than was endured by the victim of the slave-trader. Hundreds of men and women, with chains upon their limbs, were packed closely together into the holds of small vessels. There, during weeks of suffering, they remained, enduring fierce tropical heat, often deprived of water and of food. They were all young and strong, for the fastidious slave-trader rejected men over thirty as uselessly old. But the strength of the strongest sank under the horrors of this voyage. Often it happened that the greater portion of the cargo had to be flung overboard. Under the most favorable circumstances, it was expected that one slave in every five would perish. In every cargo of five hundred, one hundred would suffer a miserable death. And the public sentiment of England fully sanctioned a traffic of which these horrors were a necessary part.

At one time the idea was prevalent in the colonies that it was contrary to Scripture to hold a baptized person in slavery. The colonists did not on that account liberate their slaves. They escaped the difficulty in the opposite direction. They withheld baptism and religious instruction. England took some pains to put them right on this question. The bishops of the Church and the law-officers of the Crown issued authoritative declarations, asserting the entire lawfulness of owning Christians. The colonial legislatures followed with enactments to the same effect. The colonists, thus reassured, gave consent that the souls of their unhappy dependants should be cared for.

Up to the Revolution it was estimated that three hundred thousand negroes had been brought into the country direct from Africa. The entire colored population was supposed to amount to nearly half a million.

When America gained her independence slavery existed in all the colonies. No State was free from the taint. Even the New England Puritans held slaves. At an early period they had learned to enslave their Indian neighbors. The children of the Pilgrims owned Indians, and in due time owned Africans, without remorse. But the number of slaves in the North was always small. At first it was not to the higher principle or clearer intelligence of the Northern men that this limited prevalence of slavery was due. The North was not a region where slave labor could ever be profitable. The climate was harsh, the soil rocky and bleak. Labor required to be directed by intelligence. In that comparatively unproductive land the mindless and heartless toil of the slave would scarcely defray the cost of his support. At the Revolution there were half a million of slaves in the colonies, and of these only thirty to forty thousand were in the North.

It was otherwise in the sunny and luxuriant South. The African was at home there, for the climate was like his own. The rich soil yielded its wealth to labor in the slightest and least intelligent form. The culture of rice and tobacco and cotton supplied the very kind of work which a slave was fitted to perform. The South found profitable employment for as many Africans as the slave-traders were able to steal.

And yet at the Revolution slavery enjoyed no great degree of favor. The free spirit enkindled by the war was in violent opposition to the existence of a system of bondage. Everywhere in the North slavery was regarded as an objectionable and decaying institution. The leaders of the Revolution, themselves mainly slave-owners, were eagerly desirous

that slavery should be abolished. Washington was utterly opposed to the system, and provided in his will for the emancipation of his own slaves. Hamilton was a member of an association for the gradual abolition of slavery. John Adams would never own a slave. Franklin, Patrick Henry, Madison, Monroe, were united in their reprobation of slavery. Jefferson, a Virginian, who prepared the Declaration of Independence, said that, in view of slavery, "he trembled for his country, when he reflected that God was just."

In the convention which met to frame a Constitution for America the feeling of antagonism to slavery was supreme. Had the majority followed their own course, provision would have been made then for the gradual extinction of slavery. But there arose here a necessity for one of those compromises by which the history of America has been so sadly marked. When it was proposed to prohibit the importation of slaves, all the Northern and most of the Southern States favored the proposal. But South Carolina and Georgia were insatiable in their desire for African labor. They decisively refused to become parties to a union in which there was to be no importation of slaves. The other States yielded. Instead of an immediate abolition of this hateful traffic, it was agreed merely that after twenty years Congress would be at liberty to abolish the slave-trade if it chose. By the same threat of disunion the slave States of the extreme South gained other advantages. It was at last enacted that a slave who fled to a free State was not therefore to become a free man. He must be given back to his owner. It was yet further conceded that the slave States should have increased political power in proportion to the number of their slaves. A black man did not count for so much as a white. Every State was to send members to the House of Representatives according to its population, and in reckoning that population five negroes were to be counted as three.

And yet at that time, and for years after, the opinion of the South itself regarded slavery as an evil, thrust upon them by England, difficult to be got rid of, profitable, it might be, but lamentable and temporary. No slave-holder refused to discuss the subject or admit the evils of the system. No violence was offered to those who denounced it. The clergy might venture to preach against it. Hopeful persons might foretell the approach of liberty to those unhappy captives. Even the lowest of the slave-holding class did not yet resent the expression of such hopes.

But a mighty change was destined to pass upon the tone of Southern opinion. The purchase of Louisiana opened a vast tract of the most fertile land in the world to the growth of cotton. The growth of cotton became profitable. Slave-holding became lucrative. It was wealth to own a little plantation and a few negroes. There was an eager race for the possession of slaves. Importation alone could not supply the demand. Some of the more northerly of the Southern States turned their attention to the breeding of slaves for the Southern markets.

During many years the leader of the slave-owners was John C. Calhoun. He was a native of South Carolina, a tall, slender man, with an eye whose wondrous depth and power impressed all who came into his presence. Calhoun taught the people of the South that slavery was good for the slave. It was a benign, civilizing agency. The African attained to a measure of intelligence in slavery greatly in advance of that which he had ever reached as a free man. To him, visibly, it was a blessing to be enslaved. From all this it was easy to infer that Providence had appointed slavery for the advantage of both races; that opposition to this heaven-ordained institution was profane; that abolition was merely an aspect of infidelity. So Calhoun taught. So the South learned to believe. Calhoun's last speech in Congress warned the North



that opposition to slavery would destroy the Union. His latest conversation was on this absorbing theme. A few hours after, he had passed to where all dimness of vision is removed, and errors of judgment become impossible !

It was very pleasant for the slave-owners to be taught that slavery enjoyed divine sanction. The doctrine had other apostles than Mr. Calhoun. Unhappily it came to form part of the regular pulpit teaching of the churches. It was gravely argued out from the Old Testament that slavery was the proper condition of the negro. Ham was to be the servant of his brethren. Hence all the descendants of Ham were the rightful property of white men. The slave who fled from his master was guilty of the crime of theft in one of its most heinous forms. So taught the pulpit. Many books, written by grave divines for the enforcement of these doctrines, remain to awaken the amazement of posterity.

The slave-owners inclined a willing ear to these pleasing assurances. They knew slavery to be profitable. Their leaders in Church and State told them it was right. It was little wonder that a fanatical love for slavery possessed their hearts. In the susceptible, ease-loving minds of the slave-owning class, it became in course of years almost a madness, which was shared, unhappily, by the great mass of the white population. Discussion could no longer be permitted. It became a fearful risk to express in the South an opinion hostile to slavery. It was a familiar boast that no man who opposed slavery would be suffered to live in a slave State. And the slave-owners made their word good. Many suspected of hostile opinions were tarred and feathered and turned out of the State. Many were shot ; many were hanged ; some were burned. The Southern mobs were singularly brutal, and the slave-owners found willing hands to do their work. The law did not interfere to prevent or punish such atrocities. The churches looked on and held their peace.

As slave property increased in value, a strangely horrible system of laws gathered around it. The slave was regarded not as a person, but as a thing. He had no civil rights; nay, it was declared by the highest legal authority that a slave had no rights at all which a white man was bound to respect. The most sacred laws of nature were defied. Marriage was a tie which bound the slave only during the master's pleasure. A slave had no more legal authority over his child "than a cow has over her calf." It was a grave offence to teach a slave to read. A white man might expiate that offence by fine or imprisonment; to a black man it involved flogging. The owner might not without challenge murder an unoffending slave; but a slave resisting his master's will might lawfully be slain. A slave who would not stand to be flogged might be shot as he ran off. The master was blameless if his slave died under the administration of reasonable correction, — in other words, if he flogged a slave to death. A fugitive slave might be killed by any means which his owner chose to employ. On the other hand, there was a slender pretext of laws for the protection of the slave.

The practice of the South in regard to her slaves was not unworthy of her laws. Children were habitually torn away from their mothers. Husbands and wives were habitually separated and forced to contract new marriages. Public whipping-houses became an institution. The hunting of escaped slaves became a regular profession. Dogs were bred and trained for that special work.

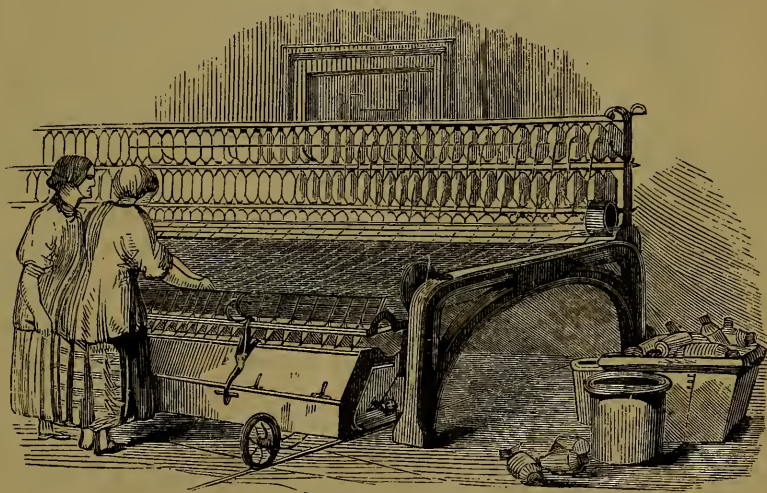
These things were done, and the Christian churches of the South were not ashamed to say that the system out of which they flowed enjoyed the sanction of God!

There were indeed good masters and mistresses in the South, who sympathized with their slaves and whom the slaves loved. There were plantations where Christian principles governed, — Acadias in this most beautiful of lands. But

the death of one of these masters, and a transference of property, might change all this happiness and peace. The whole system was evil, and the conscientious portion of the slave-owners felt it to be so.

THE STORY OF THE COTTON-GIN.

In 1768 Richard Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton vastly superior to any thing hitherto in use. Next year a greater than he, James Watt, announced a more wonderful invention, — his steam-engine. England was ready now to begin her great work of weaving cotton for the world. But where was the cotton to be found?



MULE-JENNY SPINNING-FRAME.

Three or four years before Watt patented his engine, and Arkwright his spinning-frame, there was born in a New England farm-house a boy whose work was needed to complete theirs. His name was Eli Whitney. Eli was a born mechanic. It was a necessity of his nature to invent and construct. As a mere boy he made nails, pins, and walking-

canes by novel processes, and thus earned money to support himself at college. In 1792 he went to Georgia to visit Mrs. Greene, the widow of that General Greene who so troubled Lord Cornwallis in the closing years of the war. In that primitive society, where few of the comforts of civilized life were yet enjoyed, no visits were so welcome to the South



COTTON PLANT.

as those of a skilful mechanic. Eli constructed marvellous amusements for Mrs. Greene's children. He overcame all household difficulties by some ingenious contrivance. Mrs. Greene learned to wonder at him, and to believe nothing was impossible for him. One day Mrs. Greene entertained a party of her neighbors. The conversation turned upon the sorrows of the planter. That unhappy tenacity with which the fibre of cotton adhered

to the seeds was elaborately explained. With an urgent demand from England for cotton, with boundless lands which grew nothing so well as cotton, it was hard to be so utterly baffled.

Mrs. Greene had unlimited faith in her friend Eli. She begged him to invent a machine which should separate the seeds of cotton from the fibre. Whitney was of Northern birth, and had never even seen cotton in the seed. He walked in to Savannah, and there, with some trouble, obtained a

quantity of uncleaned cotton. He shut himself up in his room and brooded over the difficulty which he had undertaken to conquer.

All that winter Eli labored, devising, hammering, building up, rejecting, beginning afresh. He had no help. He could not even find tools to buy, but had to make them with his own hands. At length his machine was completed, rude-looking, but visibly effective. Mrs. Greene invited the leading men of the State to her house. She conducted them in triumph to the building in which the machine stood. The owners of unprofitable cotton lands looked on with a flash of hope in their hearts. Possibilities of untold wealth to each of them lay in that clumsy structure. The machine was put in motion. It was evident to all that it could perform the work of hundreds of men. Eli had gained a great victory for mankind. In that rude log hut of Georgia, cotton was crowned King, and a new era opened for America and the world.

Ten years after Whitney's cotton-gin was invented, a huge addition was made to the cotton-growing districts of America. The territory of Louisiana, as we have stated, was purchased from France.

When the State of Louisiana was received into the Union in 1812, there was left out a large proportion of the original purchase from Napoleon. As yet this region was unpeopled.

It lay silent and unprofitable, a vast reserve prepared for the wants of unborn generations. It was traversed by the Missouri River. The great Mississippi was its boundary on the east. It possessed, in all, a navigable river-line of two thousand miles. Enormous mineral wealth was treasured up to enrich the world for centuries to come. There were coal-fields greater than those of all Europe. There was iron piled up in mountains, one of which contained two hundred

millions of tons of ore. There was profusion of copper, of zinc, of lead. There were boundless forests. There was a soil unsurpassed in fertility. The climate was kindly and genial, marred by neither the stern winters of the North nor the fierce heats of the South. The scenery was often of rare beauty and grandeur.

This was the Territory of Missouri. Gradually settlers from the neighboring States arrived. Slave-holders came, bringing their chattels with them. They were first in the field, and they took secure possession. The free emigrant turned aside, and the slave-power reigned supreme in Missouri. The wealth and beauty of this glorious land were wedded to the most gigantic system of evil which ever established itself upon the earth.

By the year 1818 there were sixty thousand persons residing in Missouri. The time had come for the admission of this Territory into the Union as a State. It was the first great contest between the free and the slave States. The cotton-gin, the acquisition of Louisiana, the teaching of Calhoun, had done their work. The slave-owners were now a great political power. The next half-century of American history takes its tone very much from their fierce and restless energy. Their policy never wavered. To gain predominance for slavery, with room for its indefinite expansion, was their aim. American history is filled with the controversy until a certain April morning in 1865, when the slave power lay crushed among the ruins of Richmond.

When the application of Missouri for admission into the Union came to be considered in Congress, an attempt was made to shut slavery wholly out of the new State. A struggle ensued, which lasted for nearly three years. The question was one of vital importance. At this time the number of free States and the number of slave States were exactly equal. Whosoever gained Missouri gained a majority in the Senate.

The North was deeply in earnest in desiring to prevent the extension of slavery. The South was equally resolute that no limitation should be imposed. The result was a compromise, proposed by the South. Missouri was to be given over to slavery. But it was agreed that, excepting within the limits of Missouri herself, slavery should not be permitted in any part of the territory purchased from France, north of a line drawn eastward and westward from the southern boundary of that State. Thus far might the waves of this foul tide flow, but no farther. So ended the great controversy, in the decisive victory of the South.

In 1817 Mr. Madison retired from office as President. He was succeeded by James Monroe. Daniel D. Tompkins was elected Vice-President. Mr. Monroe continued in office eight years. He was succeeded by John Quincy Adams in 1825. It was during Mr. Adams's administration that an active hostility to slavery began to be developed. Mr. Adams was succeeded by General Andrew Jackson, eight years in office (1829-1837). John C. Calhoun was elected Vice-President, and served also eight years.

The slavery question grew in prominence during these administrations. The North participated in the gains of slavery. The cotton planter borrowed money at high interest from the Northern capitalist. He bought his goods in Northern markets. He sent his cotton to the North for sale. The Northern merchants made money at his hands, and were in no haste to overthrow the peculiar institution out of which results so pleasant flowed. They had no occasion, as the planter had, to persuade themselves that slavery enjoyed special divine sanction. But it did become a very general belief in the North that without slave-labor the cultivation of Southern lands was impossible. It was also very generally alleged that the condition of the slave was preferable to that of the free European laborer.

All looked very hopeless for the poor negro. The South claimed to hold him by divine right. She looked to a future of indefinite expansion. The boundless regions which stretched away from her border, untrodden by man, were marked out for slave territory. A powerful sentiment in the North supported her claims. She was able to exercise a controlling influence over the Federal government. It seemed as if all authority in the Union was pledged to uphold slavery, and assert for ever the right of the white man to hold the black man as an article of merchandise.

But even then the awakening of the Northern conscience had begun. On the 1st of January, 1831, a journeyman printer, William Lloyd Garrison, published in Boston the first number of a paper devoted to the abolition of slavery. This is perhaps the earliest prominent incident in the history of Emancipation. It was indeed a humble opening of a noble career. Garrison was young and penniless. He wrote the articles; and he also, with the help of a friend, set the types. He lived mainly on bread and water. Only when a number of the paper sold particularly well, he and his companion indulged in a bowl of milk. The mayor of Boston was asked by a Southern magistrate to suppress the paper. He replied that it was not worth the trouble. The office of the editor was "an obscure hole; his only visible auxiliary a negro boy; his supporters a few insignificant persons of all colors."

But the fulness of time had come, and every word spoken against slavery found now some willing listener. In the year after Garrison began his paper the American Antislavery Society was formed. It was composed of twelve members. Busy hands were scattering the seed abroad, and it sprang quickly. Within three years there were two hundred anti-slavery societies in America. In seven years more these had increased to two thousand. The war against slavery was now begun in earnest.

The slave-owners and their allies in the North regarded with rage unutterable this formidable invasion. Everywhere they opposed violence to the arguments of their opponents. Large rewards were offered for the capture of prominent abolitionists. Many Northern men, who unwarily strayed into Southern States, were murdered on the mere suspicion that they were opposed to slavery. President Jackson recommended Congress to forbid the conveyance to the South, by the mails, of antislavery publications. In Boston a mob of well-dressed and respectable citizens suppressed a meeting of female abolitionists. While busied about that enterprise, they were fortunate enough to lay hold of Garrison, whose murder they designed, and would have accomplished, had not a timely sally of the constables rescued him from their grasp. In Connecticut a young woman was imprisoned for teaching negro children to read. Philadelphia was disgraced by riots in which negroes were killed and their houses burned down. Throughout the Northern States antislavery meetings were invaded and broken up by the allies of the slave-owners. The abolitionists were devoured by a zeal which knew no bounds and permitted no rest. The slave-owners met them with a deep, remorseless hatred which gradually possessed and corroded their whole nature. In this war, as it soon became evident, there could be no compromise. Peace was impossible otherwise than by the destruction of one or other of the contending parties.

The spirit in which the South defended her cherished institution was fairly exemplified in her treatment of a young clergyman, Mr. Lovejoy, who offended her by his antipathy to slavery. Mr. Lovejoy established himself in Alton, a little town of Illinois, where he conducted a newspaper. Illinois was itself a free State ; but Missouri was near, and the slave-power was supreme in all that region. Mr. Lovejoy declared himself in his newspaper against slavery. He was requested

to withdraw from that neighborhood ; but he maintained his right of free speech, and chose to remain. The mob sacked his printing-office, and flung his press into the river. Mr. Lovejoy bought another press. The arrival of this new machine highly displeased the ruffianism of the little town of Alton. It was stored for safety in a well-secured building, and two or three well-disposed citizens kept armed watch over it. The mob attacked the warehouse. Shots were exchanged, and some of the rioters were slain. At length the mob succeeded in setting fire to the building. When Mr. Lovejoy showed himself to the crowd he was fired at, and fell pierced by five bullets. The printing-press was destroyed ; the newspaper was silenced ; the hostile editor was slaughtered.

Lying between the Mississippi and the Rio Grande was a vast wilderness of undefined extent and uncertain ownership, which America, with some hesitation, recognized as belonging to Mexico. It was called Texas. The climate was genial ; the soil was of wondrous fertility. America coveted this fair region, and offered to buy it from Mexico. Her offer was declined.

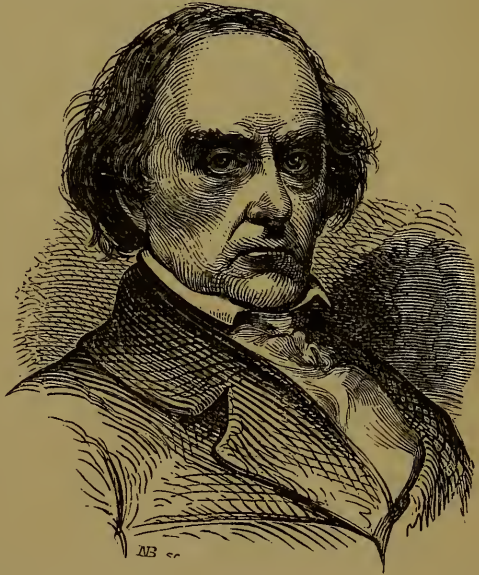
The great natural wealth of Texas, combined with the almost total absence of government, were powerful attractions to the adventurers who abounded in the South-western States. In a few years Texas felt herself strong enough to be independent. Her connection with Mexico was declared to be at an end.

The leader in this revolution was Sam Houston, a Virginian of massive frame, energetic, audacious; in no mean degree fitted to direct the storm he had helped to raise. Houston was ambitious to gain Texas for the purposes of slavery. Mexico had abolished slavery. Texas could be no home for the possessor of slaves till she was severed from Mexico.



When independence was declared, Texas had to defend her newly claimed liberties by the sword. General Houston headed the patriot forces, not quite four hundred in number, and imperfectly armed. Santa Anna came against them with an army of five thousand. The Texans retreated, and having nothing to carry, easily distanced their pursuers. At the San Jacinto, Houston was strengthened by the arrival of two field-pieces. He turned like a lion upon the unexpected Mexicans, whom he caught in the very act of crossing the river. He fired grape-shot into their quaking ranks. His unconquerable Texans clubbed their muskets, they had no bayonets, and rushed upon the foe. The Mexicans fled in helpless rout, and Texas was free. The grateful Texans elected General Houston President of the republic which he had thus saved.

No sooner was Texas independent than she offered to join herself to the United States. Her proposals were at first declined. But the South warmly espoused her cause and urged her claims. Once more North and South met in fiery debate. Slavery had already a sure footing in Texas. If Texas entered the Union it was as a slave State. On that ground avowedly the South urged the annexation. On that ground the North resisted it. "We all see," said Daniel Webster, "that Texas



DANIEL WEBSTER.

will be a slave-holding country ; and I frankly avow my unwillingness to do any thing which shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add another slave-holding State to the Union." "The South," said the Legislature of Mississippi, speaking of slavery, "does not possess a blessing with which the affections of her people are so closely entwined, and whose value is more highly appreciated. By the annexation of Texas an equipoise of influence in the halls of Congress will be secured, which will furnish us a permanent guarantee of protection."

The battle ended in Southern victory. In March, 1845, Texas was received into the Union. The slave-power gained new votes in Congress, and room for a vast extension of the slave-system.

General Jackson was succeeded in the Presidential office by Martin Van Buren in 1837.

CHAPTER XVIII.

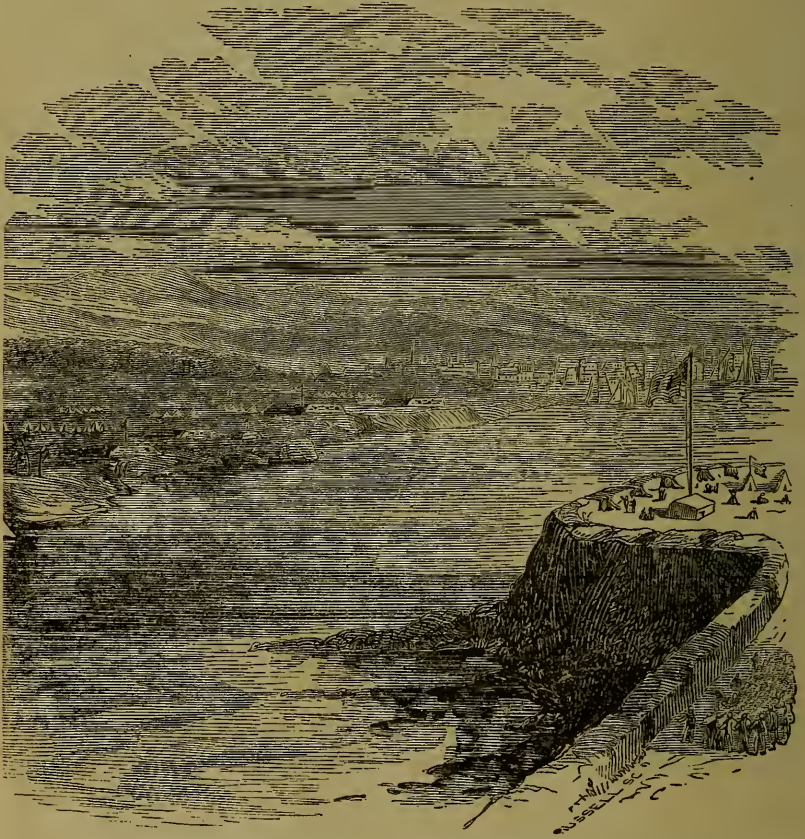
MEXICO AND THE MEXICAN WAR.

TURNING from the peaceful and enlightened empire in the North, history next leads us into the dreamy lands of the sun. Mexico, with nearly ten million inhabitants, occupies the most luxuriant part of the continent, and yet with its glorious climate, natural wonders, rich mines, and teeming population, exercises but little influence on the thought, commerce, and common progress of the American world. The romantic age of Mexico faded with the Spanish Conquest and the death of Montezuma. After the Conquest the country was for a long time governed by Spanish viceroys. The nation seemed to lose its native spirit, and to wither under the influence of Spain. In 1824 Mexico declared her independence, and became a republic.

Martin Van Buren, who began a long line of commonplace Presidents of the United States, was succeeded by William Henry Harrison, a man of great promise, and a true patriot, but who died a few weeks after his inauguration. John Tyler, who had been elected Vice-President, became President. He was succeeded in 1845 by James K. Polk of Tennessee.

Mexico was displeased with the annexation of Texas, but did not manifest so quickly as it was hoped she would any disposition to avenge herself. A war with Mexico was a thing to be desired, because Mexico must be beaten, and could then be plundered of territory. To provoke Mexico

the Unready, an army of four thousand men was sent to the extreme south-western confine of Texas. A Mexican army of six thousand lay near. The Americans, with marvellous audacity, erected a fort within easy range of Matamoras, a city of the Mexicans, and thus the city was in their power.



GENERAL TAYLOR ON THE RIO GRANDE.

After much hesitation the Mexican army attacked the Americans, and received, as they might well have anticipated, a severe defeat. Thus, without the formality of any declaration, the war was begun.

President Polk hastened to announce to Congress that the



Mexicans had "invaded our territory, and shed the blood of our fellow-citizens." Congress voted men and money for the prosecution of the war. Volunteers offered themselves in multitudes. Their brave little army was in peril, — far from help and surrounded by enemies. The people were eager to support the heroes of whose victory they were so proud. And yet opinion was much divided. Many deemed the war unjust and disgraceful. Among these was a young lawyer of Illinois, destined in later years to fill a place in the hearts of his countrymen second only to that of Washington. Abraham Lincoln entered Congress while the war was in progress, and his first speech was in condemnation of the course pursued by the government.

The war was pushed with vigor at first under the command of General Taylor, who was to become the next President ; and finally under General Scott, who as a very young man had fought against the British at Niagara, and as a very old man was commander-in-chief of the American army when the great war between North and South began. Many officers were there whose names became famous in after years. General Lee and General Grant gained here their first experiences of war. They were not then known to each other. They met for the first time, twenty years after, in a Virginian cottage, to arrange terms of surrender for the defeated army of the Southern Confederacy !

General Franklin Pierce, afterwards President, landed near Vera Cruz with a small force, and made his way, in spite of the continued opposition of the Mexicans, to a junction with the army under General Scott at Puebla, and the capture of the city of Mexico soon followed.

The Americans resolved to fight their way to the enemy's capital, and there compel such a peace as would be agreeable to themselves. The task was not without difficulty. The Mexican army outnumbered the American. They had

a splendid cavalry force and an efficient artillery. Their commander, Santa Anna, unscrupulous even for a Mexican, was yet a soldier of some ability. The Americans were mainly volunteers who had never seen war till now. The fighting was severe. At Buena-Vista the American army



GENERAL PIERCE LANDING IN MEXICO.

was attacked by a force which outnumbered it in the proportion of five to one. The battle lasted for ten hours, and the invaders were saved from ruin by their superior artillery. The mountain passes were strongly fortified, and General Scott had to convey his army across chasms and ravines



which the Mexicans, deeming them impracticable, had neglected to defend. Strong in the consciousness of their superiority to the people they invaded, — the same consciousness which supported Cortes and his Spaniards three centuries before, — the Americans pressed on. At length they came in sight of Mexico, at the same spot whence Cortes had viewed it. Once more they routed a Mexican army of greatly superior force, and then General Scott marched his little army of six thousand men quietly into the capital. The war was closed, and a treaty of peace was with little delay negotiated.

The United States exacted mercilessly the penalty which usually attends defeat. Mexico was to receive fifteen millions of dollars ; but she ceded an enormous territory stretching westward from Texas to the Pacific.

One of the provinces which composed this magnificent prize was California. The nation had gone to war with Mexico to gain territory which slavery should possess. It was intended to introduce California into the Union as a slave State, but Providence interposed.

Just about the time that California became an American possession, it was discovered that her soil was richly endowed with gold. On one of the tributaries of the Sacramento River an old settler was peacefully digging a trench, — caring little, it may be supposed, about the change of citizenship which he had undergone, — not dreaming that the next stroke of his spade was to influence the history not merely of California but of the world. Among the sand which he lifted were certain shining particles. His wondering eye considered them with attention. They were gold ! Gold was everywhere, — in the soil, in the river sand, in the mountain-rock ; gold in dust, gold in pellets, gold in lumps ! It was the land of old fairy tale, where wealth could be had by him who chose to stoop down and gather !

Fast as the mails could carry it, the bewildering news thrilled the heart of America. To the energetic youth of the Northern States the charm was irresistible. It was now, indeed, a reproach to be poor, when it was so easy to be rich.

