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COMIC HISTORY OF AMERICA

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LANDING OF COLUMBUS

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BRICKTOP'S

Comic History of America.

ILLUSTRATED BY

THOMAS WORTH.



NEW YORK:
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Bricktop's Comic History of America.

BRICKTOP'S

— Comic History of America —

Speculative historians have lately been advancing theories and splintered facts to prove that Christopher Columbus was not the original Jacobs in the discovery of America; but I still stick to Chris, because I have pictures relating to the affair, the first of which represents him before Ferdinand and Isabella, showing them a map of the United States, and trying to convince them of what a soft thing they would have if they would only send him out to capture it.

That picture is herewith represented.

Chris was a first-class drummer, and although he made no impression upon "Ferdy," he soon got the ear of "Bella" between his teeth, and carried the day by an old-fashioned argument. She was so much taken with his proposition that she took her jewelry and went to her "uncle's" to raise a stake to fit him on his voyage of speculation.

But "Ferdy" had given her some of those jewels in his spooning days, and did not wish to see them in the hands of a Simpson, so he came down with the cash and started the



Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella, showing them a map of the undiscovered country.

bold sailor on his way rejoicing. It must be understood that the King rejoiced as well as Columbus, for he had come to look upon him as something of a bore, and spoke of him as the "old map peddler."

But Columbus went right to work, all the while singing, to the tune of the "*Butcher Boy*":

"My name is Columbus ; I was born in Genoa,
Of poor but honest parents, as the story always goes ;
My father would have me a good, sober citizen,
But I am bound to be a sailor, by jingoes, or die !

"For many long years I've sailed the salt ocean,
Many a day I've been dry and been wet,
But somehow or other I still have a notion
That there's a country that has not been seen yet," etc.,

working original ideas into the song as they occurred to him.

Well, in time he got off. There was any quantity of grog aboard, of course, and the crew kicked up a rumpus before they had got even half-seas over, making it awfully warm for the captain. Columbus spent the greater portion of his time in the rigging with his telescope, evidently feeling safer there than on deck among his mutinous crew, although he pretended to be looking for soil.

I have also a picture representing this phase of American history, which is herewith given.

One day he surprised the gang by yelling "Land, ho !" and instantly each member of the crew began to stake off claims and to speculate in corner lots.

But Columbus claimed all the corner lots himself, and approaching the land, he made preparations for putting his foot into it.

A motley crowd of curious-looking beings flocked to the

shore to learn what was taking place, understanding from their actions, however, that the new-comers had a taking way with them.

The native gentlemen were clothed mostly with a bow and



Columbus at the mast-head looking for soil.

arrow, while the ladies hid their blushes behind a string of beads and some ear-rings.

Columbus did not allow his native modesty to get the better of him. Only think of it! if he had been too bashful to land, simply because the people were dressed in the first fashion, the world might not have been inflicted with this history.

But Chris pretended that he did not see them, or the sign



The landing of Columbus.—From an original drawing in the possession of the publisher.

posted on a tree near by, "*Keep off the grass.*" That was just what he did not intend to do; he came to get on the grass of the New World, feeling that he would be in clover for the rest of his life if he could do so.

So he took possession of the island of St. Salvador in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, without so much as saying, "By your leave," to the natives, who were completely taken aback. They were never taken possession of before.

Up to this period they had never seen any samples of European cheek, and, as well may be supposed, they were completely nonplused by the first gush of it.

This story may have been told somewhere before, and so I will hurry on, simply remarking, by the way, that Columbus discovered all he could of this continent, and returned to Spain to receive the honors and cuffs consequent upon a great success.

Several other chaps went into the discovery business right away, and Amerigo Vespucci made a fool of the rest of the world by giving the land his name, and leaving Cabot, Columbus and others out in the cold, simply because they did not possess as much assurance as he did.

One thing about these discoverers: They all discovered that the division of labor between the native men and women was very much the same as in Europe; that is to say, the women bore all the burdens and papooses, and did all the work, while the men laid off and fished, smoked, or hunted game. This fact convinced them that the natives of America were true descendants of Adam.

