

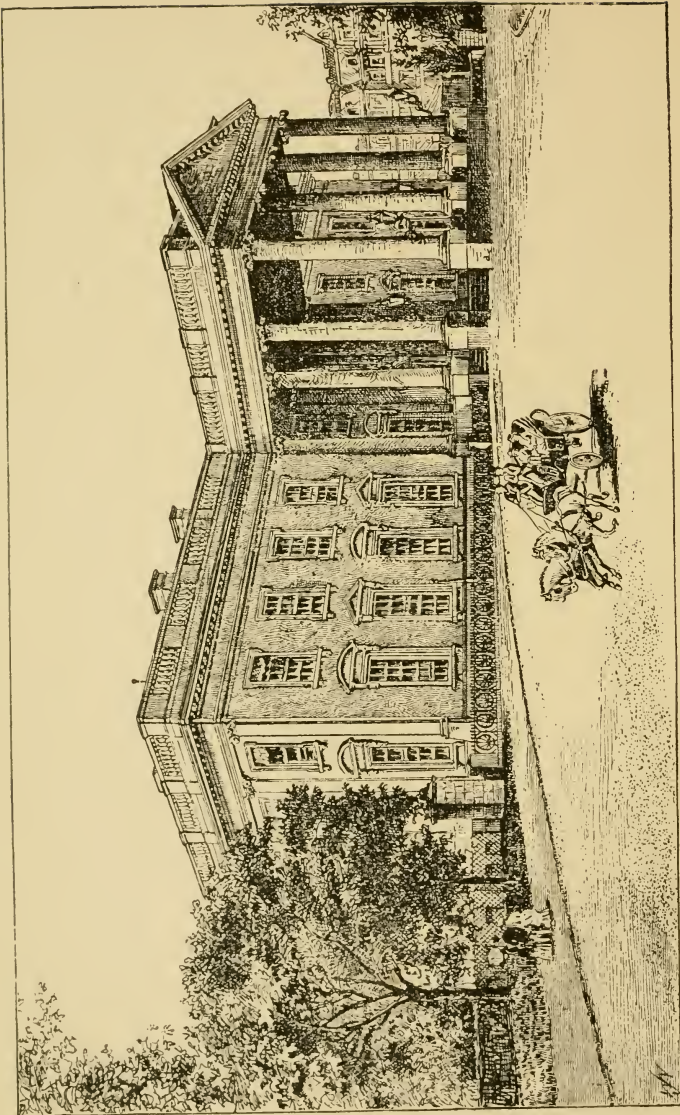
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00005244687







THE WHITE HOUSE—HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS.

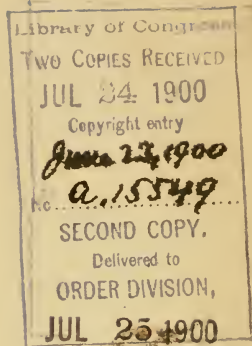
LIVES OF THE
PRESIDENTS.

TOLD IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

By JEAN S. REMY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK:
A. L. BURT, PUBLISHER.



66209

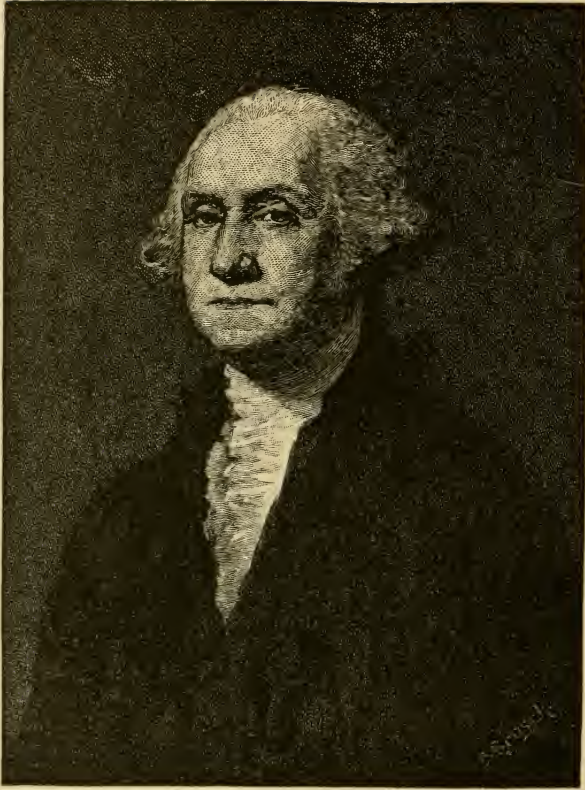
Copyright, 1900, by A. L. BURT.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

BY JEAN S. REMY.

CONTENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.....	1
JOHN ADAMS.....	16
THOMAS JEFFERSON.....	20
JAMES MADISON.....	25
JAMES MONROE.....	29
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.....	33
ANDREW JACKSON.....	38
MARTIN VAN BUREN.....	43
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.....	45
JOHN TYLER.....	47
JAMES KNOX POLK.....	49
ZACHARY TAYLOR.....	52
MILLARD FILLMORE.....	54
FRANKLIN PIERCE.....	56
JAMES BUCHANAN.....	58
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....	60
ANDREW JOHNSON.....	66
ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.....	68
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.....	72
JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.....	75
CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.....	78
STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND.....	80
BENJAMIN HARRISON.....	82
WILLIAM MCKINLEY.....	86



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE WASH-ING-TON.

WAY down in Vir-gin-i-a, near a small creek, called Bridges Creek, there is a shaft of white stone;—on it is the name of George Wash-ing-ton and the date of his birth, Feb-ru-ar-y 22d, 1732.

On this spot once stood the big brick house in which George Wash-ing-ton was born; it was built in 1657 by a man called Wash-ing-ton; his grand-son, Au-gus-tine, was the father of the lit-tle boy who be-came our first pres-i-dent. The mother of George Wash-ing-ton was Ma-ry Ball; so simple and fair was she, when she was a young girl, that she was known as “Sweet Mol-ly.”

Now she was not the first wife of Au-gus-tine Wash-ing-ton; and he had two boys, Law-rence and Au-gus-tine, when he made her his wife. These boys were so kind to their small broth-er George, when he was young, and gave him so much help, all through his life, that their names should stay in your minds. When George was three years old his home was burned to the ground, and his father built a fine new house, just o-ver the riv-er from where the city of Fred-er-icks-burg now stands. Here George went to his first school, and the name of the man who taught him was so queer, it will not go out of your mind;—it was “Hob-by.” In those old days, the boys wrote to their

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

s ; he longed, just as boys would to-day, to throw his books, to leave school, to go to the true war and real gun ; and when he was fif-teen, his broth-er-nce, who was a sol-dier, tried to make his moth-er join the na-vy, as he was too young to go to the sea. But this moth-er was a ver-y wise wo-man, and said that his place was at home un-til he knew how to care for the great plan-ta-tion and the ma-ny slaves that in five years would be his.

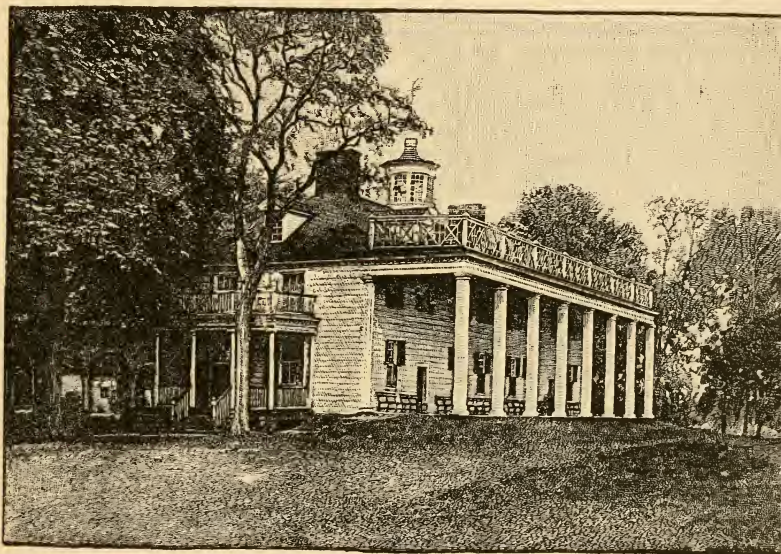
Now, at this time, this great land of ours was so wild it was hard to tell how much land a man owned, just one great farm end-ed and the next be-gan ; and a man who knew the land so well that he could tell folks just what things would be of much use ; so George now be-gan to spend much time to just this work ; and so well did he do that soon folks came to him when they were in doubt.

Let this work led, as you shall see, straight up to the president's seat. His broth-er Law-rence had mar-ried Anne Fair-fax, and in their home at Mt. Ver-non George met many great men ; a-mong oth-ers was Lord Thom-as Fairfax, who owned a piece of land so large that he did not know how big it was ; he sent George to find this out ; and his young boy had a rough piece of real work to do.

In March, 1748, he and a young friend, George Wil-liam Fairfax, left the ease of Mt. Ver-non to live in the wild woods where they would see on-ly Indians, or, at the best, a few white men ; in the log huts of the white men they had so much dirt that, af-ter one tri-al, rath-er than sleep on any straw, with no sheet, and but one torn, thin blan-ket they ei-ther lay on the bare floor, near the big wood-fire, or built a huge fire in the woods and lay close to it on the ground. They had to swim their hors-es o-ver streams ;

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

They shot wild deer and birds, and of-ten cooked and
them, alone in the great wild woods, far from e-ven the c
of the In-di-ans. Once, at least, we know, from a little
which each night George wrote of what they had
that day, that they saw a grand war-dance of the In-di
the mu-sic by which they danced was made by a pot
full of wa-ter, with a deer-skin o-ver the top, and a g



MOUNT VERNON—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

led with shot ; this must have made queer mu-si
ance by.

The boys were gone six weeks, and did their wor
ell that the gov-ern-or heard of it, and he made Geor
public sur-vey-or ;" that is, it was his place to find ou
ze of all the new farms ; and his word was to be law.
must have done this work well, too, for the lines which

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

yn were the ones used by the new States years and after his death.

for weeks at a time, he was a-lone in the woods with i-ans ; liv-ing in their camps, and learn-ing of their ey taught him ma-ny things ; and they, in turn, to love and trust him ; this lone-ly life made him a nd qui-et man ; one who talked lit-tle ; and it taught hink for him-self, at an age when most boys are at to do by their par-ents and friends.

en he was not in the woods, hard at work, he was 7ernon ; and here the talk was of the great lands in t ; and of the war bet-ween the Eng-lish and the who were each try-ing to drive a-way the oth-er, re both try-ing to force out the In-di-ans. It was hard for the In-di-ans, who now had not on-ly to fight er, but the white men, too. At last they took sides, ith the Eng-lish, some with the French ; and a fierce ke out o-ver the land near the O-hi-o River ; no white d yet lived there, and both sides wished to own it. e French moved ver-y fast, and built great forts, and en there to keep the Eng-lish a-way ; it was no “ play- a which Wash-ing-ton now took part ; he had real der him ; but, just as he be-gan to learn what real as, he had to go to the West In-dies with his broth-er nce, who was ver-y sick. They spent the win-ter ut Law-rence did not get well, and came back to Mt. n in the spring, where he died in Ju-ly, 1752.

left his land in charge of Wash-ing-ton, who now his home there ; and when his broth-er’s daugh-ter be-came the own-er.

w, while Wash-ing-ton had been a-way, the French en ver-y ac-tive ; they had made friends with the

n-di-ans, and had e-ven dared to send some Eng-lish tr
n a ship to France.

At this act Eng-land was up and in arms, and
-ver great ships and ma-n-y men to help fight the Fr
The first step that Eng-land took was to send men to
he French a-way from the Eng-lish forts in Penn-syl-va
nd Wash-ing-ton, who knew bet-ter than a-n-y one els
ough wild woods, and who was a friend of the In-d
ed a lit-tle band of sev-en men through the dense,
woods and o-ver riv-ers filled with float-ing ice, up t
rench lines. He told the chief man of the French t
ust what the Eng-lish said, but this French man w
ot give up one inch of ground that he had won from
n-di-ans, and gave Wash-ing-ton a note to take back
im, in which he said as much.

Of course Eng-land could take but one course
nd so the long, fierce war known as the "Sev-en Y
Var" be-gan. Wash-ing-ton was made a colo-nel,
howed so much skill, and was so brave, that in a
me he took charge of part of the troops of Gen-er-al
ock.

In June, 1755, the troops made a start for Fort
uesne, where they were to stay; and on this trip,
ney were deep in the woods, the In-di-ans, with
rieks and wild cries, sprang on them from the rocks
rees. The horse on which Wash-ing-ton rode was
en-er-al Brad-dock got such a wound that he died,
a-n-y poor men were killed. Here again Wash-in
ct-ed so brave-ly, and was so wise, that the sol-diers
at Brad-dock had lost the day and Wash-ing-ton
aved the ar-my.

At Brad-dock's death Wash-ing-ton was made chi

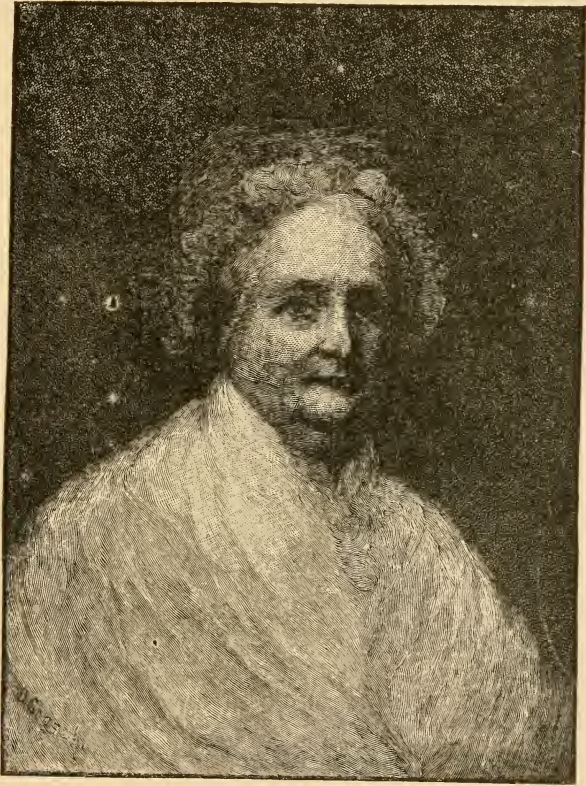
LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

troops in the colonies; and the first thing he did was to place men near the homes which the white men were making in the new lands, and so help these early settlers to stop the Indians when they came to rob them and burn up their little log cabins, for a great fear of the Indians was over all the land. Now, when the war was a close with the fall of the French, we find that Washington is a very great man, that his troops love him very much, and that the heads of the states feel that he is a brave, wise man, and one whom they can trust. All the world, you know, he was an English soldier, fighting for England; but, deep in his heart, and in the hearts of his brave men who fought with him, there was, we are sure, a love for this fair land, and a longing for its independence.

When the war was at an end Washington, who was obliged to give up his post, married Mrs. Eustis, a young widow with two little children, a girl of six years and a boy of twelve, and went to Mt. Vernon to live. For twenty years now he lived the quiet life he loved so well. He took care of his farm, was happy with his family and his friends, and grew, day by day, in power. He did not lead a very busy life, you may be sure; he rose early, had his breakfast at seven in summer and eight in winter; then rode over his farm and saw that all was right. He had his dinner at two o'clock; then had an early tea, and often was in bed by nine o'clock. Twice a year he sent to London for things needed in the way of dress for his family and for tools, books, drugs, etc. Some of the things he sent for the children I think you boys and girls would like. He sent for "tops, little books for children to read, a doll, and other toys."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington loved horses and was very fond of his. The name of his pet horse was "Blue-skin"; he never looked very fine when he was on horse-back; for he was a big man, with bright blue eyes and high color,



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

wore a red vest with gold lace on it, and a dark blue coat. Mrs. Washington rode in a fine carriage drawn by four horses, and her driver wore the Washington coat of red, white and gold. These old days were full of

and fun, but there was work as well, and soon came talk of war.

All through these twenty years this land was getting bigger and bigger; and at last came the time when folks did not see why they should not be free from England and rule their own land in their own way.

At last England made a law called the "Stamp Act" which put so high a tax on goods that folks here would not pay it; tea was one of the things on which this tax was put, and when England sent over three ships full of tea to Boston, our men would not let it be taken from the ships. They broke the great chests and threw all the tea in the sea. This act is known as the "Boston Tea Party"; and from that time the first signs of war were seen; a fierce fight took place at Lexington, one Sunday morning, between the British and American troops; and now, all over the land, went up a cry, "To arms! To arms!"

This is how the great War of Independence began, and you know the name of the man who was at once put at the head of the American army—George Washington, of course! Now he is not an Englishman fighting for England, but an American fighting to free his own land. A long, hard fight it was, too, but not once did Washington or his brave men lose heart. He drove the British out of Boston, and then, for fear they would go to New York, he sent men there; but the British ships went to Canada instead, and made that land theirs.

It was just at this time that Richard Henry Lee, a close friend of Washington, made a move in Congress to tell our land should say to the whole world that it would be free from British rule; and so the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and sent out to the world on July 4th.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

War now began in deadly earnest; and, at the battle of Long Island, our men met with great loss of life and had to flee from the foe. Soon after this bad news the British took Philadelphia, and Washington was sad at heart; but on Christmas day of 1776, though his troops won in the great fight that took place at Trenton, and there was joy in the whole land; bad news came with the New Year, too, for Washington won no more fights; and at last, in October, 1777, the British troops in charge of General Burgoyne gave up their arms to General Gates.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGUYNE

From an English print, 1733.

That winter of 1777 was a bad one for Washington and his men; at no time in the war did they suffer so much; the time was spent at Valley Forge and the men lived in log huts which they had first built along straight lines, like city streets; twelve men lived in each hut, and there was a fire-place at the back, but it could not keep out the awful cold, and no hut was strong enough to keep out the snow that fell in great drifts around the little town of log huts. To make things worse there was little food to be had; the men had only poor, thin clothes, and their bare feet often left marks of blood on the white snow. But the men did not lose hope, and kept their faith through all the long months in their general's tent, whose lot was quite as hard as theirs was; the house in which he had a room still stands, and it is hard to believe, as you look at this old house on the bank of the Delaware River, that once the big orchard back of

the pret-ty fields were filled with poor little wood-en
 a which, for the sake of free-dom, lived and suf-fered
 ands of brave men.

the spring things were bet-ter, for France joined
 i-ca in her fight for free-dom, and three years from
 ne the Brit-ish were beaten at York-town and A-mer-
 s free. One of the great French-men, who gave us



S DE LAFAYETTE.

much help, and was a firm friend of
 Wash-ington's, was the Mar-quis de
 La-fay-ette.