The journey to the land of promise was full of toil and danger. There were over two thousand miles of unexplored wilderness to traverse. There were mountain ranges to



GOLD DIGGING.

surmount, lofty and rugged as the Alps themselves. There were great desolate plains, unwatered and without vegetation. Indians, whose dispositions there was reason to question, beset the path. But danger was unconsidered. That season thirty thousand Americans crossed the plains, climbed the mountains, forded the streams, bore without shrinking all that want; exposure, and fatigue could inflict. Cholera broke out among them, and four thousand left their bones in the wilderness. The rest



ploded on undismayed. Fifty thousand came by sea. From all countries they came, — from quiet English villages, from the crowded cities of China. Before the year was out California had gained an addition of eighty thousand to her population.

These came mainly from the Northern States. They had no thought of suffering in their new home the special institution of the South. They settled easily the Constitution of their State, and California was received into the Union free from the taint of slavery.

It was no slight disappointment to the men of the South. They had urged on the war with Mexico in order to gain new slave States, new votes in Congress, additional room for the spread of slavery. They had gained all the territory they hoped for, but this strange revelation of gold had peopled it from the North, and slavery was shut out for ever.

As a kind of compromise or concession, Congress now passed the Fugitive Slave Law. Zachary Taylor was elected President in 1848. He died in the summer after his inauguration, and was succeeded by Vice-President Millard Fillmore of New York. It was during Mr. Fillmore's administration that the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted.

Heretofore it had been lawful for the slave-owner to reclaim his slave who had escaped into a free State ; but, although lawful, it was in practice almost impossible. Now the officers of the government, and all good citizens, were commanded to give to the pursuer all needful help. In certain cases government was to defray the expense of restoring the slave to the plantation from which he had fled. In any trial arising under this law, the evidence of the slave himself was not to be received. The oath of his pursuer was almost decisive against him. The law was so unpopular that its execution was resisted in several Northern cities, and it quickly passed into disuse.

CHAPTER XIX.

KANSAS AND JOHN BROWN.

THE great Louisiana purchase from Napoleon was not yet wholly portioned off into States. Westward and northward of Missouri was an enormous expanse of the richest land in the Union, having as yet few occupants more profitable than the Indians. Two great routes of travel — to the West and to the South-west — traversed it. The eager searcher for gold passed that way on his long walk to California. The Mormon looked with indifference on its luxuriant vegetation as he toiled on to his New Jerusalem by the Great Salt Lake. In the year 1853 it was proposed to organize this region into two Territories, under the names of Kansas and Nebraska. Here once more arose the old question, Shall the Territories be slave or free? The Missouri Compromise had settled that slavery should never come here. But the slave-owners were able to cancel this settlement. A law was enacted under which the inhabitants were left to choose between slavery and freedom. The vote of a majority would decide the destiny of these magnificent provinces.

And now both parties had to bestir themselves. The early inhabitants of the infant States were to fix for all time whether they would admit or exclude the slave-owner with his victims. Every thing depended, therefore, on taking early possession.

The South was first in the field. Missouri was near, and her citizens led the way. Great slave-owners took



possession of lands in Kansas, and invited their brethren from other States to come at once, bringing their slaves with them. But their numbers were small, while the need was urgent. The South had no population to spare fitted for the work of colonizing.

The time came when elections were to take place in Kansas, when the great question of slave or free was to be answered. Gangs of armed men marched over from Missouri. Such a party, nearly a thousand strong, accompanied by two pieces of cannon, entered the little town of Lawrence on the morning of the election-day. The ballot-boxes were taken possession of, and the peaceful inhabitants were driven away. The invaders cast fictitious votes into the boxes, outnumbering ten or twenty times the lawful roll of voters. A Legislature wholly in the interest of slavery was thus elected. In due time that body began to enact laws. No man whose opinions were opposed to slavery was to be an elector in Kansas. Any man who spoke or wrote against slavery was to suffer imprisonment with hard labor. Death was the penalty for aiding the escape of a slave. All this was done while the enemies of slavery were an actual majority of the inhabitants of Kansas!

Then the Missourians on the border overran the country, working their own will wherever they came. Men were gathered up from their work in the fields, ranged in line, and ruthlessly shot to death, because they hated slavery. A lawyer who had protested against frauds at an election was tarred and feathered. The town of Lawrence was attacked by eight hundred marauders, who plundered it to their content, bombarding with artillery houses which displeased them, burning and destroying in utter wantonness.

But during all this unhappy time a steady tide of Northern emigration had flowed into Kansas. From the very

outset of the strife, the North was resolute to win Kansas for freedom. She sought to do this by colonizing Kansas with men who hated slavery. Societies were formed to aid poor emigrants. In single families, in groups of fifty to a hundred persons, the settlers were moved westward. Some of these merely obeyed the impulse which drives so many Americans to leave the settled States of the East and push out into the wilderness. Others went that their votes might prevent the spread of slavery. There was no small measure of patriotism in the movement. Men left their comfortable homes in the East and carried their families into a wilderness, to the natural miseries of which was added the presence of bitter enemies. They did so that Kansas might be a free State.

In a few years the party of freedom was able to carry the elections. A Constitution was adopted by which slavery was excluded from Kansas. And at length, just when the great final struggle between slavery and freedom was commencing, Kansas was received as a free State. Her admission raised the number of States in the Union to thirty-four.

THE STORY OF JOHN BROWN.

The opposition of the North to slavery was rapidly growing. In the eyes of some, slavery was an enormous sin, fitted to bring the curse of God upon the land. To others it was a political evil, marring the unity and hindering the progress of the country. To very many, on the one ground or the other, it was becoming hateful. Politicians sought to delay by concessions the inevitable crisis. Simple men, guiding themselves by their conviction of the wickedness of slavery, were growing ever more vehement in their hatred of this evil thing.



PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST.



John Brown was such a man. The blood of the Pilgrim Fathers flowed in his veins. The old Puritan spirit guided all his actions. From his boyhood he abhorred slavery. He was constrained by his duty to God and man to spend himself in this cause. There was no hope of advantage in it ; no desire for fame ; no thought at all for himself or for his children. He saw a huge wrong, and he could not help setting himself to resist it. He was powerless to influence the councils of the nation. But he had the old Puritan aptitude for battle. He went to Kansas with his sons to help in the fight for freedom ; and while there was fighting to be done, John Brown was at the front. He was a leader among the free settlers, who felt his military superiority, and followed him with confidence in many a bloody skirmish. He retired habitually into deep solitudes to pray. He had morning and evening prayers, in which all his followers joined. He would allow no man of immoral character in his camp. He believed that God directed him in visions ; that he was God's servant, and not man's. The work given him to do might be bitter to the flesh, but since it was God's work he dared not shrink from it.

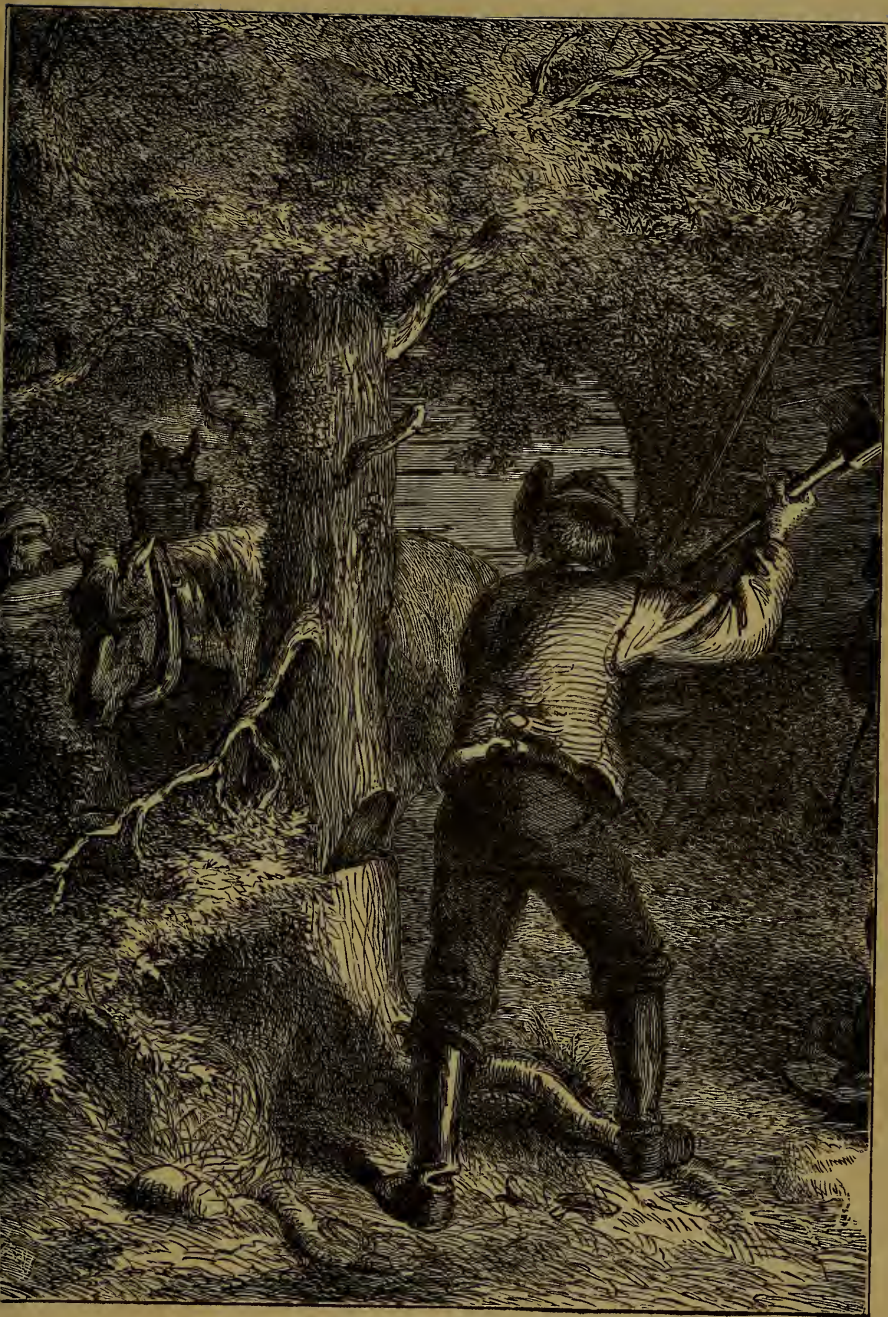
When the triumph of freedom was secured in Kansas, John Brown moved eastward to Virginia. He declared war against his country, in so far as the national support of slavery was concerned. He prepared a constitution and a semblance of government. He himself was the head of this singular organization. Associated with him were a secretary of state, a treasurer, and a secretary of war. Slavery, he stated, was a barbarous and unjustifiable war, carried on by one section of the community against another. His new government was for the defence of those whom the laws of the country wrongfully left undefended. He was joined by a few enthusiasts like-minded with himself. He laid up store of arms. He and his friends hung about

plantations, and aided the escape of slaves to Canada. Occasionally the horses and cattle of the slave-owner were laid under contribution to support the costs of the campaign. Brown meditated war upon a somewhat extensive scale, and only waited the reinforcements of which he was assured, that he might proclaim liberty to all the captives in his neighborhood. But reason appeared for believing that his plans had been betrayed to the enemy, and Brown was hurried into measures which brought swift destruction upon himself and his followers.

Harper's Ferry was a town of five thousand inhabitants, nestling amid steep and rugged mountains, where the Shenandoah unites its waters with those of the Potomac. The national armory was here, and an arsenal in which were laid up enormous stores of arms and ammunition. Brown resolved to seize the arsenal. It was his hope that the slaves would hasten to his standard when the news of his success went abroad. And he seems to have reckoned that he would become strong enough to make terms with the government, or, at the worst, to secure the escape to Canada of his armed followers.

One Sunday evening in October, he marched into Harper's Ferry with a little army of twenty-two men, black and white, and easily possessed himself of the arsenal. He cut the telegraph wires. He stopped the trains which here cross the Potomac. He made prisoners of the workmen who came in the morning to resume their labors at the arsenal. His sentinels held the streets and bridges. The surprise was complete, and for a few hours his possession of the government works was undisputed.

When at length the news of this amazing rebellion was suffered to escape, and America learned that old John Brown had invaded and conquered Harper's Ferry, the Virginians, upon whom the affront fell most heavily, took



BORDER SETTLERS.

prompt measures to avenge it. By noon on Monday a force of militia-men surrounded the little town, to prevent the escape of those whom, as yet, they were not strong enough to capture. Before night fifteen hundred men were assembled. All that night Brown held his conquest. Nearly all his men were wounded or slain. His two sons were shot dead. Brown, standing beside their bodies, calmly exhorted his men to be firm, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. On Tuesday morning the soldiers forced an entrance, and Brown, with a sabre-cut in his head, and two bayonet-stabs in his body, was a prisoner. He was tried and condemned to die. Throughout his imprisonment, and even amid the horrors of the closing scene, his habitual serenity was undisturbed.

To the enraged slave-owners John Brown was a detestable rebel. To the abolitionists he was a martyr. To the historian he is a true, earnest, but most ill-judging man. His actions were unwise, unwarrantable ; but his aims were noble, his self-devotion was heroic.

The divided feeling between the North and South increased in bitterness. The halls of Congress rang with antislavery and proslavery speeches, each of which added fuel to the fire of discord that had long been kindled.

In the senate chamber one day a distinguished senator, Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, was bending over his desk busied in writing. He was the most eminent champion of the antislavery cause, and his power as an orator gave him high rank as a political leader. While this senator was occupied with his writing, there walked up to him two men whom South Carolina deemed not unworthy to frame laws for a great people. One of them, a member of the House of Representatives, whose name was Brooks, carried a cane. With this weapon he struck many blows

upon the head of the senator, till his victim fell bleeding and senseless to the floor. For this outrage a trifling fine was imposed on Brooks. His constituents eagerly paid the amount. Brooks resigned his seat. He was immediately re-elected, and many handsome canes were bestowed upon him.

Franklin Pierce had succeeded Mr. Fillmore as President. Under Mr. Fillmore's administration the Fugitive Slave Bill had been passed. Under the administration of Mr. Pierce the Missouri Compromise had been repealed. Mr. Pierce was succeeded by Mr. Buchanan. Under his administration the troubles in Kansas had occurred, and the agitations on the question of slavery became violent and dangerous.

The presidential election of 1860 was a battle of arguments and principles. Never had an election taken place under circumstances so exciting. The North was thoroughly aroused on the slave question. The time for compromises was felt to have passed. It was a death-grapple between the two powers. Peaceful arrangement was hopeless. Each party had to put forth its strength and conquer or be crushed.

The enemies of slavery announced it as their design to prevent slavery from extending to the Territories. They had no power to interfere in States where the system already existed. But the Territories, they said, belong to the Union. The proper condition of the Union is freedom. The slave States are merely exceptional. It is contrary to the Constitution to carry this irregularity where it does not already exist.

The Territories, said the South, belong to the Union. All citizens of the Union are free to go there with their property. Slaves are property. Slavery may therefore be established in the Territories if slave-owners choose to settle there.



PIONEER TRAVELLERS.

On this issue battle was joined. The Northern party nominated Abraham Lincoln as their candidate. The Southerners, with their friends in the North — of whom there were many — divided their votes among three candidates. They were defeated, and Abraham Lincoln became President.

CHAPTER XX.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE early period of great patriots seemed long to have passed away, but another period is rising; Hampden is to visit the world again; the spirit of Washington is to reappear; America is to have her own Wilberforce, her William the Silent.

We write from the standpoint of moral principle, from which all historic views backward or forward must be taken. Yet put yourself in the place of one of the Southern people of 1860, and another view, a mistaken one it may be, will appear. England left the South an inheritance of slaves; Northern people for a half-century had upheld the right to continue that inheritance, and the Southern people had been born, bred, and educated in a state of society that to them was as natural as life. They had come to regard their plantations and slaves much as a feudal lord regarded his estates and retainers. For those who grew cruel, and sought to oppress their slaves, who tried to extend and strengthen a wrong, no apology can be offered. But England and the North were as greatly to blame as the South in the establishment and growth of slavery. Northern men and Southern men fell side by side when the prayers of the slave at last had entered into the ear of Heaven, and the great day of wrath came, with fire and blood and anguish.

Mr. Lincoln was the son of a poor and not very prosperous farmer. He was born in 1809 in the State of Kentucky; but



HOME OF A WESTERN PIONEER.

his youth was passed mainly in Indiana. His father had chosen to settle on the furthest verge of civilization. Around him was a dense illimitable forest, still wandered over by the Indians. Here and there in the wilderness occurred a rude wooden hut like his own, — the abode of some rough settler, regardless of comfort and greedy of the excitements of pioneering. The next neighbor was two miles away. There were no roads, no bridges, no inns. The traveller swam the rivers he had to cross, and trusted, not in vain, to the hospitality of the settlers for food and shelter. Now and then a clergyman passed that way, and from a hasty platform beneath a tree the gospel was preached to an eagerly listening audience of rugged woodsmen. Many years after, when he had grown wise and famous, Mr. Lincoln spoke, with tears in his eyes, of a well-remembered sermon which he had heard from a way-faring preacher in the great Indiana wilderness. Justice was administered under the shade of forest trees. The jury sat upon a log. The same tree which sheltered the court occasionally served as a gibbet for the criminal.

In this society — rugged, but honest and kindly — the youth of the future President was passed. He had little schooling. Indeed, there was scarcely a school within reach, and if all the days of his school-time were added together they would scarcely make up one year. His father was poor, and Abraham was needed on the farm. There was timber to fell, there were fences to build, fields to plough, sowing and reaping to be done. Abraham led a busy life, and knew well, while yet a boy, what hard work meant. Like all boys who come to any thing great, he had a devouring thirst for knowledge. He borrowed all the books in his neighborhood, and read them by the blaze of the logs which his own axe had split.

This was his early training. When he entered life for himself it was as clerk in a small store. He served nearly a year there, conducting faithfully and cheerfully the lowly com-

merce by which the wants of the settlers were supplied. Then he comes before us as a soldier, fighting a not very bloody campaign against the Indians, who had undertaken, rather imprudently, to drive the white men out of that region. Having settled in Illinois, he commenced the study of law, supporting himself by land surveying during the unprofitable stages of that pursuit. Finally he applied himself to politics, and in 1834 was elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois.

He was now in his twenty-fifth year ; of vast stature, somewhat awkwardly fashioned, slender for his height, but uncommonly muscular and enduring. He was of pleasant humor, ready and true insight. After such a boyhood as his, difficulty had no terrors for him, and he was incapable of defeat. His manners were very homely. His lank, ungainly figure, dressed in the native manufacture of the backwoods, would have spread dismay in a European drawing-room. He was smiled at even in the uncourtly Legislature of Illinois. But here, as elsewhere, whoever came into contact with Abraham Lincoln felt that he was a man destined to lead other men. Sagacious, penetrating, full of resource, and withal honest, kindly, conciliatory, his hands might be roughened by toil, his dress and ways might be those of the wilderness, yet was he quickly recognized as a born king of men.

During the next twenty-six years Mr. Lincoln applied himself to the profession of the law. He was much in public life. He had part in all the political controversies of his time. Chief among these were the troubles arising out of slavery. From his boyhood Mr. Lincoln was a steady enemy to slavery, as at once foolish and wrong. He would not interfere with it in the old States, for there the Constitution gave him no power ; but he would in no wise allow its establishment in the Territories. He desired a policy which "looked forward hopefully to the time when slavery, as a wrong, might come to an end." He gained in a very unusual degree the confi-

dence of his party, who raised him to the presidential chair, as a true and capable representative of their principles in regard to the great slavery question.

South Carolina was the least loyal to the Union of all the States. She estimated very highly her own dignity as a sovereign State. She held in small account the allegiance which she owed to the Federal government. Twenty-eight years before Congress had enacted a highly protective tariff. South Carolina, disapproving of this measure, decreed that it was not binding upon her. Should the Federal government attempt to enforce it, South Carolina announced her purpose of quitting the Union and becoming independent. General Jackson, who was then President, made ready to hold South Carolina to her duty by force; but Congress modified the tariff, and so averted the danger. Jackson believed firmly that the men who then held the destiny of South Carolina in their hands wished to secede. "The tariff," he said, "was but a pretext. The next will be the slavery question."

The time predicted had now come, and South Carolina led her sister States into the dark and bloody path. A convention of her people was promptly called, and on the 20th of December an ordinance was passed dissolving the Union, and declaring South Carolina a free and independent republic. When the ordinance was passed the bells of Charleston rang for joy, and the streets of the city resounded with the wild exulting shouts of an excited people. Dearly had the joy of those tumultuous hours to be paid for. Four years later, when Sherman quelled the heroic defence of the rebel city, Charleston lay in ruins. Her people, sorely diminished by war and famine, had been long familiar with the miseries which a strict blockade and a merciless bombardment can inflict.

The example of South Carolina was at once followed by other discontented States. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida hastened to assert their independence,

and to league themselves into a new Confederacy. They adopted a Constitution, differing from the old mainly in these respects, — that it contained provisions against taxes to protect any branch of industry, and gave effective securities for the permanence and extension of slavery. They elected Jefferson Davis President for six years. They possessed themselves of the government property within their own boundaries. It was not yet their opinion that the North would fight.

After the government was formed, the Confederacy was joined by other slave States who at first had hesitated. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Texas, after some delay, gave in their adhesion. The Confederacy, in its completed form, was composed of eleven States, with a population of nine millions ; six millions of whom were free, and three millions were slaves. Twenty-three States remained loyal to the Union. Their population amounted to twenty-two millions.

It is not to be supposed that the free population of the seceding States were unanimous in their desire to break up the Union. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe that a majority of the people in several of the seceding States were all the time opposed to secession. In North Carolina the attempt to carry secession was at first defeated by the people. In the end, that State left the Union reluctantly, under the belief that not otherwise could it escape becoming the battle-ground of the contending powers. Thus, too, Virginia refused at first by large majorities to secede. In Georgia and Alabama the minorities against secession were large. In Louisiana twenty thousand votes were given for secession, and seventeen thousand against it. In many cases it required much intrigue and dexterity of management to obtain a favorable vote ; and the resolution to quit the Union was received in sorrow by very many of the Southern



GOING TO COURT THROUGH WESTERN WOODS.

people. But everywhere in the South the idea prevailed that allegiance was due to the State rather than to the Federation. And thus it came to pass that when the authorities of a State resolved to abandon the Union, the citizens of that State felt constrained to secede, even while they mourned the course upon which they were forced to enter.

It has been maintained by some defenders of the seceding States that slavery was not the cause of secession. On that question there can surely be no authority so good as that of the seceding States themselves. A declaration of the reasons which influenced their action was issued by several States, and acquiesced in by the others. South Carolina was the first to give reasons for her conduct. These reasons related wholly to slavery. No other cause of separation was hinted at. The Northern States, it was complained, would not restore runaway slaves. They assumed the right of "deciding on the propriety of our domestic institutions." They denounced slavery as sinful. They permitted the open establishment of antislavery societies. They aided the escape of slaves. They sought to exclude slavery from the Territories. Finally, they had elected to the office of President Abraham Lincoln, "a man whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery."

Some of the American people had from the beginning held the opinion that any State could leave the Union at her pleasure. That belief was general in the South. The seceding States did not doubt that they had full legal right to take the step which they had taken. And they stated with perfect frankness what was their reason for exercising this right. They believed that slavery was endangered by their continuance in the Union. Strictly speaking, they fought in defence of their right to secede. But they had no other motive for seceding than that slavery should be preserved and extended. The war which ensued was therefore really a war in defence of slavery. But for the Southern love for slavery and

the Northern antipathy to it, no war could have occurred. The men of the South attempted to break up the Union because they thought slavery would be safer if the slave-owning States stood alone. The men of the North refused to allow the Union to be broken up. They did not go to war to put down slavery. They had no more right to put down slavery in the South than England has to put down slavery in Cuba. The Union which they loved was endangered, and they fought to defend the Union.

Early in February Mr. Lincoln left his home in Illinois on his way to Washington. His neighbors accompanied him to the railroad depot, where he spoke a few parting words to them. "I know not," he said, "how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me, which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

With these grave, devout words he took his leave, and passed on to the fulfilment of his heavy task. His inauguration took place as usual on the 4th of March. A huge crowd assembled around the Capitol. Mr. Lincoln had thus far kept silence as to the course he meditated in regard to the seceding States. Seldom had a revelation involving issues so momentous been waited for at the lips of any man. The anxious crowd stood so still that to its utmost verge the words of the speaker were distinctly heard.

He assured the Southerners that their fears were unfounded. He had no lawful right to interfere with slavery in

the States where it existed ; he had no purpose and no inclination to interfere. He would, on the contrary, maintain them in the enjoyment of all the rights which the Constitution bestowed upon them. But he held that no State could quit the Union at pleasure. In view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union was unbroken. His policy would be framed upon that belief. He would continue to execute the laws within the seceding States, and would continue to possess Federal property there, with all the force at his command. That did not necessarily involve conflict or bloodshed. Government would not assail the discontented States, but would suffer no invasion of its constitutional rights. With the South, therefore, it lay to decide whether there was to be peace or war.

A week or two before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, Jefferson Davis had entered upon his career as President of the Southern republic. Mr. Davis was an experienced politician. He had long advocated the right of an aggrieved State to leave the Union ; and he had largely contributed, by speech and by intrigue, to hasten the crisis which had now arrived. He was an accomplished man, a graceful writer, a fluent and persuasive speaker. He was ambitious, resolute, and of ample experience in the management of affairs ; but he had many disqualifications for high office. His obstinacy was blind and unreasoning. He had little knowledge of men, and could not distinguish "between an instrument and an obstacle."

In his inaugural address Mr. Davis displayed a prudent reserve. Speaking for the world to hear, — a world which, upon the whole, abhorred slavery, — he did not name the grievances which rendered secession necessary. He maintained the right of a discontented State to secede. The Union had ceased to answer the ends for which it was established ; and in the exercise of an undoubted right they had withdrawn from it. He hoped their late associates

would not incur the fearful responsibility of disturbing them in their pursuit of a separate political career. If so, it only remained for them to appeal to arms, and invoke the blessing of Providence on a just cause.

Alexander H. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Confederacy. His health was bad, and the expression of his face indicated habitual suffering. He had nevertheless been a laborious student, and a patient, if not a very wise, thinker on the great questions of his time. In the early days of secession he delivered at Savannah a speech which quickly became famous, and which retains its interest still as the most candid explanation of the motives and the expectations of the South. The old government, he said, was founded upon sand. It was founded upon the assumption of the equality of races. Its authors entertained the mistaken belief that African slavery was wrong in principle. "Our new government," said the Vice-President, "is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas; its foundations are laid, its cornerstone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery is his natural and normal condition." Why the Creator had made him so could not be told. "It is not for us to inquire into the wisdom of His ordinances, or to question them."

It is a very curious but perfectly authenticated fact that, notwithstanding the pains taken by Southern leaders to show that they seceded merely to preserve and maintain slavery, there were many intelligent men in England who steadfastly maintained that slavery had little or nothing to do with the origin of the Great War.



1861

Richard N. Hamilton, Jr.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAR.

WHEN his inaugural address was delivered, Mr. Lincoln was escorted by his predecessor in office back to the White House, where they parted, Buchanan to retire into a kindly oblivion, Lincoln to begin that great work which had devolved upon him. During all that month of March, and on to the middle of April, the world heard very little of the new President. He was seldom seen in Washington. It was rumored that intense meditation upon the great problem had made him ill. It was asserted that he endured the pains of indecision. In the Senate attempts were made to draw forth from him a confession of his purposes, if, indeed, he had any purposes. But the grim silence was unbroken. The South persuaded herself that he was afraid, that the peace-loving, money-making North had no heart for fight. She was even able to believe that some of the Northern States would ultimately adopt her doctrines and join themselves to her government. Even in the North there was a general indisposition to believe in war. The South had so often threatened, and been so often soothed by fresh concessions, it was difficult to believe now that she meant any thing more than to establish a position for advantageous negotiation. All over the world men waited in anxious suspense for the revelation of President Lincoln's policy. Mercantile enterprise languished. Till the occupant of the White House chose to

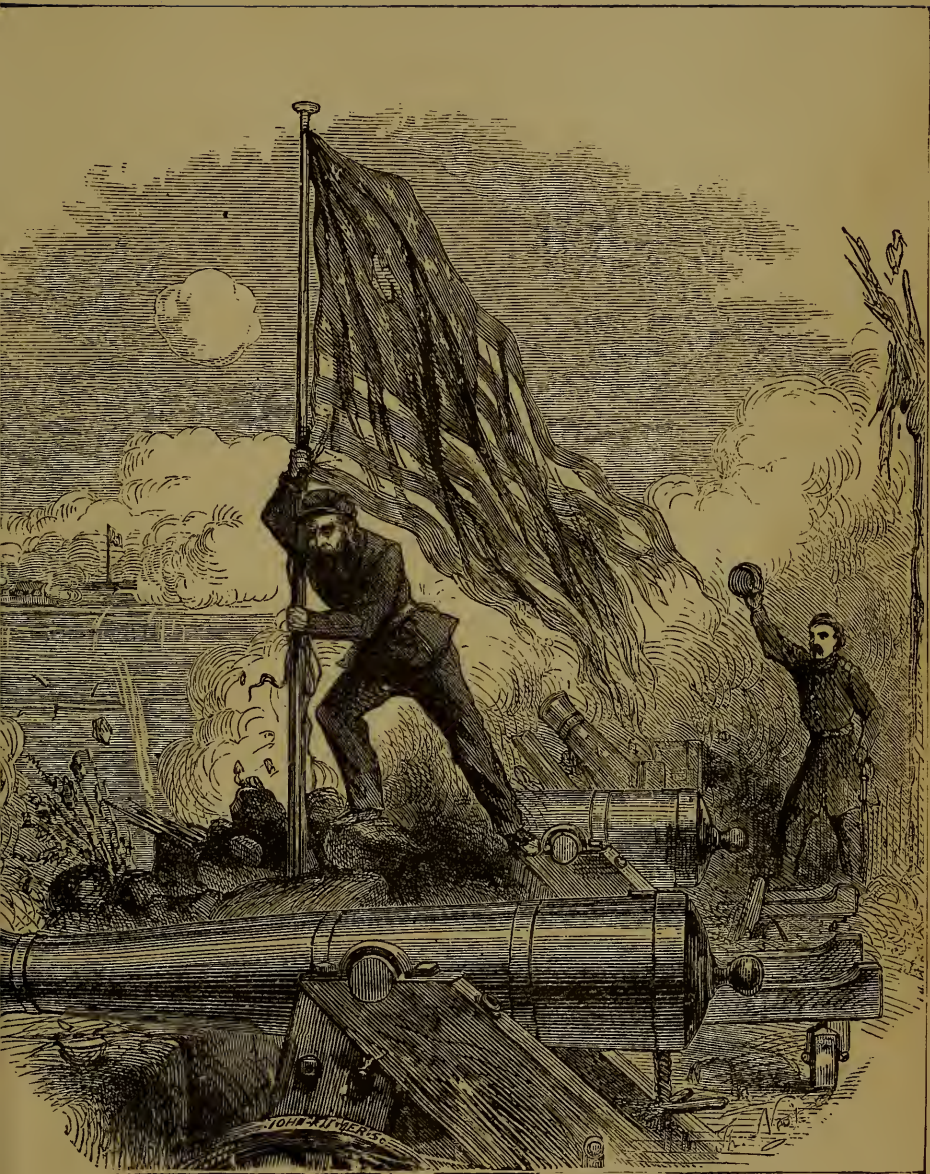
open his lips, and say whether it was peace or war, the business of the world must be content to stand still.