This, by the way, would be a good nut for the Women's Rights folks to wrestle with. There's meat in it, as the accompanying illustration, taken from the sketch-book of an ancient artist (one of the "old masters"), will show.

Of course, early history didn't amount to much, and so we will skip along, leaving Columbus to his fate and to more scrupulous historians, and mentioning, by the way, that there was an old chap by the name of De Soto who got overland discovery on the brain, and after scraping his shins against



The way the Indians divide the labor with their squaws.

the trees of many forests, and swimming many streams, he at length discovered the Mississippi, and hung his name up for immortality.

He attempted to follow its course, but his followers got the blind-staggers on account of its crookedness, and wandering off in various directions, never met each other again.

And there was another old chap who was sweet on a young lady in Italy, and who wanted to find a spring whose waters would make him young again, so that she would smile upon his suit. But he gave it up after searching all over Florida



De Soto discovers moisture in the valley of the Mississippi.

and along the Gulf coast, and finally compromised the matter with Time by marrying an Indian squaw for cash.

These little things don't amount to much in history, so we will push on past them.

But when we come to such an event as the saving of the life of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas, then it is worth

while for the bald-headed historian to sharpen an eagle's quill and dive into it.

Captain John was fooling around in Virginia somewhere, and while in the act of gobbling up the territory in the name of Queen Lizzie, of England, he was himself snatched by King Powhatan, in the name of honesty.

Now, as Powhatan had never mashed a white man, he had a curiosity to see how much they could stand, and how the contents of their brain-pans turned out. Smith was a good subject, and as he was supposed to be the first and only Smith living at that time, the old king has been censured severely for the weakness he displayed after getting his head on the block.

But he got him down, and ordered his braves to approach with their beef-steak pounders and commence on him. They were apparently never more willing to obey orders in the world; but just as they raised their clubs, Princess Pocahontas, the only daughter of Powhatan, rushed to the rescue.

"Let up, dad," said she; "I have a snap worth two of this!" and placing her plump arm around the doomed man's neck, she raised him to his feet, although his hair refused to lay down again for more than a week.

"Come, come, Pokey, what's the meaning of this? Why do you interfere with my little experiments?"

"You wish to make him sick—sorry that he ever came upon your domains—don't you?" she asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"I have it!" said she, placing her fingers on her lips. "*I'll marry him!*"

"Good!" exclaimed the old king. "Back, braves! We turn this experiment over to our beloved daughter."

"That settles it," was the general reply.

It is a sad thing for a historian to have to do, the telling of truths sometimes, but he has got to brace up to it occasionally if he expects his book to sell. Smith didn't marry Pokey after all, but he kept her on a string long enough to get him-



Pocahontas saving the life of Cap'n Smith.

self out of the scrape he was in, and finally compromised the matter by getting a fellow by the name of Rolfe to marry her.

There is one bright ray in this affair: Pokey didn't care much which one she married so long as she carried out her original idea, and so that Smith escaped to torment the directory makers all over the Old and New World afterward.

In 1609 Henry Hudson came over to this country to find

quarters for his *Half Moon*. He drifted into the river which bears his name and sailed gayly up it, creating the first nautical sensation that the Aborigines had ever enjoyed.

He was a jolly old cove, was Hudson, and he enjoyed himself hugely as he sailed along, hailing the nations and drinking their health, after which he proceeded to beat them at trades, and when they got mad, he beat them at fighting.

But let us go east and see what is going on there.

Several attempts had been made at settling this country, but somehow or other there appeared to be too many original settlers there for health, and so it was as good as abandoned until 1620, when a band of Pilgrims moored their bark on a wild New England shore.

Poets called it a bark, but the *Mayflower* was a two-masted schooner, and not rated A No. 1 at that, showing that they bark up the wrong tree by such assertions.

They moored their schooner and then proceeded to move ashore. The jolly-boat struck on Plymouth Rock and made a hit. They were a highly pious crowd, with the exception of Captain Standish, who was licensed to do the swearing for the whole colony, he being commander-in-chief of the army.