A ver-y sad thing dur-ing these
 last years of the war was the base act
 of Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, who made up
 his mind to sell to the Brit-ish some
 posts near West Point, of which he
 had charge. He sent a note to Clin-
 ton by a young Brit-ish spy, Ma-jor
 An-drè; but on his way to the Brit-

es this young man was caught by three of our men.
 found the note in his boots and he was brought to
 mer-i-can camp, tried for his life and hung as a spy.
 dict Ar-nold had made his way to a ship and set sail
 g-land, and his name is hat-ed, not on-ly by his own
 ut by e-ven the land to whom he tried to sell his
 ry.

was in March, 1783, that the news of peace spread
 h the land, and it is said that Wash-ington wept
 oy, as he read the glad news to his troops; he gave
 that the whole ar-my should give thanks to God; and
 as done at a great meet-ing on the day af-ter Lord
 val-lis laid down his sword. Then there was a great
 v-en at Fred-er-icks-burg, and Wash-ington's old moth-

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

sev-en-ty-four years old, was there lean-ing on the arm of his son ; and do you not think she was proud, as one after another of the great French of-fi-cers bowed to her, and spoke in her son's praise ?

It was on Christ-mas eve that Wash-ing-ton came home to Mt. Vernon, af-ter eight years of war : rid-ing in state with his wife at his side, this great A-mer-i-can, feared



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN.

by the king, and loved more than ev-er by the coun-try he had made free, came glad-ly back to take up the quiet coun-try he loved so well ; and here, could he have had his way, he would have lived un-til his death ; but this new coun-try had set up at its head a man whom folks loved and trusted more than of whom oth-er lands stood in fear. No man but Wash-ing-ton could fill this great place ; and so, at the end

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

years, once more at his coun-try's call, he left h
e,—this time to be-come the first Pres-i-dent of th
ed States. Not one voice was a-gainst him; eve
in the new coun-try vot-ed to give him this last hon-
on April 30th, 1789, in New York Ci-ty, he took th
of of-fice. Wash-ing-ton, who was a ve-ry rich ma
ak-en no mon-ey for serv-ing his coun-try in the war
aid he would take none now; but be-cause oth-er Pre
s might not be rich e-nough or good e-nough to war
the same, the peo-ple made him take \$25,000 a year.
you know, the Pres-i-dent gets \$50,000 a year.

Wash-ing-ton was in New York but one year, then th
tal was moved to Phil-a-del-phia, and here he lived i
state, un-til af-ter eight years in the Pres-i-dent's chair
more, and for the last time, he came back home to M
on.

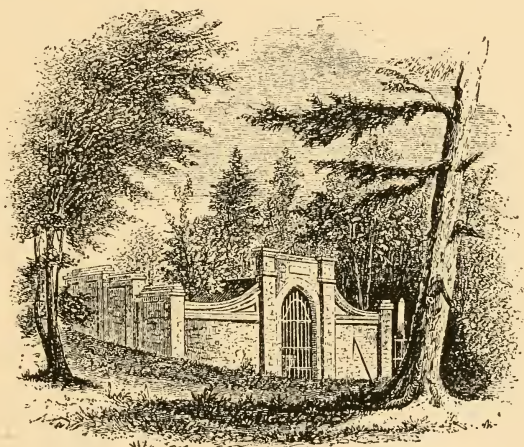
At the end of his term of of-fice, Wash-ing-ton on-
ed to see the next Pres-i-dent, John Ad-ams, take th
, and soon af-ter he came back talk a-rose of war wit
ce; and, of course, the coun-try turn-ed to him; he wa
n put in charge of the army, and took up the pub-
e had so glad-ly laid down. But he had not long
it this time, for on De-cem-ber 12th, 1799, while rid-i
hard rain-storm, he took a heav-y cold, from which h
on Sat-ur-day night, De-cem-ber 14th, be-tween ten and
re o'clock.

Wash-ing-ton was bur-ied at Mt. Ver-non, and to-da
omb of "The Fa-ther of his Coun-try," as he is lov-ing-
l is a sa-cred place; not on-ly to us, but to the men ar
en of the old lands, which were taught by him so lon
to hon-or and fear this great, new A-mer-i-ca.

Wash-ing-ton had been dead just one hun-dred years o

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

-cem-ber 14th, 1899, and the date was made much o
e U-nit-ed States : in New York Ci-ty, in Wash-ing-
d at Mt. Ver-non there was a great time in his hon-or
s great man is as dear to his coun-try to-day as he
en he was a-live.

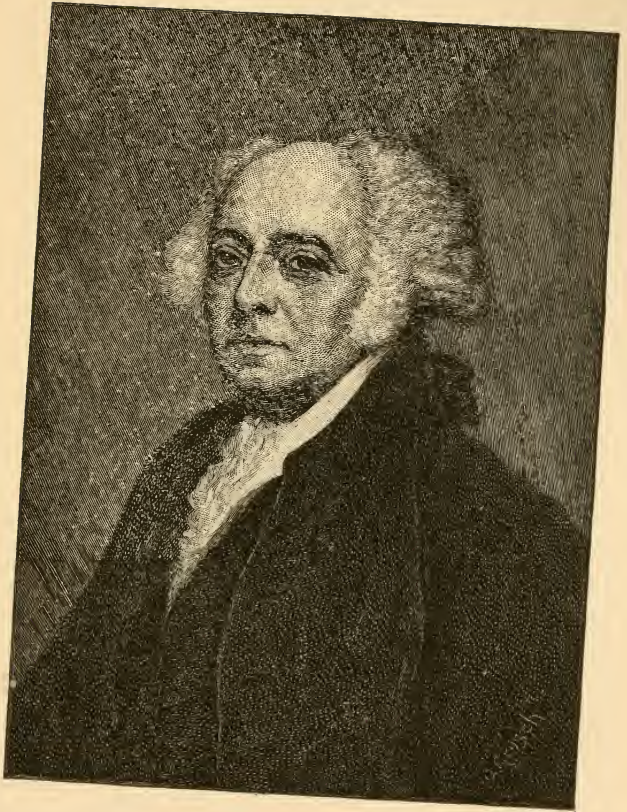


WASHINGTON FAMILY VAULT.

JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS was born, not in the far South with many to wait on him, but on a small farm in Brain-tree. Here, from old England had come, in 1636, his great father, Henry Adams; and in this old home was on October 19th, 1735, John Adams, who was to be second President of the United States. Now, on this in the east, there was much work to be done, and few rest; the folks who had made their homes here did not much lives of ease as those who lived on the great farm in the South.

As a small boy, though, of course, he was taught to read and write, John Adams had a good deal of hard work. There was wood to chop, and snow to be cleared; there were horses and cows to care for, and there was much work to do in the fields. In all this work John took his part, like the brave, strong boy that he was. When the days grew long and cold, he was sent to an old school near his home, and here he at once took his place with the boys as one who would lead in fun and sport of all kinds. There was a good deal of fun, too, in those days, for boys and girls both; in the cold days there was good, strong ice to skate; there was snow to play in, and to make sleds for long rides in a sleigh; and, when the days were long and hot, there were fish in the big streams, and there was game in the wild woods. John was not fond of hunting, but still he did good work at school; and when he was quite young went to Harvard College. He left it in



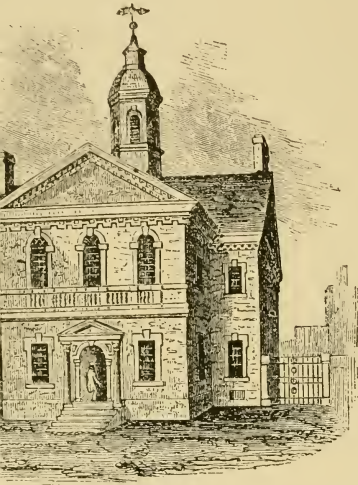
JOHN ADAMS.

55, just at the start of the "Sev-en Years' War"; and the name of George Wash-ing-ton, the brave young Col-one of Vir-gin-ia, rang loud in his ears.

He taught school in Wor-ces-ter to earn the means to study law; and in 1758 he be-came a law-yer. He had many pupils, and grew wise and great, though he did not make much mon-ey, as folks in the small town of Brain-tride were far from rich and paid small fees. But he did make many kind friends, and far and near he was known as a man of clear, strong mind and quick, bright thoughts and a fine, sweet voice, too, and his speech-es were al-ways wise and showed much thought.

In the strife with Eng-land he was, from the start on the side of A-mer-i-ca. So much did Eng-land fear Adams, in 1757, the Eng-lish king sent word that he would give Adams great wealth if he would serve him at this time. Adams would not do this; he would speak and act just as he thought right, and be bound by no king. When the "Statute" passed in 1764, he made a great speech, which he read out to those at the head of his State; and when, in 1770, a troop of Brit-ish fired on a mob of A-mer-i-can men in the streets of Bos-ton, he took the case to court, and spoke for the Brit-ish Cap-tain and his men, though they had killed five of our men. It may seem strange to you that Ad-ams, who stood for A-mer-i-can rights, should here take sides with the Brit-ish; but, first of all, he stood for law; and, though he knew he ran the risk of losing his high place in the hearts of A-mer-i-can men, still he would do what he thought right. But men love to see a brave man act as he thinks right, and Adams felt that he had just the clear, cool head and brain and a strong warm heart to give aid in the dark days that were

to the land. He was sent to the First Congress and one of the three men who drew up the Declaration of Independence.



CARPENTER'S HALL.

First Continental Congress met September, 1774.

He was also one of the three men to go to France and ask for the aid which she gave to America, in the spring after that hard winter at Valley Forge. Do you see why this trip at this time was a brave act, and one by which Adams ran a great risk of losing his life? England had no wish that he should reach France, and her ships tried in vain to get him. If he had been caught he would have been hung, as a man who was false to his

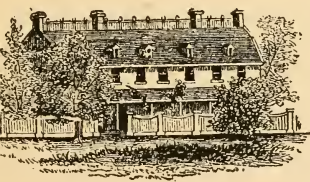
and his king. You know that he went to France, and did his work well. He stood up for our rights and a bill passed which made the ports of France and free to our goods. At the end of the war he was to England to look out for our rights there; and, now this is a pleasant task, it was not then, for it was hard for Adams to be true to America and yet not to the English king, George III.

But we have seen how bold and brave a man he was, the first thing he said to the king was: "I must tell your Majesty that I love no country but my own"; and said the king: "An honest man will never love any other." In

site of this, Ad-ams met with much rude-ness at the
 sh court ; but he did his best for his coun-try, and v
 e came home in 1787, af-ter twelve
 ears of hard work, he was met with
 eat joy. He was made Vice-Presi-
 ent with Wash-ington, and at the
 nd of Wash-ington's term of of-fice
 e was made Pres-i-dent. He served
 n-ly four years and then made way
 r Thom-as Jef-fer-son.

At the age of six-ty-eight years,
 ith the love of the whole land, he
 ent to his home in Quin-cy, Mass.
 is heart was ever with his coun-try ;
 nd he lived un-til his son, John
 uin-cy Ad-ams, was made Pres-i-
 ent of the U-nit-ed States.

His last thoughts were for his coun-try. On June
 326, he gave as a toast for the great feast to be held
 uly 4th the words : " In-de-pend-ence for-ev-er."



RESIDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS.
 At Quincy, Mass.

f whom, in giv-ing up their best to their coun-try, h
 o make it the great, free land that it is to-day.



GEORGE III.
 From an anonymous print.

He died on the night of
 A-mer-i-ca's great day. His
 words were of Jef-fer-son. He
 " Thom-as Jef-fer-son still l
 But this was not so, for Jef-fer-
 had died a few hours be-for
 this same day ; and this young
 wept for two of her great men,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When Thomas Jefferson was a boy his home was so near the Indians' camp and he saw so much of them that all boys will like to read of him. His father, Thomas Jefferson, took his bride, Jane Randolph, to a house on a large tract of land of over 1,000 acres, way out in Virginia in the midst of great woods. He was a big, strong man, and this strength was very useful to him in settling his new home, for he had to chop down huge trees and cut them up into the logs of which the little log cabin was built. He took with him into this wild new land a few slaves, but with their help his farm soon grew and he became a rich man. The Indians were great friends of his, and always sure of a warm welcome in his

land, the Indians were not always at peace with the white men, who had come to make their homes so near the Indians and folks had to be on the watch for fear the red men would rob and kill them. Peter Jefferson was made one of the men who kept the Indians back in the mountains and away from the little town that was fast growing near his home.

This great, strong man was fond of books, and it was from his father that little Thomas began to study. He was also taught to ride, to swim and to shoot; and as he was so fond of music he spent long hours in learning to play on the violin, or "fiddle" as it was then called.

The In-di-ans near his home liked him, and he used to sing tunes for the lit-tle, brown In-di-an boys to dance by.

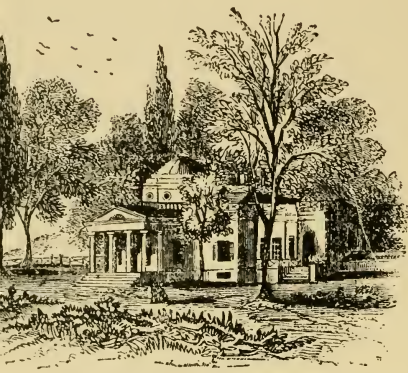
He was on-ly nine years old when he went to board school with a Mr. Doug-lass, and here he be-gan to study Latin, Greek and French. He was so near home that he did not stay a-way long at a time ; and in-deed, this was such a hap-py one, so full of life and fun, that he did not want to be a-way from it long at one time.

But this hap-py time did not last long, for Thom-son was but four-teen years old when his brave fa-ther was slain in a fight with the In-di-ans. This boy was now at the head of a place as big as the fa-ther of George Wash-ing-ton had left to him, and though he kept on with his books he had no time to spare of this great farm to think of and plan for. He was a bright, well-read boy ; and was but six-teen when he transferred his place at Wil-liam and Ma-ry Col-lege. Here, his love for books and mu-sic kept him from the wild life led by some of the young men there, and made friends for him among the great men, whose homes were in Wil-liams-town.

He met a great law-yer, George Wythe, and be-gan the stu-dy of law with him when, at the end of two years, he left col-lege. In five years he be-gan the prac-tise of law at his old home in Vir-gin-ia. In two years, so bright and quick was he, and of such a strong, clear mind, that he had heard 98 cas-es, held a high place in his State, and was a great man.

In 1770, while he and his moth-er were a-way from home, the old house burned down. When news of this came to Jef-fer-son, his first thought was for his books. He said to the slave who had told him : " Did you save any of my books ? " " No, mas-ter," said the slave, " but we have your fid-dle." You see e-ven when he was a great

an he still loved his fid-dle ; but the loss of all his law was ve-ry hard for a bu-sy law-yer, and it took him a mile to get the new books that he must have.



MONTICELLO.

The Home of Thomas Jefferson,

He had be-gun to build a ve-ry large new house at Mon-ti-cel-lo, and so in the lit-tle end of this he now went to live. Two years lat-er, to this home, which was to be-come known all o-ver the world, he brought his bride, Mrs. Mar-tha Skel-ton, a young and ve-ry rich wid-ow. They were d on New Year's Day, 1772, and came to their home a hard snow-storm that the hors-es could not drag ch through the big drifts, so these two young folks warm coach, and rode the tired hors-es up to the their new home. Jef-fer-son and his wife gave are to Mon-ti-cel-lo, and it was known far and near great beau-ty and for its choice and rare fruits and

t Jef-fer-son was much from home. In 1762 he was Con-gress, and here he at once stood at the head of the wise and great men who were then there. His was so clear and bright that in all the grave things me up he knew at once just what to do, he had the all men.

was a great help in writ-ing the Dec-la-ration of In-ence ; in fact, it may well be said that he wrote it.

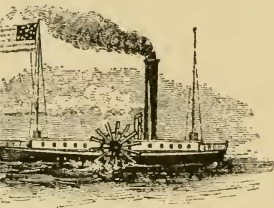
on after this great act he left Congress and turned
 and to the laws of his own State ; he made them safe
 t for all men, both rich and poor. In 1779 he was m
 y-ern-or of Vir-gin-ia ; and now his work was hard ;
 ly must he find a way to keep the In-di-ans from
 us-es of the white men but the Brit-ish came down to
 th and laid his fair home in ruins. Not for long yo
 . Mon-ti-cel-lo grow in beau-ty once more. But thro
 the dark years of war Jef-fer-son did his work well
 ced back the In-di-an foes, and gave help and aid to
 ate while the War for In-de-pend-ence went on. When
 r was at an end, this strong, just man, with his cl
 se brain, was just the one to stand up for our rights in
 nds a-cross the sea, so he was sent to France at the t
 -ams was in Eng-land. While here he had a bill pas
 which Eng-land said she would look on our land as f
 d this was a big point for us to gain.

When Jef-fer-son came home he was made Sec-re-t
 State, and in this high of-fice did much good work
 s he who first gave us our own coins to use in place of
 g-lish coins, which, up to that time had been in use b
 w, Al-ex-an-der Ham-il-ton was in charge of the wor
 k-ing the coin, and a great feud came up be-tween
 d Jef-fer-son as to how this should be done. Mer
 urse, took sides in this strife, and so two bands sprang
 ich were known as Re-pub-li-cans and Fed-er-al-ists ;
 y these two bands are known as Re-pub-li-cans
 m-o-crats. Al-ex-an-der Ham-il-ton was killed in a d
 Aaron Burr in Ju-ly, 1804.

In 1801, Jef-fer-son was made Pres-i-dent ; and whil
 s in the chair this land grew strong and great.

Our first steam-boat was built by Rob-ert Ful-ton w

er-son was Pres-i-dent ; and it did not look at all like t
 t boats of to-day ; it was a heav-y, clum-sy boat, whi
 by sails as well as steam.



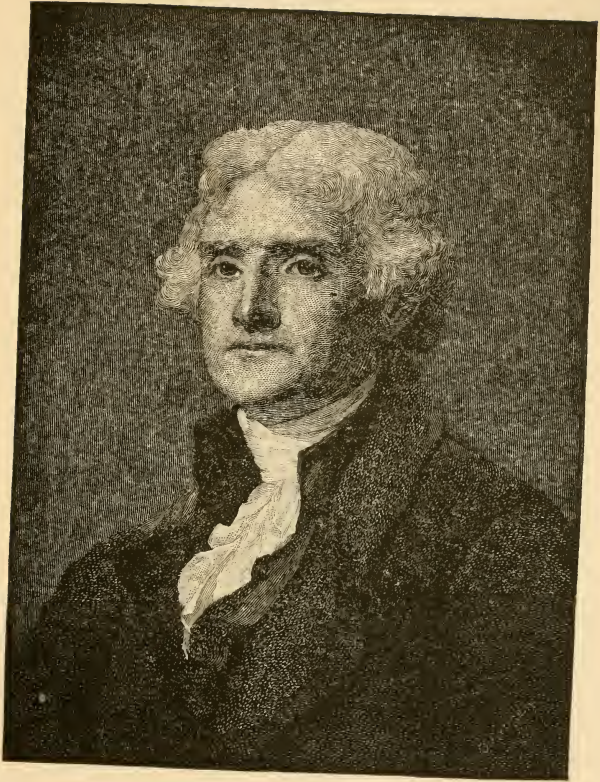
THE CLERMONT.
 rt Ful-ton's first Steam-boat.

Jef-fer-son tried hard to put
 end to the slave-trade, which
 felt was a great wrong ; he thought
 too, that folks should have t
 right to serve God in their ow
 way ; and he held that on-ly m
 who could read and write shou
 vote.