Mr. Lincoln's silence was not the result of irresolution. He had doubt as to what the South would do. He had no doubt as to what he himself would do. He would maintain the Union, — by friendly arrangement and concession, if that were possible, if not, by war fought out to the bitter end.

He nominated the members of his Cabinet, most prominent among whom was William H. Seward, his Secretary of State. Mr. Seward had been during all his public life a determined enemy to slavery. He was in full sympathy with the President as to the course which had to be pursued. His acute and vigorous intellect, and great experience in public affairs, fitted him for the high duties which he was called to discharge.

So soon as Mr. Lincoln entered upon his office, the Southern government sent ambassadors to him as to a foreign power. These gentlemen formally intimated that the six States had withdrawn from the Union, and now formed an independent nation. They desired to solve peaceably all the questions growing out of this separation, and they desired an interview with the President, that they might enter upon the business to which they had been appointed.

Mr. Seward replied to the communication of the Southern envoys. His letter was framed with much care, as its high importance demanded. It was calm and gentle in its tone, but most clear and decisive. He could not recognize the events which had recently occurred as a rightful and accomplished revolution, but rather as a series of unjustifiable aggressions. He could not recognize the new government as a government at all. He could not recognize or hold official intercourse with its agents. The President



ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER.

could not receive them or admit them to any communication. Within the unimpassioned words of Mr. Seward there breathed the fixed, unalterable purpose of the Northern people, against which, as many persons even then felt, the impetuous South might indeed dash herself to pieces, but could by no possibility prevail. The baffled ambassadors went home, and the angry South quickened her preparations for war.

Within the bay of Charleston, and intended for the defence of that important city, stood Fort Sumter, a work of considerable strength, and capable, if adequately garrisoned, of a prolonged defence. It was not so garrisoned, however, when the troubles began. It was held by Major Anderson with a force of seventy men, imperfectly provisioned. The Confederates wished to possess themselves of Fort Sumter, and hoped at one time to effect their object peaceably. When that hope failed them, they cut off Major Anderson's supply of provisions, and quietly began to encircle him with batteries. For some time they waited till hunger should compel the surrender of the fort. But word was brought to them that President Lincoln was sending ships with provisions. Fort Sumter was promptly summoned to surrender. Major Anderson offered to go in three days if not relieved. In reply he received intimation that in one hour the bombardment would open.

About daybreak on the 12th the stillness of Charleston bay was disturbed by the firing of a large mortar, and the shriek of a shell as it rushed through the air. The shell burst over Fort Sumter, and the war of the Great Rebellion was begun. The other batteries by which the doomed fortress was surrounded quickly followed, and in a few minutes fifty guns of the largest size flung shot and shell into the works. The guns were admirably served, and every shot told. The garrison had neither provisions

nor an adequate supply of ammunition. They were seventy, and their assailants were seven thousand. All they could do was to offer such resistance as honor demanded. Hope of success there was none.

The garrison did not reply at first to the hostile fire. They quietly breakfasted in the security of the bomb-proof casemates. Having finished their repast, they opened a comparatively feeble and ineffective fire. All that day and the next Confederate batteries rained shell and red-hot shot into the fort. The wooden barracks caught fire, and the men were nearly suffocated by the smoke. Barrels of gunpowder had to be rolled through the flames into the sea. The last cartridge had been loaded into the guns. The last biscuit had been eaten. Huge clefts yawned in the crumbling walls. Enough had been done for honor. To prolong the resistance was uselessly to endanger the lives of brave men. Major Anderson surrendered the ruined fortress, and marched out with the honors of war. Curiously enough, although heavy firing had continued during thirty-four hours, no man on either side was injured!

It was a natural mistake that South Carolina should deem the capture of Fort Sumter a glorious victory. The bells of Charleston chimed triumphantly all the day; guns were fired; the citizens were in the streets expressing with many oaths the rapture which this great success inspired, and their confident hope of triumphs equally decisive in time to come; ministers gave thanks; ladies waved handkerchiefs; politicians quaffed potent draughts to the welfare of the Confederacy. On that bright April Sunday all was enthusiasm and boundless excitement in the city of Charleston. Alas for the vanity of human hopes! There were days near at hand, and many of them too, when these rejoicing citizens should sit in hunger and sorrow and

despair among the ruins of their city and the utter wreck of their fortunes and their trade.

By many of the Southern people war was eagerly desired. The Confederacy was already established for some months, and yet it included only six States. There were eight other slave States, whose sympathies it was believed were with the seceders. These had been expected to join, but there proved to exist within them a loyalty to the Union sufficiently strong to delay their secession. Amid the excitements which war would enkindle, this loyalty, it was hoped, would disappear, and the hesitating States would be constrained to join their fortunes to those of their more resolute sisters. The fall of Fort Sumter was more than a military triumph. It would more than double the strength of the Confederacy, and raise it at once to the rank of a great power. Everywhere in the South, therefore, there was a wild, exultant joy. And not without reason. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Texas now joined their sisters in secession.

In the North, the hope had been tenaciously clung to that the peace of the country was not to be disturbed. This dream was rudely broken by the siege of Fort Sumter. The North awakened suddenly to the awful certainty that civil war was begun. There was a deep feeling of indignation at the traitors who were willing to ruin their country that slavery might be secure. There was a full appreciation of the danger. There was an instant, universal determination that, at whatever cost, the national life must be preserved. Personal sacrifice was unconsidered. Individual interests were merged in the general good. Political difference, ordinarily so bitter, was for the time almost effaced. Nothing was of interest but the question how this audacious rebellion was to be suppressed, and the American nation upheld in the great place which it claimed among men.

Two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, Mr. Lincoln intimated by proclamation the dishonor done to the laws of the United States, and called out the militia to the extent of seventy-five thousand men. The free States responded enthusiastically to the call.

So prompt was their action that, on the very next day, several companies arrived in Washington. Flushed by their easily won victory, the Southerners talked boastfully of seizing the capital. In a very short time there were fifty thousand loyal men ready to prevent that, and the safety of Washington was secured.

Opposition was made to the passage of the Northern militia through Baltimore, and blood was shed in the streets of that city.

The North pushed forward with boundless energy her warlike preparations. Her rich men offered money with so much liberality that in a few days nearly twenty-five million dollars had been contributed. The school teachers of Boston dedicated fixed proportions of their incomes to the support of the government while the war should last. All over the country the excited people gathered themselves into crowded meetings, and breathed forth in fervid resolutions their determination to spend fortune and life in defence of the Union. Volunteer companies were rapidly formed. In the cities, ladies began to organize themselves for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. It had been fabled that the North would not fight. With a fiery promptitude, unknown before in modern history, the people sprang to arms.

Even yet there was on both sides a belief that the war would be a short one. The South, despising an adversary unpractised in war, and vainly trusting that the European Powers would interfere in order to secure their wanted supplies of cotton, expected that a few victories more would



PASSING THROUGH BALTIMORE.

bring peace. The North still regarded secession as little more than a gigantic riot, which she proposed to extinguish within ninety days. The truth was strangely different from the prevailing belief of the day. A high-spirited people, six millions in number, occupying a fertile territory nearly a million square miles in extent, had risen against the government. The task undertaken by the North was to conquer this people, and by force of arms to bring them and their territory back to the Union. This was not likely to prove a work of easy accomplishment.

When the North addressed herself to her task, her own capital was still threatened by the Confederates. Two or three miles down the Potomac, and full in view of Washington, lies the old-fashioned decaying Virginian town of Alexandria, where the unfortunate Braddock had landed his troops a century before. The Confederate flag floated over Alexandria. A Confederate force was marching on Harper's Ferry, forty miles from Washington; and as the government works there could not be defended they were burned. Preparations were being made to seize Arlington Heights, from which Washington could be easily shelled. At Manassas Junction, thirty miles away, a Confederate army lay encamped. It seemed to many foreign observers that the North might lay aside all thought of attack, and be well pleased if she succeeded in the defence of what was still left to her.

But the Northern people, never doubting either their right or their strength, put their hand boldly to the work. The first thing to be done was to shut the Confederates in so that no help could reach them from the world outside. They could grow food enough, but they were a people who manufactured little. They needed from Europe supplies of arms and ammunition, of clothing, of medicine. They needed money, which they could only get by sending away their

cotton. To stop their intercourse with Europe was to inflict a blow which would itself prove almost fatal. Four days after the fall of Fort Sumter, Mr. Lincoln announced the blockade of all the Confederate ports. It was a little time after till he had ships enough to make the blockade effective. But in a few weeks this was done, and every Southern port was closed. The grasp thus established was never relaxed. So long as the war lasted, the South obtained foreign supplies only from vessels which carried on the desperate trade of blockade-running.

Virginia completed her secession on the 23d April. Next morning Federal troops seized and fortified Alexandria and the Arlington Heights. In the western portions of Virginia the people were so little in favor of secession that they wished to establish themselves as a separate State, loyal to the Union. With no very serious trouble the Confederates were driven out of this region, and Western Virginia was restored to the Union. Desperate attempts were made by the disloyal governor of Missouri to carry his State out of the Union, against the wish of a majority of the people. It was found possible to defeat the efforts of the secessionists and retain Missouri. Throughout the war this State was grievously wasted by Southern raids, but she held fast her loyalty.

Thus at the opening of the war substantial advantages had been gained by the North. They were not, however, of a sufficiently brilliant character fully to satisfy the expectations of the excited people. A great battle must be won. Government, unwisely yielding to the pressure, ordered their imperfectly disciplined troops to advance and attack the rebels in their position at Manassas Junction.

General Beauregard lay at Manassas with a Confederate force variously estimated at from thirty to forty thousand

men. In front of his position ran the little stream of Bull Run, in a narrow, wooded valley, the ground rising on either side into "bluffs," crowned with frequent patches of dense wood. General McDowell moved to attack him, with an army about equal in strength. It was early Sunday morning when the army set out from its quarters at Centreville. The march was not over ten miles, but the day was hot, and the men not yet inured to hardship. It was ten o'clock when the battle fairly opened. From the heights on the northern bank of the stream the Federal artillery played upon the enemy. The Southern line stretched well-nigh ten miles. McDowell hoped by striking with an overwhelming force at a point on the enemy's right, to roll back his entire line in confusion. Heavy masses of infantry forded the stream and began the attack. The Southerners fought bravely and skilfully, but at the point of attack they were inferior in number, and they were driven back. The battle spread away far among the woods, and soon every copse held its group of slain and wounded men. By three o'clock the Federals reckoned the battle as good as won. The enemy, though still fighting, was falling back. But at that hour a railway train ran close up to the field of battle with fifteen thousand Confederates, fresh and eager for the fray. This new force was hurried into action. The wearied Federals could not endure the vehemence of the attack. They broke and fled down the hill-side. With inexperienced troops a measured and orderly retreat is impossible. Defeat is quickly followed by panic. The men who had fought so bravely all the day now hurried in wild confusion from the field. The road was choked with a tangled mass of baggage-wagons, artillery, soldiers, and civilians frenzied by fear, and cavalry riding wildly through the quaking mob. But the Confederates attempted no pursuit, and the panic passed away. Scarcely an attempt, however, was made to

stop the flight. Order was not restored till the worn-out men made their way back to Washington.

This was the first great battle of the war, and its results were of prodigious importance. By the sanguine men of the South it was hailed as decisive of their final success. President Davis counted upon the immediate recognition of the Confederacy by the great Powers of Europe as now certain. The newspapers accepted it as a settled truth that "one Southerner was equal to five Yankees." Intrigues began for the succession to the presidential chair, six years hence. A controversy arose among the States as to the location of the capital. The success of the Confederacy was regarded as a thing beyond doubt. Enlistment languished. It was scarcely worth while to undergo the inconvenience of fighting for a cause which was already triumphant.

The defeat at Manassas taught the people of the North that the task they had undertaken was a heavier one than they supposed. But it did not shake their steady purpose to perform it. On the day after the battle, while the routed army was swarming into Washington, Congress voted five hundred millions of dollars and called for half a million of volunteers. A few days later, Congress unanimously resolved that the suppression of the Rebellion was a sacred duty, from the performance of which no disaster should discourage; to which they pledged the employment of every resource, national and individual. "Having chosen our course," said Mr. Lincoln, "without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts." The spirit of the North rose as the greatness of the enterprise became apparent. No thought was there of any other issue from the national agony than the overthrow of the national foe. The youth of the country crowded into the ranks. The

patriotic impulse possessed rich and poor alike. The sons of wealthy men shouldered a musket side by side with the penniless children of toil. Once, by some accident, the money which should have paid a New England regiment failed to arrive in time. A private in the regiment gave his check for a hundred thousand dollars, and the men were paid. The Christian churches yielded an earnest support to the war. In some western churches the men enlisted almost without exception. Occasionally their ministers accompanied them. Sabbath-school teachers and members of Young Men's Christian Associations were remarkable for the eagerness with which they obeyed the call of their country. It was no longer a short war and an easy victory which the North anticipated. The gigantic character of the struggle was at length recognized; and the North, chastened but undismayed, made preparations for a contest on the issue of which her existence depended.

General McDowell had led the Northern army to a defeat, which naturally shook public confidence in his ability to command. A new general was indispensable. When the war broke out, a young man, George B. McClellan by name, was resident in Cincinnati, peacefully occupied with the management of a railroad. He was trained at West Point, and had some reputation for soldiership. He was skilful to construct and organize. His friends knew that he would mould into an army the enthusiastic levies which flowed in; and also that, in obedience to the strongest impulses of his nature, he would shrink from subjecting his army to the supreme test of battle. As a railway man, it was jocularly remarked to Mr. Lincoln by one who knew him, he was taught to avoid collisions. It was said he built bridges noticeable for their excellence, but could never without discomposure witness trains pass over them. This habitual caution, hitherto harmless, he was now to

carry into a position where it would be likely to inflict bitter disappointment upon a great people, and prolong the duration of the war.

General McClellan was appointed to the command of the army a few days after the defeat at Bull Run. sanguine hopes were entertained that "the young Napoleon," as he was styled, would give the people victory over their enemies. He addressed himself at once to his task. From every State in the North men hastened to his standard. He disciplined them and perfected their equipment for the field. In October he was at the head of two hundred thousand men, — the largest army ever yet seen on the American continent.

The Confederate government, which at first chose for its home the city of Montgomery in Alabama, moved to Richmond so soon as Virginia gave in her reluctant adherence to the secession cause. Richmond, the gay capital of the Old Dominion, sits queen-like upon a lofty plateau, with deep valleys flanking her on east and west, and the James River rushing past far below upon the south, not many miles from the point where the pioneers of the colony had established themselves two centuries and a half ago. To Washington the distance is only one hundred and thirty miles. The warring governments were within a few hours' journey of each other.

The supreme command of the rebel forces was committed to General Robert E. Lee, one of the greatest of modern soldiers. He was a calm, thoughtful, unpretending man, whose goodness gained for him universal love. He was opposed to secession, but believing, like the rest, that he owed allegiance wholly to his own State, he seceded with Virginia. It was his difficult task to contend nearly always with forces stronger than his own, and to eke out by his own skill and genius the scanty resources of the

Confederacy. His consummate ability maintained the war long after all hope of success was gone; and when at length he laid down his arms, even the country against which he had fought was proud of her erring but noble son.

Thomas Jackson — better known as "Stonewall" Jackson — was the most famous of Lee's generals. In him we have a strange evidence of the influence which slavery exerts upon the best of men. He was of truly heroic mould, brave, generous, devout. His military perception was unerring; his decision swift as lightning. He rose early in the morning to read the Scriptures and pray. He gave a tenth part of his income for religious uses. He taught a Sunday class of negro children. He delivered lectures on the authenticity of Scripture. When he dropped a letter into the post-office, he prayed for a blessing on the person to whom it was addressed. As his soldiers marched past his erect, unmoving figure, to meet the enemy, they saw his lips move, and knew that their leader was praying for them to Him who "covereth the head in the day of battle." And yet this good man caused his negroes, male and female, to be flogged when he judged that severity needful. And yet he recommended that the South should "take no prisoners," — in other words, that enemies who had ceased to resist should be massacred. To the end of his life he remained of opinion that the rejection of this policy was a mistake. So fatally do the noblest minds become tainted by the associations of slave society.

During the autumn and early winter of 1861 the weather was unusually fine, and the roads were consequently in excellent condition for the march of an army. The rebel forces were scattered about Virginia, some of them within sight of Washington. Around Richmond it was understood there were few troops. It seemed easy for McClellan, with

his magnificent army, to trample down any slight resistance which could be offered, and march into the rebel capital. For many weeks the people and the government waited patiently. They had been too hasty before. They would not again urge their general prematurely into battle. But the months of autumn passed, and no blow was struck. Winter was upon them, and still "all was quiet on the Potomac." McClellan, in a series of brilliant reviews, presented his splendid army to the admiration of his countrymen; but he was not yet ready to fight. The country bore the delay for six months. Then it could be endured no longer, and in January Mr. Lincoln issued a peremptory order that a movement against the enemy should be made. McClellan had now laid upon him the necessity to do something. He formed a plan of operations, and by the end of March was ready to begin his work.

South-eastward from Richmond the James and the York Rivers fall into the Potomac at a distance from each other of some twenty miles. The course of the rivers is nearly parallel, and the region between them is known as the Peninsula. McClellan conveyed his army down the Potomac, landed at Fortress Monroe, and prepared to march upon Richmond by way of the Peninsula.

Before him lay the little town of Yorktown, where, eighty years before, the War of Independence was closed by the surrender of the English army. Yorktown was held by eleven thousand rebels. McClellan had over one hundred thousand well-disciplined men eager for battle. He dared not assault the place, and he lost a month and many lives in digging trenches and erecting batteries that he might formally besiege Yorktown. The Confederates waited till he was ready to open his batteries, and then quietly marched away. McClellan telegraphed to the President that he had gained a brilliant success.

And then McClellan crept slowly up the Peninsula. In six weeks he was within a few miles of Richmond, and in front of the forces which the Confederates had been actively collecting for the defence of their capital. His army was eager to fight. Lincoln never ceased to urge him to active measures. McClellan was immovable. He complained of the weather. He was the victim of "an abnormal season." He telegraphed for more troops. He wrote interminable letters upon the condition of the country; but he would not fight. The emboldened rebels attacked him. The disheartened general thought himself outnumbered, and prepared to retreat. He would retire to the James River and be safe under the protection of the gunboats. He doubted whether he might not be overwhelmed as he withdrew. If he could not save his army, he would "at least die with it, and share its fate."

Under the influence of such feelings McClellan moved away from the presence of a greatly inferior enemy, the splendid army of the North burning with shame and indignation. The rebels dashed at his retreating ranks. His march to the James River occupied seven days. On every day there was a battle. Nearly always the Federals had the advantage in the fight. Always after the fight they resumed their retreat. Once they drove back the enemy, inflicting upon him a crushing defeat. Their hopes rose with success, and they demanded to be led back to Richmond. Nothing is more certain than that at that moment, as indeed during the whole campaign, the rebel capital lay within McClellan's grasp. The hour had come, but not the man. The army was strong enough for its task, but the general was too weak. McClellan shunned the great enterprise which opened before him, and never rested from his inglorious march till he lay in safety, sheltered by the gunboats on the James River. He had lost fifteen thousand

men ; but the Confederates had suffered even more. It was said that the retreat was skilfully conducted, but the American people were in no humor to appreciate the merits of a chief who was great only in flight. Their disappointment was intense. The Southern leaders devoutly announced "undying gratitude to God" for their great success, and looked forward with increasing confidence to their final triumph over an enemy whose assaults it seemed so easy to repulse.

Nor was this the only success which crowned the Confederate arms. The most remarkable battle of the war was fought while the President was vainly endeavoring to rouse McClellan to heroic deeds ; and it ended in a Confederate victory.

At the very beginning of the war the Confederates bethought them of an iron-clad ship-of-war. They took hold of an old frigate which the Federals had sunk in the James River. They sheathed her in iron plates. They roofed her with iron rails. At her prow, beneath the water-line, they fitted an iron-clad projection, which might be driven into the side of an adversary. They armed her with ten guns of large size.

The mechanical resources of the Confederacy were defective, and this novel structure was eight months in preparation. One morning in March she steamed slowly down the James River, attended by five small vessels of the ordinary sort. A powerful Northern fleet lay guarding the mouth of the river. The Virginia, as the iron-clad had been named, came straight towards the hostile ships. She fired no shot. No man showed himself upon her deck. The Federals assailed her with well-aimed discharges. The shot bounded harmless from her sides. She steered for the Cumberland, into whose timbers she struck her armed prow. A huge cleft opened in the Cumberland's

side, and the gallant ship went down with a hundred men of her crew on board. The Virginia next attacked the Federal ship Congress. At a distance of two hundred yards she opened her guns upon this ill-fated vessel. The Congress was aground, and could offer no effective resistance. After sustaining heavy loss, she was forced to surrender. Night approached, and the Virginia drew off, intending to resume her work on the morrow.

Early next morning — a bright Sunday morning — she steamed out, and made for the Minnesota, a Federal ship which had been grounded to get beyond her reach. The Minnesota was still aground and helpless. Beside her, however, as the men on board the Virginia observed, lay a mysterious structure, resembling nothing they had ever seen before. Her deck was scarcely visible above the water, and it supported nothing but an iron turret nine feet high. This was the Monitor, designed by Captain Ericsson ; the first of the class of iron-clad turret-ships, which are destined, probably, to be the fighting-ships of the future, so long as the world is foolish enough to need ships for fighting purposes. By a singular chance she had arrived thus opportunely. The two iron-clads measured their strength in combat. But their shot produced no impression, and after two hours of heavy but ineffective firing, they separated, and the Virginia retired up the James River.

This fight opened a new era in naval warfare. The Washington government hastened to build turret-ships. All European governments, perceiving the worthlessness of ships of the old type, proceeded to reconstruct their navies according to the light which the action of the Virginia and the Monitor afforded them.

The efforts of the North to crush the Confederate forces in Virginia had signally failed. But military operations were not confined to Virginia. In this war the battle-field was the

continent. Many hundreds of miles from the scene of McClellan's feeble efforts, the banner of the Union, held in manlier hands, was advancing into the revolted territory. The North sought to occupy the border States, and to repossess the line of the Mississippi, thus severing Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the other members of the secession enterprise, and perfecting the blockade which was now effectively maintained on the Atlantic coast. There were troops enough for these vast operations. By the 1st of December, 1861, six hundred and forty thousand men had enrolled themselves for the war. The North, thoroughly aroused now, had armed and drilled these enormous hosts. Her foundries worked night and day, moulding cannon and mortars. Her own resources could not produce with sufficient rapidity the gunboats which she needed to assert her supremacy on the western waters, but she obtained help from the building yards of Europe. All that wealth and energy could do was done. While the Confederates were supinely trusting to the difficulties of the country and the personal prowess of their soldiers, the North massed forces which nothing on the continent could long resist. In the South and West results were achieved not unworthy of these vast preparations.

During the autumn a strong fleet was sent southward to the Carolina coast. Overcoming with ease the slight resistance which the rebel forts were able to offer, the expedition possessed itself of Port Royal, and thus commanded a large tract of Confederate territory. It was a cotton-growing district, worked wholly by slaves. The owners fled, but the slaves remained. The first experiment was made here to prove whether the negro would labor when the lash did not compel. The results were most encouraging. The negroes worked cheerfully and patiently, and many of

them became rich from the easy gains of labor on that rich soil.

In the West the war was pushed vigorously and with success. To General Grant, a strong, tenacious, silent man, destined ere long to be commander-in-chief and President, was assigned the work of driving the rebels out of Kentucky and Tennessee. His gunboats ran up the great rivers of these States and took effective part in the battles which were fought. The rebels were forced southward, till in the spring of 1862 the frontier line of rebel territory no longer enclosed Kentucky. Even Tennessee was held with a loosened and uncertain grasp.

In Arkansas, beyond the Mississippi, was fought the battle of Pea Ridge, which stretched over three days, and in which the Confederates received a sharp defeat. Henceforth the rebels had no footing in Missouri or Arkansas.

New Orleans fell in April. Admiral Farragut with a powerful fleet forced his way past the forts and gunboats, which composed the insufficient defence of the city. There was no army to resist them. He landed a small party of marines, who pulled down the secession flag and restored that of the Union. The people looked on silently, while the city passed thus easily away for ever from Confederate rule.

There was gloom in the Confederate capital as the tidings of these disasters came in. But the spirit of the people was unbroken, and the government was encouraged to adopt measures equal to the emergency. A law was enacted which placed at the disposal of the government every man between eighteen and thirty-five years of age. Enlistment for short terms was discontinued. Henceforth the business of Southern men must be war. Every

man must hold himself at his country's call. This law yielded for a time an adequate supply of soldiers, and ushered in those splendid successes which cherished the delusive hope that the slave-power was to establish itself as one of the great powers of the world.



CHAPTER XXII.

LIBERTY TO THE SLAVE.

THE slave question, out of which the Rebellion sprang, presented for some time grave difficulties to the Northern government. As the Northern armies forced their way southward, escaped slaves flocked to them. These slaves were loyal subjects. Their owners were disloyal. Could the government recognize the right of its enemies to own loyal men? Again, the labor of the slaves contributed to the support of the Rebellion. Was it not a clear necessity of war that government should deprive the Rebellion of this support by freeing all the slaves whom its authority could reach? But, on the other hand, some of the slave States remained loyal. Over their slaves government had no power, and much care was needed that no measure should be adopted of which they could justly complain.

The President had been all his life a steady foe to slavery. But he never forgot that, whatever his own feeling might be, he was strictly bound by law. His duty as President was not to destroy slavery, but to save the Union. When the time came to overthrow this system, he would do it with gladdened heart. Meanwhile he said, "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do it."

From the very beginning of the war, escaped slaves crowded within the Federal lines. They were willing to perform any labor, or to fight in a cause which they all knew to be their

own. But the North was not yet freed from her habitual tenderness for the old institutions. The negroes could not yet be armed. General McClellan pledged himself not only to avoid interference with slaves, but to crush with an iron hand any attempt at insurrection on their part. General Fremont, commanding in Missouri, issued an order which gave liberty to the slaves of persons who were fighting against the Union. The President, not yet deeming that measure indispensable, disallowed it. A little later it was proposed to arm the blacks. To that also the President objected. He would do nothing prematurely which might offend the loyal slave States, and so hinder the restoration of the Union.

But in war opinion ripens fast. Men quickly learned, under that stern teacher, to reason that, as slavery had caused the Rebellion, slavery should be extinguished. Congress met in December, with ideas which pointed decisively towards Abolition. Measures were passed which marked a great era in the history of slavery. The slaves of men who were in arms against the government were declared to be free. Colored men might be armed and employed as soldiers. Slavery was abolished within the District of Columbia. Slavery was prohibited for ever within all the Territories. Every slave escaping to the Union armies was to be free. Wherever the authority of Congress could reach, slavery was now at an end.

But something yet remained. Public sentiment in the North grew strong in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation of all slaves within the revolted States. This view was pressed upon Lincoln. He hesitated; not from reluctance, but because he wished the public mind to be thoroughly made up before he took this decisive step. At length his course was resolved upon. He drew up a Proclamation, which gave freedom to all the slaves of the rebel States. He called a meeting of his Cabinet, which cordially



SLAVES ESCAPING TO UNION TROOPS.

sanctioned the measure. After New Year's Day of 1863 all persons held to slavery within the seceded territory were declared to be free. "And upon this act," — thus was the Proclamation closed, — "sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

This — one of the most memorable of all State papers — gave freedom to over three millions of slaves. It did not touch slavery in the loyal States; for there the President had no authority to interfere. But all men knew that it involved the abolition of slavery in the loyal as well as in the rebellious States. Henceforth slavery became impossible on any portion of American territory.

The deep significance of this great measure was most fully recognized by the Northern people. The churches gave thanks to God for this fulfilment of their long-cherished desire. Congress expressed its cordial approval. Innumerable public meetings resolved that the President's action deserved the support of the country. Bells pealed joyfully in the great cities and quiet villages of the East, and in the infant settlements of the distant West. Charles Sumner begged from the President the pen with which the Proclamation had been signed. The original draft of the document was afterwards sold for a large sum, at a fair held in Chicago for the benefit of the soldiers.

The South, too, understood this transaction perfectly. It was the triumphant and final expression of that Northern abhorrence to slavery which had provoked the war. It made reconciliation impossible. President Davis said to his Congress that it would calm the fears of those who apprehended a restoration of the old Union.