This reminds me of a poem by Mrs. Hemans, which I used to read at school. If I remember rightly, it ran something like this :

“ The waiting braves danced high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And warriors, 'gainst the stormy sky,
Their scalping-hatchets tossed.

“ And everything looked blue,
The hills and waters o'er,
When that old *Mayflower* spilled her crew
On that wild New England shore.



Henry Hudson enjoying himself on the quarter-deck of the "Half Moon" while discovering the glorious river which now bears his name.

“ Not as the free-luncher comes—
They true-hearted came ;
Not with a roll of lazy bums
Who stock to win a game.

“ Not as the stealing come,
In silence and in fear ;
They swept that Rock with a brand-new broom,
And quaffed their home-made beer.

“ Amid the storm they sang,
And it caused those Reds to flee,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the nasal refugee.

“ The Cape Cod sea-clam soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the hungry bear of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.”

I may not have quoted it exactly right, but the sentiment is all here.

The Pilgrims broke ground the moment they struck it. Standish, however, swore and broke Red-heads. The principal amusement consisted in burning witches and making laws.

They were very good men, those Pilgrim Fathers, and so were the mothers.

But Pennsylvania looms up not long after the looms of the Pilgrims got fairly to work, and William Penn tries his hand with the Indians.

William was a success, and in a very short time he succeeded in founding a Mutual Admiration Society with the Indians, which lasted as long as the Indians did.

While the Puritans were fighting the Red-men, he was demonstrating to the world that the Penn was mightier than



Landing of the Pilgrims.

the sword. And he could get a better trade out of them by treating them nicely, too. He was a square man, and he laid out Philadelphia after himself.

Lord Baltimore also did some settling in "My Maryland" about this time, and it has remained settled ever since.



William Penn fixing up a quiet little arrangement with the Indians.

Rhode Island and Connecticut started for themselves, one with John Rogers and his seven small children, and the other by the Blue-law builders.

But New York—New Amsterdam then—was the biggest toad in the puddle. It was a little Dutch at first, and somewhat inclined to indulge in one-legged governors; but the

colony took deep root from the start, and has flourished bravely ever since.

About this time the Yankee element was developed, caused by trading with the Indians. Those Dutch ancestors of ours introduced schnapps among the aborigines, and under its mel-



Trading with the Indians in New Amsterdam.

lowing influence succeeded in skinning them out of the skins they had skinned the animals of, and in this way the skin-game was first started in this country. In fact, I look with pride upon a picture in the possession of the Historical Library—herein reproduced—in which this enterprise is shown most pleasantly. In fact, the Indians appear to like this

being skinned quite as well as they did the getting of their skins full of schnapps, and then going home to pound their squaws and talk about "big Injun."

This goes to show what Indians like, and if the colony of Massachusetts Bay had only swindled them good-naturedly instead of fighting them, they could have done much better.

Look at the pictures of New York and Pennsylvania Indians; how much happier they look than the New England Reds do!

La Salle, a famous French adventurer, also did some handsome discovering up among the lakes and down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. But he got murdered by his companions for attempting to do too much in this line.

People were queer even in those days, They would have murdered Columbus before he had discovered anything, and they banged brave La Salle because they got tired of following him through his findings.

But it will not do to moralize or be too particular in a comic history, so let us move on, and if there are any irregularities regarding events or dates, let us fall back as novelists and dramatists do, and say, "A lapse of —— years is supposed to take place between such and such points."

The English and French were rivals, and each was bent on gobbling up the largest portion of the new continent, while the Spaniards contented themselves with Mexico and South America.

This rivalry brought about a fight, of course, and our own great George had the honor of getting first blood in the French and Indian War, as it was called. George was game, but really no chicken when appointed to command the Colonists in after years.

General Braddock was sent over by George II. to settle the

French and Indian hash, but he put his foot into it. He assumed to know everything that related to powder and steel, and when young Washington tried to show him that Indian fighting differed slightly from that of other nations, he pro-



Washington warning General Braddock.

ceeded to elevate his well-colored nose and to pooh! pooh! the game young Virginian.