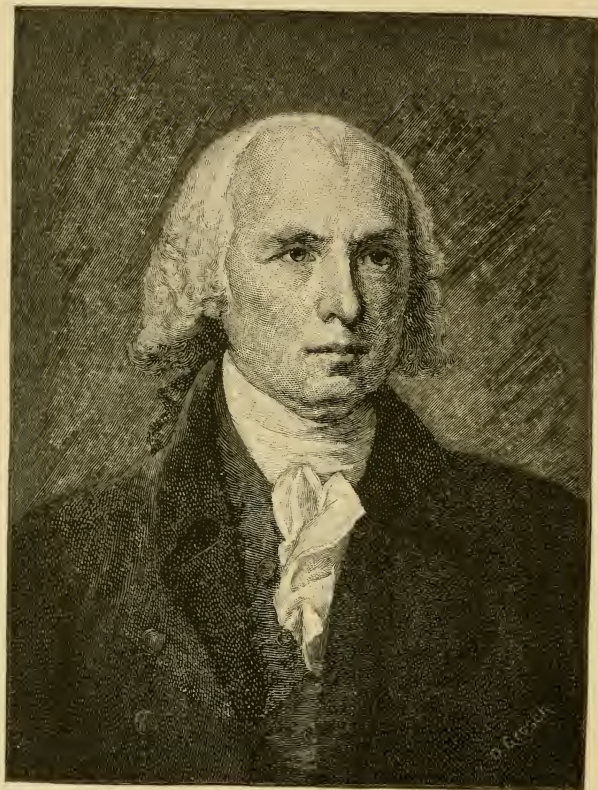
He was a great and a wise man ; books were his de
 ds ; and so one of the hard-est things he had to do, af-t
 ent home to Mon-ti-cel-lo, when he left the White Hous
 to sell all his books to Con-gress in or-der to get mon-
 e on. To his own home hosts of friends and stran-ge
 to see the great man, just as they had when he was
 a-ning-ton. But he sold his books so cheap that th
 ey did not help him much ; and, at last, it seemed
 must sell his dear old home. But now the peo-ple f
 n he had done so much helped him, and a big fund wa
 d, so that he could keep his home and live there
 fort un-til his death.

He lived to be a ver-y old man, and e-ven when he wa
 eak he could not rise from his bed, his great, stron
 was still clear. You know that he died on the 4th
 , 1826, just a few hours be-fore the death of his o
 d, John Ad-ams.

Next to the name of George Wash-ing-ton, there is n
 e a-mong the great men of our land, of which the pe
 re so proud, as that of Thom-as Jef-fer-son.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.



JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MAD-I-SON.

IN the home of his grand-fath-er at Port Con-way, Vir-gi-ni-a, was born, in the spring of 1751, the small boy who was to be our fourth Pres-i-dent. He was ver-y young when he went to live at Mon-ti-cel-lo, his fath-er's farm in Vir-gin-i-a, and here he led much the same life as George Wash-ing-ton did when a boy. He was a small boy when the French and Eng-lish War be-gan, and when Brad-dock lost the day, a great fear of the In-di-ans led to the ver-y door of his home ; and he grew up with the name of George Wash-ing-ton ev-er in his ears, as if he were a her-o.

His school days were much like those of Jef-fer-son. He was a young boy when he could read French and Span-ish with ease, and was as well hard at work at Greek and Lat-in. In 1769 he went to Prince-ton Col-lege, and here, as well as when he was at home, Jef-fer-son was a great help to him. An older man wrote to the boy in the quiet old col-lege, about the scenes of war ; he told him much of the British troops in the Bos-ton streets, of young John Jay and of Wash-ing-ton. So, when in 1771 he left col-lege, he knew a great deal a-bout the strife of the day, and had clear thoughts a-bout it. At home he led a quiet life with his books, un-til 1774, then he was put at the head of a company of men, who were to guard their own town if the Brit-ish troops came there. In this post he showed such a wise and firm mind and did his part so well that in a short time he was put in a high place in his State, and from there in 1775

sent to Con-gress. Jef-fer-son was at this time Gov-ernor of Vir-gin-i-a, and the two men were close, warm friends. For twen-ty five years Mad-i-son was one of the first men in this land. He had no taste for war, but he soon rose to a high place with those who made the laws of the land. One of the great things he did was to help draw up the Constitution of the U-nit-ed States.

In 1794 this grave and quiet man mar-ried, as Wash-ington



MRS. DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.

and Jef-fer-son had done, a young and love-wid-ow. She was but twenty-two years old, twenty-years young-er than he, and her name was Mrs. Dorothy Payne Todd. Later on the folks who grew to love this fair la-dy so well, gave her the name by which you know her to-day—"Dolly Mad-i-son." She was a Quak-er-ess, and so fair and sweet was she, in her quiet lit-tle gown of gray, that once a friend said to her, "Dol-ly, tru-ly thou must hide thy face, so many will stare at thee."

For one year after his mar-riage, Mad-i-son lived at Mont-pel-ier; then he went in-to public life, first in his State, and then that, in 1800, as Sec-re-ta-ry of State un-der Jef-fer-son.

JAMES MADISON.

Now, began the gay life at the White House, for which "Dolly" Madison won so much fame. Jefferson's wife was dead, and it was the wife of his friend that helped to entertain the White House guests. Well did this lovely do her part, and in 1808 when, as the wife of the President, she became the real mistress of the White House more than ever did the people love her. To-day, of all the pictures of the Presidents' wives that hang upon the White House walls, none is more lovely than that of the young and pretty "Dolly Madison."

Madison was most of all a man of peace, and yet it was while he was in office that the United States was drawn into the War of 1812. England, then at war with France, said she had the right to search American ships to see if they were carrying aid to France. America would not give this right to England, and so the war began. In 1814 the British came to the city of Washington, and for the only time in American history the President had to leave his home.

Madison, with the Secretary of State and his friends, went to a little inn near Washington, and there they were met by Mrs. Madison, who had stayed as long as she could at the White House to save some things from the hands of the British. She had brought the great Declaration of Independence, and had cut from its big frame the picture of Washington and brought it safely away. When the British troops set fire to the White House, the next day they burned the Capitol, and in fact the whole town. They fled in great haste, though, when they heard that our troops were on the way, and the next day Mrs. Madison put on the dress of a wash-woman, so folks would not know her, and made a start for her home, but the British had set fire to the bridge she had to cross on the way and then she be-

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

American soldier to row her over the river. He would not do so until she told him who she was, and then he was very glad to take this brave little lady in his boat. Black ashes marked the spot on which the White House once stood, so she had to go to her sister's home, where her resident soon joined her.

The English troops now tried to take Baltimore, but brave men drove them back; and when they tried to make a raid on New Orleans, General Jackson and his troops fought so hard that the foe could not get into the city.

This was the last fight of this war, and peace was signed on December 24th, 1814. From that day England had to leave our ships alone and to treat America as one of the great nations of the world.

In 1817 Madison was not sorry to go back to his old home, and here many happy years were spent, for the family of the White House kept open house in her own way, and guests from far and near were glad to come.

One of Madison's dearest friends was old Thomas Jefferson, who often rode over from his home at Montpelier, which was only thirty miles from Montpelier.

Madison wrote a good deal at this time; and once again he was seen in public life. In 1829 he was at the head of the great change made in all the laws of the whole land. He died after a long sickness at his home in Montpelier on June 28th, 1836.

JAMES MONROE.

JAMES MONROE.

JAMES MONROE was, like Wash-ington, Mad-ison, Jef-fer-son, born in Vir-gin-i-a. Our first Pres-i-dent was but twenty six years old when, in West-more-land County, A-pril 28th, 1758, was born the boy who was to be the fourth Pres-i-dent. His fa-ther, Colo-nel Spense Mon-roe, owned a big farm and was quite rich. Lit-tle James was sent to good schools and did not have to work to earn the money to stay in school. He learned at first to hunt, to skate, to swim; and was good friends with all the boys. Through-ough all the fun and school work came up the talk of war; of the long strife with Eng-land and the fierce con-ten-tion. It was hard for a brave boy to hear such talk and yet keep on at his books, and though Mon-roe did go to Wil-liam and Mary Col-lege, he did not stay long, for we hear of him in 1775 at the camp near Bos-ton. In 1776 we find him at the head of a band of men, and from that time on he was in the thick of the fight. He fought at Brat-tle-burn, Blaine and Har-lem Heights, and was so brave that the great Wash-ington gave him high praise for his work, and made him, when but eight-teen years old, a cap-tain in the army. At the great fight at Tren-ton he got a bad wound and had to rest for some time. In the big fights of the war the brave young man was one of the first in the field; his hero-ics were ev-er high, and he put heart in-to the weak and gave men who looked to him for help in the sad years of the war. In 1780 he be-gan the stud-y of law with his old fa-ther.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

as Jef-fer-son and soon led the bright men of the

o good a friend of his was Jef-fer-son, that the home
ch Mon-roe took his bride, in 1785, was planned for him
-fer-son, who, so it is said, al-so gave him the nails to
t with.

1794 he was sent to France to look out for A-mer-i
ghts, but he found talk of war there at that time
eople did not want a king an-y long-er, but wished to
e a free land like A-mer-i-ca, with a pres-i-dent at the
and Mad-i-son, who was a Re-pub-li-can, took sides
he Re-pub-li-cans in France. The king did not like
nd so Mad-i-son had to come home at the end of two

ut he met with a wel-come at home, and his own State
him its Gov-ern-or. In 1803 he was once more sen
nce; this time to buy the State of Lou-is-i-an-a from
rench, and he paid Na-po-le-on for this large State
0,000.

vice Mon-roe was sent to Spain and once to Eng-land
his task was to force Eng-land to stop her search o
-i-can ships. You know he could not do this, for tha
e cause of the War of 1812.

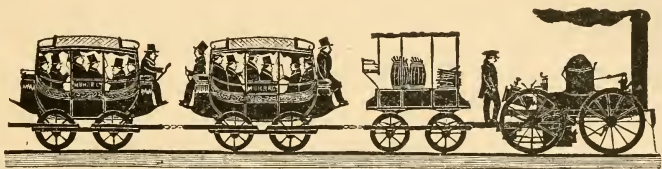
red and sad at heart, he came back home, and wa
o rest for a while in his own home; but he was of to
use to his coun-try to be i-dle long. Once more, in
e was made Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a.

men came the War of 1812; and it was Mon-roe, now
ta-ry of State, who, at the head of a few men, sav
it-ish land near Wash-ing-ton and sent word to Mad
o leave the cit-y. He al-so act-ed as Sec-re-ta-ry o
t this time, and so well did he do his part that in 1816

JAMES MONROE.

He was named for Pres-i-dent by the Dem-o-crats. He got the most votes and so took the first place in our country.

His first act was to pay off the great debt which the War of 1812 had brought on us. He did this in a very short time; and now our trade grew so great that rail-roads were built; and so our first rail-road was made while Madison was Pres-i-dent.



FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN.

There was a fierce war with the In-di-ans in Flor-ida at this time; but Gen-er-al Jack-son was sent down there and he forced them to lay down their arms and keep the peace.

Just at this time, too, we got Flor-i-da from the Span-ish, and gave up Tex-as, after pay-ing a big sum of money to the A-mer-i-cans, who had been robbed of their Spain.

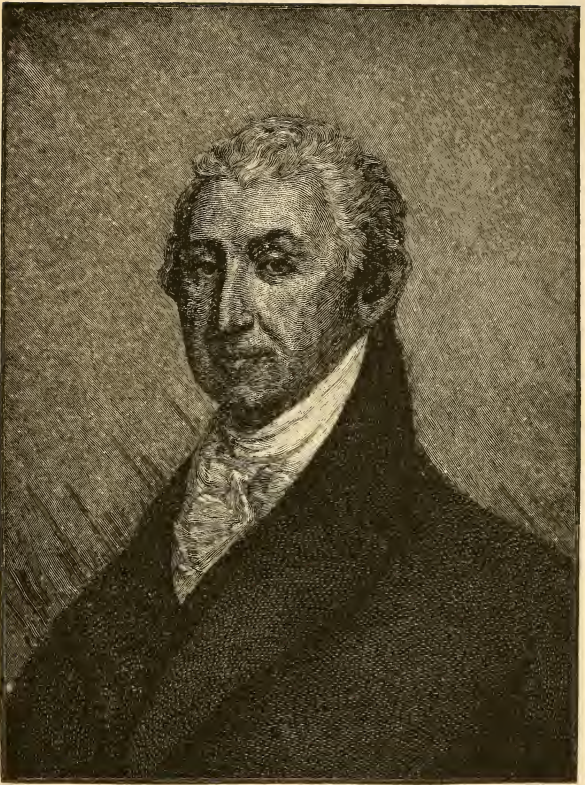
Mis-sou-ri came in-to the Un-ion while Mon-roe was Pres-i-dent, and there was a fierce storm of words. The North said she should not hold slaves after she was a State, and the South said that she should.

At last Con-gress gave way to the South-ern States and made a law that there should be a line drawn through the land, north of which no State should hold slaves.

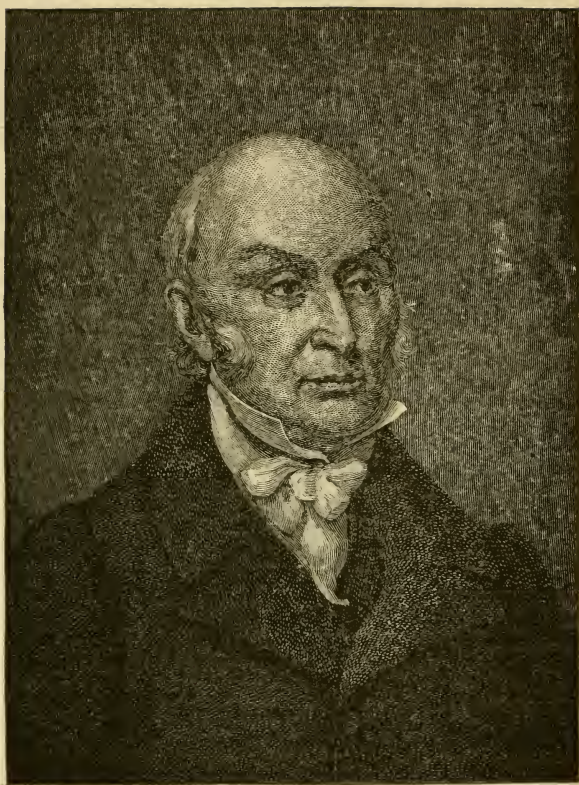
In 1825 Mon-roe was free to go to his home at Oak Hill, Vir-gin-i-a, and here he lived un-til 1830. His wife died

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

ear, and then he went to live with his daughter in New York. He died here on the 4th of July, 1831, and his is one that the whole land loves and hon-ors. He was bur-ied in New York, but on the one hun-dredth ver-sa-ry of his birth, his bod-y was tak-en to Rich- Vir-gin-i-a, and a hand-some stone raised o-ver his



JAMES MONROE.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE lit-tle boy who be-came our sixth Pres-i-dent is not at all like that of an-y oth-er of the boys of whom you have read. His fa-ther was John Ad-ams, our sec-ond Pres-i-dent, and when, on Ju-ly 11th, 1767, lit-tle John Quincy Ad-ams was born in the old home at Brain-tree, Mass. His great fa-ther was al-read-y speak-ing brave-ly for his coun-try's rights in the cit-y of Bos-ton. In 1772 the fam-i-ly moved to Bos-ton, and lit-tle John, for two years, saw, as the other boys did, the Brit-ish sol-diers in their bright red coat-march in the Bos-ton streets, and heard on all sides talk of war with Eng-land. He saw a lit-tle of real war, too. When he was eight years old, his moth-er took him on a ride up a high hill, called Be-mis Hill, from which he saw the smoke and heard the roar of can-non in that aw-ful battle of Bunk-er Hill. When, in 1776, the Brit-ish left Bos-ton, his lit-tle lad of nine years used to oft-en ride on horse-back in and out of the city to bring home the lat-est news. This was a ride of twen-ty-two miles from the old home at Brain-tree, where Mrs. Ad-ams had gone when her hus-band went to Con-gress, and I think it took a pret-ty brave and strong boy to ride all those long miles a-lone.

When John Ad-ams went to France to try and get help for A-mer-i-ca, he took with him his lit-tle boy, then ten years old. It was a rough, hard trip; for, not on-ly were they driven by fierce winds which lashed the waves in-to fu-ry, but they were chased by Brit-ish ships, for Eng-land did not

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Adams to get this help from France. But they
Paris in safety, and little John was at once
a French school. He only stayed for about a
and went back home with his father in the spring.
For three months he was with his mother, and then
remember he and some other boys who were placed in
her's care, all started for France, where they were
at in a good school.

This trip was harder than the other one, for the big
"ben-sible," sprang a leak, and after some days of
peril, they were glad to go to the nearest land, which
was in the sea; and now there was a long, hard trip by land
to France could be reached. They had sailed on Nov.
1779, and it was not until Feb. 5th, 1780, that the
party reached Paris.

For two years now our little lad was hard at work
with books in Paris; then his father was sent to the
United States as American Minister, and he took his little
son with him and placed him in a school in Amsterdam; from
there he went to the University at Leyden, where he
remained until July, 1781.

John was now only fourteen years old; but you see he
had been in so many lands, that he could speak as the
people did in those strange lands, and this was a rare thing
in those days. In 1781 Francis Dana, then the American
Minister to Russia, needing some one to help him in
his work, sent to Leyden for this young boy. They passed
through Germany on the way to Russia, and here John
learned something of another new land. Then,
after a year in Russia, he left Mr. Dana and studied for
a while in Sweden. The next spring he went to his father
in London, and then went to Paris with him, and was

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

sent when the treaty of peace between England and America ended the War of Independence.

For two years more he studied abroad, and then sailed home in May, 1783. He at once entered the junior class at Harvard College and graduated with next to the highest honors in 1787. Then he took up law, as his father had done, and began to practise in Boston. He made few friends; folks did not love him as they loved either Madison or Monroe, but he was always known as a man of great power, and of great learning; knowing so much of other lands, he was just the man to be sent as American Minister to these countries.

In 1794 Washington sent him to Holland, and in 1797 he was sent to Berlin.

When, in 1801, Adams came back home, it was to find many honors waiting for him. He was sent first to the Senate and then to Congress. You see the steps which our Presidents rose to power were much the same in every case. A duty well done in a small place led to something a little higher, and so on to the greatest honor of all—the President's chair.

The State of Massachusetts was very proud of John Quincy Adams; not only was he a great statesman and a man of the man whom they all loved, but he was, as well as a fine scholar, and a brilliant speaker. In 1809 he went abroad again for his country; this time to Russia where he had not been since he was a boy of fourteen. In 1815 he was sent to France, but he was here only a few months, when war broke out in France, and all the ministers from other countries were called away; he went to England, and here he had a much more pleasant time than his father had when he went there as the

ican min-is-ter ; the U-nit-ed States was now known as a strong coun-try, and no one dared to be rude to her min-ister. In 1817 his own land felt the need of the great man who had served her so well a-broad, and he was called to be-come Sec-re-tary of State. No man was so well fitted for this post as he ; for there were ma-n-y men from all coun-tries a-cross the sea, now com-ing and go-ing in the name of the U-nit-ed States, to talk o-ver great ques-tions. There were new states com-ing in-to the Un-i-on ; and oth-ers were al-ways try-ing to gain a lit-tle pow-er here ; so John Quincy Ad-ams, who not on-ly was a great schol-ar and a fine law-yer, but al-so knew well so ma-n-y lands be-fore his own, was just the man to help Pres-i-dent Mon-roe through his eight years of work.