It is a painful reflection that the English government utterly misunderstood this measure. Its official utterance on

the subject was a sneer. Earl Russell, the Foreign Secretary of that day, wrote to their ambassador at Washington that the Proclamation was "a measure of a very questionable kind." "It professes," he continued, "to emancipate slaves where the United States cannot make Emancipation a reality, but emancipates no one where the decree can be carried into effect." Thus imperfectly had Earl Russell yet been able to comprehend this memorable page of modern history.

Circumstances that no human wisdom foresaw thus compelled Emancipation. When the slave in his cabin, or hunted in the swamps, had ten years before prayed for liberty and the freedom of his race, it seemed impossible that such a prayer could be answered. No political prophet ever saw the opening of those doors of events that made his freedom a necessity to the life of the nation. The Red Sea opened as by the dividing hand of God.

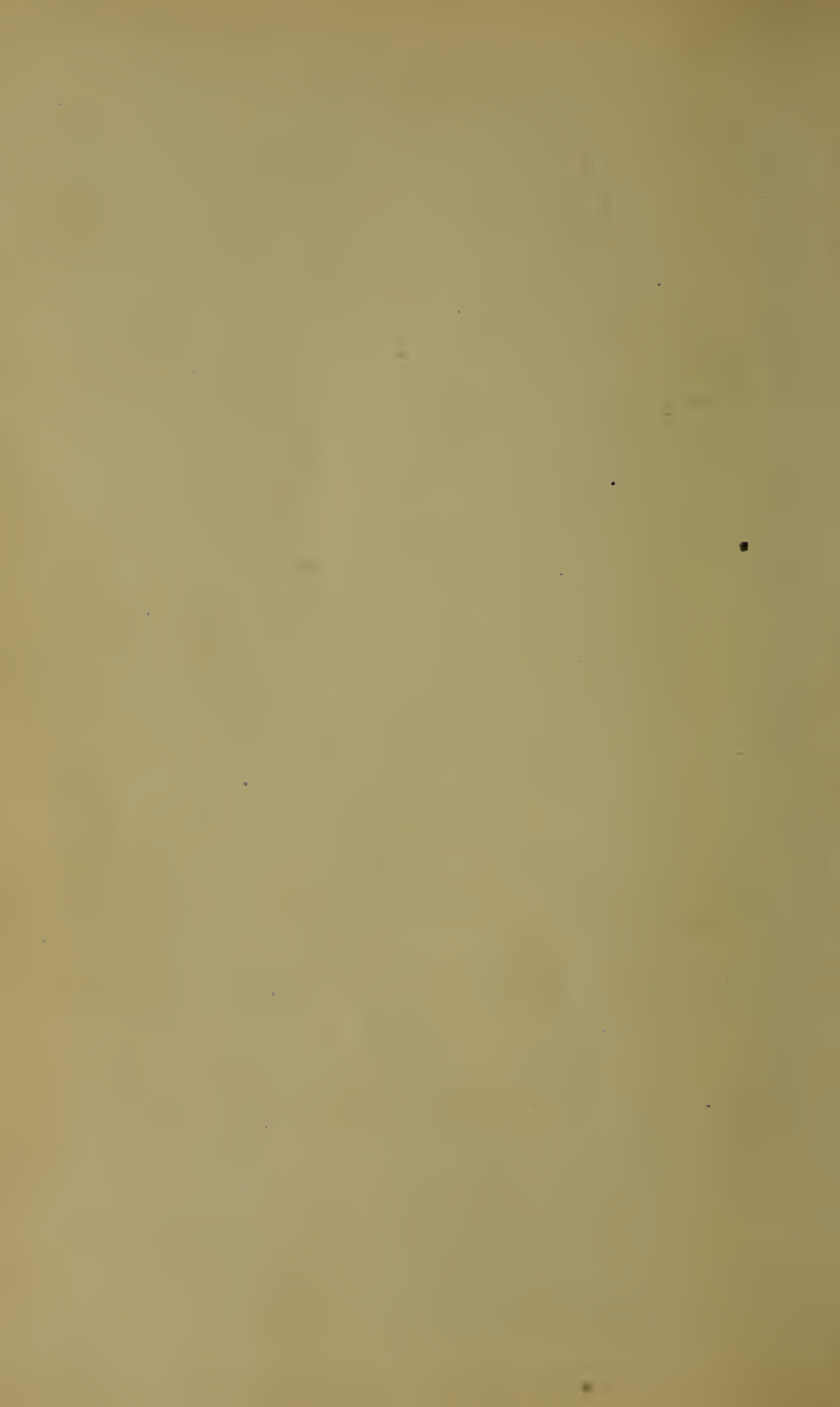
McClellan's failure disappointed but did not dishearten the Northern people. While McClellan was hastening away from Richmond the governors of seventeen States assured the President of the readiness of their people to furnish troops. The President issued a call for an additional three hundred thousand men; and his call was promptly obeyed.

McClellan lay for two months secure beside his gunboats on the James River. General Lee, rightly deeming that there was little to fear from an army so led, ranged northward with a strong force and threatened Washington. The Federal troops around the capital were greatly inferior in number. President Lincoln summoned McClellan northward. McClellan was unready; and a small Federal army under General Pope was left to cope unaided with the enemy. Pope received a severe defeat at Manassas, and retired to the fortifications of Washington.

General Lee was strong enough now to carry the war into Northern territory. He captured Harper's Ferry, and passed



J.P. DIMS - SPEER, N.C.



into Maryland. McClellan was at length stimulated to action, and having carried his troops northward, he attacked Lee at Antietam. The Northern army far outnumbered the enemy. The battle was long and bloody. When darkness sank down upon the wearied combatants no decisive advantage had been gained. McClellan's generals urged a renewal of the attack next morning. But this was not done, and General Lee crossed the Potomac and retired unmolested into Virginia. McClellan resumed his customary caution. The President ordered him to pursue the enemy and give battle. He even wished him to move on Richmond, which he was able to reach before Lee could possibly be there. In vain. McClellan could not move. His horses had sore tongues and sore backs; they were lame; they were broken down by fatigue. Lincoln had already been unduly patient. But the country would endure no more. General McClellan was removed from command of that army whose power he had so long been able to neutralize; and his place was taken by General Burnside.

Burnside at once moved his army southward. It was not yet too late for a Virginian campaign. He reached the banks of the Rappahannock, beside the little town of Fredericksburg. He had to wait there for many weary days till he obtained means to cross the river. While he lay, impatient, General Lee concentrated all the forces under his command upon the heights which rose steeply from the opposite bank of the stream. He threw up earthworks and strongly intrenched his position. There he waited in calmness for the assault which he knew he could repel.

When Burnside was able to cross the Rappahannock he lost no time in making his attack. One portion of his force would strike the enemy on his right flank; the rest would push straight up the heights and assault him in front. A slight success in his flanking movement cheered General Burnside;

but in the centre his troops advanced to the attack under a heavy fire of artillery which laid many brave men low. The Northern soldiers fought their way with steady courage up the height. They were superior in numbers, but the enemy fought in safety within a position which was impregnable. The battle was no fair trial of skill and courage, but a useless waste of brave lives. Burnside drew off his troops and recrossed the Rappahannock, with a loss of twelve thousand men, vainly sacrificed in the attempt to perform an impossibility.

In the West there had been no great success to counterbalance the long train of Confederate victories in the East. The year closed darkly upon the hopes of those who strove to preserve the Union. The South counted with certainty that her independence was secure. The prevailing opinion of Europe regarded the enterprise which the North pursued so resolutely, as a wild impossibility. But the Northern people and government never despaired of the Commonwealth. At the gloomiest period of the contest a bill was passed for the construction of a railroad to the Pacific. The Homestead Act offered a welcome to immigrants in the form of a free grant of one hundred and sixty acres of land to each. And the government, as with a quiet and unburdened mind, began to enlarge and adorn its Capitol on a scale worthy of the expected greatness of the reunited country.

The real hero of the war was now about to appear, the William the Silent of this struggle for liberty.

The North had not yet established her supremacy upon the Mississippi. Two hostile strongholds, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, had successfully resisted Federal attack, and maintained communication between the revolted States on either side the great river. The reduction of these was indispensable. General Ulysses S. Grant was charged with the important enterprise, and proceeded in February to begin his work.

Grant found himself with his army on the wrong side of the city. He was up the river from Vicksburg, and could not hope to win the place by attacks on that side. Nor could he easily convey his army and siege appliances through the swamps and lakes which stretched away behind the city. It seemed too hazardous to run his transports past the guns of Vicksburg. He attempted to cut a new channel for the river, along which he might convey his army safely. Weeks were spent in the vain attempt, and the country, which had not yet learned to trust in Grant, became impatient of the unproductive toil. Grant, undismayed by the failure of his project, adopted a new and more hopeful scheme. He conveyed his soldiers across to the western bank of the Mississippi, and marched them southward till they were below Vicksburg. There they were ferried across the river; and then they stood within reach of the weakest side of the city. The transports were ordered to run the batteries of Vicksburg and take the chances of that enterprise.

When Grant reached the position he sought he had a difficult task before him. One large army held Vicksburg. Another large army was gathering for the relief of the endangered fortress. Soon Grant lay between two armies which, united, greatly outnumbered his. But he had no intention that they should unite. He attacked them in detail. In every action he was successful. The Confederates were driven back upon the city, which was then closely invested.

For six weeks Grant pressed the siege with a fiery energy which allowed no rest to the besieged. Confederate General Johnston was not far off, mustering an army for the relief of Vicksburg, and there was not an hour to lose. Grant kept a strict blockade upon the scantily provisioned city. From his gunboats and from his own lines he maintained an almost ceaseless bombardment. The inhabitants crept into caves in the hill to find shelter from the intolerable fire. They slaugh-

tered their mules for food. They patiently endured the inevitable hardships of their position ; and their daily newspaper, printed on scraps of such paper as men cover their walls with, continued to the end to make light of their sufferings, and to breathe defiance against General Grant. But all was vain. On the 4th of July — the anniversary of Independence — Vicksburg was surrendered with her garrison of twenty-three thousand men, much enfeebled by hunger and fatigue.

The fall of Vicksburg was the heaviest blow which the Confederacy had yet sustained. Nearly one-half of the rebellious territory lay beyond the Mississippi. That river was now firmly held by the Federals. The revolted States were cut in two, and no help could pass from one section to the other. There was deep joy in the Northern heart. The President thanked General Grant for "the almost inestimable service" which he had done the country.

But long before Grant's triumph at Vicksburg another humiliation had fallen upon the Federal arms in Virginia.

Soon after the disaster at Fredericksburg, the modest Burnside had asked to be relieved of his command. General Hooker took his place. The new chief was familiarly known to his countrymen as "fighting Joe Hooker," a title which sufficiently indicated his dashing, spirited character. Hooker entered on his command with high hopes. "By the blessing of God," he said to the army, "we will contribute something to the renown of our arms and the success of our cause."

After three months of preparation, General Hooker announced that his army was irresistible. The Northern cry was still, "On to Richmond!" The dearest wish of the Northern people was to possess the hostile capital. Hooker marched southward, nothing doubting that he was to fulfil the long-frustrated desire of his countrymen. His confidence seemed not to be unwarranted ; for he had under

his command a magnificent army, which greatly outnumbered that opposed to him. But, unhappily for Hooker, the hostile forces were led by General Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

On the 1st of May, Hooker was in presence of the enemy on the line of the Rappahannock. Lee was too weak to give or accept battle ; but he was able to occupy Hooker with a series of sham attacks. All the while Jackson was hasting to assail his flank. His march was through the Wilderness, a wild country thick with ill-grown oaks and a dense undergrowth, where surprise was easy. Towards evening, on the 2d, Jackson's soldiers burst upon the unexpectant Federals. The fury of the attack bore all before it. The Federal line fell back in confusion and with heavy loss.

In the twilight Jackson rode forward with his staff to examine the enemy's position. As he returned, a North Carolina regiment, seeing a party of horsemen approach, presumed it was a charge of Federal cavalry. They fired, and Jackson fell from his horse, with two bullets in his left arm and one through his right hand. They placed him on a litter to carry him from the field. One of the bearers was shot down by the enemy, and the wounded general fell heavily to the ground. The sound of musketry wakened the Federal artillery, and for some time Jackson lay helpless on ground swept by the cannon of the enemy. When his men learned the situation of their beloved commander, they rushed in and carried him from the danger.

Jackson sunk under his wounds. He bore patiently his great suffering. "If I live, it will be for the best," he said ; "and if I die, it will be for the best. God knows and directs all things for the best." He died eight days after the battle, to the deep sorrow of his countrymen. He was a great soldier ; and although he died fighting for a wrong cause, he was a true-hearted Christian man.

During two days after Jackson fell, the battle continued at Chancellorsville. Lee's superior skill in command more than compensated for his inferior numbers. He attacked Hooker, and always at the point of conflict he was found to be stronger. Hooker discovered that he must retreat, lest a worse thing should befall him. After three days' fighting he crossed the river in a tempest of wind and rain, and along the muddy Virginian roads carried his disheartened troops back to their old positions. He had been baffled by a force certainly not more than one-half his own. The splendid military genius of Lee was perhaps never more conspicuous than in the defeat of that great army which General Hooker himself regarded as invincible.

But Emancipation had already turned the scale of the war, and the victory in the West was soon to lead to a series of decisive victories.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GETTYSBURG AND RICHMOND.

THE Confederate government had always been eager to carry the contest into Northern territory. It was satisfying to the natural pride of the South, and it was thought that some experience of the evils of war might incline the Northern mind to peace. Lee was ordered to march into Pennsylvania. He gathered all the troops at his disposal, and with seventy-five thousand men he crossed the Potomac, and was once more prepared to face the enemy on his own soil. The rich cities of the North trembled. It was not unlikely that he would possess himself of Baltimore and Philadelphia. Could he once again defeat Hooker's army, as he had often done before, no further resistance was possible. Pennsylvania and New York were at his mercy.

Lee advanced to the little Pennsylvanian town of Gettysburg. Hooker, after marching his army northward, had been relieved of the command. A battle was near; and in face of the enemy a new commander had to be chosen. Two days before the hostile armies met, General Meade was appointed. Meade was an experienced soldier, who had filled with honor the various positions assigned to him. It was seemingly a hopeless task which he was now asked to perform. With an oft-defeated army of sixty thousand to seventy thousand men, to whom he was a stranger, he had

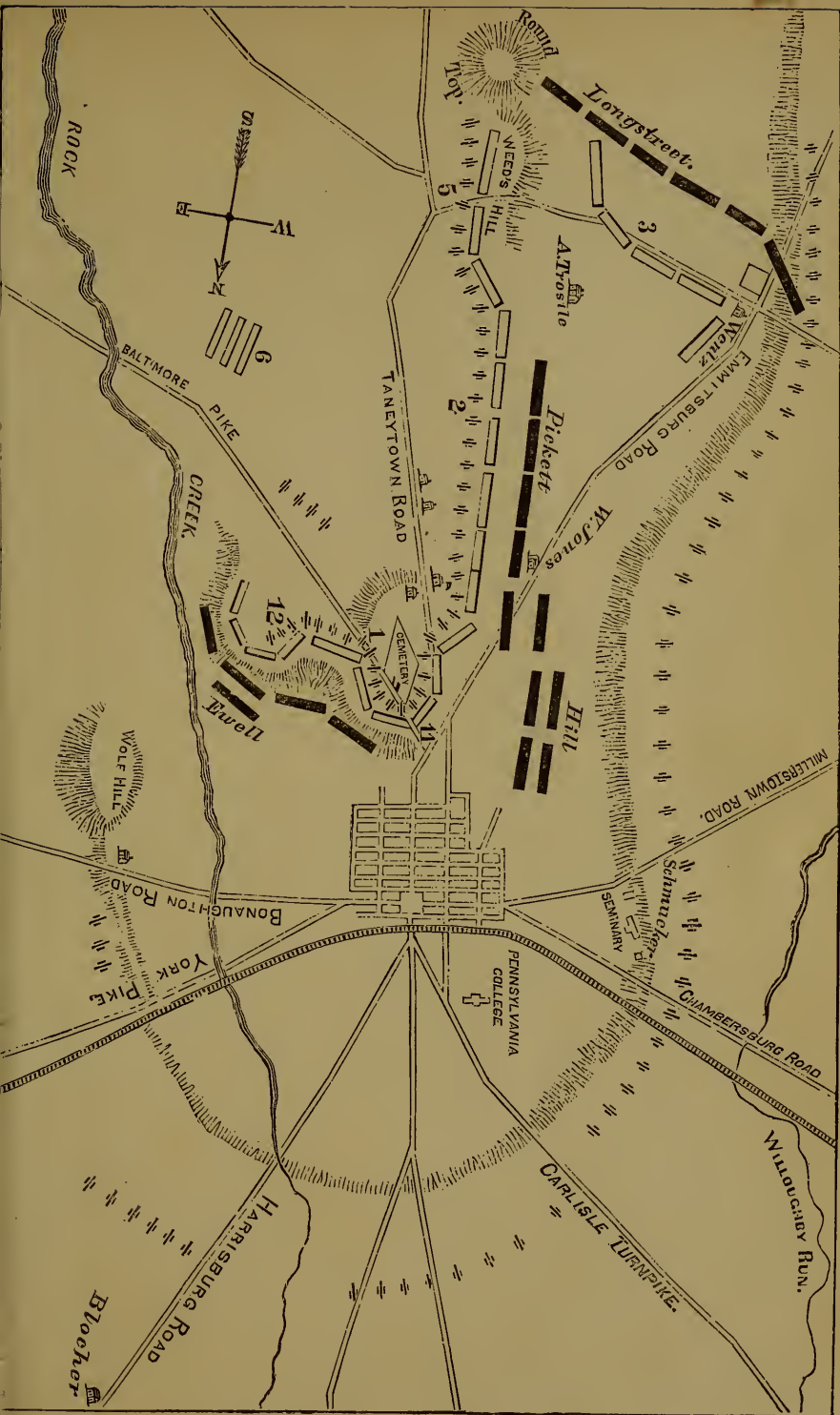
to meet Lee with his victorious seventy-five thousand. Meade quietly undertook the work appointed to him, and did it, too, like a brave, prudent, unpretending man.

The battle lasted for three days. On the first day the Confederates had some advantage. Their attack broke and scattered a Federal division with considerable loss. But that night the careful Meade took up a strong position on a crescent-shaped line of heights near the little town.

Next day Lee attempted to dislodge the enemy. The key of the Federal position was Cemetery Hill, and there the utmost strength of the Confederate attack was put forth. Nor was it in vain. Part of the Federal line was broken. At one point an important position had been taken by the Confederates. Lee might fairly hope that another day's fighting would complete his success and give him undisputed possession of the wealthiest Northern States. His loss had been small, while the Federals had been seriously weakened.

Perhaps no hours of deeper gloom were ever passed in the North than the hours of that summer evening when the telegraph flashed over the country the news of Lee's success. The lavish sacrifice of blood and treasure seemed in vain. A million of men were in arms to defend the Union, and yet the northward progress of the enemy could not be withstood. Should Lee be victorious on the morrow, the most hopeful must despond.

The day on which so much of the destiny of America hung opened bright and warm and still. The morning was occupied by Lee in preparations for a crushing attack upon the centre of the Federal position; by Meade, in carefully strengthening his power of resistance at the point where he was to win or to lose this decisive battle. About noon all was completed. Over both armies there fell a marvellous still-



ROCK



Longstreet.

NEEDS HILL

Atyosito

Emmitsburg Road

BALTIMORE PIKE

TANEXTOWN ROAD

Pickett

W. Jones

CREEK

12

GEMERY

Hill

MILLERSDOWN ROAD

WOLF HILL

BONAUGHTON ROAD

PENN. COLLEGE

Schmuck

CHAMBERSBURG ROAD

York Pike

WITTCHEBY RUN.

CARLISLE TURNPIKE.

HARRISBURG ROAD

Blocher

ness, — the silence of anxious and awful expectation. It was broken by a solitary cannon-shot, and the shriek of a Whitworth shell as it rushed through the air. That was the signal at which one hundred and fifty Confederate guns opened their fire. The Federal artillery replied. For three hours a prodigious hail of shells fell upon either army. No decisive supremacy was, however, established by the guns on either side, although heavy loss was sustained by both. While the cannonade still continued, Lee sent forth the columns whose errand it was to break the Federal centre. They marched down the low range of heights on which they had stood, and across the little intervening valley. As they moved up the opposite height the friendly shelter of Confederate fire ceased. Terrific discharges of grape and shell smote but did not shake their steady ranks. As the men fell their comrades stepped into their places, and the undismayed lines moved swiftly on. Up to the low stone wall which sheltered the Federals, up to the very muzzles of guns whose rapid fire cut every instant deep lines in their ranks, the heroic advance was continued.

General Lee from the opposite height watched, as Napoleon did at Waterloo, the progress of his attack. Once the smoke of battle was for a moment blown aside, and the Confederate flag was seen to wave within the enemy's position. Lee's generals congratulate him that the victory is gained. Again the cloud gathers around the combatants. When it lifts next, the Confederates are seen broken and fleeing down that fatal slope, where a man can walk now without once putting his foot upon the grass, so thick lie the bodies of the slain. The attack had failed. The battle was lost. The Union was saved.

General Lee's business was now to save his army. "This has been a sad day for us," he said to a friend, "a

sad day ; but we can't expect always to gain victories." He rallied his broken troops, expecting to be attacked by the victorious Federals. But Meade did not follow up his success. Next day Lee began his retreat. In perfect order he moved towards the Potomac, and safely crossed the swollen river back into Virginia.

The losses sustained in this battle were terrible. Forty-eight thousand men lay dead or wounded on the field. Lee's army was weakened by over forty thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. Meade lost twenty-three thousand. For miles around, every barn, every cottage, contained wounded men. The streets of the little town were all dabbled with blood. Men were for many days engaged in burying the dead, of whom there were nearly eight thousand. The wounded of both armies, who were able to be removed, were at once carried into hospitals and tenderly cared for. There were many so mangled that their removal was impossible. These were ministered to on the field till death relieved them from their pain.

The tidings of the victory at Gettysburg came to the Northern people on the 4th of July, side by side with the tidings of the fall of Vicksburg. The proud old anniversary had perhaps never before been celebrated by the American people with hearts so thankful and so glad. Mr. Lincoln, who had become grave and humble and reverential under the influence of those awful circumstances amid which he lived, proclaimed a solemn day of thanksgiving for the deliverance granted to the nation, and of prayer that God would lead them all, "through the paths of repentance and submission to the divine will, to unity and fraternal peace."

The deep enthusiasm which in those anxious days thrilled the American heart sought in song that fulness of expression which speech could not afford. Foremost among

once a tobacco factory, standing by the wayside in a suburb of Richmond. A false report was brought to them that the Confederates had gained. There were sleepless eyes and sorrowing hearts that night among the prisoners. But next morning an old negro brought them the true account of the battle. The sudden joy was too deep for words. By one universal impulse the gladdened captives burst into song. Midst weeping and midst laughter the Battle-Hymn of the Republic was caught up until five hundred voices were joining in the strain. There, as elsewhere, it was felt with unutterable joy and thankfulness that the country was saved.

The victory at Gettysburg lifted a great load from the hearts of the Northern people. There was yet a work vast and grim to be accomplished before a solid peace could be attained. But there was now a sure hope of final success. It was remarked by President Lincoln's friends that his appearance underwent a noticeable change after Gettysburg. His eye grew brighter; his bowed-down form was once more erect. In the winter after the battle, part of the battle-ground was consecrated as a cemetery, into which were gathered the remains of the brave men who fell. Lincoln took part in the ceremony, and spoke these memorable words: "It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

“FIRST IN THE FOREMOST LINE.”

I stood to-day upon the ridge
Where once the blue brigades were massed,
And gazed across the plain below
O'er which the charging column passed —
That long, low line of gray, flame-tipt,
Which still its onward movement kept
Until it reached the sandy slope
By twice a hundred cannon swept.

And sauntering downward, somewhat sad,
Among the stones no longer stained,
I halted at a little mound
That only the front rank had gained, —
A little mound left all alone,
Unmarked by flower or cypress wreath
To show that some regretful heart
Remembered him who slept beneath.

But, half-way hidden by the grass,
I found a broken barrel-stave,
The head-board which some foeman's hand
Had kindly placed above his grave;
And on one side I traced these words,
In letters I could scarce divine:
“Soldier, name unknown, who fell
First in the foremost line.”

The field was bare. No grinning skulls
Gleamed ghastly in the clear noontide,
For on a hill not far away
The dead were gathered side by side.
Yet none had touched the little mound;
Mayhap by chance, or by design,
They left him where death struck him down,
“First in the foremost line.”

And they did well; there let him rest;
A fitter spot there could not be.
No monument upon the earth,
No sepulchre within the sea,

Could match the tomb that Nature gives,
 The shroud she spreads o'er his remains,
 The green turf kissed by summer suns,
 And washed by summer rains.

Perchance for him a mother's soul
 Sought God upon that bitter night,
 When first the dirgeful breezes bore
 Disastrous tidings from the fight;
 And in the autumn twilight gray
 Belike sad eyes, in tearful strain,
 Gazed northward very wistfully
 For one that did not come again.

Perchance for him some fresh young life
 Drooped wearily from week to week,
 Struggling against the gnawing grief
 That ate the roses in her cheek,
 Till pitying Death, with gentle touch,
 Set sleep eternal in her face,
 And, sorrowing for the roses gone,
 Planted his lilies in their place.

God's peace be with thee in thy rest,
 Lone dweller in a stranger's land,
 And may the mould above thy breast
 Lie lighter than a sister's hand!
 On other brows let Fame bestow
 Her fadeless wreath and laurel twine;
 Enough for thee thy epitaph:
 "Dead in the foremost line."

Even before the disasters of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and while General Lee was still pursuing a course of dazzling success, it had become evident to many that the cause of the South was hopeless. A strict blockade shut her out from the markets of Europe. Her supplies of arms were running so low that even if she could have found men in sufficient numbers to resist the North, she could not have

equipped them. Food was becoming scarce. Already the pangs of hunger had been experienced in Lee's army. Elsewhere there was much suffering, even among those who had lately been rich. The soldiers were insufficiently provided with clothing. As winter came on they deserted and went home in crowds so great that punishment was impossible.

The North had a million of men in the field. She had nearly six hundred ships-of-war, seventy-five of which were iron-clads. She had boundless command of every thing which could contribute to the efficiency and comfort of her soldiers. The rolls of the Southern armies showed only four hundred thousand men under arms, and of these it was said that from desertion and other causes seldom more than one-half were in the ranks.

Money was becoming very scarce. The Confederate government borrowed all the money it could at home; but the supply received was wholly out of proportion to the expenditure. A loan was attempted in England, and there proved to be there a sufficient number of rich but unwise persons to furnish three millions sterling, — most of which will remain for ever unpaid to the lenders. No other measure remained but to print, as fast as machinery would do it, government promises to pay at some future time, and to force these upon people to whom the government owed money. These promises gradually fell in value. In 1862, when the Rebellion was young and hopes were high, one dollar and twenty cents in government money would purchase a dollar in gold. In January, 1863, it required three dollars to do that. After Gettysburg it required twenty dollars. Somewhat later it required sixty paper dollars to obtain the one precious golden coin.

It became every day more apparent that the resources of the South were being exhausted. Even if the genius of

her generals should continue to gain victories, the South must perish from want of money and want of food. There was a touching weakness in many of her business arrangements. Government appealed to the people for gifts of jewelry and silver plate, and published in the Richmond newspapers lists of the gold rings and silver spoons and teapots which amiable enthusiasts bestowed upon them! When iron-clad ships-of-war were needed, and iron was scarce, an association of ladies was formed to collect old pots and pans for the purpose! The daring of these people and the skill of their leaders might indeed gain them victories; but it was a wild improbability that they should come successfully out of a war in which the powerful and sagacious North was resolute to win.

The Northern government, well advised of the failing resources of the South, hoped that one campaign more would close the war. Bitter experience had corrected their early mistakes. They had at length found a general worthy of his high place. Grant was summoned eastward to direct the last march on Richmond. The spirit of the country was resolute as ever. The soldiers had now the skill of veterans. Enormous supplies were provided. Every thing that boundless resources, wisely administered, could do, was now done to bring the awful contest to a close.

When the campaign opened, Grant with one hundred and twenty thousand men faced Lee, whose force was certainly less by one-half. The little river Rapidan flowed between. The Wilderness — a desolate region of stunted trees and dense undergrowth — stretched for many miles around. At midnight, on the 3d of May, Grant began to cross the river, and before next evening his army stood on the southern side. Lee at once attacked him. During the next eight days there was continuous fighting. The men toiled all

day at the work of slaughter, lay down to sleep at night, and rose to resume their bloody labor in the morning, as men do in the ordinary peaceful business of life. Lee directed his scanty force with wondrous skill. It was his habit to throw up intrenchments, within which he maintained himself against the Federal assault. Grant did not allow himself to be hindered in his progress to Richmond. When he failed to force the Confederate position he



THE WILDERNESS.

marched southward round its flank, continually obliging Lee to move forward and take up a new position. His losses were terrible. From the 5th to the 12th of May he had lost thirty thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing. The wounded were sent to Washington. Trains of ambulances miles in length, laden with suffering men, passed continually through the capital, filling all hearts with sadness and gloomy apprehension. The cost was awful, but General Grant knew that the end was being

gained. He knew that Lee was weakened irrecoverably by the slaughter of these battles, and he wrote that he would "fight it out on this line, if it should take all summer."

Grant found that a direct attack on Richmond was as yet hopeless. He marched southward past the Confederate capital to the town of Petersburg, twenty-two miles off. His plan was to wear down the rebel army by the continual attack of superior forces, and also to cut the railways by which provisions were brought into Richmond. By the middle of June he was before Petersburg, which he hoped to possess before Lee had time to fortify the place against him. It might have been taken by a vigorous assault, but the attacking force was feebly led, and the opportunity was missed.