He didn't pooh! pooh! so much when the Indians got at him. But he made a very good funeral, if he did prove a failure as an Indian fighter.

It was a long, bloody war, and some of the brightest names in American history received their first polish in it. Wash-

ington, Franklin, Gates, Putnam, Arnold, Wolfe, Montgomery, Morgan, and a host of others, lucky men who were not born to be forgotten.

But the English triumphed, and the French were wiped and blown out completely, and a large number of Red-skins were



Death of King Phil-up.—A sad warning.

sent skipping through the happy hunting-grounds. This was one of the best results of the war.

Well, things went on pretty lively after that, for the Indians began to think they could fight, and they did make it pretty warm for the settlers in various parts of the country, although it ended, of course, in a happy hunting-ground picnic for them.

Old Putnam gave it to them in Connecticut. You know Old Put? The chap that went into the wolf's den and played ball with its landlord. He won that game, as he won many others afterward.

In fact, the American boys were kept in fighting trim nearly



Putnam and the wolf.

all the time after the French War, until they got their spines into a curved attitude regarding the despotism of England.

During this preparatory scrimmaging, King Philip and several other big Injuns went to grass and gave up the business of fighting entirely, and when the Colonists began to squirm and to talk back at England, the Reds had pretty

generally come to the conclusion that their destiny was to be wiped out.

But now we are on the eve of the Revolution. Let us take breath. (No, thank you, nothing stronger.)

England seemed to feel that Brother Jonathan was destined



The way the Colonists served John Bull, Esq., and his stamp.

to become a big boy, and soon after he had shown himself in the French War, she began to put the screws on, fearing that he would assert himself some time against her.

One of the first real cunning things she did was to pass the Stamp Act; but England's representative got chased from the

soil with his blarsted old stamp on his shoulder. Then Johnny Bull stamped and pulled his hair.

Then he attempted to tax tea, and Jonathan, thinking that was not exactly the T, dumped a few ship loads of it into a huge tea-pot known as Boston Harbor, and it was a strong drawing.

But wasn't John Bull mad when he heard how his boy had been cutting up! He was. He danced and howled, and swore "He'd knock 'is blarsted 'ead hoff; the lubberly colonial hupstart!"

"That 'er blarsted boy hof mine his a-gittin' too big for 'is small clothes, han', by Jove! H'i think as 'ow I'll take 'im down a bit! The blarsted idiot! To say that I 'aven't the right to tax 'im whatever I like! Why, I'll bust the 'ole 'ead hoff of 'im! Didn't I save 'im from a-bein' chewed hup by them bloody Frenchmen hand Hindians? Hand now the blarsted hupstart is a-talkin' back to me! Zounds!"

And so Johnny sent over a few thousand of his troops to "punch our 'eads" for us. He never stopped to think that the boy Jonathan was nearly man-grown, and with a little experience would be likely to interpose some energetic objections to having his head punched.

Well, three or four thousand of his troops landed in Boston and attempted to enforce the Quartering Act; that is, to quarter themselves upon the Colonists and make them pay the bills. Quartering Act, indeed! The Americans refused to stand the half of it.

The result was that Johnny's soldiers found themselves obliged to grub for their grub, and as foraging was rather risky, they fell back on Government hard-tack and herring, while the Colonists were endeavoring to get a hearing before the British Parliament.



The way John Bull cut up when he heard the news of the trouble in Boston.

Failing in this, they got mad, and kicked the uniformed representatives of His Majesty, and they in turn shed first blood in the streets of Boston. This bloody business roused the blood on both sides, and things began to boil.

Sam Adams, Joe Warren, and John Hancock placed fuel under the pot and kept it boiling, and in the meantime the patriots gathered a store of ammunition at the little town of Concord, near Boston, on which to draw in case of emergency.

General Gage knew of this, and resolved to scoop it in, hoping in this way to discourage the boys. So he sent a detachment of eight hundred men under Major Pitcairn, by a roundabout way, to capture the stores. But the Minute men, and especially Paul Revere, got wind of the move, and at once rode through the country from house to house, alarming the patriots and calling them to arms for the purpose of defending their property. But he didn't have to break down many doors before he got the people roused and on the road to Concord.