He al-so was the man best suit-ed for the Pres-i-dent's office at the end of Mon-roe's term of of-fice. Not once when Ad-ams was in Wash-ing-ton work-ing hard, did he forget his old fa-ther, watch-ing, in his home at Quin-cy, the life of his great son. Once ev-er-y year he went to his quiet old home, and told his fa-ther of the life in Wash-ing-ton, in which the old-er man had once held so great a

part. At the age of six-ty-eight, Ad-ams went back to his home in Quin-cy, but in 1830 once more he was sent to Con-gress, and for six-teen years he kept his seat there ; he grew old and gray serv-ing his na-tive land ; he made bit-ter en-emies, but ma-n-y warm friends ; he feared no one, and his heart was al-ways for the free-dom of this great land. On Sep-tem-ber 19th, 1846, he had a stroke of par-al-y-sis while on his way in Bos-ton ; but three months later we saw him in Wash-ing-ton, and tak-ing his old seat in Con-gress. The old gray old man came feeb-ly in-to the hall, ev-er-y man

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

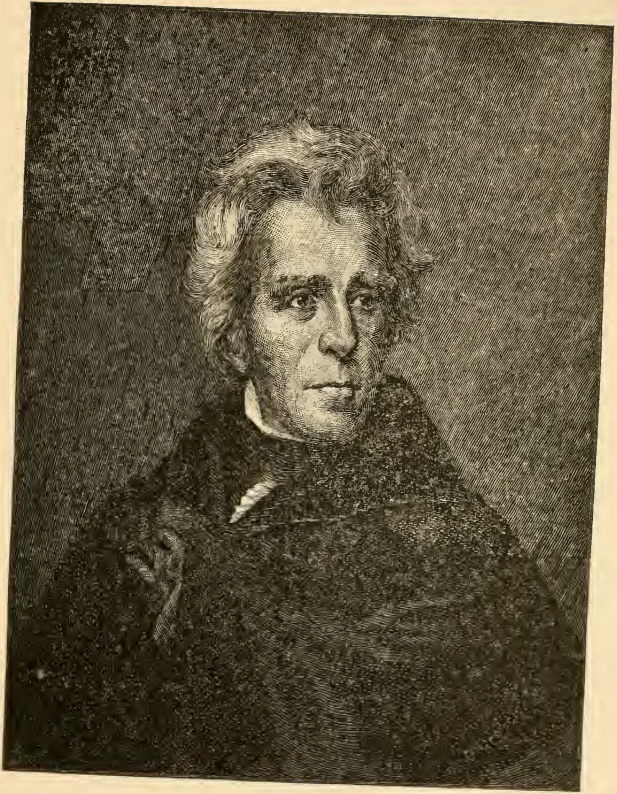
es-ent rose to his feet, and so stood un-til he took his s
e was too weak now to talk, and on-ly once more dic
r to speak his mind on one of the great ques-tions of
y. This was on Feb-ru-a-ry 21st, 1848. He rose to sp
t fell in-to the arms of a man near him ; at once t
ok him in-to a cloak-room, and sent for his wife. For
ys did he lay there, and then, on the morn-ing of Feb
y 23d, his great soul took its flight. His last words w
"This is the last of life, and I am con-tent."

AN-DREW JACK-SON.

THE boy who was to be our sev-enth Pres-i-dent did not live the sort of life, as boy or man, that the oth-er Pres-i-dents did. He was the son of a poor Irish-man who came from Ire-land in 1765. He was born on March 15th 1768 in a small place in South Car-o-li-na, called the Wax-haw Set-tle-ments. Poor and mean was the log house in which he first saw the light, and when his fa-ther died it was when An-drew was a wee baby, the life of the home was hard-er yet. His moth-er was a brave wo-man, and so well did she do her hard part in life that she was loved by all who knew her, and was known and near as "Aunt Bet-ty."

An-drew was a great care to her when a boy, for, full of life and fun, he did not care for books, and was at the head of all sorts of wild sport. He was ev-er read-y for a fight with boys who made him an-gry; the small boys looked to him for help in any strife with boys big-ger than they; and strong was he, or read-y to knock a boy down for a re-ason-able wrong, that they soon found it best to give him his own way, and let him take his place as lead-er a-mong the boys; when he was at the head all went well.

He was just nine years old when the Dec-la-ration of In-depend-ence was signed, and then came four years of war with Eng-land. In 1780 this war was car-ried into the South, and on May 29th a number of Brit-ish sol-diers un-der Gen-eral Tarle-ton killed and wounded over 200 of the men and boys from the Wax-haw set-tle-ments. A-mong those who



ANDREW JACKSON.

helped to care for the hurt and dying men were Mrs. _____ and her boys. Andrew was only fourteen when he fell into the hands of the British, and he, with over one hundred sick and dying men, was kept for days in a dirt-hole with no beds, little to eat and only stale water to drink. To make things worse, small-pox broke out and Andrew was one of those who had it. His brave mother was almost unable to free him, and it was owing to her loving care that he did not die at this awful time.

After he was well enough to be left, his mother was very sorry for the poor American soldiers, went to Charleston to take care of those who were sick and wounded here. Just as she had begun her noble work she was taken sick and died.

Soon after her death came the good news of peace. Now young Andrew began to pay some heed to his studies with the hope of studying law. He also taught school a while, though he could not have been a very good teacher, for he never learned how to spell very well himself. Still, in 1787, we find he has learned enough to take up the practice of law, and he began this work in Nashville, Tennessee; and now we see the boy who had been the leader in boyish sports, games and fights, become at once a leader among men. He was tall and quite good looking, with bright blue eyes and red-dish hair, and he was full of fun and life; he rode horse-back well, and knew how to shoot straight; and above all he was a brave man, afraid of nothing.

In 1788 he was given a place in which he had to look after for the State all men who had done wrong and it was not in those wild days and in that new land, a brave man could do much a work, for he would make many foes, both a-

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

white men and the In-di-ans. His work took him Nash-ville to Jones-bor-ough, and here the In-di-ans were very strong and ver-y cru-el, kill-ing and rob-bing the men and wo-men, and e-ven the lit-tle ba-bies in their mothers' arms. Hear-ing and see-ing day by day more and more of this sav-age war-fare, al-ways in dan-ger of be-ing at-tacked by night or day by some In-di-an hid-ing be-hind a bush or house, Jack-son learned to know the In-di-ans and to out-man-ue-vre them bet-ter than most men did, so was read-y to con-quer them in their own way in a few years.

He made his home in Nash-ville and built up a good busi-ness. He grew in pow-er so fast that in 1797 he was elected as the first man from Ten-nes-see to Con-gress. He went all the way from his home to Phil-a-del-phi-a, a dis-tance of 800 miles, on horse-back. In 1798 we see him at home as Judge of the Su-preme Court, and here he re-mained un-til 1804. Then came four-teen years of peace and a hap-py home life for him. A-mong the things which Jack-son did at this time was to build a log store in which he kept all sorts of things which the white men and the In-di-ans want-ed. His home, which was called "The Her-mit-age," was a fine house for many days, and in later years it grew as well known as Ken-til-wood and Mon-ti-cel-lo. Jack-son was all through-out a man who would stand up for his own way, if it came to a strife with his best friend, and more than once he was forced to du-els to the death. In Con-gress he would, when he had to speak, some-times choke with blind rage if he could not make his point and force men to yield to him.

After years of peace came the War of 1812, and from that time our Jack-son's name was first in the minds of men. He showed great skill in his fights with the red men, and

won much fame in a fierce fight with the Creeks, a tribe of In-di-ans in Al-a-ba-ma.

He could force men to do as he said ; the young men of that day looked up-on him with awe and fear, but rushed to fill his ranks and serve un-der him.

In 1815 he won the day at New Or-le-ans, and put the British troops to flight with great loss of life. At the close of the war, back home went Jack-son for the rest of his life. The South stood in sore need ; but, in 1818, strife with the Spanish In-di-ans in Flor-i-da came up, and Jack-son was sent there.

At this time Spain owned Flor-i-da, and it was both Spanish troops and In-di-an foes that Jack-son had to meet, before he was on his way, and at last made Spain yield her rights in Flor-i-da and sign a peace. In 1823 she sold Flor-i-da to us for \$5,000,000 ; not such a great sum when we think what a rich and great place this " Land of Flow-ers " is. Jack-son was now put at the head of things in Flor-i-da, and his most ar-dent part of his work was to keep peace in the country with the tribe of Sem-i-nole In-di-ans. With their chief Os-ce-o-gea for their head they would creep out from the woods and swamps of Flor-i-da, rush on the homes of the white people and burn them to the ground, and then dash back to the woods, where they could safe-ly hide. At the end of his term of years Jack-son was glad to go home to the Her-mitage where he and his wife led a qui-et life and kept up many of the ways of their young days, though now they were old men. Af-ter din-ner, they would sit, one on each side of a great big wood fire, in the large hall, and smoke their pipes, with the long stems, just as they had in their boy-hood. But the great gen-er-al could not keep this quiet life long ; in 1823 he was sent to Con-gress ;

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

e met with high hon-or. On New Year's Day, 1824, great men of the day gave him the pock-et tele-scope Washington had owned ; a year from the day on the Bat-tle of New Or-le-ans was fought, John Quincy gave him a great feast, at which were men, who high rank here and in oth-er lands ; and on the day he was fif-ty-sev-en years old, Pres-i-dent Mon-roe gave him a gold badge for his brave acts in his fights for his country. In 1828 this rough, but brave and kind, old man was made pres-i-dent ; and now he stood up for his own rights just as he had in the wars of his land, and when he was but a boy. His first act was to stop some states in the South from leav-ing the Un-ion. John C. Cal-houn was at the head of a band of men, who felt that the North had more rights than the South ; had more than its share of money and land ; so rose the wish to set up a rule just for the South. "But," said Jack-son, "if one state goes out of our will ; and our great land will be a ru-in." So he stopped this plan, just in time.

During all the years that Jack-son was pres-i-dent, our country gained in strength ; new rail-roads were built ; and new steam-boats ; the land grew rich year by year.

In 1824 the slaves in Mex-i-co were set free, and Tex-as was added to the Un-ion.

On the whole, Jack-son's term was a good one for the country, and so well did the peo-ple like him, that he is the most popular pres-i-dent of whom it has been said that he was more liked when he went out of of-fice than when he was in.

The last years of his life were spent at "The Her-mit-age," where he died on June 8th, 1845.

THE LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BU-REN.

THE place in which Mar-tin Van Bu-ren was born was far from the homes of the oth-er boys who be-came pres-i-dents ; and his life, as a boy, was not one bit like th-
 is fa-ther and moth-er were Dutch ; Hoes was his moth-
 er's name ; and the name of the small town, in which
 he was born, was Dutch too—Kin-der-hook ; the lit-tle town was on the Hud-son Riv-er, wa-
 s in a New York state. His fa-ther kept a good inn, and a
 small farm ; so he could send Mar-tin to good sch-
 ool. Mar-tin was so quick and bright at his books that he too-
 ke up the study of law when he was four-teen ; and at twen-
 ty he was a law-yer and at work in Kin-der-hook.
 He was a man who made friends with great ease ; and a
 good law-yer as well, his state soon saw that he was
 the man to speak for it at Wash-ing-ton. So in 1815
 he was sent to Con-gress ; then in 1828 he was made gov-
 ernor of New York state ; and this was a big step toward
 the pres-i-dent's chair ; he was sec-re-tary of state when Jack-
 son was pres-i-dent ; and in 1837 he took the oath of of-
 fice and be-came pres-i-dent.

He was in of-fice on-ly one term ; and those four years
 were hard ones for him.

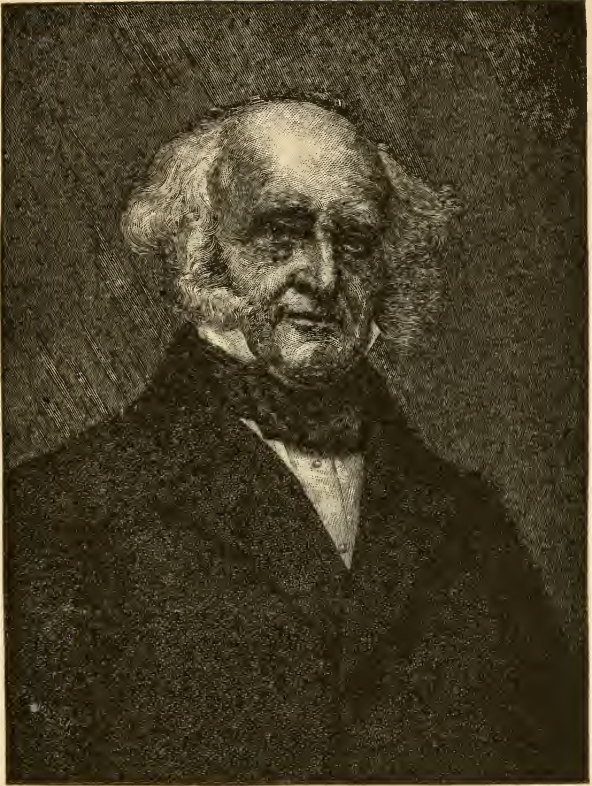
Just at this time the men in Can-a-da tried to be-
 come free from Eng-land, and have home-rule ; and some of our
 men took sides with them ; this made Eng-land an-gry of course,
 and if Van Bu-ren had not put a stop to such things

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

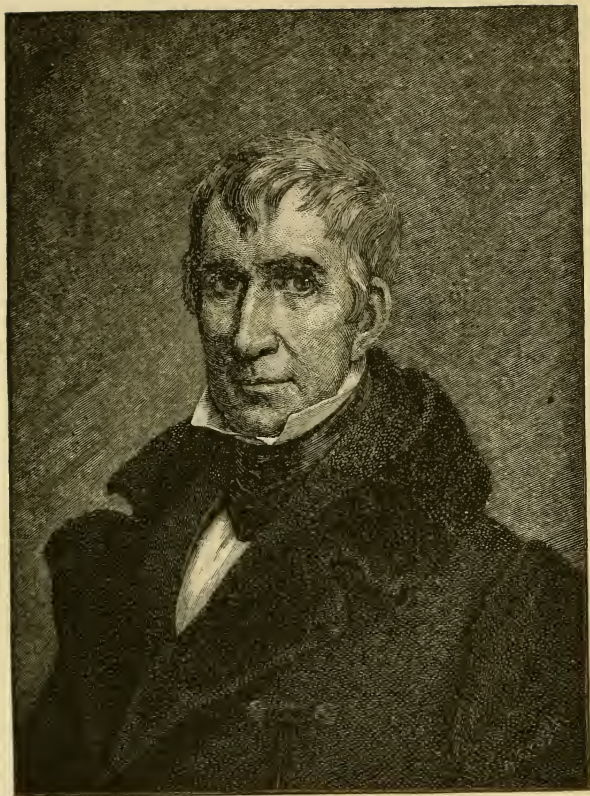
l have had war once more ; but he said all who tried
e aid to Can-a-da should be sent to jail ; and so the
f war was put down.

t the end of Van Bu-ren's first term some want-ed
o take the chair a-gain ; but more want-ed Gen-er-a
-son, who had made a great name in the In-di-an wars
Bu-ren was rich, and Har-ri-son was poor ; and this
or the pres-i-dent's chair was called the " Log Cab-in
st the White House." Af-ter Har-ri-son took the chair
Bu-ren went back to his home at Kin-der-hook, where
ed in qui-et, until, in 1848, he was once more put up
es-i-dent ; but James K. Polk had more votes than he
e won the e-lec-tion.

853 Van Bu-ren and his son went to Eu-rope, where
tayed two years. He spent the rest of his life at his
me, where he died on Ju-ly 24th, 1862.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.



WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

WIL-LIAM HEN-RY HAR-RI-SON.

WIL-LIAM HEN-RY HAR-RI-SON was born in Berke-ly, in-i-a, on Feb-ru-a-ry 9th, 1773; his fath-er, Ben-ja-lar-ri-son, was not a rich man, but lived at ease on a s-arm; he was a man of much force in his state, and t one time its gov-ern-or. He was a brave, strong and taught his small son to be like him; now while Wil-liam was hard at work at school, he heard much of the In-di-an wars; and his heart was full of long-i-ght these cru-el foes of the white men.

So, though he went to Hamp-den Syd-ney Col-lege, h-not stay long, but left to join the ar-my. He was s-brave fight-er that, when he was twen-ty-one, Wash-in-ut him in charge of the troops at Fort Wash-ing-ton- the place where the In-di-ans were strong-est and ru-el.

Ma-jor Gen-er-al Wayne was at the head of the a-and so rash and fear-less was he, that his troops called Mad An-tho-ny." He knew well how to fight the red- hough, and in 1794 beat them in a fierce fight, on the- where the cit-y of De-troit now stands. So brave- young Har-ri-son at this time, that he was made a cap- or six years Har-ri-son was in the heat of the In- wars; and learned all the sav-age ways of war; the- vent home to rest, but was soon sent to Congress. So- id he do his work here, that In-di-an-a now chose hi- gov-ern-or; and here he was so much liked that he ke-

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

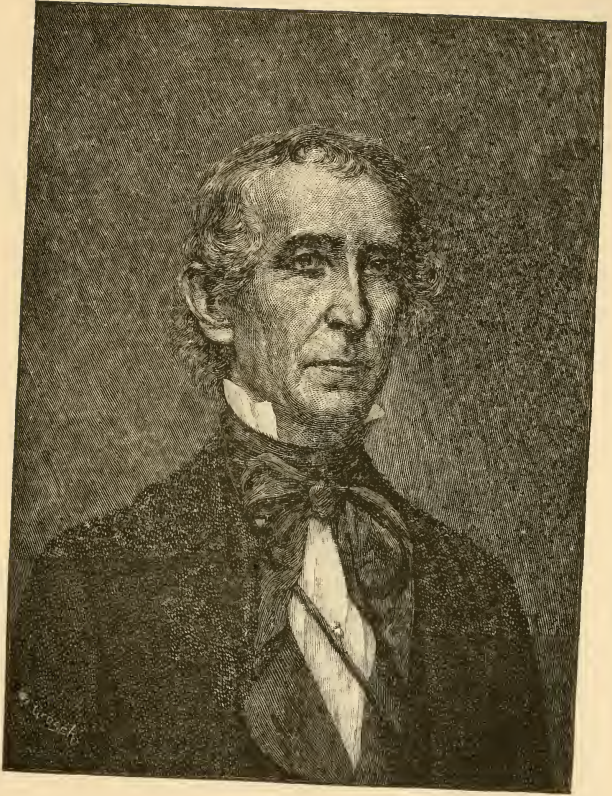
three terms; the hard-est task that he had to do while Governor was to keep peace with the In-di-ans; and side by side with his name, stands that of a great and good In-dian chief Te-cum-seh; for years these two men tried to teach the In-di-ans and teach them to live in peace; but a deep hate of the red men for the whites who were forcing them from their lands, end-ed in a great fight at Tip-pe-ca-noe, where the In-di-ans lost the bat-tle. So brave had William Hen-ry Har-ri-son been in this fight, that he was made a gen-er-al in the War of 1812 was put at the head of the ar-my. At the close of the war, the brave old In-di-an fight-er went back to his farm at South Bend, In-di-an-a, in the then State of O-hi-o; but he was too great a man to live a quiet life and was sent to Con-gress twice and once a-broad in the coun-try's serv-ice. Then in 1836, he ran for Pres-i-dent but did not get the most votes; four years la-ter he was elected once more, and he and John Ty-ler won by a big margin. It was in this race for Pres-i-dent, that the song was written whose cho-rus you hear to-day: "Tip-pe-ca-noe and Har-ri-son, too."