And now there began the tedious bloody siege of Petersburg. The armies had chosen their positions for the final conflict. The result was not doubtful. General Lee was of opinion, some time before, that the fortunes of the Confederacy were desperate. The Northern government and military leaders knew that success was certain. Indeed, General Grant stated afterwards that he had been at the front from the very beginning of the war, and that he had never entertained any doubt whatever as to the final success of the North.

All around Petersburg, at such distance that the firing did not very seriously affect the little city, stretched the earthworks of the combatants. Before the end there were forty miles of earthworks. The Confederates established a line of defence. The Federals established a line of attack, and gradually, by superior strength, drove their antagonists back. Lee retired to a new series of defences, where the fight was continued. The Federals had a railway running to City Point, eleven miles away, where their ships brought for them the amplest supplies. Lee depended

upon the railways which communicated with distant portions of Confederate territory. These it was the aim of Grant to cut, so that his adversary might be driven by want of food from his position. The outposts of the armies were within talking distance of each other. The men lay in rifle-pits or shallow ditches, watching opportunity to kill. Any foe who incautiously came within range died by their unerring fire. For ten long months the daily occupation of the combatants had been to attack each the positions of the other. The Confederates, by constant sallies, attempted to hinder the advance of their powerful assailant. Grant never relaxed his hold. He "had the rebellion by the throat," and he steadily tightened his grasp. By City Point he was in easy communication with the boundless resources of the North. Men and stores were supplied as he needed them by an enthusiastic country. On the Southern side the last available man was now in the field. Half the time the army wanted food. Desertions abounded. It was not that the men shunned danger or hardship, but they knew the cause was hopeless. Many of them knew also that their families were starving. They went home to help those who were dearer to them than that desperate enterprise whose ruin was now so manifest. The genius of Lee was the sole remaining buttress of the Confederate cause.

Once the Federals ran an enormous mine under a portion of the enemy's works. In this mine they piled up twelve thousand pounds of gunpowder. They had a strong column ready to march into the opening which the explosion would cleave. Early one summer morning the mine was fired. A vast mass of earth, mingled with bodies of men, was thrown high into air. The Confederate defence at that point was effaced. The attacking force moved forward. But from some unexplained reason they paused and sheltered themselves in the huge pit formed by the explo-

sion. The Confederates promptly brought up artillery and rained shells into the pit, where soon fifteen hundred men lay dead. The discomfited Federals retired to their lines.

When Grant began his march to Richmond, he took care that the enemy should be pressed in other quarters of his territory. General Sherman marched from Tennessee down into Georgia. Before him was a strong Confederate army and a country peculiarly favorable for an army contented to remain on the defensive. Sherman overcame every obstacle. He defeated his enemy in many battles and bloody skirmishes. His object was to reach Atlanta, the capital of Georgia. Atlanta was of extreme value to the Confederates. It commanded railroads which conveyed supplies to their armies. It had great factories where they manufactured cannon and locomotives; great foundries where they labored incessantly to produce shot and shell. Sherman, by brilliant generalship and hard fighting, overcame all resistance, and entered Atlanta September 2. It was a great prize, but it was not had cheaply. During these four months he had lost thirty thousand men.

When Sherman had held Atlanta for a few weeks he resolved to march eastward through Georgia to the sea. He had a magnificent army of sixty thousand men, for whom there was no sufficient occupation where they lay. On the sea-coast there were cities to be taken. And then his army could march northward to join Grant before Petersburg.

When all was ready Sherman put the torch to the public buildings of Atlanta, telegraphed northward that all was well, and cut the telegraph wires. Then he started on his march of three hundred miles across a hostile country. For a month nothing was heard of him. When he reappeared, it was before Savannah, of which he quickly possessed himself. His march through Georgia had been



unopposed. He severely wasted the country for thirty miles on either side of the line from Atlanta to Savannah. He carried off the supplies he needed. He destroyed what he could not use. He tore up the railroads. He proclaimed liberty to the slaves, many of whom accompanied him eastward. He proved to all the world how hollow a thing was now the Confederacy, and how rapidly its doom was approaching.

At the north, in the valley of the Shenandoah, a strong Confederate army, under the habitually unsuccessful General Early, confronted the Federals under Sheridan. Could Sheridan have been driven away, the war might again have been carried into Pennsylvania or Maryland, and the North humbled in her career of victory. But Sheridan was still triumphant. At length General Early effected a surprise. He burst upon the Federals while they looked not for him. His sudden attack disordered the enemy, who began to retire. Sheridan was not with his army. He had gone to Winchester, twenty miles away. The morning breeze from the south bore to his startled ear the sounds of battle. Sheridan mounted his horse, and rode with the speed of a man who felt that upon his presence hung the destiny of the fight. His army was on the verge of defeat, and already stragglers were hurrying from the field. But when Sheridan galloped among them, the battle was restored. Under Sheridan the army was invincible. The Confederates were defeated with heavy loss, and were never again able to renew the war in the valley of the Shenandoah.

The slave question was not yet completely settled. The Proclamation had made free the slaves of all who were in the army, and nothing stood between them and liberty but those thin lines of gray-coated, hungry soldiers, upon whose arms the genius of Lee bestowed an efficacy not naturally

their own. But the Proclamation had no power to free the slaves of loyal citizens. In the States which had not revolted, slavery was the same as it had ever been. The feeling deepened rapidly throughout the North that this could not continue. Slavery had borne fruit in the hugest rebellion known to history. It had proclaimed irreconcilable hostility to the government. It had brought mourning and woe into every house. The Union could not continue half-slave and half-free. The North wisely and nobly resolved that slavery should cease.

Most of the loyal slave States freed themselves of this evil institution by their own choice. Louisiana, brought back to her allegiance not without some measure of force, led the way. Maryland followed, and Tennessee and Missouri and Arkansas. In Missouri, whence the influence issued which murdered Lovejoy because he was an abolitionist, which supplied the border ruffians in the early days of Kansas, the abolition of slavery was welcomed with devout prayer and thanksgiving, with joyful illuminations and speeches and patriotic songs.

One thing was yet wanting to the complete and final extinction of slavery. The Constitution permitted its existence. If the Constitution were so amended as to forbid slavery upon American soil, the cause of this huge discord which now convulsed the land would be removed. A constitutional amendment to this effect was submitted to the people. In the early months of 1865, while General Lee — worthy to fight in a better cause — was still bravely toiling to avert the coming doom of the slave empire, the Northern States joyfully adopted the amendment. Slavery was now at length extinct. This was what Providence had mercifully brought out of a rebellion whose avowed object it was to establish slavery more firmly and extend it more widely.



SHERIDAN TURNING THE TIDE OF BATTLE.

But freedom was not enough. Many of the black men had faithfully served the Union. Nearly two hundred thousand of them were in the ranks, fighting manfully in a cause which was specially their own. There were many black men, as Lincoln said, who "could remember that, with silent tongue and clenched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet, they had helped mankind to save liberty in America." But the colored race was child-like and helpless. They had to be looked upon as "the wards of the nation." A Freedmen's Bureau was established, to be the defence of the defenceless blacks. General Howard, a man peculiarly fitted to give wise effect to the kind purposes of the nation, became the head of this department. It was his duty to provide food and shelter for the slaves who were set free by military operations in the revolted States. He settled them, as he could, on confiscated lands. After a time he had to see to the education of their children. In all needful ways he was to keep the negroes from wrong till they were able to keep themselves.

Four years had now passed since Lincoln's election furnished the slave-owners with a pretext to rebel. Another election had to be held. Lincoln was again proposed as the Republican candidate. The Democratic party nominated McClellan. Mr. Lincoln was re-elected by the largest majority ever known. "It is not in my nature," he said; "to triumph over any one; but I give thanks to Almighty God for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

He was inaugurated according to the usual form. His address was brief, but high-toned and solemn, as becomed the circumstances. Perhaps no State paper ever produced so deep an impression upon the American people. It closed thus: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, — to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

During the winter months it became very plain that the Confederacy was tottering to its fall. These were the bitterest months through which Virginia had ever passed. The army was habitually now on short supply. Occasionally, for a day, there was almost a total absence of food. One day in December, Lee telegraphed to Richmond that his army was without meat, and dependent on a little bread. And yet the soldiers were greatly better off than the citizens. Provisions were seized for the army wherever they could be found, and the owners were mercilessly left to starve. The suffering endured among the once cheerful homes of Virginia was terrible.

Every grown man was the property of the government. It was said the rich men escaped easily. But a poor man could not pass along a street in Richmond without imminent risk of being seized and sent down to the lines at Petersburg. At railroad stations might be constantly seen groups of squalid men on their way to camp, caught up from their homes and hurried off to fight for a cause which they all knew to be desperate, in the service of a government which they no longer trusted. It was, of course, the

earliest care of these men to desert. They went home. They surrendered to the enemy. The spirit which made the Confederacy formidable no longer survived.

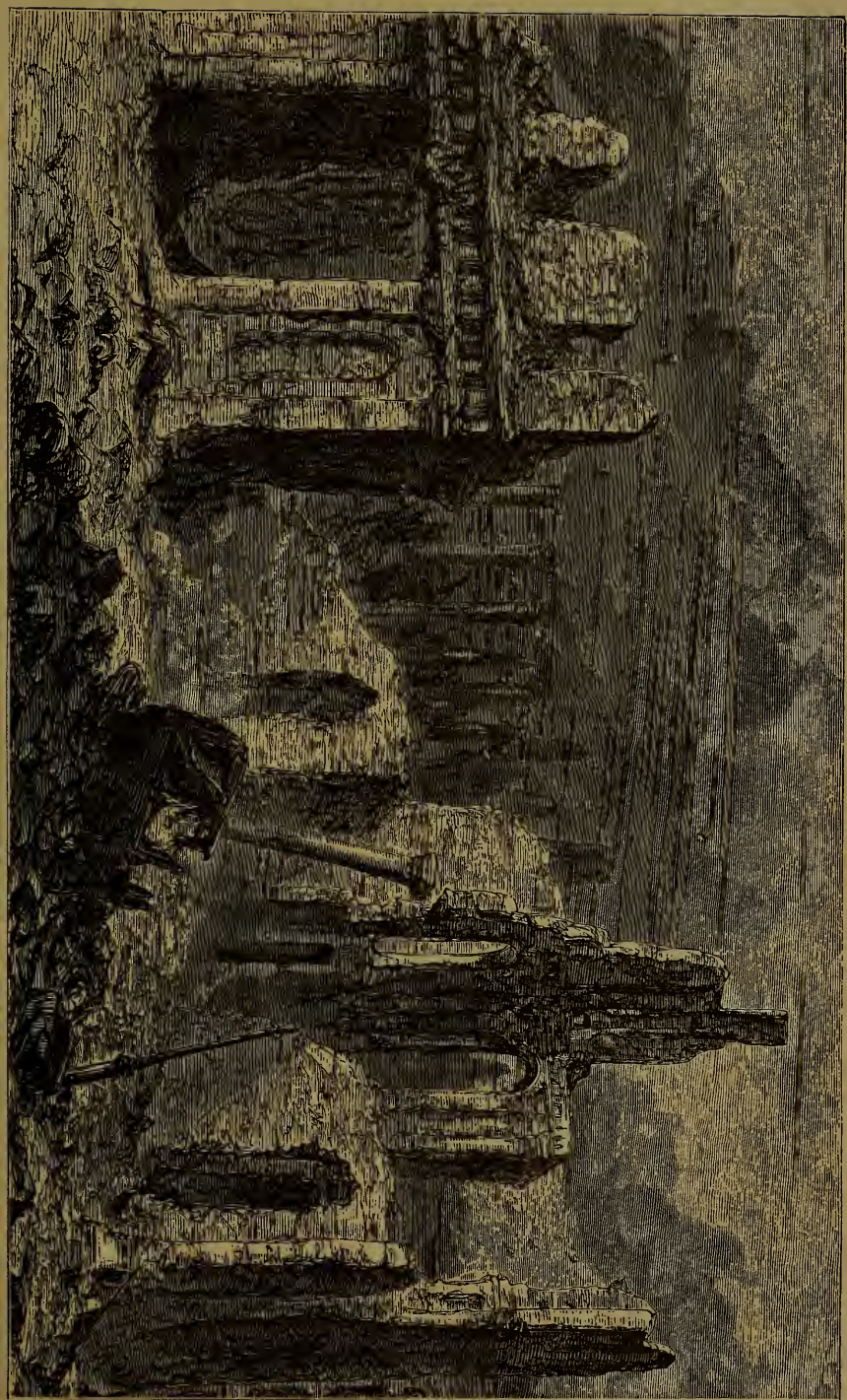
General Lee had long before expressed his belief that without the help of the slaves the war must end disastrously. But all men knew that a slave who had been a soldier could be a slave no longer. The owners were not prepared to free their slaves, and they refused therefore to arm them. In November, with utter ruin impending, a bill was introduced into the Confederate Congress for arming two hundred thousand negroes. It was debated till the following March. Then a feeble compromise was passed, merely giving the President power to accept such slaves as were offered to him. So inflexibly resolute were the leaders of the South in their hostility to Emancipation. It was wholly unimportant. At that time government could have armed only another five thousand men; and could not feed the men it had.

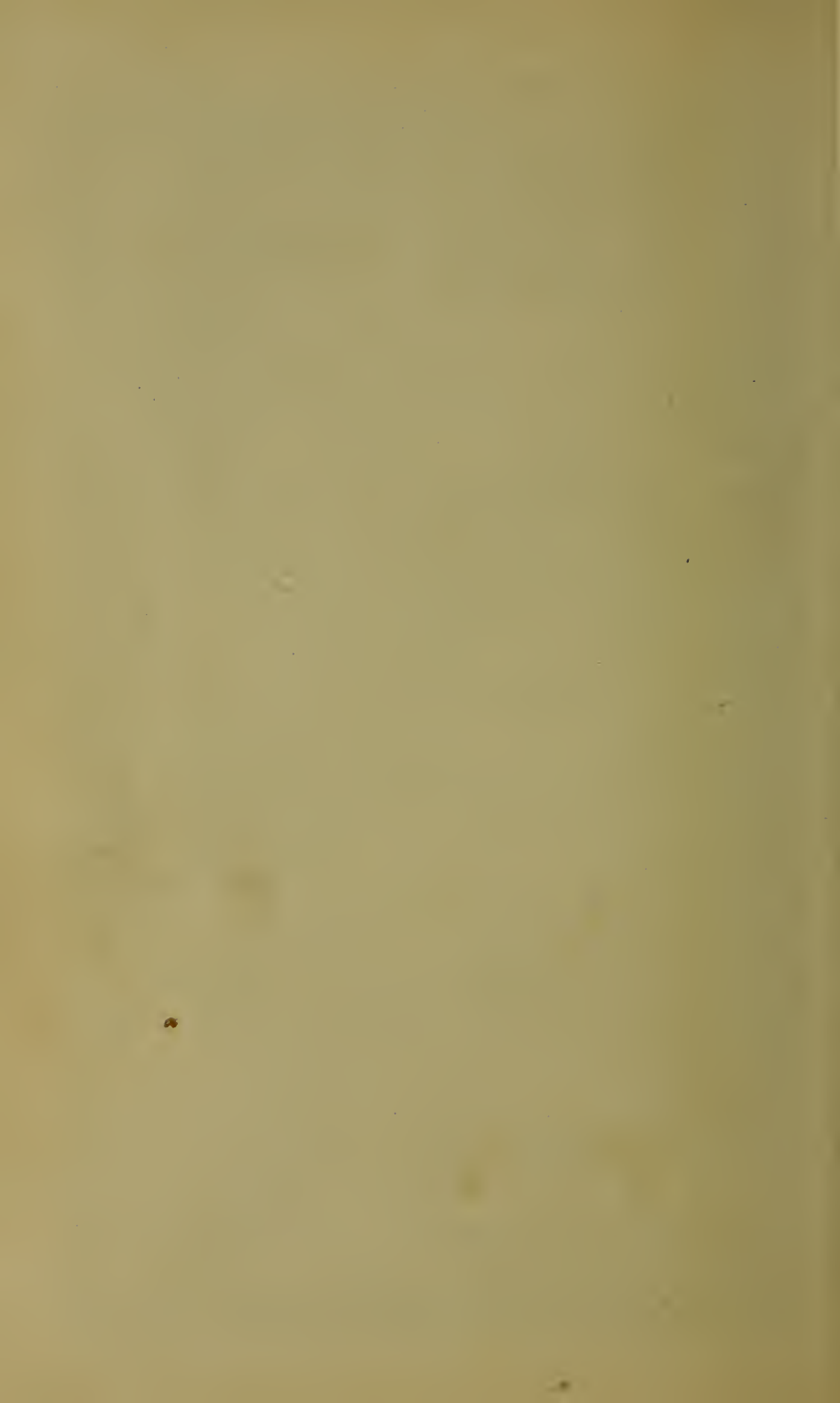
The finances of the Confederacy were an utter wreck. Government itself sold specie at the rate of one gold dollar for sixty dollars in paper money. Mr. Davis, by a measure of partial repudiation, relieved himself for a short space from some of his embarrassments. But no device would gain public confidence for the currency of a falling power. A loaf of bread cost three dollars. It took a month's pay to buy the soldier a pair of stockings. The misery of the country was deep, abject, unutterable. President Davis came to be regarded by many with abhorrence, as the cause of all this wretchedness. Curses, growing ever deeper and louder, were breathed against the unsuccessful chief.

General Grant, well aware of the desperate condition of the Confederates, pressed incessantly upon their enfeebled lines. He had one hundred and sixty thousand men under his command. Sheridan joined him with a magnificent

force of cavalry. Sherman with his victorious army was near. Grant began to fear that Lee would take to flight, and keep the Rebellion alive on other fields. A general movement of all the forces around Richmond was decided upon. Lee struggled bravely, but in vain, against overwhelming numbers. His right was assailed by Sheridan, and driven back with heavy loss,—five thousand hungry and disheartened men laying down their arms. On that same night Grant opened, from all his guns, a terrific and prolonged bombardment. At dawn the assault was made. Its strength was directed against one of the Confederate forts. The fight ceased elsewhere, and the armies looked on. There was a steady advance of the blue-coated lines; a murderous volley from the little garrison; wild cheers from the excited spectators. Under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry the soldiers of the Union rush on; they swarm into the ditch and up the sides of the works. Those who first reach the summit fall back slain by musket-shot or bayonet-thrust. But others press fiercely on. Soon their exulting cheers tell that the fort is won. Lee's army is cut in two. His position is no longer tenable. He telegraphed at once to President Davis that Richmond must be evacuated.

It was Communion Sunday in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and President Davis was in his pew among the other worshippers. No intelligence from the army had been allowed to reach the public for some days. But the sound of Grant's guns had been heard, and the reserve of the government was ominous. Many a keen eye sought to gather from the aspect of the President some forecast of the future. In vain. That serene, self-possessed face had lost nothing of its habitual reticence. In all that congregation there was no worshipper who seemed less encumbered by the world, more absorbed by the sacred employment of





the hour, than President Davis. The service proceeded, and the congregation knelt in prayer. As President Davis rose from his knees, the sexton handed him a slip of paper. He calmly read it. Then he calmly lifted his prayer-book, and with unmoved face walked softly from the church. It was Lee's message he had received. Jefferson Davis's sole concern now was to escape doom. He fled at once, by special train, towards the South. Then the work of evacuation commenced. The gunboats on the river were blown up. The bridges were destroyed. The great warehouses in the city were set on fire, and in the flames thus wickedly kindled a third part of the city was consumed. All who had made themselves prominent in the Rebellion fled from the anticipated vengeance of the Federals. The soldiers were marched off, plundering as they went. Next morning Richmond was in possession of the Northern troops. Among the first to enter the capital was a regiment of negro cavalry.

About midnight on Sunday Lee began his retreat from the position which he had kept so well. Grant promptly followed him. On Tuesday morning Lee reached a point where he had ordered supplies to wait him. By some fatal blunder, the cars laden with the food which his men needed so much had been run on to Richmond, and were lost to him. Hungry and weary the men toiled on, hotly pursued by Grant. Soon a hostile force appeared in their front, and it became evident that they were surrounded.

General Grant wrote to General Lee asking the surrender of his army, to spare the useless effusion of blood. Lee did not at first admit that surrender was necessary, and Grant pressed the pursuit with relentless energy. Lee at last wrote to request a meeting, that the terms of surrender might be arranged. The two leaders met in a way-side cottage. They had never seen each other before,

although they had both served in the Mexican war, and Lee mentioned pleasantly that he remembered the name of his antagonist from that time. Grant drew up and presented in writing the terms which he offered. The men were to lay down their arms, and give their pledge that they would not serve against the American government till regularly exchanged. They were then to return to their homes, with a guarantee that they would not be disturbed by the government against which they had rebelled. Grant asked if these terms were satisfactory.

"Yes," said Lee, "they are satisfactory. The truth is, I am in such a position that any terms offered to me *must* be satisfactory."

And then he told how his men had been for two days without food, and begged General Grant to spare them what he could. Grant, generously eager to relieve his fallen enemies, despatched instantly a large drove of oxen and a train of provision wagons. In half an hour there were heard in the Federal camp the cheers with which the hungry Confederates welcomed those precious gifts.

Lee rode quietly back to his army. The surrender was expected. When its details became known, officers and men crowded around their much-loved chief to assure him of their devotion, to obtain a parting grasp of his hand. Lee was too deeply moved to say much.

"Men," he said, with his habitual simplicity, "we have fought through the war together, and I have done the best I could for you."

A day or two later the men stacked their arms and went to their homes. The history of the once splendid Army of Northern Virginia had closed.

Lee's surrender led the way to the surrender of all the Confederate armies. Within a few days there was no organized force of any importance in arms against the Union. The War of the Great Rebellion was at an end.



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.

WHEN the closing operations against Richmond were being arranged, President Lincoln went down to General Grant's head-quarters at City Point. He remained there till Lee's surrender. He visited Richmond on the day it was taken, and walked through the streets holding his little boy by his hand. The freed slaves crowded to welcome their deliverer. They expressed in a thousand grotesque ways their gratitude to the good "Father Abraham." There had been dark hints for some time that there were those among the Confederates who would avenge their defeat by the murder of the President. Mr. Lincoln was urged to be on his guard, and his friends were unwilling that he should visit Richmond. He himself cared little, now that the national cause had triumphed.

He returned unharmed to Washington on the evening of Lee's surrender. The next few days were perhaps the brightest in his whole life. He had guided the nation through the heaviest trial which had ever assailed it. On every side were joy and gladness. Flags waved, bells rang, guns were fired, houses were illuminated; the thanks of innumerable grateful hearts went up to God for this great deliverance. No heart in all the country was more joyful and more thankful than Mr. Lincoln's. He occupied himself with plans for healing the wounds of his bleeding country, and bringing back the revolted States to a contented occupa-

tion of their appointed places in the Union. No thought of severity was in his mind. Now that armed resistance to the government was crushed, the gentlest measures which would give security in the future were those most agreeable to the good President.

On the 14th he held a meeting of his Cabiret, at which General Grant was present. The quiet cheerfulness and hopefulness of the President imparted to the proceedings of the council a tone long remembered by those who were present. After the meeting he drove out with Mrs. Lincoln, to whom he talked of the good days in store. They had had a hard time, he said, since they came to Washington; but now, by God's blessing, they might hope for quieter and happier years.

In the evening he drove, with Mrs. Lincoln and two or three friends, to a theatre where he knew the people expected his coming. As the play went on, the audience were startled by a pistol-shot in the President's box. A man brandishing a dagger was seen to leap from the box on to the stage, and with a wild cry, "The South is avenged!" he disappeared behind the scenes. The President sat motionless, his head sunk down upon his breast. He was evidently unconscious. When the surgeon came, it was found that a bullet had pierced the brain, inflicting a deadly wound. He was carried to a house close by. His family and the great officers of State, by whom he was dearly loved, sat around the bed of the dying President. He lingered till morning, breathing heavily, but in entire unconsciousness, and then he passed away.

At the same hour the President was murdered, a ruffian broke into the sick-room of Mr. Seward, who was suffering from a recent accident, and stabbed him as he lay in bed. His bloody work was happily interrupted, and Mr. Seward recovered.



The assassin of Mr. Lincoln was an actor called Booth, a fanatical adherent of the fallen Confederacy. His leg was broken in the leap on to the stage, but he was able to reach a horse which stood ready at the theatre door. He rode through the city, crossed the Potomac by a bridge, in the



ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

face of the sentinels posted there, and passed safely beyond present pursuit. A week later he was found hid in a barn, and well armed. He refused to surrender, and was preparing to fire, when a soldier ended his miserable existence by a bullet.

The grief of the American people for their murdered President was beyond example deep and bitter. Perhaps for no man were there ever shed so profusely the tears of sorrow. Not in America alone, but in England too, where President Lincoln was at length understood and honored, his loss was deeply mourned. It was resolved that he should be buried beside his old home in Illinois. The embalmed remains were to be conveyed to their distant resting-place by a route which would give to the people of the chief Northern cities a last opportunity to look upon the features of the man they loved so well. The sad procession moved on its long journey of nearly two thousand miles, traversing the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Everywhere, as the funeral train passed, the weeping people sought to give expression to their reverential sorrow. At the great cities the body lay in state, and all business was suspended.

At length Springfield was reached. The body was taken to the State House. His neighbors looked once more upon that well-remembered face, wasted, indeed, by years of anxious toil, but wearing still, as of old, its kind and placid expression.

Four years ago Lincoln said to his neighbors, when he was leaving them, "I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington." He had nobly accomplished his task; and this was the manner of his home-coming.

A week before the assassination, the bells of almost every village in the North and West had rung for joy over the fall of Richmond; now they were heard tolling in every place, and half-mast flags were seen on every public square and village green where yesterday they were waving in victory. Those were days ever to be remembered, when strong men stood dumb in their fields and wept.

THE PATRIOT'S REMEMBRANCES.

Sweet spring is in the air, good wife,
The bluer sky appears,
The robin sings the welcome note
He sung in other years.
Twelve times the spring has oped the rills,
Twelve times has autumn sighed,
Since hung the war clouds o'er the hills,
The year that Lincoln died.

The March wind early left the zone
For distant northern seas,
And wandering airs of gentle tone
Came to the door-yard trees ;
And sadness in the dewy hours
Her reign extended wide
When spring retouched the hills with flowers,
The year that Lincoln died.

We used to sit and talk of him,
Our long, long absent son ;
We 'd two to love us then, good wife,
But now we have but one.
The springs return, the autumns burn
His grave unknown beside ;
They laid him 'neath the moss and fern,
The year that Lincoln died.

One day I was among the flocks
That roamed the April dells,
When floating from the city came
The sound of many bells.
The towns around caught up the sound,
I climbed the mountain side,
And saw the spires with banners crowned,
The year that Lincoln died.

I knew what meant that sweet accord,
That jubilee of bells,
And sang an anthem to the Lord
Amid the pleasant dells.

But when I thought of those so young
That slept the James beside,
In undertones of joy I sung,
The year that Lincoln died.

And when the tidings came, good wife,
Our soldier boy was dead,
I bowed my trembling knee in prayer,
You bowed your whitened head.
The house was still, the woods were calm,
And while you sobbed and cried,
I sang alone the evening psalm,
The year that Lincoln died.

I hung his picture 'neath the shelf,
It still is hanging there ;
I laid his ring where you yourself
Had put a curl of hair.
Then to the spot where willows wave
With hapless steps we hied,
And "Charley's" called an empty grave,
The year that Lincoln died.

The years will come, the years will go,
But never at our door
The fair-haired boy we used to meet
Will smile upon us more.
But memory long will hear the fall
Of steps at eventide,
And every blooming year recall
The year that Lincoln died.

One day I was among the flocks
That roamed the April dells,
When at the noonday hour I heard
A tolling of the bells.
With heavy heart and footsteps slow
I climbed the mountain side,
And saw the blue flags hanging low,
The year that Lincoln died.

That eve I stopped to rest awhile
Beside the meadow bars,
Where, years before, poor Charley watched
The comet 'mong the stars.
Then from his night-encumbered way
A traveller stepped aside ;
And told the dreadful news that day,
The year that Lincoln died.

Ah ! many a year, ah ! many a year,
The birds will cross the seas,
And blossoms fall in gentle showers
Beneath the door-yard trees,
And still will tender mothers weep
The soldier's grave beside,
And fresh in memory ever keep
The year that Lincoln died.

Where many sow the seed in tears
Shall many reap in joy,
And harvesters in golden years
Shall bless our darling boy.
With happy homes for other eyes
Expands the future wide ;
And God will bless our sacrifice,
The year that Lincoln died.

CHAPTER XXV.

PEACE.

THE cost of the war had been very terrible. On the Northern side, two million seven hundred thousand men bore arms at some period of the war. Of these there died in battle, or in hospital of wounds received in battle, ninety-six thousand men. There died in hospital of disease, one hundred and eighty-four thousand. Many went home wounded, to die among the scenes of their infancy. Many went home stricken with lingering and mortal disease. Of these there is no record but in the sad memories which haunt nearly every Northern home.

In nearly all civil strifes, until now, the woe which waits upon the vanquished has been mercilessly inflicted. After resistance has ceased, the grim scaffold is set up, and brave men who have escaped the sword stoop to the fatal axe. It was assumed by many that the Americans would avenge themselves according to the ancient usage. Here, again, it was the privilege of America to present a noble example to other nations. Nearly every Northern man had lost relative or friend. But there was no cry for vengeance. There was no feeling of bitterness. Excepting in battle, no drop of blood was shed by the Northern people. The great republic had been not merely strong, resolute, enduring; it was also singularly and nobly humane.