On the 4th of March, 1841, Wil-liam Hen-ry Har-ri-son, the old In-di-an fight-er, now six-ty-eight years old, came out of years of quiet home life, to take up the cares and duties of a pres-i-dent's life, but the task was too much for him, and a month af-ter-ward, on A-pril 4th, 1841, the old man died.

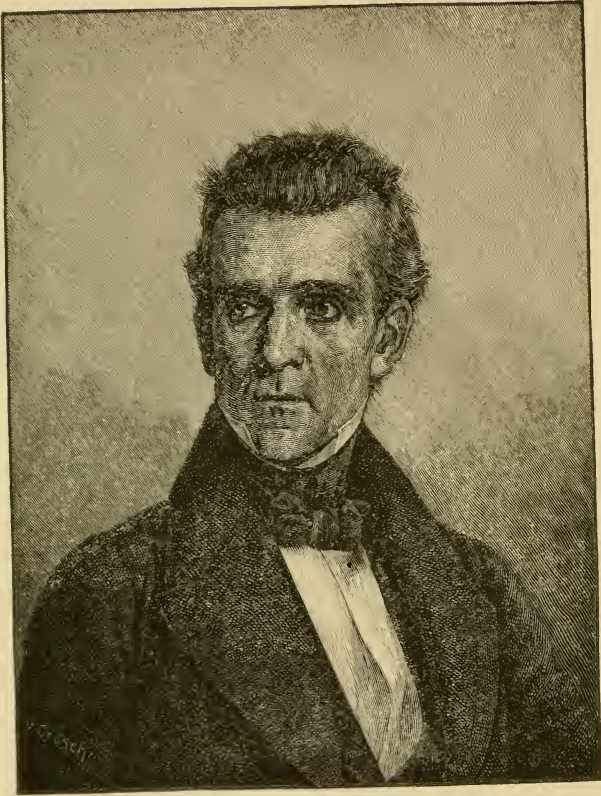
JOHN TYLER.

As a boy, the life of John Ty-ler was much the same as that of the boys of to-day. He was born on March 29, 1790, in Charles Cit-y, Vir-gin-i-a, at a time when the v-king-d-om was at peace. No talk of the red men came to the young ears; and no fear fell like a dark cloud over the life and play of his boy-hood. He was the son of a man who had for friends the great men of his day;—Wash-ing-ton and Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son were warm, close friends of John Ty-ler; and he was at one time Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a. Young John was sent to school when he was a small boy; and, though he was fond of sports and games, he kept hard at work at his books and won a high place in school. He was a mere boy when he could en-ter Wil-iam and Ma-ry Col-lege; and he left in 1806 at the head of his class. He at once took up law with his fa-ther, and showed the good stuff of which he was made. Clear and quick was his mind, swift to think and feel; and his words came as fast as his thoughts. He rose with great rapidity, and rides towards the first place in the land. In 1825 he was made Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a; and in 1827, was sent to Congress, where he kept his seat for six years; these were years of strife as to the slave trade, and there were fierce, bitter words and harsh thoughts between the men of the North and those of the South. Ty-ler was at home for a few years after he left Con-gress, and took a high place as a law-yer. In 1836 he was put up with Har-ri-son in the race for the pre-

's chair. But it was not till 1840 that he won the
 e; then, as the vice-pres-i-dent had not a great deal
 'ty-ler went home to Wil-liams-burg. It was here that
 ad news of Har-ri-son's death was brought to him, and
 t once went on to Wash-ing-ton. Here he found he had
 ed task; for he and his Con-gress did not think to
 on the great ques-tions of the day and were ever-
 e. One of his first acts was to put down a state war
 ou-ri. A Mor-mon, by the name of Smith, and a bar-
 en who thought as he did went down there to live; fol-
 e did not like this and tried to drive them out of the
 , but this was a hard thing to do, for there were a-bo-
 0 Mor-mons. At last, Ty-ler sent troops there to put
 n the strife, and the Mor-mons were sent to Il-li-no-
 t were here but a short time when the same old stri-
 e, and then they fled to the lands in the far west—where
 are to-day, in the state of Utah. War broke out
 as while Ty-ler was in the chair, and af-ter fierce fight-
 reen the Tex-ans and Mex-i-cans the Tex-ans won, and
 at the head of the state. They asked at once to con-
 the Un-ion, and in 1845 this great state came in. In the
 year of Ty-ler's rule Sam-u-el F. B. Morse found out how
 nd words in just a flash of time through miles and mil-
 ace; and you chil-dren know well that the fine wire
 ched from one great pole to the next on which the
 k news was sent was called the "tel-e-graph."
 At the end of Ty-ler's first term, James Knox Polk had
 most votes, and so took the pres-i-dent's chair; and the
 s was the first that was sent o-ver the tel-e-graph wire



JOHN TYLER.



JAMES K. POLK.

JAMES KNOX POLK.

As a boy James Knox Polk led a life that would be a good many of the boys of to-day. He was born in Wrenburg County, North Carolina, on November 2d, 1802, but in 1806 his father went to Duck Farm, Tennessee. Little James, eleven years old, was of much help in the new home. Where the day's work took the big, strong father, there went the small son; if there was a long road to get food or clothes from some big town, little James would help care for the horses and when his father and other men, for weeks at a time, were in the great, wild woods hunting, making new roads, or helping each other to build the log cabins, which were the homes of the early settlers, James would be there too, cooking and keeping the camp neat and bright for the men who came back tired and hungry at night.

So years passed by with much work in the open field and little of study or books; but when James was thirteen years old it was time that he should earn money.

He was not a big, strong boy; he could not stand hard work on a farm; he did not love to hunt; he had no taste for war; so he was put in a small store, that he might learn to manage a big store when he grew old.

Here he first saw some books, and his love for knowledge awoke; for weeks and months he worked alone with a book or paper he could find.

At last his father took him from the store and

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

o school ; he was now eight-teen, but he was so quick
n, so bright and smart, that five years from this time
the U-ni-ver-si-ty of North Car-o-li-na at the head of
SS.

Then he came back to Duck Riv-er, not on-ly was his
e proud of his boy, but all Ten-nes-see knew that he
e of the bright-est young men in the state.

ow, just at this time, Gen-er-al Jack-son was fight-
brave-ly a-gainst the In-di-ans and all the boys of
es-see were as proud of this great he-ro as the boys of
n-i-a had been of Wash-ing-ton. In 1819, when young
Polk went to Nash-ville, Ten-nes-see, to take up law
s near Jack-son's home ; and he and the great Gen-
e-became fast friends. It was ow-ing to Jack-son's
at, in 1824, Polk, then a bright young law-yer, took
st pub-lic step and was sent to the state leg-is-la-ture
e a-rose so fast in the love and trust of his state that
s sent to Con-gress when on-ly thir-ty years old ; and
e stayed for thir-teen years.

1840 he went back to his home at Grun-dy's Hill in
ville, hav-ing made a great name in Wash-ing-ton.
ce did he lose his hold on the great ques-tions of the
ven while here at home ; and in 1845 he was chos-en
dent of the U-nit-ed States.

While he was in of-ice, once more the U-nit-ed States
t war, and this war is known as the " Mex-i-can War."
ase was this :—

ur peo-ple in Mex-i-co said that a big tract of land down
was theirs ; the Mex-i-cans laid claim to it too ; so
e-al Tay-lor went down to see that our rights were
l af-ter.

a the first fight he won, and lost but nine men ; ther

he laid siege to their great cit-y of Mon-te-rey, and a hard fight took the town.

That same year Gen-er-al Scott took the cit-y of Cruz ; on Sep-tem-ber 14th, 1847, the A-mer-i-can troops took the cit-y of Mex-i-co, and the long war was at an end.

In 1848 came the news of great gold mines in California ; and men went in such num-bers to this state that the "Gold Fe-ver of 1849" is a well known term to-day.

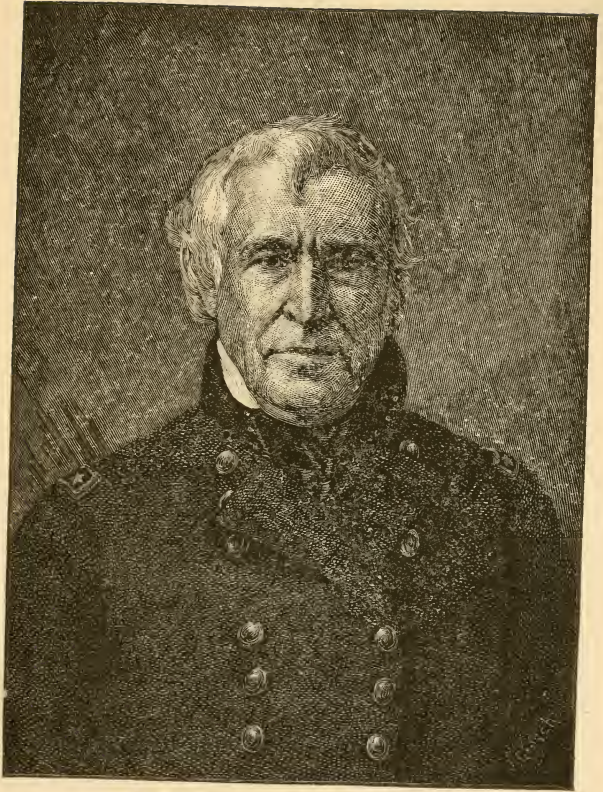
While Polk was in the chair, three new states were admitted ; and two of them were free states ; that is, no slaves could be kept there ; just at this time some men formed a band, and said that no slaves should be kept in any new state which the U-nit-ed States should gain.

In 1849 Polk went home to Nash-ville, Ten-nes-see ; he was on-ly fif-ty-eight years old ; but was so worn out by years of work that he lived but a few months after he got home ; he died on the 15th of June, in the same year.

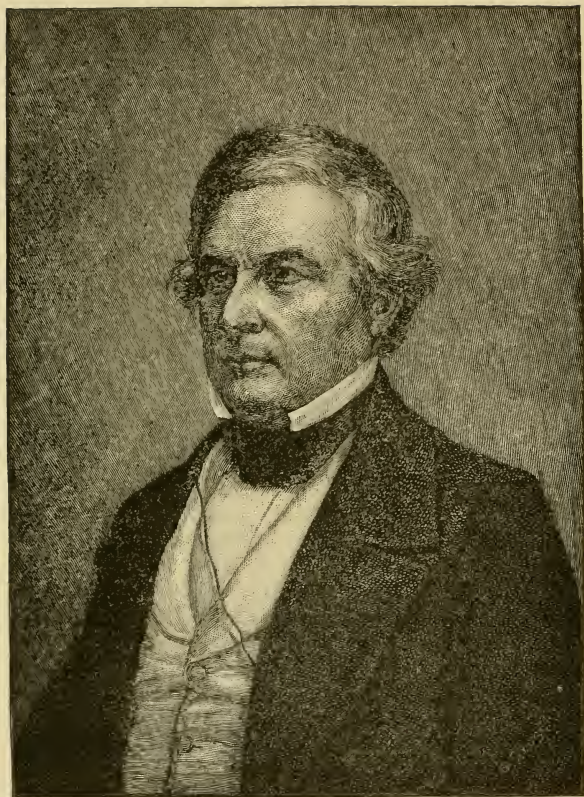
ZACH-A-RY TAY-LOR.

ZACH-A-RY TAY-LOR was born in Vir-gin-i-a, on No-vem-ber, 1784; but when he was a small boy his fa-ther moved to live in Ken-tuck-y; and long af-ter the rest of the world was at peace this state was the scene of such fierce wars with the In-di-ans that it was known as "The dark and bloody ground." It is not strange that this boy, who grew up at a time when wo-men as well as men had to know how to load and fire guns, so that they could help to keep the white men from their homes, should have grown up to be a brave, strong man.

As a boy he went to good schools, but cared far more for the tales of war which his brave fa-ther told him than for his books; he did love books which told of great deeds and brave men, and read all that he could get. When he was just of age he went to war, in place of a friend, and he was as brave and fear-less that he soon took a high place. He was in the great fight of Tip-pe-ca-noe; and although the War of 1812 he showed great skill in his fights with the red men;—well he knew all their tricks and modes of war. He gained great fame in Flor-i-da, when he was sent there to make the Sem-i-nole In-di-ans keep the peace. Years had this tribe of In-di-ans made war on the white men. Their chief, Os-ce-o-la, had, years a-go, gone to one of the forts with his wife, who was a slave girl; he had been taken in chains, and she held at the fort. In his rage, he had vowed to lead his men in war, when he could get to them. At last his chance had come, and he had fled by night from



ZACHARY TAYLOR.



MILLARD FILLMORE.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

the fort. To rouse his tribe and hurl them at the w was his first thought ; and long and cru-el were the hat went on for years. At last Tay-lor was sent to -da ; and now a trick was played on this great chief In-di-ans ; with a flag of truce, he came to the fort t with the gen-er-al ; and by the or-ders of the gen-er- was held there a pris-on-er ; he was sent, at last, to Moul-trie in Charles-ton har-bor, and there, in the year he died. With their chief dead, the Sem-i-nole In-di-an no heart for war ; and soon the few red men left o great, fierce tribe were put far a-way from each oth new states, and there was peace in Flor-i-da.

Gen-er-al Tay-lor won great fame in the Mex-i-can n 1847 he won the fight of Bu-e-na Vis-ta, which took on Wash-ing-ton's birth-day ; and he won too the fig Pa-lo Al-to and Mon-te-rey. On Sep-tem-ber 24th, 184 troops took the cit-y of Mex-i-co, and the war was bro to an end. As Tay-lor went home to Ba-ton Rouge, h with praise, at each place he passed ; folks came in cr to see the great he-ro ; cheers filled the air ; flags were r and guns were fired ; he was the i-dol of the land. His oo were fnd of him, for all through the war he had kind and good to them, and shared their hard life. H uch a he-ro to the whole land, that it is not strange he was named for the next pres-i-dent, and got the otes. He took the chair of state in 1849, but the bran man came in just at the time when the strife a-bout s was at its height ; and the cares of the of-fice were too r or him, as they had been for Har-rison. On Ju-ly 1850, there was a great time in Wash-ing-ton, in whic ook part ; but his health was too weak to stand this st and in the midst of his work, on Ju-ly 9th, 1850, the lld In-di-an fight-er died.

MIL-LARD FILL-MORE.

In a log ca-bin way out in the western part of New
 State, deep in the dense, wild woods, was born, on
 -ary 7th, 1800, the boy who was to be the thir-teenth
 -dent of the U-nit-ed States. His father had gone
 from Ver-mont, to get a-way from the In-di-ans, who
 no peace in his old home; and no house stood near-
 four miles to the lit-tle home he had built in the wild
 land; there was no school; and if there had been
 Mil-lard had not much time to go; for he was ver-
 g, when he was taught to earn mon-ey and help in the
 home. He learned how to make cloth from the soft
 wool; and was hard at work, in this way, till he was
 een years old; then a love of books came to him; an
 -yer took note of him and gave him such aid that he
 took a high place in the law-stud-ies. When he was
 ty-two, he went to Buf-fa-lo, and taught school, to
 pay his way, as he went on with the stud-y of law
 as bright and quick, and, in 1823, he be-gan to prac-tis-
 and soon rose to such a high place in the state bar that
 ate sent him to Con-gress. Here his work was done
 ell that he was made vice-pres-i-dent, when Tay-lor
 the pres-i-dent's seat; and on his death be-came pre-

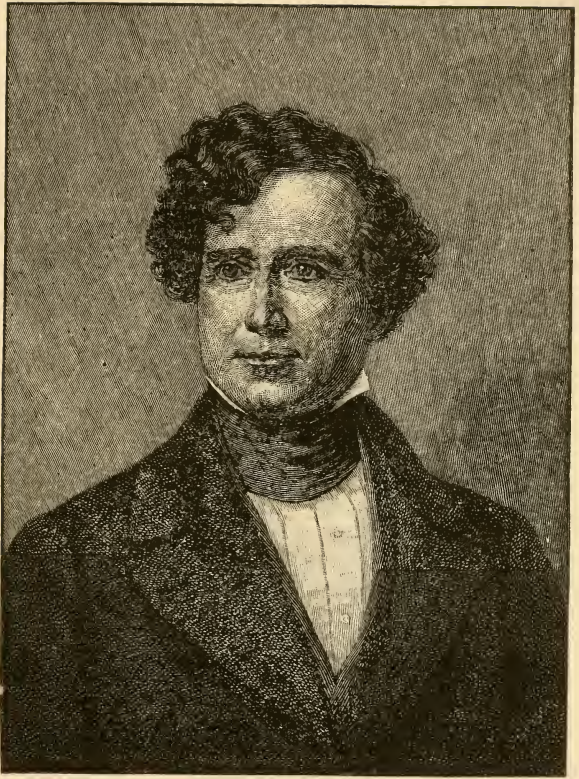
While he was in the chair one of his aids was the great
 el Web-ster, who looked after the laws of all the
 s. He had been in of-fice but a short time, when

MILLARD FILLMORE.

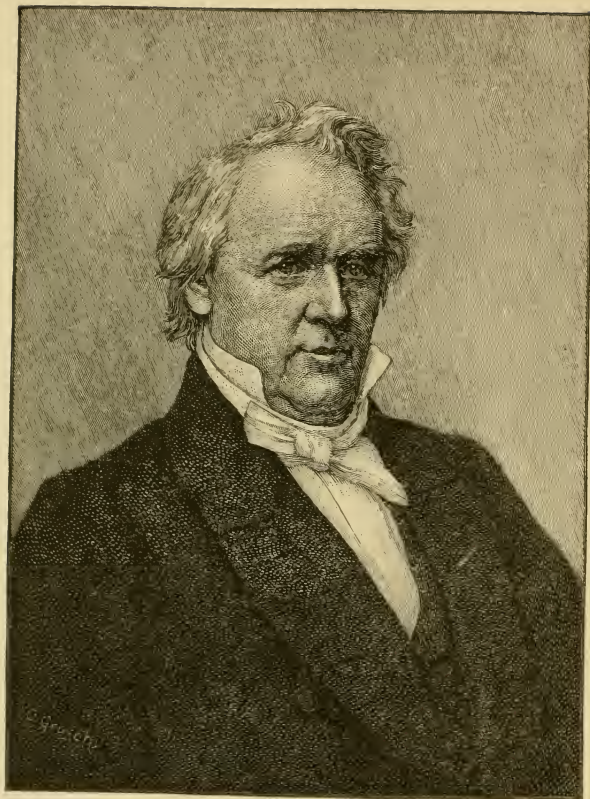
and of men tried to get Cu-ba from Spain; but they soon put down. He was in of-ice one term, and then came to Buf-fa-lo, and took up the prac-tice of law and in 1855 he went to Eu-rope, where he stayed for one year. He then came home to lead a qui-et life, full of study. His death on March 8th, 1874.

FRANK-LIN PIERCE.

A BRAVE soldier in the War of the Revolution was Benjamin Pierce, the father of the boy who was to be our nineteenth president; and it was in the old town of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, that, on November 22d, 1804, Franklin Pierce was born. The father was a big strong man, fond of sports and fun of all kinds and much liked; he was the chief man in Hillsborough, and was some time governor of his state. In such a home it is not to be wondered at to see that the life of little Franklin would be full of fun and play as well. He was sent to good schools, and was just sixteen when he went to Bowdoin College. He was full of fun, and at once took the lead in the college; but he worked hard at his books too; in 1824 he left college, and took up the study of law, and soon became a member of the bar. He was now at his old home in Hillsborough, and folks felt that he was a man of brains and great energy; he was sent to Congress, and held high office in his country while he was still a young man; and in the Mexican war he showed himself as brave a man as his father had been. At last, in 1853, he was made president. At that time the strife as to the slave trade was at its height, and the states wished to have slaves, while some held that they should not. At last Congress made a law that all new states should do as they pleased. The first "World's Fair" was



FRANKLIN PIERCE.



JAMES BUCHANAN.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

held in New York, just at this time, in a great hall made of glass, which was known as "The Crystal Palace."

Pierce was in office one term ; at the end of that he went back home to Concord, Massachusetts, where he lived a quiet life until his death, on October 8th, 1869.

JAMES BU-CHAN-AN.

A STRONG, brave, young man from Ire-land was the
 er of our fif-teenth pres-i-dent. He had come here
 and bought a small farm in Penn-syl-va-ni-a; so we
 e do that he soon bought a store as well; and whe
 pril 23d, 1791, at Cove Gap, lit-tle James was born, h
 er was quite a rich man. He sent his son to the be
 ls and he was just six-teen years old when he went
 in-son col-lege. Here he took first place with ease. I
 when he left col-lege, he be-gan the stud-y of law. I
 War of 1812 he served in the ar-my; and at the close
 ar his state chose him to help make her laws. E
 a young man when his state sent him to Wash-ing-to
 e he held his place in Con-gress for ten years. In 183
 as sent to Rus-sia to look out for our rights there; and
 53 he held the same post in Eng-land. You see, he ro
 o the first place in the land, for in 1857 he was mac
 -dent. While he was in the chair of state, the Prin
 ales came here for the first time, and this shows th
 and felt we were now one of the big coun-tries of th
 l, and that she must treat us as such.

It was while Bu-chan-an was pres-i-dent that Cy-rus V
 laid the first wire un-der the O-cean, by which word
 be sent from this new land to those old lands on th
 r side. The talk a-bout slav-er-y was so fierce at th
 that a fight in which brave lives were lost took plac
 the name which shines out bright is that of Joh

Brown of Kan-sas. He was a friend of the black men who took their part. He struck the first blow in their cause at the fort at Har-per's Fer-ry, which he held for two weeks. He took all the guns that were there, as he wished to arm the black men and then lead them to the South to fight for their friends, held there as slaves. Of course this was against the law of the land, and troops were sent to seize this brave and good man. His two sons fought with him, and he killed them both shot down, but he did not give up till in the middle of the fight he fell with six wounds. He did not die at once; after this he was hung as one who had fought against the law of his land. His last act, as he was on his way to the place where he was to be hung, was to kiss a little ba-by which a poor slave held up to him as he passed.

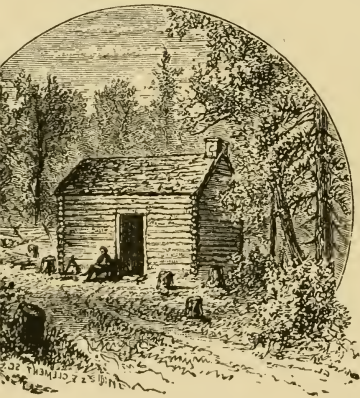
His death was not in vain, for from now on the question of sla-ver-y was the talk of the whole land, and in the South Car-o-li-na took the lead and said that she would obey the laws of the Un-ion, but would rule her land in her own way. Soon, six more South-ern states said the same and these states which cut loose from the North were called the "Con-fed-er-a-cy;" at the head as pres-i-dent was Je-f-fer-son Da-vis.

This was the state of things when Bu-chan-an left his chair, and went to his home in Penn-syl-va-ni-a, at a place called Wheat-land.

In the last year of his life he wrote a book of his life which is still in print. He died at his home on June 30, 1868. He was the last of the "Peace" pres-i-dents, till there was A-bra-ham Lin-coln who took his place, and in his time the strife as to the slave trade led to our "Civ-il War."

A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

THOM-AS LIN-COLN, who was the father of A-bra-ha
coln, had seen a sad sight when he was but a boy
t years; while he and his brothers were hard at wo
their fa-ther in the dense, wild woods which gre
e to their small home in Ken-tuck-y, an In-di-an ch
t close to them; he fired one shot, and the boys saw the
strong fa-ther fall dead. They were brave boys, a
e one ran for help, the oth-ers kept at bay the In-di-a
came from the woods. A band of men soon came
e aid, and drove the fierce red men back to the wood
as a rough, hard life in which Thom-as Lin-coln gre

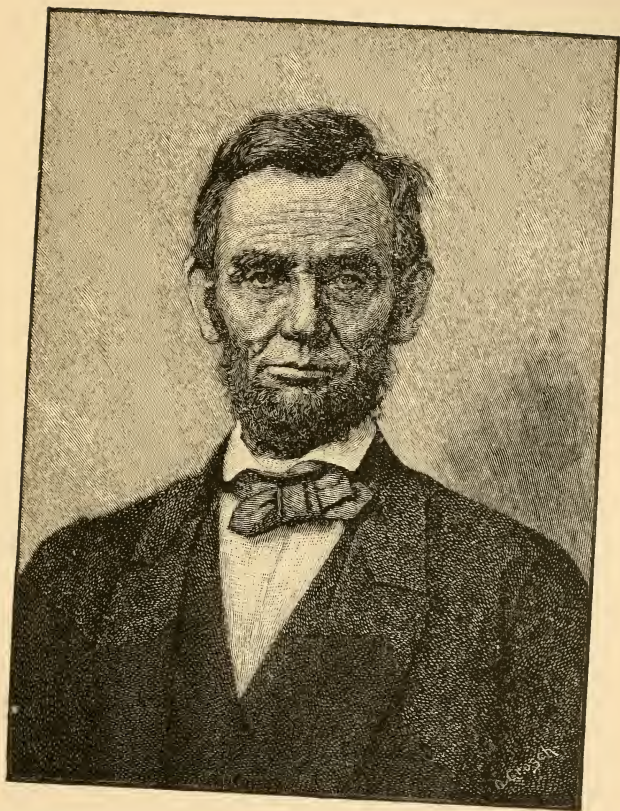


LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME.

up; and he could not read
write when, at twen-ty yea
he took as his wife Miss Na
cy Hanks; she was a brig
girl and soon taught him
least to write his name.

It was a poor log-house
Har-din Coun-ty, Ken-tuck
to which he took his brid
and yet in this home so me
and small, was born, on Fe
ru-a-ry 12th, 1809, the boy w
was to be pres-i-dent of th

t land. Few boys and girls know what it is to
poor as this lit-tle boy was, or to lead as hard a
a life. His clothes were thin and poor, his sho



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

when he had an-y, were oft-en full of holes ; he not al-ways have as much as he would like to eat in the long, hard win-ters he was oft-en ver-y cold. It was not an eas-y life, and it was full of hard work. The peo-ple in this rough place could not read and there were no schools ; but when he was still a young boy his folks moved to In-di-an-a, and though there was more work to be done, life was not quite so sad, for he and his sis-ter Nan-cy had a play-mate, their cous-in, Den-nis Hanks, who was full of life and fun. " Abe," as folks called him, was but seven years old when his par-ents went out into the West to find a new home, but he was so strong that he could help chop down trees of which the new home was made ; then, he learned how to shoot the game and wild fowl in the woods, and so could bring good things in-to the house. But a dark time came in his life soon, for the kind mother took sick and died. Her death was a great grief to " Abe," and he felt much grief that there was no one to say a pray-er at her grave ; so he wrote to the min-is-ter at his old home in Ken-tuck-y, and asked him if he would come there and bless his moth-er's grave. This good man came as soon as he could, but it was a long while after her death be-fore " Abe " had his wish. That win-ter was long and hard for the poor lit-tle boy and girl with no mother, but that they were warm, or that they had good food to eat, but in the fall of 1819, the fa-ther brought home a new wife, Mrs. Sal-ly John-son and now at last a ray of bright-ness came to stay with " Abe " and Nan-cy. The new wife was a good, kind wo-man, and was quite rich for those times. She soon had the home bright and neat ; she put good clothes on " Abe " and Nan-cy ; saw that they had food to eat and at once sent them to school.

be" was now eleven years old, tall and big, and of strength than most boys of his age. His father hired him out for all sorts of work; to pitch hay, to chop wood on the farm; no work was too hard for this big boy; but, with all this work, he kept at his books. Late at night, while all the rest slept, he would study books; and as books were few he read them man-over; one of the books he loved the most was that of Wash-ington."

He was a young man, for it was in March, 1828, that a chance came to him to see more of life; he was hired to take a boat filled with skins down the Mis-sis-sip-pi River to New Or-le-ans; he did this work well, and when he came back was paid a good price for it. He was just of age when the folks went to Il-li-nois to live; and now he helped build a house, cleared a big field in which it stood, split rails to fence it in, and then went off to make his own way in life. The first thing he did was to help build a flat-boat and take it down to New Or-le-ans; when he came back a man who owned the boat gave him a place in his store in New Sa-lem; and now he had a good chance to get books and read; and you may be sure he was glad of this. He soon known in the place as a bright young man, and one who would not lie, or steal, or do any mean thing; he was full of fun and jokes, and the folks in the town were fond of him; he was called "Hon-est Abe." When the "Black Hawk War" broke out he went at the head of a band of men to the seat of war; he was in no great danger but learned much of war and how to rule the men who were in his care.

When he came home he was felt to be one of the first men in the town, and in 1834 he took a high place in the

state. He now took up the study of law, and was successful in practice; he had a good, kind heart, and did good to those who were too poor to pay him. In 1832 he was sent to Congress; this time he was there but one year, then came back to Springfield, Illinois, and built up a law practice. His name was now known throughout the great land; and in the slave strife he was always on the side of the slaves. He spoke so often for the slaves that in 1860, the South said if he was put up for president, North and West, they would leave the Union. But he was just the man to fill this high office at this time; and when he had the most votes he took the office of President in 1861. There is a story told of these days, which shows that Lincoln, when a great man, had no shame for the days when he was poor. Old John Hanks, who had helped him build that rail fence so long ago, came to Illinois with the first of those rails; and on them was a big card which told where they came from, and who split them. Lincoln was about to make a speech to a big crowd; and when he saw these rails he said that he had split them when a boy, and thought he could do better now. Then shouts and cheers went up from the crowd, you may be sure; and from that time Lincoln was known in the race for president as "Rail Splitter."

When he left his home to go to Washington, a great crowd came to see him off, but he was so sad he could say much to them. There were plots to kill him at that time, and he knew it; but he gave no thought to his life, and went straight to his post of duty as President. It was with a sad heart that he saw this great land divided with war; and he would have been glad to keep peace if this he could not do. When the South fired at the

the Union at Fort Sum-ter, a cry went up through the land. The South fought for what it called "States Rights;" the right of each state to rule in its own way as this Lin-coln would not have. He cared more for the Union than he did for the slaves; for, though he thought men should be free, he said, if he could save the Union he would not care if not one slave was made free; he had no mind to keep the South from its rights; but, at last, he felt it his duty to send out a bill, which said that all the slaves in the land should be free, and have the same rights as white men. The land was in no state for war; much had to be done. Money and food got for the troops; and arms as well had to be made or bought at once. The first great fight was at Bull Run in Vir-gin-i-a; and the loss of life on both sides was great; the North lost from the first; men who had never been in a fight before went mad with fear and ran away for their lives. But at the fight at Get-tys-burg the men of the North were brave and fought with such skill that the battle was won by the North. Grant was put at the head of the troops who went down the Mis-sis-sip-pi; and it was not long before he placed the Stars and Stripes over this fair state. The South made a brave fight, for what it thought was right and just; but as the war went on, the troops of the South were in a bad way; they could get no food, no clothes, and so many had been shot that in the last years of the war young boys had to help fill up the ranks. Now came Sher-man's march to the sea, and he took Sa-van-nah and all its gunpowder stores. This was a great blow, and now one by one the sea-ports of the South fell in-to the hands of the North. The best Gen-er-al Lee, a great and good man of the South, sent a word to Grant that he would come to terms and make

peace. Grant was kind at this hard time; he let Lee have his sword, and said that the men might keep all their horses. It was in April, 1865, that peace came to the great land; and the North went mad with joys; streets were sealed, and fires blazed in the streets; flags were hoisted, and guns were fired; but in the South there was not only great grief.

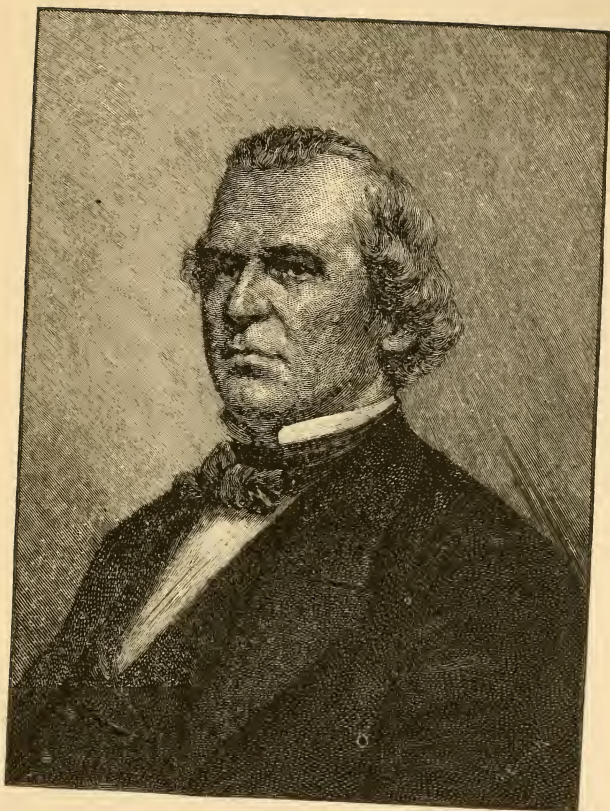
From the grief of the South a great crime sprang. On the night of April 14th, as Lincoln sat in a box at the theatre watching a play he was shot by a man from the South named Wilkes Booth. When he had shot Lincoln this man sprang on the stage and tried to run from the place; he fell and broke his leg; but in this state he ran to the door, where he jumped on his horse and fled for his life. He was found at last in a barn, and made so brave a fight for his life that the barn had to be set on fire before he could be caught; even then he would not surrender and give himself up; but fought till he was shot where he stood.

Lincoln had been shot in the back of his head; he could not move or speak;—men took him with care to a house near by, but there was no help for him; and in the early morn of the next day a great life came to a sad end. The whole land, the South as well as the North, wept for his death; for no sane man felt that Booth's deed was wrong or just; and to this day the name of Abraham Lincoln, "Saviour of his Country," is held dear by North and South.

AN-DREW JOHN-SON.

AN-DREW JOHN-SON'S life as a boy was quite as hard as that of little "Abe" Lin-coln. He was born in Ra-leigh, in Car-o-li-na, on De-cem-ber 29th, 1808, in a small town; and near his home were the big farms of the rich of the South, on which lived in more ease than he the great white trash, who looked down on his father and mother as

white trash." His father died when An-drew was but four years old; he must have been a brave man, for he lost his life try-ing to save a man from drown-ing. Lit-tle An-drew was to go to school; he had to try and earn mon-ey, when he was but ten years old; so he was sent to a tail-or to learn to make clothes; here, for five years he worked hard; and one day he heard a man read; and for the first time it came into his mind that he could learn to do this; he got the money to go to the shop to teach him his "A, B, C;" and he was so quick of learn-ing that soon he could read a lit-tle; but it was not till he was wed to a bright young girl that he learned a great deal of books; this was when he was eight-een, and he had to go to Green-ville, Ten-nes-see, to set up in life for himself. These young folks were both poor, but both bright; the wife was a great help to John-son all through his life. He rose fast in his new home; we see him, from that time, take the part of the poor; and he was soon put in high repute in the town; it was not long ere he rose to a high position in the state, and, in 1843, we see the poor lit-tle tail-or



ANDREW JOHNSON.

oy of 1826 in the halls of Congress, standing up for the rights of the class in which he was born. In 1846 he took the seat of John Quincy Adams, who was too sick to sit; does it not seem strange that two men who had lived in ways so un-like should rise to just the same place? For four years he was in Wash-ington, where he helped make the laws of the land; then in 1853, he was made governor of Ten-nes-see. When the Civ-il War broke out, he took sides with the North, though he was born in the South and lived here; and when Lin-coln was made pres-i-dent he took the next place as vice-pres-i-dent.

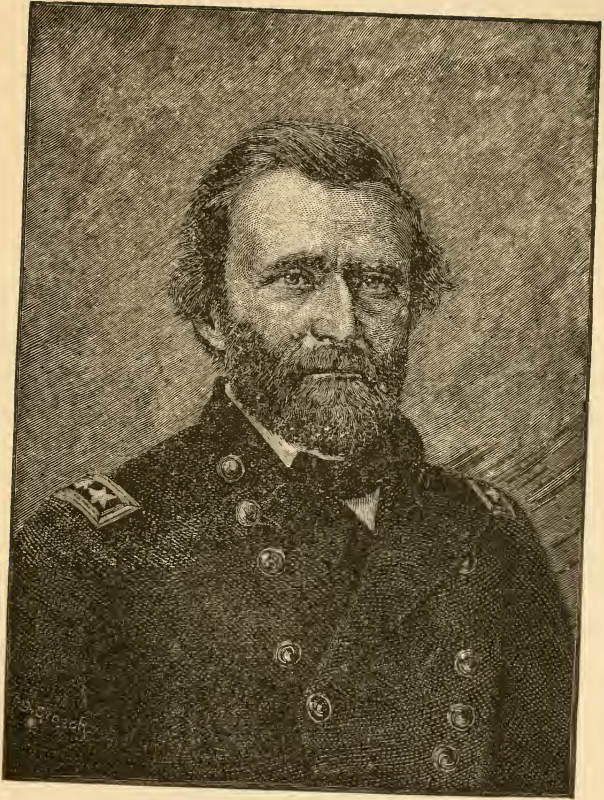
On Lin-coln's death, he took the pres-i-dent's chair. The whole land was now up-set; in the South the white men had no work; and the slaves did not know how to care for them-selves. In the North there was strife as to the way in which the South should come back in-to the Union. On ma-n-y things John-son and his Con-gress did not see the same; so there was strife be-tween them. It came to its height in 1868, when the Sen-ate tried John-son for "high crimes and mis-de-mean-ors;" this means that the Con-gress thought the pres-i-dent did not act for the good of the land, and should be put out of of-fice; but the men who tried him did not all think the same; and most of them said he should keep his place.

So he was in the chair for four years, and then he went home to E-liz-a-beth-town, Ten-nes-see, where he lived until his death on Ju-ly 29th, 1875.

U-LYS-SES SIMP-SON GRANT.