Jefferson Davis fled southward on that memorable Sunday when the sexton of St. Paul's Church handed to him General

CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



Lee's message. He had need to be diligent, for a party of American cavalry were quickly upon his track. They followed him through gaunt pine wildernesses, across rivers and dreary swamps, past the huts of wondering settlers, until at length they came upon him near a little town in Georgia. They quietly surrounded his party. Davis assumed the garments of his wife. The soldiers saw at first nothing more formidable than an elderly and not very well-dressed female. But the unfeminine boots which he wore led to closer inspection, and quickly the fallen President stood disclosed to his deriding enemies.

There was at first suspicion that Davis encouraged the assassination of the President. Could that have been proved, he would have died by the hand of the hangman. But it became evident, on due examination being made, that he was not guilty of this crime. For a time the American people regarded Davis with just indignation, as the chief cause of all the bloodshed which had taken place. Gradually their anger relaxed into a kind of grim, contemptuous playfulness. He was to be put upon his trial for treason. Frequently a time was named when the trial would begin. But the time never came. Ultimately Davis was set at liberty.

What were the Americans to do with the million of armed men now in their employment? It was believed in Europe that these men would never return to peaceful labor. Government could not venture to turn them loose upon the country. Military employment must be found for them, and would probably be found in foreign wars.

While yet public writers in Europe occupied themselves with these dark anticipations, the American government, all unaware of difficulty, ordered its armies to march on Washington. During two days the bronzed veterans who had followed Grant and Sherman in so many bloody fights passed through the city. Vast multitudes from all parts of the

Union looked on with a proud but chastened joy. And then, just as quickly as the men could be paid the sums which were due to them, they gave back the arms they had used so bravely, and returned to their homes. It was only six weeks since Richmond fell, and already the work of disbanding was well advanced. The men who had fought this war were, for the most part, citizens who had freely taken up arms to defend the national life. They did not love war, and when their work was done they thankfully resumed their ordinary employments. Very speedily the American army numbered only forty thousand men. Europe, when she grows a little wiser, will follow the American example. The wasteful folly of maintaining huge standing armies in time of peace is not destined to disgrace the world for ever.

What was the position of the Confederate States when the war closed? Were they provinces conquered by the Union armies, to be dealt with as the conquerors might deem necessary; or were they, in spite of all they had done, still members of the Union, as of old? The Confederates themselves had no doubt on the subject. They had tried their utmost to leave the Union. It was impossible to conceal that. But they had not been permitted to leave it. They had never left it. As they were not out of the Union, it was obvious they were in it. And so they claimed to resume their old rights, and re-occupy their places in Congress, as if no rebellion had occurred.

Mr. Lincoln's successor was Andrew Johnson, a man whose rough vigor had raised him from the lowly position of tailor to the highest office in the country. He was imperfectly educated. He clung to the strictly logical view that there could be no such thing as secession; that the rebel States had never been out of the Union; that now there was nothing required but that the Confederates, having accepted their defeat, should resume their old positions, as if "the late unpleasantness" had not occurred.

The American people were too wise to give heed to the logic of the President. They had preserved the life of their nation through sacrifices which filled their homes with sorrow and privation. They would not be tricked out of the advantages which they had bought with so great a price. Slavery had imposed upon them a great national peril, which it cost them infinite toil to avert. They would take what securities it was possible to obtain that no such invasion of the national tranquillity should occur again.

It was out of the position so wrongfully assigned to the negro race that this huge disorder had arisen. The North, looking at this with eyes which long and sad experience had enlightened, resolved that the negro should never again divide the sisterhood of States. No root of bitterness should be left in the soil. Citizenship was no longer to be dependent upon color. The long dishonor offered to the Fathers of Independence was to be cancelled. Henceforth American law would present no contradiction to the doctrine that "all men are born equal." All men now, born or naturalized in America, were to be citizens of the Union and of the State in which they resided. No State might henceforth pass any law which should abridge the privileges of any class of American citizens.

An amendment to the Constitution was proposed by Congress to give effect to these principles. It was agreed to by the States, not without reluctance on the part of some. The Revolution, so vast and so benign, was now complete. The negro, who so lately had no rights at all which a white man was bound to respect, was now in full possession of every right which the white man himself enjoyed. The successor of Jefferson Davis in the Senate of the United States was a negro !

The task of the North was now to "bind up the nation's wounds ;" the task to which Mr. Lincoln looked forward so

joyfully, and which he would have performed so well. Not a moment was lost in entering upon it. The South was utterly exhausted and helpless, without food, without clothing, without resources of any description. The land alone remained. Government provided food, without which provision there would have been in many parts of the country a great mortality from utter want.

With little delay the Confederates received the pardon of the Government, and applied themselves to the work of restoring their broken fortunes. Happily for them the means lay close at hand. Cotton bore still an extravagantly high price. The negroes remained, although no longer as slaves. They had now to be dealt with as free laborers, whose services could not be obtained otherwise than by the inducement of adequate wages. In a revolution so vast, difficulties were inevitable. But, upon the whole, the black men played their part well. It had been said they would not consent to labor when they were free to choose. That prediction was not fulfilled. When kindly treated and justly paid, they showed themselves anxious to work. Very soon it began to dawn upon the planters that slavery had been a mistake. They found themselves growing rich with a rapidity unknown before. Under the old and wasteful system, the growing crop of cotton was generally sold to the Northern merchant and paid for to the planter before it was gathered. Now it had become possible to carry on the business of the plantation without being in debt at all.

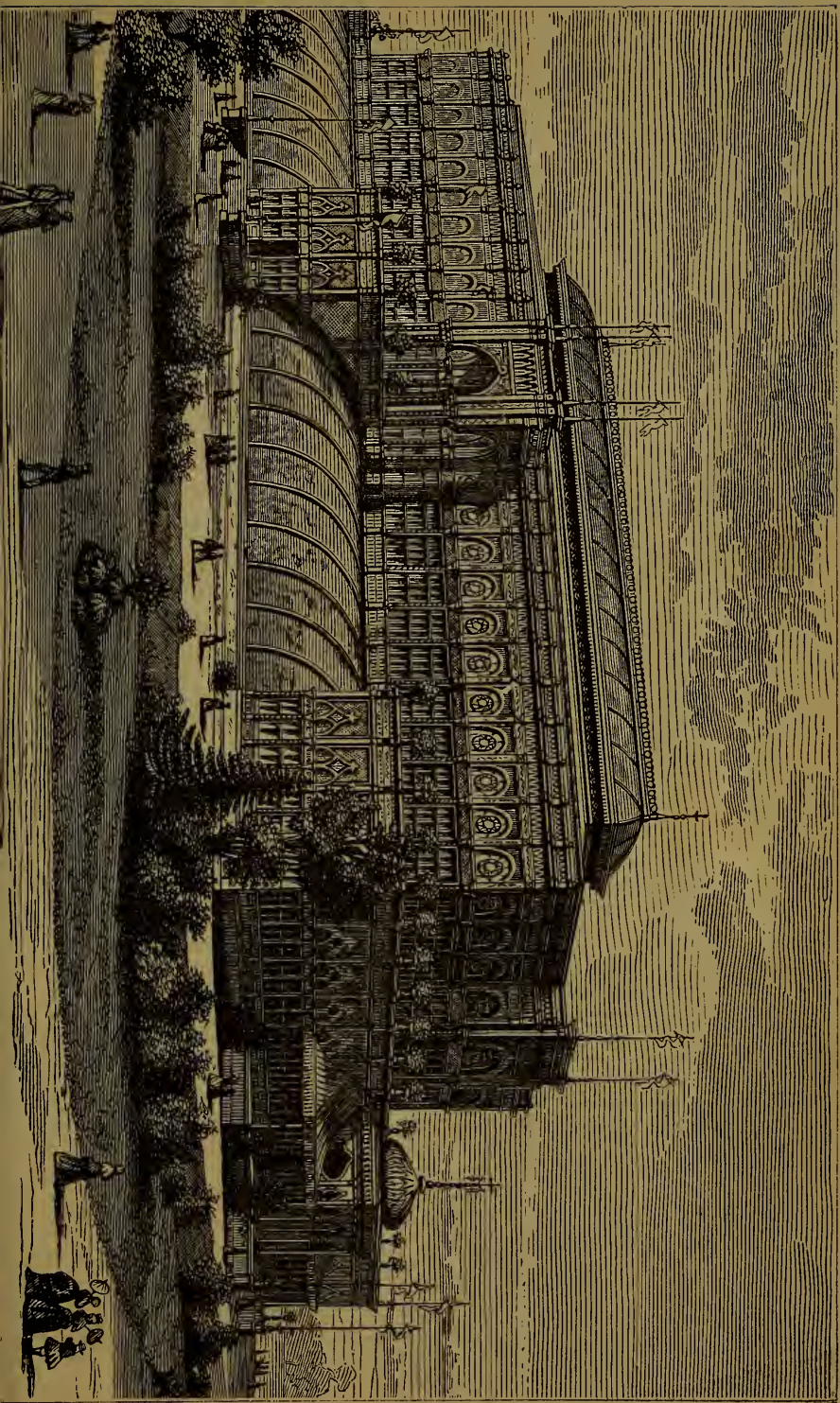
At first the proud Southerners were slow to accept the terms offered them. They had frankly accepted Emancipation. They had learned to look upon their slaves as free men. But it was hard to look upon them as their equals in political privilege. It was hard to see negroes sitting in the State legislatures, regulating with supreme authority the concerns of those who so lately owned them. Some of the

States were unable to acquiesce in a change so hateful, and continued for five years under military rule. But the Northern will was inflexible. The last rebellious State accepted the condition which the North imposed, and the restoration of the Union was at length complete.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PROSPERITY.

WHEN the war was over, the Americans addressed themselves sadly and reverently to the work of gathering into national cemeteries the bones of those who had fallen. The search was long and toilsome. The battle-ground had been a continent, and men were buried where they died. Every battle-field was searched. Every line by which an army had advanced, or by which the wounded had been removed, was searched. Sometimes a long train of ambulances had carried the wounded to hospitals many miles away. At short intervals, during that sad journey, it was told that a man had died. The train was stopped; the dead man was lifted from beside his dying companions, a shallow grave was dug, and the body, still warm, was laid in it. A soldier cut a branch from a tree, flattened its end with his knife, and wrote upon it the dead man's name. This was all that marked his lowly resting-place. The honored dead, scattered thus over the continent, were now piously gathered up. For many miles around Petersburg the ground was full of graves. During several years men were employed in the melancholy search among the ruins of the wide-stretching lines. In some cemeteries lie ten thousand, in others twenty thousand, of the men who died for the nation. An iron tablet records the name of the soldier and the battle in which he died. Often, alas! the record is merely that of "Unknown Soldier." Over the graves floats the flag which those who sleep below loved so



well. Nothing in America is more touching than her national cemeteries. So much brave young life given freely, that the nation might be saved ! So much grateful remembrance of those who gave this supreme evidence of their devotion !

THE PATRIOTS' UNKNOWN GRAVES.

Or where the ring-dove's notes, sweet summer's augur,
Float from the hillsides o'er the Tennessee,
Or by the James, or by the Chickamauga,
Or where the Gulf winds dip the sails a-lee,

Or where the Schuylkill cleaves the vernal shadows,
Or stretches far the commerce-gathering arms
Of the broad Hudson, through the freshened meadows
Of village rims and harvest-blooming farms,

Where'er we meet the friends once fondly cherished,
And hands all warm with old affection take,
Breathe ye with love the names of those who perished
And sleep in graves unknown, for freedom's sake.

The wooded slope of Chattanooga shadows
The level fields where they repose, alone ;
In serried rows in Arlington's green meadows,
Their headstones speak the one sad word, "*Unknown.*"

In silver airs we hear the bugles blowing
The notes of peace on Freedom's natal days ;
They hear no more, in sweet, suave numbers flowing,
The strains that raise the patriot-hero's praise.

Balm-breathing Junes, to old home-farms returning,
Bear from green fields no pleasant airs to them,
Nor rose and lily's odorous censers burning
In morning suns, from dew-bejewelled stem.

The west winds blow by Chickamauga River,
The south winds play the Rapidan beside,
But they are dead, and we shall see them never,
Till heaven's armies follow Him who died.

The blue Potomac hears no battle marches,
On Mission Ridge the fruiting fields increase,
Janus is closed, and o'er her crumbling arches,
Stands the white angel of the nation's peace.

Peace! Let us mingle love's sweet tears with pity's
For those who bought the heritage we own,
Who gave their all, and in death's silent cities
Have but the nameless epitaph, "*Unknown.*"

Rest in peace, ye honored martyrs of liberty! Alexanders may weep for more worlds to conquer; Cæsars may wage bloody wars and bring subjugated princes to crown their triumphal entries into the Eternal City; Napoleons may sweep with the besom of destruction all Europe, from the Tuileries to the Kremlin; but all the treasure expended, and all the blood spilled in winning their glittering conquests, are of not so much worth in the cause of humanity, and in the sight of God, as the humblest of your nameless lives freely offered in defence of your country. While the spirit that animated you shall dwell in the hearts of this people, our broad continent shall be your monument; "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,*" inscribed in letters of light upon our proud flag floating free, shall be your epitaph; and "*They died for their country,*" shall be your noblest record upon the pages of history.

The nation had tenderly cared for its soldiers during the war. The people established two great societies, called the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. Into the coffers of these societies they poured money and other contributions to the amount of twenty million dollars. The Sanitary Commission sent medical officers of experience into the armies to guide them in the choice of healthy situations for camps; to see that drainage was not neglected; to watch over the food of the soldiers, and also their clothing; to direct the attention of the government to every circumstance which threatened evil to the health of the army. Its agents





followed the armies with a line of wagons containing all manner of stores. Every thing the soldier could desire issued in profusion from those inexhaustible wagons. There were blankets and great-coats and every variety of underclothing. There were crutches for the lame, fans to soothe the wounded in the burning heat of summer, bandages and sponges and ice, and even mosquito-netting for the protection of the poor sufferers in hospital. Huge wheeled-caldrons rolled along in the rear, and ever, at the close of battle or toilsome march, dispensed welcome refreshment to the wearied soldiers.

The Christian Commission undertook to watch over the spiritual wants of the soldiers. Its president was George H. Stuart, a merchant of Philadelphia, whose name is held in enduring honor as a symbol of all that is wise and energetic in Christian beneficence. Under the auspices of this society thousands of clergymen left their congregations and went to minister to the soldiers. A copious supply of Bibles, tracts, hymn-books, and similar reading matter was furnished. The agents of the Commission preached to the soldiers, conversed with them, supplied them with books, aided them in communicating with friends at home. But they had sterner duties than these to discharge. They had to seek the wounded on the field and in the hospital; to bind up their wounds; to prepare for them such food or drink as they could use; in every way possible to soothe the agony of the brave men who were giving their lives that the nation might be saved. Hundreds of ladies were thus engaged tending the wounded and sick, speaking to them about their spiritual interests, cooking for them such dishes as might tempt the languid appetite. The dying soldier was tenderly cared for. The last loving message was conveyed to the friends in the far-off home. Nothing was left undone which could express to the men who gave this costly evidence of their patriotism the gratitude with which the country regarded them,

The fall of slavery relieved America from the chief hindrance to her progress, and the country resumed her career of peaceful industry. The ten years which followed Mr. Lincoln's first election witnessed great changes. The population of thirty-one millions had grown to forty millions, and was increasing at the rate of a million annually. From all European countries the enterprising and the needy flocked into the Eastern States. Asia was sending her thousands to the West, — the first drops of an ample shower beneficial alike to her that gives and her that takes. Every year three hundred and fifty thousand emigrants sought a home in the great republic. The annual earnings of the people were estimated at thousands of millions. There were forty-eight thousand miles of railroad in operation, and twenty thousand miles in course of formation. The iron highway stretched across the continent, and men travelled now in five or six days from New York to San Francisco. Notwithstanding the enormous waste of the war, the wealth of the people had nearly doubled. And yet the great mass of the rich lands which America possessed lay unused. Of nearly two thousand millions of acres only five hundred millions had been even surveyed. In the vast residue, yet useless to man, the Great Father had made inexhaustible provision for the wants of his children.

Although slavery had fallen, many evils remained to vex the American people. The debt incurred in putting down the Rebellion was large, and the management of the finances became a most important political issue.

The triumphs of peace now began. The Atlantic Cable uniting the United States and England was successfully laid in 1866. Alaska was purchased from the Russian government in 1867. General Ulysses S. Grant was elected President by a great majority in 1868, and after his inauguration the leading public questions and issues which had grown out



of the war began to be peaceably settled, and a remarkable reduction of the war debt took place year by year. The Union Pacific Railroad, a grand work whose inception is due to a much-maligned capitalist, Hon. Oakes Ames, who offered his fortune that the enterprise might save the Pacific States to the Union at a time of uncertainty and depression, now linked together the East and West. In 1870 the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing to every man the right of suffrage, having been ratified by the legislatures of two thirds of the States, became a part of the national law. General amnesty was proclaimed to those who had taken arms against the government. In 1872 General Grant was re-elected by another great majority.

The Centennial, a world's fair held at Philadelphia on the one hundredth year of Independence, was the great event of 1876. It opened in May, and brought to Philadelphia strangers from all parts of the world. The delightful Pennsylvania Railroad was crowded with trains for months. The buildings for the exhibition occupied three hundred acres of Fairmount Park. They were industrial palaces, into which were gathered the products of all lands. The Emperor of Brazil was present. At the opening six hundred voices sang the Hallelujah Chorus, cannon thundered, and the bells of the city rang for joy. The main building of the exhibition covered twenty-one acres. Memorial Hall, an art gallery built by the State of Pennsylvania, alone cost \$1,500,000. Machinery Hall, another building, was fourteen hundred feet long. In the main building thirty-five countries were represented.

On the 7th of November, 1876, the national election resulted in a nearly drawn battle between the two great political parties. The Republican candidate for President was Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio, and the Democratic candidate, Samuel J. Tilden of New York. Mr. Tilden had a

popular majority, but Mr. Hayes had a majority of one in the final count of the national electors. No great political events occurred during Mr. Hayes's administration, but among the Presidents during years of peace, few have won such general esteem. Himself a Christian gentleman, of broad and cultured views, his administration will long influence the future by its high aims and moral power. In 1880 General James A. Garfield, Republican, was elected President. The Republican party have thus been in power twenty years.

The sunlight falls on no people more happy and prosperous. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, all the wheels of industry are in motion; the wheat fields multiply to feed the world, the school bell and the church bell ring, prosperity and progress are in the air, the land, and the great watercourses, and the nation is at peace.



MAIN BUILDING.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1880—1881.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD—MARQUIS OF LORNE—THE
POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CAN-
ADA—CONCLUSION.

THE year 1881, the last of our history, finds America in the flood tide of prosperity.

James A. Garfield was installed in office as the twentieth President of the United States, at noon on the 4th of March, 1881. The simple ceremony, which under a republican form relieves one citizen of the duties of Chief Executive of the nation, and invests another citizen with those same duties, was performed in the presence of a throng of people, larger than had ever before witnessed such a scene.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

A brilliant assembly gathered in the Senate Chamber. The senators were seated on one side. The galleries were filled with notable persons from all parts of the country.

The diplomatic corps, headed by the British Minister, Sir Edward Thornton, resplendent in court costumes; the justices of the Supreme Court in their silk robes; General Hancock, and a throng of the best-known men in the country, — entered the chamber before twelve o'clock, and took seats assigned to them. President Hayes and Mr. Garfield, followed by Mr. Chester A. Arthur, the Vice-President elect, and, finally, the House of Representatives, headed by Speaker Randall, entered; and in presence of this assembly the oath of office was administered to the new Vice-President. After this had been done, the whole body of witnesses repaired to the eastern portico, where a platform had been erected for the President and those who were entitled by official or personal position to be present.

General Garfield then arose, and, after taking the oath of office, read in a loud, clear voice his inaugural address, and the inauguration ceremonies were ended.

General Garfield was born in the township of Orange, Ohio, fifteen miles from Cleveland, on November 19, 1831. His father and mother were of New England stock, and he was the youngest of four children.

Through his own exertions he obtained an academical and collegiate education, graduating with honor at Williams College, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1856. He was immediately chosen professor in a college at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, and two years afterwards became president of the college.

In 1861, when the war broke out, he was chosen colonel of the 42d Ohio Regiment. His army service was highly honorable. He was very soon in command of a brigade, served through the Western campaigns, and was made a major-general for his services at the battle of Chickamauga.

While absent in the field he was nominated and elected to Congress, and from 1863 to 1880 continued to represent

his district. He was chosen, by the Legislature of Ohio, a United States senator for the six years' term, beginning March 4, 1881, but was subsequently elected to the presidency of the nation.

A view of the political history of the Cabinet of President Garfield well illustrates the genius, results, and promises of American institutions.

The Secretary of State, and leader in the new Cabinet, is Senator James G. Blaine, of Maine. Mr. Blaine is a native of Pennsylvania, but has resided in Maine for more than twenty-five years. He represented the third district of Maine in Congress from 1863 until 1876, and the State of Maine, in the Senate, from 1876 until the present time. He was six years Speaker of the national House. In 1876, and also in 1880, he was one of the leading candidates before the Republican Convention for President.

Mr. William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, is a native of Ohio. He removed to Minnesota in 1853. On the admission of that State in 1858, he was chosen its representative in Congress. After a service of ten years in that capacity, he was appointed a senator in 1870, chosen for a full term in 1871, and in 1877 re-elected for the term ending in 1883. He received the votes of Minnesota for the presidential nomination at the Chicago Convention last year.

Senator Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, is the new Secretary of the Interior. He was born in Maryland, lived twenty years in Ohio, has been three times elected governor of Iowa, and was for the second time a senator when he was appointed a member of the Cabinet.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War, is the only surviving son of President Lincoln. He is a lawyer of Chicago, and has never before held office.

Judge William H. Hunt, of Louisiana, represents the

South in the new Cabinet, as Secretary of the Navy. He is a native of South Carolina, but has long lived in Louisiana. He was appointed by President Hayes a Judge of the United States Court of Claims, and is transferred from that position to the Cabinet.

The Attorney-General is Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania. He has long been a prominent lawyer of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Thomas L. James, the Postmaster General, is a native and citizen of New York, and was formerly an editor. During the past eight years he has been postmaster of New York City, and has won the reputation of being one of the best postmasters the city ever had.

The census of the United States shows that the population of the country is upwards of fifty millions, the exact number, according to the first returns, which may be slightly changed hereafter, being 50,152,559. This is an increase of 11,600,000 during ten years, or at the rate of more than a million a year.

The increase during the last ten years is very much the largest ever made in that length of time.

Indeed the growth of the country lacks but little of being as great as the entire population of the United States in 1830, half a century ago. The three States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio now contain 12,563,705 inhabitants; and in 1830 the whole country had but 12,866,020.

The increase has been very general. The States of northern New England have grown the least, those of the South and West the most; but not a single State or Territory has as few inhabitants now as it had in 1870.

CANADA.

The appointment of the Marquis of Lorne in 1878 to succeed Earl Dufferin as governor-general of Canada, was

a very interesting event. His high rank, the fact of his marriage with the daughter of the Queen of England, his youth, and his fine talents made his selection for the high post a peculiarly brilliant and striking one.

The Marquis of Lorne is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, one of the greatest and most powerful Scottish nobles, whose family has long been eminent in statesmanship and military fame. The duke himself has for many years occupied a conspicuous place in England as a Liberal leader, and has held some of the highest cabinet offices.

Several years ago the Marquis of Lorne, then a young man, who had just become a member of the House of Commons, was attracted by the beauty and graces of the Princess Louise, the queen's fourth daughter.

The marquis's attachment was returned by the princess ; but no member of the English royal family for two centuries had ever married any one not of royal blood. The Queen at last assented to the union.

The marriage, however, cut off from the young marquis the prospect of an eminent political career at home. It would not do for one closely connected with the royal family to enter actively into political contests, to become the chief of a party, or to aspire to a seat in the cabinet ; for the English people are very jealous of royal interference, and the marquis's elevation, no matter how much deserved, would give rise to suspicions of undue royal influence.

The Canadians are justly proud that a daughter of the queen presides over the governor-general's household and dispenses its hospitalities.

The area of the Dominion of Canada is three million five hundred thousand square miles, which is more than that of the United States, and but little less than the whole of Europe.

The political situation of the Dominion of Canada is a curious one. It is doubtful whether a similar instance can be found in the history of the world. On the one hand, it is a dependency of Great Britain. It is presided over by a governor-general, appointed by the British Prime Minister, who receives from the British treasury a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, and who is the executive of the Dominion. It is protected by British troops, and it is divided into provinces, presided over by lieutenant-governors appointed by the Crown.

On the other hand, Canada has complete control over its local affairs. Its Legislature comprises a Senate, the members of which are chosen for life by the governor-general, and a House of Commons, elected by the people for the period of five years. There is also a Cabinet, which comes into and goes out of office just as the English Cabinet does, according as it is supported or not by the House of Commons.

The Canadian Parliament votes taxes and expenditures, regulates police, and has generally complete legislative control, subject to the veto of the governor-general, which, as a matter of fact, is never used, any more than is that of the Queen of England.

There are two political parties in Canada, corresponding to those in England, and called "Liberals" and "Conservatives."

One of the principal questions which divide these Canadian parties is that of the commercial policy of the Dominion. The Liberals incline to free trade, and to an arrangement with the United States which will allow the goods of the two countries to pass from one to the other with the least restriction. The Conservatives, on the other hand, favor a more protective policy, and would try to sustain Canadian manufactures by a high tariff.

The population of Canada in 1861 was 3,090,561, exclusive of Indians in the North-west and Hudson Bay Territories ; in 1871 it was 3,906,810, a remarkable increase in ten years.

The names of the Provinces and their population are as follows :—

Ontario	1,620,842
Quebec	1,191,505
Nova Scotia	387,800
New Brunswick	285,777
Manitoba	13,000
British Columbia, including Indians . . .	35,000

All the industries of Canada, the building of ships, the fisheries, the products of the forests, the lumber trade, and even agriculture, are growing and highly successful, and the Dominion is enjoying a golden age of peace and prosperity almost as bright as were the dreams of Acadia of old.

PRESIDENTS AND VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PRESIDENTS.		VICE-PRESIDENTS.	
Name.	Qualified.	Name.	Qualified.
George Washington . . .	1789	John Adams	1789
George Washington . . .	1793	John Adams	1793
John Adams	1797	Thomas Jefferson	1797
Thomas Jefferson	1801	Aaron Burr	1801
Thomas Jefferson	1805	George Clinton	1805
James Madison	1809	George Clinton	1809
James Madison	1813	Elbridge Gerry	1813
		* John Gaillard	1814
James Monroe	1817	Daniel D. Tompkins	1817
James Monroe	1821	Daniel D. Tompkins	1821
John Quincy Adams	1825	John C. Calhoun	1825
Andrew Jackson	1829	John C. Calhoun	1829
Andrew Jackson	1833	Martin Van Buren	1833
Martin Van Buren	1837	Richard M. Johnson	1837
Wm. Henry Harrison	1841	John Tyler	1841
John Tyler	1841	* Samuel L. Southard	1841
		* Willie P. Mangum	1842
James K. Polk	1845	George M. Dallas	1845
Zachary Taylor	1849	Millard Fillmore	1849
Millard Fillmore	1850	* William R. King	1850
Franklin Pierce	1853	William R. King	1853
		* David R. Atchison	1853
		* Jesse D. Bright	1854
James Buchanan	1857	John C. Breckinridge	1857
Abraham Lincoln	1861	Hannibal Hamlin	1861
Abraham Lincoln	1865	Andrew Johnson	1865
Andrew Johnson	1865	* Lafayette S. Foster	1865
		* Benjamin F. Wade	1867
Ulysses S. Grant	1869	Schuyler Colfax	1869
Ulysses S. Grant	1873	Henry Wilson	1873
		* Thomas W. Ferry	1875
Rutherford B. Hayes	1877	William A. Wheeler	1877
James A. Garfield	1881	Chester A. Arthur	1881

* Acting Vice-President and President *pro tem.* of the Senate.

POPULATION AND AREA OF THE STATES AND TERRITORIES.

STATES.	POPULATION.		AREA IN SQUARE MILES.
	1880.	1870.	
Alabama	1,262,794	996,992	50,722
Arkansas	802,564	484,471	52,198
California	864,686	560,247	157,801
Colorado	194,649	39,864	104,500
Connecticut	622,683	537,454	4,750
Delaware	146,654	125,015	2,120
Florida	267,351	187,748	59,268
Georgia	1,539,048	1,184,109	58,000
Illinois	3,078,769	2,539,891	55,410
Indiana	1,978,362	1,680,637	33,809
Iowa	1,624,620	1,194,020	55,045
Kansas	995,966	364,399	80,891
Kentucky	1,648,708	1,321,011	37,680
Louisiana	940,103	726,915	41,346
Maine	648,945	626,915	35,000
Maryland	934,632	780,894	11,124
Massachusetts	1,783,012	1,457,351	7,800
Michigan	1,636,331	1,184,059	56,451
Minnesota	780,806	439,706	83,531
Mississippi	1,131,592	827,922	47,156
Missouri	2,168,804	1,721,295	65,350
Nebraska	452,433	122,993	75,995
Nevada	62,265	42,491	112,090
New Hampshire	346,984	318,300	9,280
New Jersey	1,130,983	906,096	8,320
New York	5,083,810	4,382,759	47,000
North Carolina	1,400,047	1,071,361	50,704
Ohio	3,198,239	2,665,260	39,964
Oregon	174,767	90,923	95,274
Pennsylvania	4,282,786	3,521,951	46,000
Rhode Island	276,528	217,353	1,306
South Carolina	995,622	705,606	34,000
Tennessee	1,542,463	1,258,520	45,600
Texas	1,592,574	818,579	274,356
Vermont	332,286	330,551	9,612
Virginia	1,512,806	1,225,163	38,352
West Virginia	618,443	442,014	23,000
Wisconsin	1,315,480	1,054,670	53,924
TERRITORIES.			
Arizona	40,441	9,658	113,916
Dakota	135,180	14,181	150,932
District of Columbia	177,638	131,700	64
Idaho	32,611	14,999	86,294
Montana	39,157	20,595	143,776
New Mexico	118,430	91,874	121,201
Utah	143,906	86,786	84,476
Washington	75,120	23,955	69,994
Wyoming	20,788	9,118	97,833
Total	50,152,866	38,558,371	2,924,211
Alaska	30,178		577,390
Indian	60,000*		68,991
Indians not taxed	200,000*		

* Lowest estimates.

LIST OF THE CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE UNITED STATES
HAVING A POPULATION OF TEN THOUSAND AND UP-
WARD, ACCORDING TO THE UNITED STATES CENSUS OF
1880.

No.	CITIES AND TOWNS.	POPULATION.	No.	CITIES AND TOWNS.	POPULATION.
1	New York, N. Y. . . .	1,206,590	46	Lawrence, Mass. . . .	39,178
2	Philadelphia, Pa. . . .	846,984	47	Dayton, O.	38,677
3	Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .	566,689	48	Lynn, Mass.	38,284
4	Chicago, Ill.	503,304	49	Denver, Col.	35,630
5	Boston, Mass.	362,535	50	Oakland, Cal.	34,556
6	St. Louis, Mo.	350,522	51	Atlanta, Ga.	34,398
7	Baltimore, Md.	332,190	52	Utica, N. Y.	33,913
8	Cincinnati, O.	255,708	53	Portland, Me.	33,810
9	San Francisco, Cal. . . .	233,956	54	Memphis, Tenn.	33,593
10	New Orleans, La.	216,140	55	Springfield, Mass.	33,340
11	Cleveland, O.	160,142	56	Manchester, N. H.	32,630
12	Pittsburg, Pa.	156,381	57	St. Joseph, Mo.	32,484
13	Buffalo, N. Y.	155,137	58	Grand Rapids, Mich.	32,015
14	Washington, D. C.	147,307	59	Wheeling, W. Va.	31,266
15	Newark, N. J.	136,400	60	Mobile, Ala.	31,205
16	Louisville, Ky.	123,645	61	Hoboken, N. J.	30,999
17	Jersey City, N. J.	120,728	62	Harrisburgh, Pa.	30,762
18	Detroit, Mich.	116,342	63	Savannah, Ga.	30,681
19	Milwaukee, Wis.	115,578	64	Omaha, Neb.	30,518
20	Providence, R. I.	104,850	65	Trenton, N. J.	29,910
21	Albany, N. Y.	90,903	66	Covington, Ky.	29,720
22	Rochester, N. Y.	89,363	67	Peoria, Ill.	29,315
23	Allegheny, Pa.	78,681	68	Evansville, Ind.	29,280
24	Indianapolis, Ind.	75,074	69	Bridgeport, Conn.	29,148
25	Richmond, Va.	63,803	70	Elizabeth, N. J.	28,229
26	New Haven, Conn.	62,882	71	Erie, Pa.	27,730
27	Lowell, Mass.	59,485	72	Salem, Mass.	27,598
28	Worcester, Mass.	58,295	73	Quincy, Ill.	27,275
29	Troy, N. Y.	56,747	74	Fort Wayne, Ind.	26,880
30	Kansas City, Mo.	55,813	75	New Bedford, Mass.	26,875
31	Cambridge, Mass.	52,740	76	Terre Haute, Ind.	26,040
32	Syracuse, N. Y.	51,791	77	Lancaster, Pa.	25,769
33	Columbus, O.	51,665	78	Somerville, Mass.	24,985
34	Paterson, N. J.	50,887	79	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	23,339
35	Toledo, O.	50,143	80	Augusta, Ga.	23,023
36	Charleston, S. C.	49,999	81	Des Moines, Iowa	22,408
37	Fall River, Mass.	49,006	82	Dubuque, Iowa	22,254
38	Minneapolis, Minn.	46,887	83	Galveston, Tex.	22,253
39	Scranton, Pa.	45,850	84	Watervliet, N. Y.	22,220
40	Nashville, Tenn.	43,461	85	Norfolk, Va.	21,966
41	Reading, Pa.	43,280	86	Auburn, N. Y.	21,924
42	Hartford, Conn.	42,553	87	Holyoke, Mass.	21,851
43	Wilmington, Del.	42,499	88	Davenport, Iowa	21,834
44	Camden, N. J.	41,658	89	Chelsea, Mass.	21,785
45	St. Paul, Minn.	41,498	90	Petersburgh, Va.	21,656

LIST OF CITIES AND TOWNS.—Continued.

NO.	CITIES AND TOWNS.	POPULATION.	NO.	CITIES AND TOWNS.	POPULATION.
91	Sacramento, Cal.	21,420	141	Flushing, N. Y.	15,919
92	Taunton, Mass.	21,213	142	Sandusky, O.	15,838
93	Norwich, Conn.	21,141	143	Oshkosh, Wis.	15,749
94	Oswego, N. Y.	21,117	144	Hyde Park, Ill.	15,716
95	Salt Lake City, Utah	20,768	145	Newport, R. I.	15,693
96	Springfield, O.	20,729	146	Topeka, Kan.	15,451
97	Bay City, Mich.	20,693	147	Youngstown, O.	15,431
98	San Antonio, Tex.	20,561	148	Atchison, Kan.	15,106
99	Elmira, N. Y.	20,541	149	Chester, Pa.	14,906
100	Newport, Ky.	20,433	150	Lafayette, Ind.	14,860
101	Waterbury, Conn.	20,269	151	Leadville, Col.	14,820
102	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	20,207	152	La Crosse, Wis.	14,505
103	Springfield, Ill.	19,746	153	New Britain, Conn.	13,978
104	Altoona, Pa.	19,716	154	Norwalk, Conn.	13,956
105	Burlington, Iowa	19,450	155	York, Pa.	13,940
106	Cohoes, N. Y.	19,417	156	Concord, N. H.	13,838
107	Gloucester, Mass.	19,329	157	Lincoln, R. I.	13,765
108	Lewiston, Me.	19,083	158	Virginia City, Nev.	13,705
109	Pawtucket, R. I.	19,030	159	New Lots, N. Y.	13,681
110	East Saginaw, Mich.	19,016	160	Schenectady, N. Y.	13,675
111	Williamsport, Pa.	18,934	161	Alexandria, Va.	13,658
112	Yonkers, N. Y.	18,892	162	Brockton, Mass.	13,608
113	Houston, Tex.	18,646	163	Newburyport, Mass.	13,537
114	Haverhill, Mass.	18,475	164	Lockport, N. Y.	13,522
115	Lake Township, Ill.	18,396	165	Nashua, N. H.	13,397
116	Kingston, N. Y.	18,342	166	Pittsfield, Mass.	13,367
117	Meriden, Conn.	18,340	167	South Bend, Ind.	13,279
118	Hempstead, N. Y.	18,160	168	Pottsville, Pa.	13,253
119	Zanesville, O.	18,120	169	Orange, N. J.	13,206
120	Allentown, Pa.	18,063	170	Little Rock, Ark.	13,185
121	Council Bluffs, Iowa	18,059	171	Rockford, Ill.	13,136
122	Newburgh, N. Y.	18,050	172	Fond-du-Lac, Wis.	13,091
123	Wilmington, N. C.	17,361	173	Norristown, Pa.	13,064
124	Binghamton, N. Y.	17,315	174	Lincoln, Neb.	13,004
125	Bloomington, Ill.	17,184	175	Chattanooga, Tenn.	12,892
126	New Brunswick, N. J.	17,167	176	Macon, Ga.	12,748
127	Long Island City, N. Y. . . .	17,117	177	Richmond, Ind.	12,743
128	Newton, Mass.	16,995	178	Castleton, N. Y.	12,679
129	Bangor, Me.	16,857	179	Cortlandt, N. Y.	12,664
130	Montgomery, Ala.	16,714	180	Biddeford, Me.	12,652
131	Lexington, Ky.	16,656	181	Georgetown, D. C.	12,578
132	Johnstown, N. Y.	16,626	182	San José, Cal.	12,567
133	Leavenworth, Kan.	16,550	183	Fitchburg, Mass.	12,405
134	Akron, O.	16,512	184	Canton, O.	12,258
135	New Albany, Ind.	16,422	185	Northampton, Mass.	12,172
136	Joliet, Ill.	16,145	186	Warwick, R. I.	12,163
137	Jackson, Mich.	16,105	187	Rutland, Vt.	12,149
138	Woonsocket, R. I.	16,053	188	Hamilton, O.	12,122
139	Racine, Wis.	16,031	189	Keokuk, Iowa	12,117
140	Lynchburg, Va.	15,959	190	Steubenville, O.	12,093

LIST OF CITIES AND TOWNS. — *Continued.*

NO.	CITIES AND TOWNS.	POPULATION.	NO.	CITIES AND TOWNS.	POPULATION.
191	Rome, N. Y.	12,045	219	Austin, Tex.	10,960
192	Malden, Mass.	12,017	220	Chillicothe, O.	10,938
193	Kalamazoo, Mich.	11,937	221	Woburn, Mass.	10,938
194	Easton, Pa.	11,924	222	Jacksonville, Ill.	10,927
195	Oyster Bay, N. Y.	11,923	223	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	10,822
196	Aurora, Ill.	11,825	224	Fishkill, N. Y.	10,732
197	Vicksburg, Miss.	11,814	225	Watertown, N. Y.	10,697
198	Middletown, Conn.	11,731	226	Belleville, Ill.	10,682
199	Amsterdam, N. Y.	11,711	227	Weymouth, Mass.	10,571
200	Waltham, Mass.	11,711	228	Quincy, Mass.	10,529
201	Dover, N. H.	11,687	229	New London, Conn.	10,529
202	Danbury, Conn.	11,669	230	Saginaw, Mich.	10,525
203	Rock Island, Ill.	11,660	231	Jeffersonville, Ind.	10,422
204	Derby, Conn.	11,649	232	Saugerties, N. Y.	10,375
205	Brookhaven, N. Y.	11,544	233	Dallas, Tex.	10,358
206	Wallkill, N. Y.	11,483	234	Ogdensburgh, N. Y.	10,340
207	Galesburg, Ill.	11,446	235	Madison, Wis.	10,325
208	Portsmouth, Va.	11,388	236	Stockton, Cal.	10,287
209	Burlington, Vt.	11,364	237	Lenox, N. Y.	10,249
210	Chicopee, Mass.	11,325	238	Winona, Minn.	10,208
211	Portsmouth, O.	11,314	239	North Adams, Mass.	10,192
212	Los Angeles, Cal.	11,311	240	Shenandoah, Pa.	10,148
213	Stamford, Conn.	11,298	241	Marlborough, Mass.	10,126
214	Muskegon, Mich.	11,262	242	Eau Claire, Wis.	10,118
215	Logansport, Ind.	11,198	243	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	10,104
216	Attleborough, Mass.	11,111	244	Jamaica, N. Y.	10,089
217	Hannibal, Mo.	11,074	245	Columbia, S. C.	10,040
218	Shreveport, La.	11,017			

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

B. C.	PAGE
400. American continent known to the ancients	13
The Mysterious Races	13
The Mound-builders	19
A. D.	
1436. Birth of Columbus	30
1492. Columbus discovered the West Indies	35
1497. North American continent discovered by the Cabots	37
1497-8. Americus Vesputius lands in South America . . .	45
1512. Florida visited by Ponce de Leon	51
1513. Pacific Ocean seen by Balboa	51
1521. Cortez captured Montezuma	51
1534. Jacques Cartier on coast of Labrador	59
1535. Cartier founds Montreal	63
1539. Ferdinand De Soto lands in Florida	44
1602. James I. ascended the throne	93
Gosnold discovered Cape Cod	51
1604. Port Royal visited by De Monts	86
1606. London Company chartered	64
1607. Settlement at Jamestown, Va.	67
1608. Quebec founded by Champlain	52
Captain John Smith in Virginia	67
Mr. Robinson's congregation flee to Holland . . .	94
1609. Henry Hudson explores the Hudson River	52
1610. Poutrincourt returned to Port Royal	89
1616. Pocahontas at the English Court	83

1620.	Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth	98
1621.	Massasoit visits Plymouth	100
1623.	Dutch settled on Manhattan Island	136
1636.	Harvard College founded	113
	Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams	166
1643.	First Confederation of the Colonies	114
1660.	Granary Burying-ground first used	242
1661.	Quakers released by the king's letter	173
1664.	New Amsterdam taken by the English and named . New York	139
1673.	Marquette and Joliet discover the Mississippi	332
1675.	King Philip's War	119
1682.	Pennsylvania founded by William Penn	143
	Robert La Salle descends the Mississippi, and is killed in Texas	332
1688.	Population of Virginia 50,000	75
	Witchcraft in New England	163
1706.	Deerfield and Haverhill sacked by Indians	335
1732.	George Washington born, Feb. 22	180
1733.	Oglethorpe settled in Georgia	148
1736.	The Wesleys in Georgia	155
1744.	Chime of bells placed in Christ Church, Boston	242
1749.	Slave-trade encouraged by Parliament	340
1752.	Franklin proves lightning to be electricity	185
1754.	French and English war begun	335
	Washington's surrender at Fort Necessity	188
1755.	Braddock's defeat	193
1759.	Wolfe captured Quebec. Death of Wolfe	197
1764.	Eve of the Revolution	202
1765.	Stamp Act passed by Parliament	204
1766.	Stamp Act repealed	206
1768.	Arkwright invents the spinning-jenny	351
1770.	Boston ladies pledge themselves not to drink tea	233
1773.	Destruction of tea at Boston	211
1774.	First Congress met at Philadelphia	212
	Boston closed as a port of landing	211
1775.	Battles of Lexington and Concord, April 19	217

1775.	Allen and Arnold captured Fort Ticonderoga,	
	May 10	249
	English ships-of-war anchored in Boston harbor	254
	Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17	257
	Washington took command of the army	262
	“Yankee Doodle” written	265
1776.	Boston evacuated by the British, March 17	265
	German boy’s funeral	231
	Opposition to slavery	345
	Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress,	
	July 4	270
	Battle of Long Island	276
	Washington crossed the Hudson	276
	Washington crossed the Delaware	279
	Washington victorious at Trenton, Dec. 26	280
1777.	British defeated at Princeton	280
	Lafayette joined the American army	281
	Howe landed near Philadelphia, Aug. 25 ; entered	
	the city, Sept. 26	283
	Battle of Germantown, Oct. 4	284
	Burgoyne’s surrender at Saratoga, Oct. 17	288
	Washington at Valley Forge	287
1780.	Capture of Major André	293
1781.	A French fleet joins the Americans	297
	Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown	298
1783.	Peace concluded	299
	Washington at home	301
1787.	Constitutional convention at Philadelphia	306
	Constitution adopted Sept. 17	308
1789.	Washington inaugurated April 30	308
1791.	Canada divided into two provinces	339
1792.	Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin	352
1795.	Corner-stone of Boston State House laid	238
1797.	John Adams, President	313
1801.	Thomas Jefferson, President	313
1806.	Ports of Europe closed to American vessels	313
	Right of search	314

1809.	James Madison, President	313
	Abraham Lincoln born	392
1812.	War with England	316
	Louisiana admitted to the Union	353
1813.	The Shannon captures the Chesapeake	320
1814	British troops enter Washington and burn the public buildings	324
	Peace agreed upon at Ghent, Dec. 24	325
1815.	Battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8	326
1817.	James Monroe, President	355
1820.	The Missouri Compromise	355
1824.	Mexico a republic	363
1825.	John Quincy Adams, President	355
1826.	Deaths of Adams and Jefferson, July 4	330
	Lafayette's visit to the United States	330
1829.	Andrew Jackson, President	355
1831.	James A. Garfield born, Nov. 19	510
	William Lloyd Garrison	356
1832.	Lovejoy killed at Alton, Ill.	358
1836.	Independence of Texas	361
1837.	Martin Van Buren, President	362
1840.	Province of Canada formed	339
1845.	James K. Polk, President	363
	Texas admitted to the Union	362
1846.	Beginning of Mexican war	365
1849.	Gold found in California	371
	Zachary Taylor, President	375
1853.	The Missouri Compromise repealed	376
1856.	Assault on Charles Sumner	387
1859.	John Brown in Kansas and Virginia	383
1860.	Abraham Lincoln elected President	388
	Secession of South Carolina	397
1861.	Lincoln inaugurated President	402
	Jefferson Davis President of the Southern Confed- eracy	403
	Attack on Fort Sumter, April 12, 13	411
	Blood shed in Baltimore, April 19	414

1861.	Virginia seceded April 23	418
	Battle of Bull Run, July 21	419
	McClellan, commander-in-chief, July 22	422
	Robert E. Lee in command of the Confederates	422
	Population of Canada	515
1862.	McClellan's failure on the Peninsula	425
	The Monitor and the Virginia	426
	Capture of Port Royal	428
	Capture of New Orleans, April 25	429
	Victories in the West	429
	Battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg	439
1863.	Emancipation Proclamation	435
	Siege of Vicksburg	441
	Battle of Chancellorsville	443
	Death of "Stonewall" Jackson	443
	Battle of Gettysburg	445
1864.	General Grant made commander-in-chief. He crosses the Rapidan, May 3	456
	Siege of Petersburg	459
	Sherman's march to the sea	460
	Battle of Winchester	463
1865.	Thirteenth amendment adopted	464
	Freedmen's Bureau established	467
	Capture of Richmond	473
	Surrender of General Lee	474
	Assassination of Lincoln, April 14	478
	Union armies mustered out	489
1866.	Atlantic cable laid	502
1867.	National cemeteries established	496
	Dominion of Canada formed	339
	Alaska purchased from Russia	502
1868.	Fourteenth amendment adopted	491
	Grant elected President	502
1870.	Fifteenth amendment adopted	505
1871.	Population of Canada	515
1872.	Grant re-elected President	505
1876.	The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia	505

1876.	Election of President R. B. Hayes	505
1878.	Marquis of Lorne appointed Governor-General of Canada	512
1880.	Gen. James A. Garfield elected President	506
1881.	President Garfield inaugurated	509

INDEX.

- ACADIA, story of, 84; colony blotted out by the English, 90.
- Acton, 225.
- Acts of Parliament burned, 203.
- Adams, Gov., 242.
- Adams, John, Vice-President, 308; President, 313; his death, 330; would never own a slave, 345.
- Adams, John Quincy, President, 355.
- Adams, Samuel, the true king in Boston, 208; at the Old South Church, 211; at Lexington, 217, 221; Governor in 1795, 238.
- Alaska, remains of Siberian elephant found in, 25; purchased from Russia, 502.
- Alexander and Philip, sons of Massasoit, 106.
- Alexandria, Confederate flag at, 417; seized by the Federals, 418.
- Allen, Ethan, 249.
- Alligators cooked by the Indians, 46.
- Alton, Ill., Mr. Lovejoy killed at, 358.
- Amber on the shores of the Baltic, 14.
- Amendment to the Constitution forbidding slavery, 464; the fourteenth, 491; the fifteenth, 505.
- America, the most grateful of nations, 282.
- America's name, story of, 45.
- American Antislavery Society organized, 356.
- American continent known to the ancients, 13.
- American Revolution begun at Concord, 229.
- Americans arm and drill, 212.
- Americus Vesputius, voyage of, 45, 51.
- Amnesty, general, proclaimed, 505.
- Ancient pueblo pottery, 21.
- Anderson, Major, surrendered Fort Sumter, 412.
- André, Major John, story of, 293.
- Andrew, Gov., statue of, 238.
- Andros, Gov., imprisoned, 241.
- Andros, Lady Anne, 241.
- Annapolis, site of the old Port Royal, 86.
- Annawon, story of capture of, 131.
- Antietam, battle of, 439.
- Antislavery riots, 357.
- Apthorp, Madame, 236.
- Area of the States and Territories, 517.
- Arkwright, Richard, invents the spinning-frame, 350.
- Arlington Heights seized, 418.
- Armies of the Union in Washington, 489; mustered out, 490.
- Armor of the skeleton in armor, 16, 19.
- Arnold, Benedict, 249; his treason, 294.
- Asia to America, access from, easy, 25.
- Asiatic race settled in North America, 19, 22.
- Atlanta, Ga., captured, 460.
- Atlantic Cable, the, laid, 502.
- Atlantis, island of, 13.
- Aztecs had traditions of the flood, 19.
- BALBOA discovered Pacific Ocean, 51.
- Baltimore, blood shed in streets of, 414.
- Baptism and religious instruction withheld from slaves, 343.
- Baptism of Indians at Port Royal, 89.
- Baptists banished, 169; conduct of, 170.
- Barrett's, Col., British at, 225.
- Battle of Lexington, 221.
- Battle of New Orleans, 329.
- Battle-Hymn of the Republic, 451.
- Bay of Chaleur explored and described, 59, 60.
- Beacon Hill, 238; bonfires on, 232.
- Beauregard, Gen., at Manassas, 418.
- Behring Strait easily crossed, 25.
- Belle Isle, Strait of, Cartier enters, 59.
- Bellingham, Gov., 242.
- Belœil, Mt., 336.
- Belt of brass tubes found at Fall River, Mass., 16.
- Bible, the book of all ages, 56; not allowed to be printed in America, 203.
- Blaine, James G., Secretary of State, 511.
- Blockade of American ports, 320.
- Blockade of Confederate ports, 418.
- Blockading decrees repealed, 316.
- Booth, assassinator of Pres. Lincoln, 481.
- Boston, England, persecutions at, 94.
- Boston, the port closed, 211; full of monuments, 237; situation of, 246; blockaded, 246.
- Boston Common, English troops encamped on, 207, 217.
- Boston Massacre, the, 208, 242.
- Boucherville, Mt., 336.
- Bowdoin, Gov., 242.

- Braddock's, Gen., campaign in Ohio, 189-193; his death, 193.
 Brandywine, battle of, 283.
 Brewster, Elder, 93; establishes a printing press in Holland, 94; his library, 114.
 British Columbia, 339.
 British Islands visited for tin, 14.
 Broke, Capt., 320.
 Brown, John, story of, 380; went to Kansas, 383; at Harper's Ferry, 384; trial and death, 387.
 Buchanan, George, the historian, 55.
 Buchanan, James, President, 388.
 Buena-Vista, battle of, 366.
 Buffalo skin means protection, 152.
 Bull Run, battle of, 419; results, 420.
 Bunker Hill, battle of, 257.
 Burgoyne's, Gen., campaign from Canada, 287; surrender at Saratoga, 288.
 Burke, Edmund, 186, 205, 212.
 Burnside, Gen., in command, 439.
 Burr, Aaron, Vice-President, 313.
 Bute, Lord, hung in effigy, 235.
 Buttrick, Major John, at Concord fight, 229.
- CABOT, JOHN, voyages of, 36, 37, 51.
 Cahokia, Ill., mound at, 19.
 Calhoun, John C., a champion of slavery, 346; Vice-President, 355.
 California ceded by Mexico, 371; gold discovered in, 371; admitted as a free State, 375.
 Canada occupied by the French, 187; invasions of, 194, 316, 319; Dominion of, 332; population of, 336; growth of, 339; divisions, 339; government, 339; Marquis of Lorne, Governor, 512; area, 513; political status, 514; Provinces of, 515.
 Canadian winter, 63.
 Canals from Great Lakes to the Hudson, 330.
 Cannibal prisoners sold as slaves, 50.
 Cannibals of South America, 49.
 Canonchet, chief of the Narragansetts, joins Philip, 123; taken prisoner, 124.
 Capitol, the, at Washington burned, 324; enlarged and adorned, 440.
 Cartier, Jacques, in the St. Lawrence, 51, 63; founder of Canada, 59; voyages of, 63.
 Carting, inconvenient habit of, 203.
 Carver, John, chosen Governor of Plymouth Colony, 99; presented to Massachusetts, 103.
 Cavaliers, the, sought refuge in Va., 178.
 Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, 446.
 Census of the United States, 512.
 Centennial, the, at Philadelphia, 505.
 Champlain founds Quebec, 52; a guest at Port Royal, 86; relates his wonderful adventures, 89.
 Chancellorsville, battle of, 443.
 Charles I., 106, 109.
 Charles II., 139, 140.
 Charles River, 217.
 Charleston, S. C., joy in, over surrender of Fort Sumter, 412.
 Charter of Massachusetts withdrawn, 211.
 Chesapeake, French fleet in the, 297.
 Chesapeake and Shannon, fight between, 320.
 "Chevy Chase," 265.
 Children bewitched, 160; bark like dogs, 163.
 Chilson, Mary, 241.
 Christ Church, the old north meeting-house, 232.
 Christian Commission, the, 498.
 Chronological table, 521.
 Church, Capt., captures Annawon, 131.
 Church members electors in New England, 178.
 Cities and towns having a population of 10,000 and upward, 518.
 Citizenship, England's claim of, 314; not to be abridged in any State, 491.
 City Point a base of supplies, 458.
 Civil wars frequent in Europe, 55.
 Codfish in Mass. House of Representatives, 238.
 "Coil-made" pottery, 21; jar from So. Utah, 58.
 College erected in Virginia, 76.
 Colonies, growth and government of the, 177.
 Colony at Virginia massacred by Indians, 64, 75.
 Columbus, Christopher, story of, 30.
 Commerce extinct, 298; revived, 308, again prohibited, 316.
 Concord, ammunition at, 216; story of the fight at, 217; plan of roads at, 226; British loss at, 231.
 Concord River, 222.
 Confederacy, hollowness of the, proved, 463.
 Confederate army, short of rations, 468.
 Confederate currency, depreciation of, 455, 469.
 Confederates pardoned by the Government, 492.
 Confederation of the colonies, the first, 114.
 Congress of the States, held at New York, 207; at Philadelphia, 212.
 Congress, address to the king, 215; refused a hearing, 216.
 Congress, the, captured, 426.
 Conscience, freedom in matters of, 166.
 Conscription at the South, 468.
 Constitution, a written, adopted at Jamestown, 76.
 Constitution, Federal, adopted, 307; thirteenth amendment adopted, 464; fourteenth amendment adopted, 491; fifteenth amendment adopted, 505.
 Convention to organize the thirteen States, 306.
 Converts, Indian, 118.

- Copp's Hill Burying-ground, 242.
 Corey, Giles, pressed to death, 163.
 Corn, five kernels to each person for one day, 110.
 Cornwallis, Lord, marches into Philadelphia, 283; surrender of, 298.
 Cortez captured Montezuma, 51.
 Cotton, John, 241.
 Cotton, high price of, 492.
 Cotton-gin, the story of the, 351.
 Cotton plant, 352.
 Cradle of Liberty, 237.
 Cradock Mansion, Medford, 12, 245.
 Craigie House, Longfellow's residence, 245, 263.
 Creditors imprisoned in England, 151.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 106; supported by New England, 179.
 Cross set up on Labrador, 59; on Bay of Gaspé, 60.
 Crown Point, 249.
 Cumberland, the, destroyed, 426.
- DAILLÉ, PETER, grave of, 242.
 Danes claim to be the builders of round arch tower at Newport, R. I., 16.
 Dare, Virginia, first white child born in America, 76.
 Davenport, John, 241.
 Davis, Isaac, at Concord fight, 225.
 Davis, Jefferson, President of the Confederacy, 398; his inaugural, 403; curses breathed against, 469; flight from Richmond, 473; his capture, 489; set at liberty, 489.
 Declaration of Independence, 269.
 Debt incurred in putting down the Rebellion, 502.
 Deerfield, Mass., sacked and burned, 335.
 Delaplace, Capt., 253.
 Delaware, Lord, reinforces the colony at Jamestown, 72.
 Demonology, King James's book on, 157.
 De Monts visits the Bay of Fundy, 86.
 Desertions from the Confederate army, 459.
 De Soto, Ferdinand, expedition of, 41; discovers the Mississippi, 42; death of, 42.
 Dickenson, John, in Congress, 215.
 Dighton, Mass., Writing Rock at, 14, 19.
 Discovery, the great, 29.
 Disloyalty of the Southern States, 397.
 Dog put to death for witchcraft, 160.
 Dominion of Canada, 339.
 Donnacona, King of Canada, 63.
 Dorchester Heights fortified, 264.
 Doric Hall, State House, Boston, 238.
 Dutch and Indian traders, 136.
 Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, 136.
 Dutch villages on Long Island burned, 139.
 Duties imposed, 308.
- EAST INDIA COMPANY, 208, 211.
 Effects of the war, 289.
 Election of 1860, 388.
 Elector, every church member an, 178.
 Eliot, John, 117.
 Elizabeth, Queen, discoveries in reign of, 51, 52.
 Emancipation Proclamation, 435; Earl Russell on, 436.
 Empire City, the, 140.
 English goods, resolution not to import, 205.
 English government, ignorance and folly of, 203.
 English name, dislike to the, 203.
 English Parliament remind James I. of their "undoubted rights," 55; no obedience due to from Americans, 204.
 English traders expelled from French territory, 187.
 England and France often at variance, 187.
 England, rage in, at Braddock's defeat, 194.
 Epidemic diseases in Europe, 55.
 Episcopal Church established in Virginia, 76.
 Ericsson, Capt., 427.
 Europe closed to American vessels, 314.
 Europe during sixteenth century, 52.
 European war of 1740, 179.
 Evacuation of Boston, 265.
 "Evangeline," Longfellow's poem, 74.
 Eve of revolution, 202.
 Export of products forbidden, 203.
- FAIRMOUNT PARK, 505.
 Faneuil, Peter, 242.
 Faneuil Hall, 237.
 Fall River, Mass., skeleton in armor found at, 15.
 Farragut, Admiral, captures New Orleans, 429.
 Fast proclaimed by House of Assembly, 163.
 Fast-day proclaimed at approach of Quakers, 170.
 Fathers of New England imprisoned at Boston, England, 94.
 Feathers signify love, 152.
 Ferdinand, King of Aragon, 32.
 Fillmore, Millard, President, 375.
 Fingers, tender, of Virginia colonists blistered, 67.
 "First in the Foremost Line," poem, 453.
 Fishing, successful, 110.
 Florida named by Ponce de Leon, 38; ceded to United States by Spain, 330.
 Flour, Washington brand, 182.
 Forest, clearing the, 68.
 Fort Detroit, surrender at, 316.
 Fort Duquesne, 189, 190.
 Fort Necessity, built by Washington, 188; Fort Pitt, 190.
 Fort Sumter, attack on, 411.