THE boy who was to be first a great general in the war, and then President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27th, 1822. As a boy he did not care for books, but was fond of sports and games, and had a great love for horses; he was but eight years old when he put a young colt to a sled, and hauled sticks and logs from the woods to his home; and he was but ten years old when he made a trade of a horse he had for a young colt which had not been used much; on his way home he sprang at the colt, which, at once, mad with fear, tried to run a-way; the boy held fast to his reins, and stopped the colt just on the edge of a great cliff; but it was in such a way that it would not move, and the boy for a time knew not what to do. At last he took his handkerchief, tied it over the colt's eyes, and so drove him home. Folks near Grant's home said there was no horse which young Ulysses could not ride; he was a boy who had a firm will and strong nerves; and was at the head in all sports and games; for young boys soon learn which one of them must take the lead.

Ulysses did not stand so high in school, but did his tasks well. In 1839 he went to West Point. Here he soon had many friends; and they gave him a name which clung to him for life; he was called "Uncle Sam," from the U. S. initials in his first two names. At West Point, he read a great deal of history, and the men who had done brave deeds for the



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

country; and when he left there he was, at heart, as
 as in name, a soldier of his country. He at once took
 place with the troops, who were at war with the In-
 dian in the West; but his first big fight was at Palo Alto
 in 1846. At the close of this war Grant, who had so
 much skill, and knew no fear, was sent to the West
 more to force the Indians to keep peace.

He was in California while the gold craze was
 at its height, to try and make the rough men who came in search
 of gold keep the laws of the land. Then, from 1854, he had
 a few years of peace, and started to tan hides and skin
 in Galena, Illinois; but his life was ever at his country's
 call; and he was one of the first men to take up arms
 in the Civil War. He was made a general soon after
 the war broke out; and one of his first acts was to block
 the streams and roads near his post at Cairo, on the
 Mississippi River, so that the South could get no food or arms. He
 was known as a brave fighter, and often was in the
 thick of the fight at the head of his men. At a great loss
 to his troops, he took two strong forts from the South,
 Forts Henry and Donelson; and then came that
 great fight at Shiloh; where the troops of the South were
 beaten down, and the North won the day; Grant was now
 next to the head of the whole army; and at once tried
 to take the city of Vicksburg. The siege of this city
 was hard for those in its walls, and for the troops in front
 of it; for Grant and his men could get no food from the North,
 and the city was quite cut off from help. The city
 made a brave stand for two long months; but had to give
 up at last, and at the end of that time Grant and his
 army marched into the city; now this great general showed
 what a kind heart he had, for he gave food and cloth-

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

poor men who had fought so long and so well, to save the town; and he tried hard, at this time, to think of a way to bring the war to a close. Grant was not a rich man, but he was a just one; and in his camps, the soldiers must live the right sort of lives; he would not let his men steal food from the farms about them, or rob the poor people in their homes. He was a plain man, and his dress reflected his plain tastes; once, when he had his troops march past him, that he might see how they looked, he wore such a plain garb that his captains were dressed better than he. He wore no sword, sash, nor belt; just a dark suit, with a soft felt hat on his head, and a pair of gloves on his hands; he was a great smoker, and, indeed, his big plans were all made when his cigar was in his mouth. In 1863, Grant won a great fight at Chattanooga; and in the fierce fight in the Wilderness, he and General Lee met for the first time.

Grant's next great work was to seize Petersburg; and he laid siege to the town; he dug a huge mine in front of the doomed city, and filled it full of powder that would blow off when fired with a match; when this great charge went off, the fort was blown to small bits, and heads and dying men lay in the midst of the ruins. But the brave men of the South still held the fort, and they drove back the troops from the North as they rushed forward, and so well did they fight that Grant and his men were forced to draw back, and leave Petersburg alone for some time.

The next time he tried to take the town though, General Lee, who was in charge, was forced to yield; and soon the red, white and blue waved over the Southern city. After this, Grant took from Lee all the troops in his

large ; and it was now plain to see that the war was soon end.

You read in the life of Lin-coln, of the terms of peace which Grant gave to the great chief of the South ; and seems that these two men, Grant and Lee, had no thoughts for each other ; for when peace was made, they shook hands, and part-ed friends. Each had done his duty for the cause he thought right. Grant's trip to the North when the war was at an end was a grand one ; and he was glad to see the man who had saved the Union, and cheer-ful shouts rang to the skies. He was, of course, named pres-i-dent and a great vote put him in of-fice.

He was in the pres-i-dent's seat for two terms ; and he was the on-ly man since Wash-ing-ton, who was thought of for a third term ; but this the whole land said no to ; as no one should be pres-i-dent longer than Wash-ing-ton had been. In Grant's last term, a big fair was held in Phil-a-del-phia called the " Cen-ten-ni-al ;" to keep in mind this was the day on which this land was made free. At the end of Grant's two terms, he took a tour of the world ; and the people of all lands made much of the sol-dier pres-i-dent ; rich gifts were placed in his hands ; and at the courts of the old kings and queens were glad to have this plain quiet man as a guest.

His last home was in New York ; and here, in 1885, he fell sick ; he lost much mon-ey at this time, and was left with-uth, a poor man. But he was, to the last, a brave man, and in the midst of much pain, he wrote the book of his life, that when he was dead his wife should have mon-ey from the sale of his books.

He died after eight long months of great pain, at West Point, near Sar-a-to-ga ; on July 23d, 1885, his body was

ate in New York for some days, and crowds from near came to view this great man for the last time. He was laid to rest August 8th, 1885, at River-side Park, New York City; and the white marble tomb that marks the spot is a gift to the great dead, from the land he served well.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

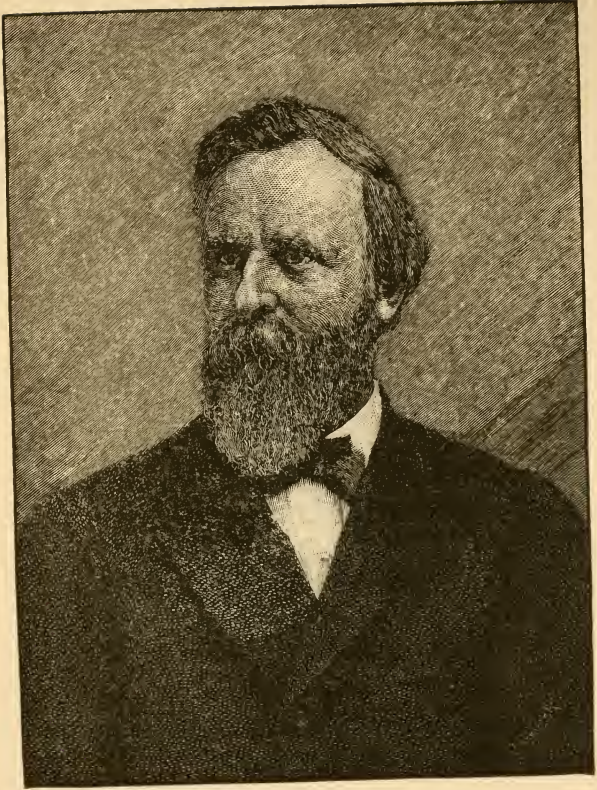
RUTH-ER-FORD B. HAYES.

RUTH-ER-FORD B. HAYES was born in Del-a-ware, Oc-to-ber 4th, 1822 ; such a strong, ro-sy lit-tle boy was that he had the pet name of "Rud-dy ;" his fa-ther had a big farm and a store as well, so he was quite rich, and the Rud-dy grew up in a bright and hap-py home. He came of a race of brave men, who had fought and died for their land in the wars of the Rev-o-lu-tion and of 1812 ; he grew up as brave as they. He and his lit-tle sis-ter went when young to a small school near their home ; the good, wise moth-er helped them with their books at home. Ruth-er-ford worked hard at school, and went when young to the high school, where he soon stood at the head of his class. He was six-teen when he went to Ken-yon Col-lege, Ohio. Now, though he was so good at his books, he loved sport and fun as well ; and he was so strong, that he could walk miles on the cold-est of days, and yet get no tired ; once he walked all the way from col-lege to his home in New York, when the snow lay deep on the ground, and this was forty miles ; he could swim and skate, and knew how to fish and hunt ; the boys at col-lege all liked him ; he had a host of friends, and the strong, brave will that kept his head in games and sports put him first in his class. He left col-lege in 1842, and took up the stud-y of law at Har-vard Col-lege ; in 1846, he was made one of the bar, and took up prac-tise of law in Cin-cin-nat-i. When the Civil War broke out, he, as cap-tain of a band of men from Ohio, did brave, good work. Once he was shot and f

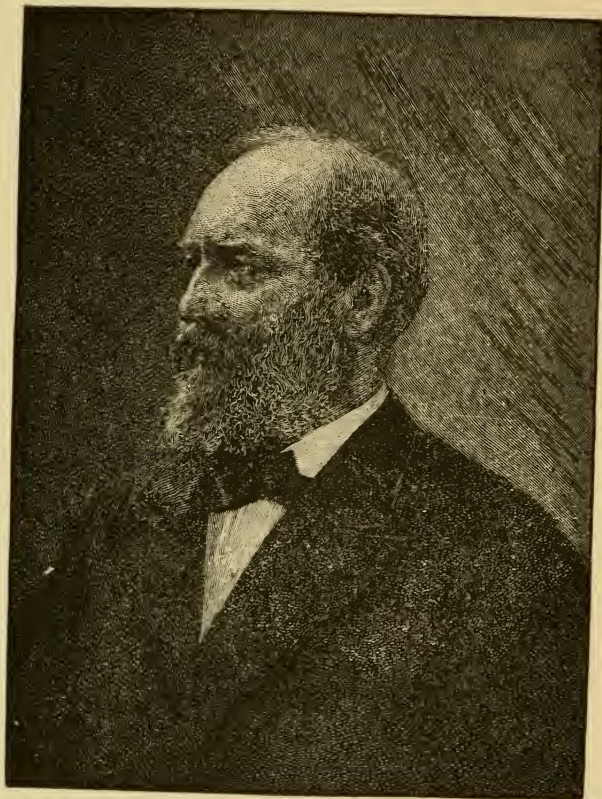
LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

ground; but he did not give up; he told his men what to do as he lay there in great pain, and kept up till someone came to take his place as leader. At the end of the year he was a general; and was much loved by his men. He was sent to Congress by his state; and then made its governor for three terms. In 1876, he was made president, though some thought by a fraud in the count; and many democrats said that their man, Sam-u-el J. Tilden, should have been president. While Hayes was at the White House, there was a great labor strike, from the East to the West, on all the rail-roads. The heads of the roads said that they would not pay the men, in their hire, as much as they had done; and so, all the men left their work and no trains could run, for the men came in great mobs to stop the trains. At last, they rose in arms, and then the troops were sent to force them to keep the peace; nine men were killed, and one of the rest were badly hurt. But the men did not give up for a long time; they held Pitts-burg for two days, and burned cars and the grain kept in them. Of course, in the end, the law had to be obeyed and the mobs were made to come to terms, and lay down their arms.

There was a war with the In-di-ans while Hayes was in the chair; but this was put down by Gen-er-al How-ard. After some fierce fights, the chiefs were caught and made to keep the peace. There was a change made in the way of life at the White House while Hayes was there, and wine was ever put on the table for guests or for the president and his wife; this was the first time, and so the only time, that wine has not had its place at least at the late meals at the White House. Hayes was in Wash-ington for one term and then went to his home in Mas-sachusetts. He died on Jan-u-a-ry 17th, 1893.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

JAMES A-BRAM GAR-FIELD.

IN rough log cabins, out in the midst of wild woods we have read that six of our presidents were born; and on the seventh, James A-bram Gar-field, was born in Orange County, Ohio, on No-vem-ber 19th, 1831.

His father had built, with his own hands, their small cabin home; and it stood deep in the wild wood, whose trees would, at times, catch fire from the sparks thrown from the steam engines some miles off. Near the Gar-field home was their field of grain; one day this caught fire, and in trying to save his wheat, the father of little James lost his life. It was a hard life to which he left his young wife and the four little ones; but she was a brave good woman, and she had to work hard of course, and so did the boys. But the mother taught them from books as well; and little James was but four years old when he went to his first school. He was a tough, strong boy, and soon did a large part of the farm work; in the long summers he had the most work to do, and then in the winters he could go to school; he was a brave boy, for the school was miles from home, and his road lay through the deep woods, in which wild beasts roamed at will. But he went his way, and the little felt fear, did not show it; he had a great love for books, and late at night, with the big wood-fire for his light, he could read o-ver and o-ver his few books. His mother taught him to love the Bi-ble, and this Good Book he kept well. But, at last, the time came when he was so old

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

could leave home, and so help the mother more than had done. The first thing he did was to drive mules on the tow-path of the O-hi-o Canal; here he earned \$10.00 a month, but the men he met were coarse and rough, and the life rude and vile; so, with a sad heart, the young man fresh from his good home in the quiet woods, took what he had made here, and went back to the place he loved. He was sick for a long while now; and as he lay on his bed he made up his mind that he would go to college, and live a good, useful life out in the big world; that he would use his brains more than his hands. With this hope in his mind, he made money in the summer to pay his way to school in winter; and soon knew all that they could teach, and went to Hiram College; here at first he did all sorts of work to pay his way; rang the bells, swept the floors, swept the fires; but he was soon paid to teach in the school, for he was too bright and quick to do such hard work long. In 1854, he went to Williams College, and became the head of his class in 1856.

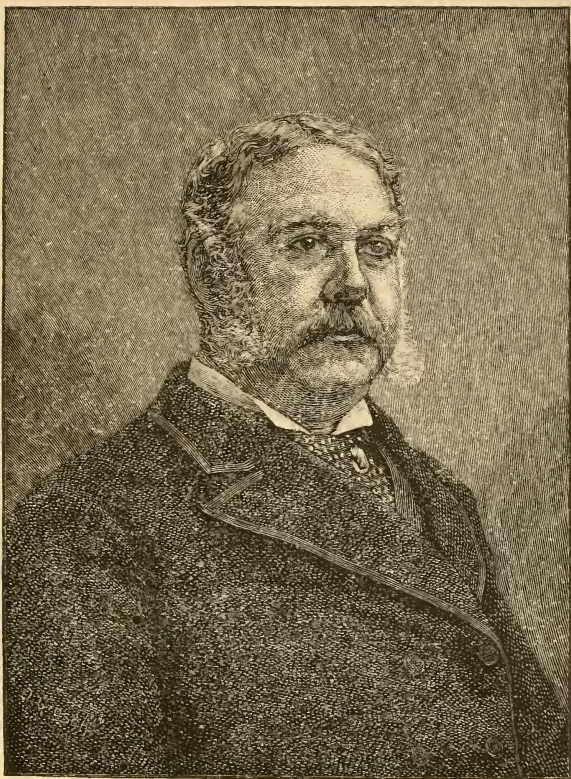
From now on he rose fast; he taught school when he was not at college; his boys loved the big strong man and his mother much in his praise, that men learned to love him. In 1859 he was made one of the O-hi-o Senate, and the next winter sent to Congress. Then came the Civil War, in which he fought bravely; he won much fame in some of the great battles, and was made a general. He was a warm friend of Lincoln; and on the day of Lincoln's death it was Garfield who spoke such calm, good words to a crowd of men on Wall Street, New York, that he kept them from rash acts at this sad time. At the close of the war, he had been in Europe for a short time; and when he came home, he was sent to Congress, where he kept his seat

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

a long time. In 1880 he was named for president, and took his seat in 1881. But there was a great grief in this land, once more. On July 2d, 1881, just four months from the time he took his seat, Garfield was shot by Guiteau, as he, with James G. Blaine, was on his way to take a train north from Washington. They bore him to the White House, and the man who had done this act was seized. The whole land prayed for Garfield, but he grew worse fast; and it was thought best to take him to Long Branch, where it was cooler than Washington. But the long, hot months dragged on, and the sick man did not grow well in the cool salt air, as had been hoped; in spite of all care, the president failed by day; and on September 19th, 1881, the whole land heard with sorrow of this good man's death. The men of the day wept side by side, as Garfield lay in state in Washington; and men of note, in all walks of life, mourned his death as a great grief. He now lies at rest in the land, O-hi-o. Guiteau was hanged for the crime he had done; and it is but just to say, that some thought he was not in his right mind when he shot Garfield.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR was born in Fairfield, Vermont, on October 5th, 1830, and his father had charge of the church in that place and was one of the first men to do for the poor slaves. Now, in those days, those good people could not live as well as they do now; for folks were poor in the small towns; so this small boy was also born in a log-cabin; but he was sent to good schools, and was quite successful when he knew so much that he could go to Union College. All the time he was here he paid his own way. When he left College he taught school, so that he could earn the means to go to New York and study law. He was admitted to law practice, and he and an old school-mate made a name of their firm well known. Arthur took the part of the black race, just as his father had done, and in 1856 he won a suit which let the negroes ride in horse-cars with the whites. A slave-girl had been put off a car and Arthur took the case and won it. For some years he held high office in the state of New York and was a general in the Civil War; he was not in the fights, but saw that the troops had shelter and food; he did this hard task so well that, when the war was at an end, the president gave him the best place in New York State; he was made chief of the great port of New York and held this post for two terms. In 1880 he was made vice-president with Garfield and succeeded him; and, of course, took the chair when Garfield died. He held this place for one term and then went back



CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

to his home in New York City, and took up his law work. There was a split in his party at the end of his term; some wished Arthur to run once more for president, more wished James G. Blaine of Maine; so, of course, Blaine was named. The Democrats named Grover Cleveland; and as all the men on that side wished this one to win, he had the most votes; and for the first time in long while, the Democrats won in the race for president.

Two years from the time that Arthur came home to rest in the midst of his law work, he died in New York City; this was on November 18th, 1886; and he was buried in Albany.

STEPHEN GRO-VER CLEVE-LAND.

THE race of brave, strong men from whom Stephen Gro-ver Cleve-land sprang made their first homes here in Mas-sa-chu-setts, as far back as 1635. His father was in charge of a small church in Cald-well, New Jer-sey. There, in a neat white frame house, which you may see to-day, was born, on March 18th, 1837, the boy who was to rise, step by step, to the pres-i-dent's seat.

He was three years old when they moved to Fayetteville, New York, and here he first went to school and when he was twelve years old. He showed a strong will and a great love for books, as a small boy; he would have done any way, if he could get it; and this was why he was sent to a high school, when he was not so old by some years as the rest of the boys there; he gave his father no rest until he sent him; and once there he made up his mind to leave for Mass.

He was just twelve when his strong will sent him to work in a store near his home, so that he could help support the big fam-i-ly in the small home. The man who employed him, soon saw that, if he was young, he-knew how to do his work well, and that he could trust him; for two years he worked in the store and then went back to his books.

But, just at this time, his fa-ther died; and he then had to find a way to care for those in great need at home. With the same pluck that he had shown in the past, he now went to work in a "Home for the Blind," in New York. In this big cit-y, the bright boy saw and heard much which

new thoughts, and put in his heart the wish to make his life a great one. At the end of two years in the "Horn" he made up his mind to learn law; and he asked a man whom he knew to lend him twenty-five dollars to start him. The fact that this man did so shows that he had trusted Grover Cleveland; he could now start his work, and went to Buffalo to do so. Here he lived for eight years, and then he helped his uncle, in the care of a big farm, and when money he so made was sent to his mother. Soon he had the chance to study law; the place where he went was some miles from his uncle's home, but back and forth, rain or shine, he walked each day. There is told a tale that shows how he loved the books of law; for, the first day he went to this place, a book was put in his hands to read; he kept it for hours, till dark came; then he found the rest of the men had gone home; all the doors were locked; and he must stay there all night.

Such hard work soon made him a man who well knew the law; and folks gave him big cases that brought him much fame. He did not go to the war, when it broke out; for he felt that he could not leave his folks at home with no one to care for them.

He rose fast in his law work; and more than one good case did he win; he cared far more to take the part of the poor than of the rich; and at no time in his life did he seek a high place or fame; it came to him though, for he was the best man to fill a high post well. His name was spread all over his state and at Washington; for three years he was Sheriff of Erie County and then he took up his law practice once more; but soon he was put at the head of the county as its Mayor; and then was made the Governor of the great state of New York. Here he did good work; he

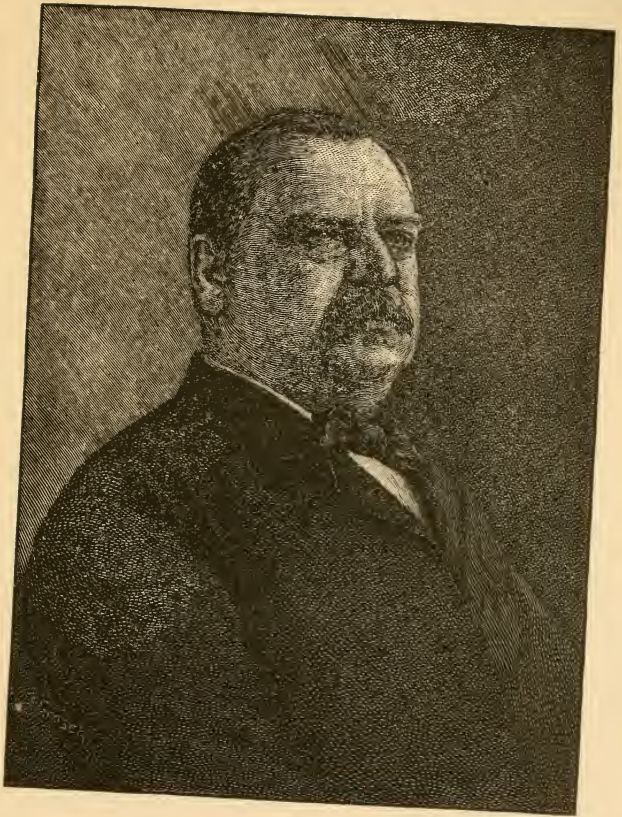
n those who had tak-en bribes, and had not been good
 men, and he tried to see that the laws were well kept
 saw that he was the right man to fill this high place
 he had no fear of what might be thought of him ;
 did as he felt right ; and so, while he was still gov-er-
 he was named for pres-i-dent by a great vote, and was
 e-ed. When he took the oath of of-fice in Wash-ing-ton
 did not kiss the big Bi-ble which oth-er pres-i-dents had
 ed, but a lit-tle old book, much worn with use, which
 noth-er had giv-en to him when he first left home. He
 in the chair four years and while here, he took for his
 Miss Fran-ces Fol-som ; he was the first pres-i-dent
 in the White House. Cleve-land was pres-i-dent for
 years ; at the end of that time, the Re-pub-li-cans plac-ed
 ja-min Har-ri-son in the pres-i-dent's chair.

But, at the end of one term, once more the Dem-o-cra-
 the day ; and a-gain, in 1893, we see Gro-ver Cleve-land
 i-dent.

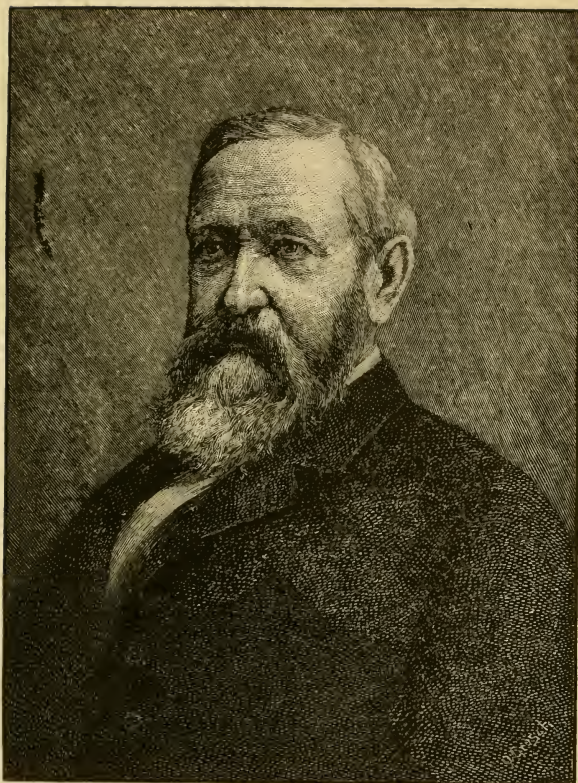
In May of 1894, the World's Fair was o-pen-ed ; and for
 and girls are too young to know some-thing of the
 -ty of the Great White Cit-y built on the shores of Lake
 a-ni-gan in Chi-ca-go. In the last years of Cleve-land's
 , there was much talk of the state of things in Cu-ba
 men there wished to be free from Spain, who had rul-ed
 n, with a hard hand, for hun-dreds of years.

Spain sent down troops of sol-diers ; and harsh laws
 e made to force the Cu-bans to keep the peace. But
 a would not give up ; and the U-ni-ted States be-gan
 pit-y for this brave lit-tle is-land, try-ing to get free.

In the midst of the strife, Cleve-land's term of of-fice
 e to an end, and he came to New York to live and to
 aw a gain. He now has his home in Prince-ton, New
 Jersey, and has a large law prac-tise.



GROVER CLEVELAND.



BENJAMIN HARRISON.

BEN-JA-MIN HAR-RI-SON.

IN the first part of this book, you heard of a br
 di-an fight-er, whose name was Wil-liam Hen-ry Har
 and you saw this brave man mount step by step
 pres-i-dent's chair. It is his grand-son, Ben-ja-min
 son, whom we now see pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted
 He was born in his grand-fa-ther's home at Nort
 In-di-an-a, on Au-gust 20th, 1833. There were no good
 near his home; so in a small log house, in his
 fa-ther's grounds, he first went to school; he and
 oth-er boys and girls were taught here by those wh
 Har-ri-sons hired. In this school the seats were of
 laid on sticks that were stuck in holes in the floo
 had no backs; and were so high that the small bo
 girls could not touch their feet to the floor. On-ly
 win-ter did this small boy go to school; in the sum-
 had work to do on the big farm; he did his work we
 he also learned to shoot, to fish, to swim, and to ride

He was much liked by all the boys, for he was
 sports and jokes. In 1820 he went to Mi-a-mi Colle
 left in 1822, to stud-y law. In one of his first ca
 light was so dim, that he could not see the notes
 made with such care. What should he do? There v
 one thing he could do: fling to one side the not
 plead his case without an-y. This was a hard thing
 but he did it so well, that he won his case; and th
 men of the day gave him much praise for his speech

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

When the Civ-il War broke out he raised a troop of men in his own state, and was made the col-o-nel of this band which was called the "70th In-di-an-a."

He served for two years, and won fame in some of the bat-tles of the war; so brave was he at Re-sa-ca, that he was made a Brig-a-dier Gen-er-al. Through the long course of war, he was kind and good to the men in his care, who loved him well, and gave him the name of "Little

Boat." Not till the war was at an end, did he leave the field of battle with much fame, he went back home, and took up his abode at law. He took a high place in his own state and made some great speech-es.

It was now the year 1889; just one hun-dred years had passed since Wash-ington, our first pres-i-dent, took his oath as Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States; and the whole world thought it right to cel-e-brate the date. So in New York Cit-y, on A-pril 29th and 30th, was held the "Wash-ington Cen-ten-ni-al." The cit-y was hung from end to end with red, white and blue; the grand, good face of Wash-ington, framed in the flag of the land, or wreathed in green boughs, came down on the gay scene. Rank by rank, the troops of the army, by a-midst the shouts and cheers of the dense crowd, filled the streets, and looked from the win-dows of the shops and hous-es. Rich and poor, great and small, kept their places on that great day; the pres-i-dent and oth-er great men from Wash-ington were brought to the foot of Wall Street, on a barge hung with flags; here all the ships of war were drawn up on each side; and as the party went to the spot where Wash-ington took his oath of of-ice, young girls, clad in white, cast flow-ers be-fore them. As the troops filed past the pres-i-dent, one saw, not just those from the North; but

up from the South came hosts of men, bearing the
 their states ; all glad to share in this great day of the
 and there were men from across the seas too ; the G
 and the French marched side by side with the A-me
 By night, fire-works and bon-fires filled the stree
 light, and blazed in beau-ty ; no such great time h
 been known in this land ; and this was as it should
 it was all done for the great, good man, who had
 troops so well in our first war, that he had made
 and had then, by a wise and just rule, helped us t
 great, strong land that we are to-day.

While Har-ri-son was in of-fice, work was be-gun
 "World's Fair," which was held in Chi-ca-go, in 18
~~one~~ ^{the} hun-dred years since Co-lum-bus first saw A-r
 Har-ri-son went to Chi-ca-go and o-pened the fair
 speech on Oc-to-ber 14th, 1892 ; but folks could not g
 till the next year. In 1893, Har-ri-son went home
 an-a, and took up his law work, once more ; he is sti
 is well known as a good law-yer, and has many
 friends a-mong the great men of our day.

We have seen that Gro-ver Cleve-land now
 pres-i-dent ; at the end of his four years, the Re-pu
 put Wil-liam Mc-Kin-ley in of-fice.

WIL-LIAM MC-KIN-LEY.

THE man, who now, in the year 1900, stands at the head of our great land, was born at Niles, O-hi-o, on Jan-u-a-ry 29, 1843. In the schools near his home he was taught to read letters and, as a child, was fond of books, and quick to learn.

He was a mere boy, when he taught school to earn his money to go to Col-lege. The school-house in which he was born still stands; it is a plain, square, white house, with four win-dows in front and three on each side. His mother was a good wo-man, with a clear, strong brain; she taught him, as well as his eight broth-ers and sis-ters, to love truth, and to live brave and strong lives.

Young Wil-iam was not long to lead a life of peace. In 1861 he, then but a boy of eight-een, left his book and his home, and went to the war. Many sto-ries prove how brave he was while there; but two will show you how he came so fast from the ranks. At one time the guns had been left on the road, af-ter a great fight; and it would be a hard task to go back near the foe to get them. But, young Wil-iam in-ley said, "The boys will haul them;" and he and his broth-ers went back for them and brought them into our camp.

Then he was at one time two miles from the fight, in charge of the food; he was quite safe; but he thought that our men would fight bet-ter, if they had some cof-fee and bread.

So he filled a cart and drove straight to the line of our brave men were hard at work. Was this not a brave act? To risk his life for the sake of tak-ing food and



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

drink to the worn men. He worked his way straight to the front and came out of the war a captain. He came home at once and took up the study of law in Canton. One of his first speeches was for the rights of the colored men ; he said that they should have the same rights that white men had ; and he was ever on the side of the black man. In 1869 McKinley was married to Miss Saxton. They were both very young when their little children died. The young lawyer did all he could to cheer his wife ; and she was as brave as he, and did not let her grief keep him from his work. He rose fast in the State, and held high place more than once ; then, in 1876, he was sent to Congress. In 1891 he was made governor of Ohio ; and in 1897, he had made such a great name for himself that he was put up for president by the Republicans, and elected. Just as he came into office, the war in Cuba was at its height ; and men here in our great cities had much pity for the Cubans, who were trying to get free from Spain, just as we had tried to shake the command of England long years ago. The Spanish rule grew worse and worse, as Spain found that Cuba would not give up. At last General Weyler, a harsh and cruel man, was sent there to force peace on any terms ; but General Gomez knew his foes well, and his brave men fought with strength born of a great hate for Spain. By and by, Spain saw she could not win the day, she sent word that Cuba would lay down her arms, she could have the terms for which she had asked in vain in the past.

But it was too late ; Cuba had no faith in Spain, and would now be free from her hard yoke. There was no excitement in the big towns of Cuba at this time, for Weyler had made all the poor folks, who had lived in peace on

all farms, come in-to the towns. He said they gave help
 Cu-ban troops, and so he forced them to leave their hor
 would on-ly let them bring with them just the t
 ags that they could put on their backs. Then he b
 r lit-tle homes, and their crops which they had ran
 n care, all burned to the ground. He had lit-tle food
 e this great host of poor peo-ple, and ma-n-y died in
 ets for the want of bread. You may be sure that o
 at land saw the pain and want down in Cu-ba, a
 ged to give aid; but an act of help on our part wo
 n war with Spain, and this Mc-Kin-ley did not wi
 there came a day when a great cry went up thro
 U-nit-ed States at a foul deed done in the bay of
 a. Our great war ship, the "Maine," was blown up
 omb, as she lay at an-chor in the har-bor. The thou
 ur poor men sent to such a death raised the cry of v
 ll hearts. "Re-mem-ber the Maine," was the war-c
 men cried for war at once with Spain. But Mc-Kin-
 e Spain one more chance to stop the fight and free
 this she would not do. So on A-pril 21st, 1898, o
 e the U-nit-ed States had to make read-y for w
 m all the states men poured in and camps sprang
 e and there, where the men were taught to load and
 r guns. Off at Hong-Kong, in charge of our war-shi
 brave Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey. He knew that the Span-
 t was in Ma-ni-la Bay, near the Phil-ip-pine Is-lan
 ch were ruled by Spain; the loss of these ships wo
 a great blow to Spain just at this time; so Dew
 red his ships there to strike a blow for his coun-try.
 It was night when he reached the spot, and be-fore
 n-iards knew he was near, six of his great ships h
 ped past their forts. Then a fierce fire poured on h

from the forts ; but it did not do much harm. At last the Spanish fleet saw him, and at once the ships opened fire, but Dewey's flag-ship, the "Olympia," sent out a storm of shot and shell, that the first of the Spanish ships was sunk, and all on board killed.

The fight lasted two hours ; and at the end of that time the Spanish fleet had all been sunk. Great joy was felt in the United States when this glad news was received, and Dewey was the hero of the whole land.

Our men down in Cuba fought well, and many deeds were done. On June 6th Admiral Sampson opened fire on the forts at San-tia-go ; our men put their heads down, their work and their aim with the great guns was true and straight. The Spaniards did not aim so well, and their shots did not go so far, and so the shot and shell from their forts did not do us much harm.

Soon our men had stopped the fire from all the forts, save Castle Mor-ro, and this fort was rent and torn in many places.

On June 24th our "Rough Riders," with Theodore Roosevelt at their head, were sent out to clear the way to San Juan Hill. The foe poured a hot fire on our men from the trenches and weeds in which they lay hidden ; and there was a great loss of life. Full of fire and pluck were these "Rough Riders," and led by their brave colonels, Roosevelt and Wood, they forced the Spanish troops back, foot by foot. The day of fight was five miles long ; the heat was fierce ; and water scarce. But at last the troops came to the top of San Juan Hill ; then, with a mad rush, up, up, up, our men to the Spanish fort at the head ! Cheers and shouts rose to the skies as the red, white and blue flag waved from the old Spanish fort ; but the cost of the

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

been great, for there was much loss of life on both sides. On July 3d Cer-ve-ra, the Span-ish Ad-mi-ral, tried to drive his fleet out of the bay of San-ti-a-go; he was seen and destroyed, by our men, and af-ter a hot chase and fierce fight the whole Span-ish fleet was burned or sunk.

Spain lost scores of brave men; but on our side not one was killed, nor did we lose a ship.

The end of the war was near; on July 10th we sailed for San-ti-a-go, and on July 17th we went in-to the bay and raised over it the Stars and Stripes.

In this part of the world the last shot had been fired by Dew-ey in the far east did not know this, and so he was to strike one more blow for his coun-try.

He took the cit-y of Ma-ni-la with the loss of thousands of brave men, and when our flag waved over this cit-y, the end of the Span-ish war had come. On Jan-u-a-ry 1st, 1898, the Span-ish flag, which for four hun-dred years had waved over Cu-ba, was hauled down; the red, white and blue of our own land took its place; and Cu-ba, free from the ha-nd of Spain, blessed the great na-tion that had come to her aid.

In Sep-tem-ber of 1899 Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey came home from end to end of this land his name was cheered.

He was the guest of the cit-y of New York for three days; and well did the cit-y hon-or the he-ro of Ma-ni-la. When we took Ma-ni-la from Spain, and so closed the Span-ish war, it did not give us the Phil-ip-pines. The man-agers were glad to have us drive out the Span-iards, but they do not wish us to take their place. Long months of war followed, but now, A-gui-nal-do, their chief, has yielded and the peace seems to be at hand.

It was not eas-y to see when Mc-Kin-ley be-came pre-

ident that we were soon to be in the midst of war; but our land has borne her part well. We have gained new lands in the far east, and our flag waves o-ver strange people who have not yet learned that it stands for free-dom. The fear that the yoke of the U-nit-ed States will be as heavy to bear as that of Spain. This is not so, and it will not be before all these far-off lands will learn to love and bless the Red, White and Blue, just as ev-er-y State in our Un-ion does to-day.

THE END.

BURT'S SERIES OF ONE SYLLABLE BOOKS.

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME.

AESOP'S FABLES.

Retold in words of one syllable for young people. By Mary Godolphin.
41 Illustrations. Illuminated cloth. Price 50 cents.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

(Selections.) Retold in words of one syllable for young people. By Harriet
Comstock. With many Illustrations. Illuminated cloth. Price 50 cents.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' TALES.

Told in words of one syllable for young people. By Harriet T. Comstock.
many Illustrations. Illuminated cloth. Price 50 cents.

BUCCANAN'S TRAVELS.

Into several remote regions of the world. Retold in words of one syllable
for young people. By J. C. G. With 32 Illustrations. Illuminated cloth.
50 cents.

CHARACTERS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Told in words of one syllable for young people. By Jean S. Rémy. With
page portraits. Illuminated cloth. Price 50 cents.

CANTERBURY TALES.

Retold in words of one syllable for young people. By Samuel Phillips
Day. With 32 Illustrations. Illuminated cloth. Price 50 cents.

CHERRYBURN THE FOX:

The Crafty Courtier. Retold in words of one syllable for young people
by Samuel Phillips Day. With 23 Illustrations. Illuminated cloth. Price 50

CRUISE OF THE "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

His life and surprising adventures retold in words of one syllable for
young people. By Mary A. Schwacofer. With 32 Illustrations. Illuminated
cloth. Price 50 cents.

DUNCAN AND MERTON.

Retold in words of one syllable for young people. By Mary Godolphin.
20 Illustrations. Illuminated cloth. Price 50 cents.

EMERSON'S FAMILY ROBINSON.

Retold in words of one syllable for young people. Adapted from the original
by Emerson. With 31 Illustrations. Illuminated cloth. Price 50 cents.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publisher, A. L. BURT,
107 West Street, New York.





WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantsville, Pa.
MAY - JUNE 1989
We're Quality Bound!