- Fortress Monroe, 424.
 Fountain of youth, 38.
 Fourth of July, 1826, 329.
 Fox, George, 173.
 France, sympathy of, for Americans, 280.
 Francis I. sends Cartier to Western Hemisphere, 59, 60.
 Franklin, Benjamin, 183; as boy and man, 184; as man of science, 185; ambassador, 186; commissioner at Paris, 290.
 Frederick of Prussia, 274.
 Fredericksburg, battle of, 439.
 Freedmen's Bureau established, 467.
 French settlements earlier than that at Jamestown, 332.
 French and Indian War, 335.
 French at Newfoundland, 37.
 French colonies, the, 187.
 French Directory, misunderstanding with, 313.
 French in Canada, 37.
 Frog Lane, 236.
 Fugitive Slave Law passed, 375.
- GAGE, Gen., sent to Boston, 212; sends troops to Lexington, 217; recalled, 263.
 Gallows Hill at Salem, 163.
 Garden of the continent, 336.
 Garfield, Gen. James A., elected President, 506; inauguration, 509.
 Garrison, William Lloyd, starts his paper, 356; mobbed in Boston, 357.
 Gaspé, Bay of, cross planted on shores of, 60.
 George II., 151.
 Georgia, 148; country between the Savannah and the Altamaha, 152; sends money, rice, &c., to Boston, 245.
 German boy's funeral, 231.
 German mercenaries in New Jersey, 283.
 German Protestants join Oglethorpe, 152.
 Germantown, battle at, 284.
 Gettysburg, Gen. Lee's advance to, 445; battle of, 446.
 Ghent, treaty of, 325.
 Gibraltar, 14; besieged by Spain, 293.
 Gold discovered in California, 371; premium on, 469.
 Goodwin, John, his children bewitched, 163.
 Gosnold discovered Cape Cod, 51.
 Government, a central, needed, 302.
 Governments of the colonies, diversity in, 177.
 Governor appointed by the king, 179.
 Governor, functions of the colonial, 177.
 Granary Burying-ground, 241.
 Grand Pré, village of, 86.
 Grant, Gen., victorious in the West, 429; the William the Silent of the war, 440; put in command of the Union army, 456; elected President, 502; re-elected, 505.
 Great Britain has no written constitution, 307; war declared against, 316.
- Greene, Gen., 297.
 Greene, Mrs. Gen., encourages Eli Whitney, 352.
 Grenville, Lord, 204.
 Grievances of the colonies in common, 177.
 Gulf Stream, effect of, 37.
- HAIR, long, considered unscriptural, 113.
 Hamilton, Alexander, entered the army, 302; suggested a constitutional convention, 305; killed in duel with Aaron Burr, 305; Talleyrand's opinion of, 306; Secretary of the Treasury, member of an abolition society, 345.
 Hampden, John, farming in Buckinghamshire, 106.
 Hancock, John, at Lexington, 217; his grave, 242.
 Hancock House illuminated, 233, 238.
 Handel selected organ for King's Chapel, Boston, 241.
 Harlem evacuated by Washington, 276.
 Harper's Ferry, government works at, burned, 417; captured by Gen. Lee, 436.
 Harrison, Wm. Henry, President, 363.
 Harvard College founded, 113.
 Hat makers not to employ negro workmen, 203.
 Haverhill, Mass., sacked and burned, 335.
 Hayes, Rutherford B., elected President, 505.
 Henry VII., discoveries in reign of, 51.
 Henry VIII., discoveries in reign of, 51.
 Henry, Patrick, in Congress, 215.
 Hessians, 274.
 Hobomok, the Indian interpreter, 103.
 Hochelaga, Mount Royal, now Montreal, 63.
 Holland, Pilgrims spend eleven years in, 94; sail from Delfthaven in, 97.
 Hollis Street Church, 233.
 Homes in the new land, 51.
 Homestead Act passed, 440.
 Hooker, Gen. Joseph, in command, 442.
 Hopkins, the witch detector, 158.
 House of Commons, resolution to tax Americans, 204.
 Houston, Sam., President of Texas, 358-361.
 Howard, Gen., head of Freedman's Bureau, 467.
 Howe, Gen., in command, 263; at Staten Island, 275; retreats to New York, 293.
 Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward, 451.
 Hudson, Henry, 136.
 Hudson River explored, 52.
 Hull, Gen., sentenced to be shot, 316.
 Human liberty, love of, drawn from the Bible, 113.
 Hunt, William H., Secretary of the Navy, 511.
 Hymns composed by Indians, 118.

- IMMIGRANTS to California, 375.
 Impressment, 314.
 Increase of the colonists, 202.
 Indian chief, old, at Port Royal, 86.
 Indian corn a legal tender, 110.
 Indians, origin of the, 26; in council, 27; treatment of by De Soto, 41, 42; converted to Christianity, 89; efforts to christianize the, 117; encroached upon by the whites, 119; three hung by the Puritans for murder, 120; allies of the French, 335; held as slaves, 344.
 Indignation in the North at the Rebellion, 413.
 Infants, baptism of, 169.
 "Innocence itself is not safe," 236.
 Interests of the colonies, in common, 177.
 Iron-clads, battle between, 427.
 Iron works forbidden, 203.
 Isabella, Queen of Spain, 32.
 Island of Atlantis, 13.

 JACKSON, Gen. ANDREW, at New Orleans, 326; President, 355.
 Jackson, Thomas, "Stonewall," 423; death of, 443.
 James I. and Parliament, 55; a fool and a tyrant, 93.
 James II., 178.
 James of York, 139.
 James, Thomas L., Postmaster General, 512.
 James River, emigrants sail up the, 67, 424; Confederate iron-clad in, 426.
 Jamestown, Va., founded, 67.
 Jefferson, Thomas, Vice-President, 313; President, 313; his death, 330; opposed to slavery, 345.
 Jeffreys, the brutal Judge, 75.
 Jesuits, contests between, and liberal Catholic priests, 89; the French, 332.
 Johnson, Andrew, President, 490.
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 148; sale of his books, 151.
 "Join or die," 207.
 Joliet and Marquette discover the Mississippi, 332.
 Jones, Paul, on the Scotch coast, 293.
 Joy in the South over victories, 413.
 July 4, 1776, 270.

 KANSAS, 376; fraudulent elections in, 379; colonization by the party of freedom, 380; admitted as a free State, 380.
 King derives authority from people, 55; had divine authority, 56; claimed to regulate religious belief, 59.
 King's Chapel, 241.
 King's letter, the, 173.
 King William's War, 335.
 Kirkwood, Samuel J., Secretary of the Interior, 511.

 Knowledge, love of, among the Pilgrims, 114.
 Knox, John, the reformer, 55.

 LABRADOR, Cabot lands on, 37; Cartier plants the cross on, 59.
 Lachine Rapids, 336.
 Lafayette, Marquis de, 281, 330.
 Lake St. Peter, 63.
 Land of promise, 372.
 Lands beyond the great ocean, 36.
 La Salle, Robert de, names Louisiana, 332; lands in Texas, 335; treacherously shot, 335.
 Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, 106.
 Lawrence, Capt., 320.
 Lawrence, Kan., invaded, 379.
 Lee, Richard Henry, in Congress, 215.
 Lee, Gen. Robert E., Confederate commander, 422; invades Maryland, 445; surrender to Grant, 474.
 Letters from the Pilgrims regarded as a "sacred script," 109.
 Leverett, Gov. John, 241.
 Lexington, story of the battle of, 217; British and American losses at, 231.
 Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., 451.
 Liberty, religious, 165.
 Liberty Tree, the, 232.
 Licking Valley, mounds in, 20, 21.
 Lillie, Theophilus, would sell tea, 234.
 Lincoln, Abraham, bust of, 238; enters Congress, 365; elected President, 391; story of his early life, 392; political career, 396; inaugural, 402; his silence, 408; re-election, 467; visit to Richmond, 477; assassinated, 478; the people's grief for, 482.
 Lincoln, Robert T., Secretary of War, 511.
 Liquors, Indians' passion for, 117.
 Long Island, battle of, 276.
 Lorne, Marquis of, Governor of Canada, 512.
 Losses by American merchants, 314.
 Louisiana sold by France, 330, 353; abolishes slavery, 464.
 Lovejoy mobbed and killed at Alton, Ill., 357, 358.

 MACHINERY HALL, Philadelphia, 505.
 McClellan, Gen. George B., in command, 421; on the Peninsula, 424; his failure, 425; removed from command, 439; nominated for President, 467.
 McDowell, Gen., at Bull Run, 419.
 MacVeagh, Wayne, Attorney General, 512.
 Madison, James, President, 313; opposed to slavery, 345.
 Man responsible to God alone in religious belief, 166.
 Manassas Junction, Confederate army at, 417.

- Manhattan Island, 136.
 Manitoba, 339.
 Maria Theresa on the throne of Austria, 179.
 Marietta, Ohio, mounds at, 17, 21.
 Mariner's compass, 29.
 Marquette and Joliet, 332.
 Martyrs of Liberty, honored, 498.
 Maryland abolishes slavery, 464.
 Massachusetts, plot of the, to destroy the English, 106.
 Massasoit, story of, 99; visit to Plymouth, 100; dangerous illness of, 103; death of, 106.
 Mastodon restored, 25.
 Matamoros, American fort near, 364.
 Mather family rest in Copp's Hill Burying-ground, 242.
 Mayflower, the, in Cape Cod Bay, 98.
 Meade, Gen., in command, 445.
 "Meadows stretched to the eastward," 84.
 Memorial Hall at Philadelphia, 505.
 Merriam's Corner, fight at, 230.
 Metacom and Wamsetta, sons of Massasoit, 106.
 Mexican empire, the, 332.
 Mexican pyramids, ancient, 22.
 Mexican war, 363.
 Mexico, walled cities of, founded by an Asiatic race, 19; abolished slavery, 358; a republic, 363.
 Mexico, city of, ancient pyramids near, 22.
 Militia called out, 414.
 Milton, John, 106.
 Mine, the, at Petersburg, 459.
 Mineral wealth of Missouri, 353.
 Minute-men at Lexington and Concord, 222, 229.
 Misses, the, of Boston, refuse to drink tea, 234.
 Mississippi abolishes slavery, 464.
 Mississippi River claimed by the French, 187.
 Missouri, territory of, 354; admitted as a slave State, 354; abolishes slavery, 464.
 Missouri Compromise, the, 355; repealed, 376.
 Monitor, the, and the Virginia, 427.
 Monroe, James, President, 355.
 Montcalm, death of, 201.
 Montgomery, Ala.; the first Confederate capital, 422.
 Montreal, Indian settlement, Hochelaga, 63; a city, 336.
 Mother country, the, affection for, 202.
 Mound at Cahokia, Ill., 19; serpent mound, 20.
 Mound-builders, the, 19; descendants of crews from Japan, 22.
 Mounds at Marietta, Ohio, 17, 21; in the West and in Mississippi valley, 19; near Newark, Ohio, 20, 21; built by whom, 22; in Siberia, 25.
 Mount Hope, the burying-ground of the Narragansetts, 100.
 Mount Royal, now Montreal, 63.
 Mount Vernon, a shrine, 302, 309.
 NAPOLEON overthrown, 324.
 Narragansetts, fort of, destroyed, 124.
 National bank established, 308.
 National cemeteries established, 496.
 Naval battles won by Americans, 319.
 Nebraska, 376.
 Negotiations for peace, 298.
 Negro cavalry, the first Union troops to enter Richmond, 473.
 Negroes, the Confederate Congress refuses to arm, 469.
 New Amsterdam, 136.
 New England visited by old-time mariners, 14; two centuries ago, 90; a refuge for victims of tyranny, 109.
 New England States, government of, 178.
 Newfoundland, rich fisheries, 37; Cartier at, 59.
 New Jersey settlements conquered from the Swedes by the Dutch, 140.
 New Orleans, battle of, 326.
 New Orleans captured, 429.
 New Plymouth straightened for room, 110.
 New York named from the Duke of York, 140.
 North, Lord, 211.
 North American continent discovered by John Cabot, 37, 51.
 North bridge at Concord, 224.
 North Carolina rejects kingly authority, 245; seceded reluctantly, 398.
 Nova Scotia, Acadia, 86.
 OATHS, punishment for, 68.
 Oglethorpe, James, 148; Edmund Burke's opinion of, 151; welcomed by the Indians, 152.
 Ohio Company, the, 335.
 Ohio River valley claimed by France, 187; contest for, 188.
 Old South Church, 237.
 Old Testament the statute-book for New England, 113.
 Oliver, Elder Thomas, 241.
 Opechancanough challenged by Capt. Smith, 79.
 Opposition to troops passing through Baltimore, 414.
 Orphan-house at Savannah, 155.
 Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, 339.
 PACIFIC RAILROAD BILL passed, 440.
 Paddock elms, 242.
 Paine, Robert Treat, 242.
 Paine, Thomas, as a pamphleteer, 269.
 Pakenham, Sir Edward, killed at New Orleans, 326.

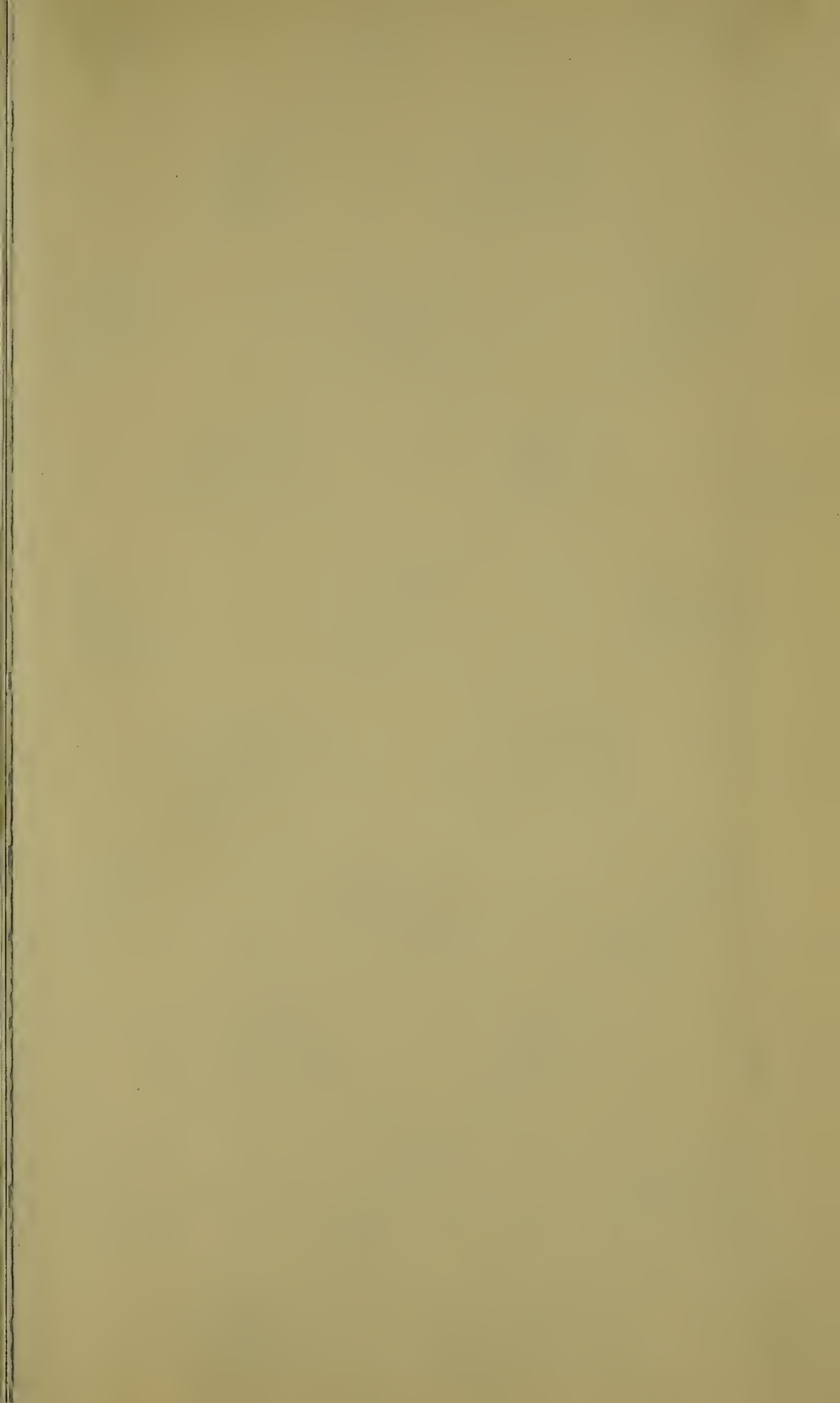
- Palenque, Mexico, sculptures found at, 19.
 Paper money, depreciation of, 289.
 Parker, Capt. John, at Lexington, 221.
 Parliament the real governing power, 148.
 Parris, Mr., and the Salem witchcraft, 160; his removal, 164.
 "Parted many a toil-spent year," 118.
 Paspahugh, chief of, captured by Capt. Smith, 79.
 "Patriot's, the, Remembrances," poem, 483.
 "Patriots', the, Unknown Graves," poem, 497.
 Pea Ridge, battle of, 429.
 Peace, 486.
 Peace, thirty years of, 313.
 Penn, land of, 143.
 Penn, William, comes to America, 143; deals kindly with the Indians, 144; conference with the Indians, 147.
 Pennsylvania, career of, begins, 143; Gen. Lee ordered to invade, 445.
 Pequot emissaries and Roger Williams, 169.
 Percy, Lord, meets British retreating from Concord, 231.
 Persecution and religious liberty, 165.
 Persecution of the Puritans, 109.
 Petersburg, siege of, 458; graves around, 494.
 Phelps, Capt. Noah, 250.
 Philadelphia, 147.
 Philip, son of Massasoit, 106; death of, 127.
 Philip's, King, War, 117.
 Philip's son sold into slavery in Bermuda, 127.
 Phillips, Hon. John, 242.
 Phœnicia once ruled the waves, 13.
 Phœnician sailors go beyond the Pillars of Hercules, 14; cross the Atlantic, 19.
 Phœnicians, or Canaanites, had knowledge of a country beyond the sea, 13.
 Pierce, Franklin, a general in Mexican war, 365; President, 388.
 Pilgrims land at New Plymouth, 98.
 Pillars of Hercules, 14, 19.
 Pinzon, Martin Alonzo, 35.
 Pitcairn, Major, 221; buried in Christ Church, 242.
 Pitt, William, prime minister, 194; Earl of Chatham, 206.
 Pittsburg, 190.
 Plague among New England Indians, 100.
 Plymouth, New, founded, 98.
 Pocahontas saves Capt. Smith's life, 71; baptism and marriage, 72; story of, 76; received at English court, 83; death at Gravesend, 84.
 Pocasset, Weetamo, queen of, 128.
 Pocket-compass, Capt. Smith explains to the savages, 71.
 Polk, James K., President, 363.
 Ponce de Leon's expedition, 38, 51.
 Pope, Gen., defeated at Manassas, 436.
 Population and area of the States and Territories, 517.
 Port Hudson, 440.
 Port Royal, S. C., captured, 428.
 Port Royal, N. S., the Indians' love for the colony at, 89.
 Ports closed to foreign ships, 203.
 Potomac River, 424.
 Pottery, ancient pueblo, 21.
 Poutrincourt, Baron de, founds Port Royal, 86.
 Powder-house in Somerville, 245.
 Powhatan orders the death of Capt. Smith, 71.
 Preachers, Indian, 118.
 Preface, 7.
 Prescott, Col., fortifies Bunker Hill, 254.
 Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States, table of, 516.
 Pricking with pins to discover witches, 157.
 Prince, Thomas, 242.
 Prince Edward Island, 339.
 Princeton, victory at, 280.
 Private, a, pays his regiment, 421.
 Proclamation of Emancipation, 435; its power, 463.
 Prosperity, 494.
 Providence founded by Roger Williams, 166.
 Province House, 233.
 Pueblos, ruined, in Utah, discoveries at, 21.
 Puritans, intolerance of the, 165; persecution of the, 109.
 Putnam, Israel, leaves his plough, 245.
- QUAKERS, fine for entertaining in Va., 76; persecuted at New Amsterdam, 139; chastised, 169; hanged, 173; first generation differed from succeeding ones, 173; compensation to representatives of, 174; and Moravians opposed to war, 269.
 Quebec founded by the French, 51; captured by Gen. Wolfe, 197; English victory at, 336.
- RACES, the mysterious, 13.
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, his colonies not successful, 64.
 Rapidan River, 456.
 Rebellion, the suppression of, a sacred duty, 420.
 Recruits for Washington, 283.
 Red-coats in Boston, 207.
 Regicides, the, sheltered in New England, 179.
 Rehoboth, Annawon captured near, 132.
 Remonstrances of Congress, 216.
 Representatives chosen by the people, 179.
 Resources of the North and South, 455.
 Restoration of the Union, 493.
 Revere, Paul, ride of, 217; captured, 218; grave of, 242.

- Revolution, the eve of, 202.
 Rhode Island founded by Roger Williams, 165.
 Richmond, Va., the Confederate capital, 422; capture of, 473.
 Right of search, 314.
 Riots in Boston, 207.
 Rise of the American government, 178.
 Robinson, Edmund, his witch story, 158.
 Robinson, Mr., and his people seized by soldiers, 93; escaped to Holland, 94.
 Rolfe, John, marries Pocahontas, 72.
 Ross, Gen., captures Washington city, 324.
 Routledge, John, in Congress, 215.
 Royalists numerous in Philadelphia, 283.
- SAGUENAY RIVER, 63.**
 St. Charles River, 63.
 Saint Malo, Cartier sails from, 59, 63.
 Salamanca, wise men of, 32.
 Salem, 160.
 San Francisco and New York united by rail, 502.
 Sanitary Commission, the, 498.
 Santa Anna attempts to recover Texas, 361; commander in Mexican war, 366.
 Saratoga, Burgoyne's surrender at, 288.
 Savages of South America, 45.
 Savannah, Oglethorpe's settlement at, 152; captured by Gen. Sherman, 460.
 Schenectady, massacre at, 335.
 Schools established by the Pilgrims, 113.
 Scotch covenanters sold to be slaves in Virginia, 75.
 Scott, Gen., commander in Mexican war, 365; captures the city of Mexico, 371.
 Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, well-reputed persons at, 93.
 Secession ordinances passed, 397; not unanimously, 398; reasons for secession, 401.
 Senegal taken by the French, 293.
 Serpent mound near Brush Creek, Ohio, 20.
 Seven Years' War ended, 204.
 Seward, Anna, 294.
 Seward, William H., attempted assassination of, 478.
 Shenandoah valley, campaign in the, 463.
 Shepherd Kings, who they were, 22.
 Sheridan, Gen. Phil., his ride from Winchester, 463.
 Sherman, Gen., marches through Georgia, 460.
 Ship built in Massachusetts, 110.
 Ships of the early explorers, 45.
 Ships-of-war, five English, taken or destroyed, 319.
 Siberian elephant, 25.
 Sickness at New Plymouth, 98; of Massachusetts, 103.
 Sink-or-swim test for witches, 158.
 Skeleton in armor found at Fall River, Mass., 15; of Asiatic origin, 19.
- Slave States, most of the loyal freed themselves from slavery, 464.
 Slavery forbidden in Georgia, 156; the story of, 340; unprofitable at the North, profitable at the South, 344; opposition to, 345, 346; discussion of, forbidden at the South, 349; active hostility to, 355; claimed by divine right, 356; encouraged by Northern people, 392; abolishment of, 464.
 Slaves, not persons but things, 350; fugitive, not free, 345; escaped, loyal, 431; of men in arms free, 432.
 Slave-trade, suppression of, provided for in the Constitution, 340; encouraged by England, 340, 392; horrors of the, 343.
 Small-pox among English troops, 263.
 Smith, Capt. John, 67; his cure for profanity, 68; saved by Pocahontas, 71, 80; returns to England, 72; letter to the Queen, 80.
 Sneyd, Honora, 294.
 Snyder, Christopher, funeral of, 235.
 South bridge at Concord, 224.
 South Carolina passes an ordinance of secession, 397.
 South Kingston, R. I., Indian fort at, 123.
 Southern States, English in possession of, 297.
 Sowamset, the home of Massasoit, 99.
 Spain joins France and America against England, 290.
 Spaniards in Florida, 41.
 Stamp Act, passage of the, 204; never came into force, 205; repealed, 206, 231.
 Stamp distributors compelled to resign, 205.
 Stamped paper burned and concealed, 205.
 Standish, Capt. Miles, meets Massasoit, 100.
 Starvation threatens the Pilgrims, 110.
 Stephens, Alex. H., his speech at Savannah, 404.
 Stone Tower, Old, at Newport, R. I., 15.
 Struggle, decisive, between French and English, 335.
 Stuart, Geo. H., president of the Christian Commission, 501.
 Stuyvesant, Peter, Governor of New Amsterdam, 139.
 Suffrage, right of, secured, 505.
 Sullivan, Gov., 242.
 Sumner, Gov., 242.
 Sumner, Charles, bust of, 238; assaulted by Brooks, 387.
 Swanzev, several whites killed near, 120.
- TAUNTON, 131.**
 Taylor, Gen. Zachary, on the Rio Grande, 354; President, 375; career of, 392.
 Taxation oppressive, 325.
 Taxed tea arrives in Boston, 208.
 Taxes imposed on the Americans, 204.

- Tea, tax on, voted, 207; destruction of, 211; tax levied on, 233; resolutions against use of, 233.
- Tennessee abolishes slavery, 454.
- Teocallis, or temples of the sun, 22.
- Terrors of Indian warfare, 123.
- Texas revolts from Mexico, 358; offers to join the United States, 361; admitted to the Union, 362.
- Ticonderoga, capture of Fort, 249.
- Tidbits of French cookery tossed to Indian children, 86.
- Tobacco introduced into England, 75; used as currency, 75.
- Towns, new, founded, 110.
- Townshend, Charles, virtual Prime Minister, proposed the tax on tea, 207.
- Trade with the colonies forbidden, 216.
- Treaty between France and America against England, 290.
- Trenton, victory at, 280.
- Tripoli, expedition against, 313.
- Tyler, John, President, 363.
- UNION, the North fought to defend the, 402.
- Union Pacific Railroad, 505.
- United colonies of New England, 114.
- "Unknown Soldiers," graves of the, 494; tribute to the, 498.
- VALLEY FORGE, Washington's army at, 287.
- Van Buren, Martin, President, 362.
- Veneration for law, 307.
- Venezuelan village, 45.
- Vera Cruz, Americans land near, 365.
- Vespuccius, Americus, lands at Venezuela, 45.
- Vicksburg, Miss., siege and capture of, 440.
- Virginia, story of, 64; character of the colonists, 72; governed by two councils, 178; loyal to the Stuarts, 178; at first refused to secede, 398; seceded, 418.
- Virginia, the, Confederate iron-clad, 426.
- Virginia Company, charter granted to, 64.
- Virginians bought no land, 75.
- WALL STREET, 139.
- Walpole, Sir Robert, 148, 204.
- Wampanoags, Philip, King of, 119.
- Wampum, Philip's girdle and crown of, 135.
- Wamsetta and Metacom, sons of Massasoit, renamed, 106.
- War, end of the Revolutionary, 299.
- War of 1812, 316.
- War of the Great Rebellion, 407; ended, 474.
- Warren, Gen., 217.
- Washington, George, 179; his pedigree, 180; education, 181; accuracy as a surveyor, 182; no questionable transaction ever alleged against him, 183; campaign in Ohio, 188; surrenders at Fort Mifflin, 188; with Gen. Braddock, 189; member of Congress, 215; statue of, 238; memorial inscriptions, 238; head-quarters, 245; moves to New York, 274; retreats into New Jersey, 276; crosses the Delaware, 279; retreats to Philadelphia, 279; at home, 301; elected President, 308; death of, 309; opposition to slavery, 345.
- Washington elm, 262.
- Washington, city of, the seat of government, 313; public buildings at, burned by the British, 324; threatened capture of, 417.
- Watson's Hill, Plymouth, 100.
- Watt, James, invents the steam-engine, 351.
- Webster, Daniel, opposed to slavery, 361.
- Weetamo, Queen of Pocasset, 128.
- Wesley, Charles, secretary to Oglethorpe, 155.
- Wesley, John, 151, 155.
- West India Islands, discovered by Columbus, 45.
- West Indies, lands in, given to slaveholders, 340.
- West Point, 293.
- West Virginia restored to the Union, 418.
- "When shall we three meet again?" 118.
- Whitefield, George, in Georgia, 155.
- White House, the, pillaged and burned, 324.
- Whitney, Eli, inventor of the cotton-gin, 351, 353.
- Wilderness, the, 443, 456; battles in, 457.
- William and Mary, 241.
- William, Prince of Orange, 97.
- Williams, Roger, "godly and zealous," 165; a friend of Cromwell, 165; learned Dutch from Milton, 165; banished, 166; and the Pequot emissaries, 169.
- Winchester, battle of, 463.
- Windom, William, Secretary of the Treasury, 511.
- Winslow, Edward, meets Massasoit, 100; doctors Massasoit when sick, 103.
- Winslow, Josiah, destroys Fort Narragansett, 124.
- Winthrop, Gov. John, 241.
- Winthrop, Gov. John, Jr., 241.
- Witchcraft in New England, 157.
- Witches, sticking pins to discover, 157; condemned to death, 158; hung, 163.
- Wolfe, Gen., at Quebec, 194.
- Writing Rock at Dighton, Mass., 14, 15; inscription of Asiatic origin, 19.
- "YANKEE DOODLE," 265.
- York River, 424.
- Yorktown, Cornwallis besieged at, 297; surrender of Cornwallis, 298, 424.

635

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