Adams and Hancock were located somewhere in the neighborhood, and the officers had special instructions to take them without opening, if possible, but on the half shell, if needs be.

It was a very warm day, and they were gathering in hot haste. The British, however, took it cool, and on their arrival found about a hundred raw countrymen drawn up on the little green. They might have been green to stake their all thus on that little green, but they succeeded in firing that tremendous "shot heard round the world," of which we have heard so much.

Major Pitcairn pulled his cocked hat down until it rested on his nose, and then pulling his sword, boldly advanced upon the raws.

"Rebs, throw down your arms and git!" he shouted.

"Oh, you go shoot yourself!" shouted the patriots.

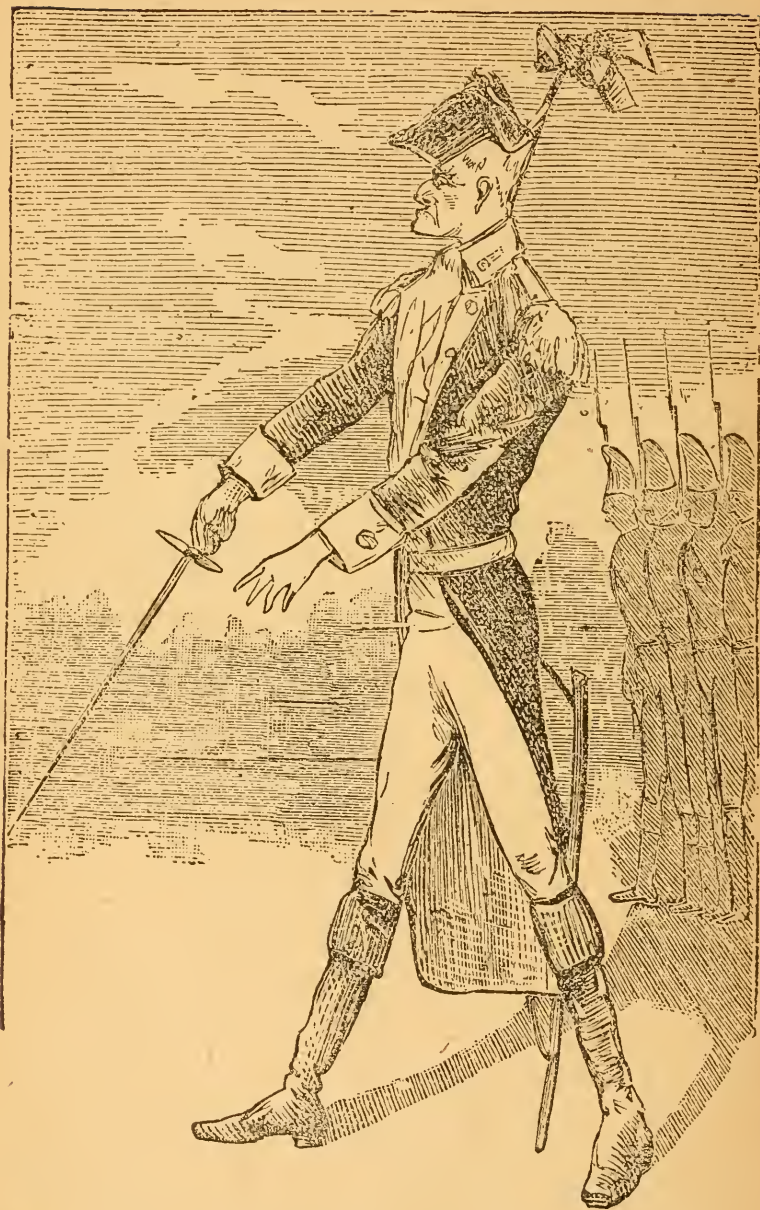
"Shoot myself, eh, you blackguards? Well, I will shoot if you are afraid to open the ball!" said he; and turning, he discharged his pistol in the air, smelled of the smoking barrel to get his courage up, and then ordered his men to fire.



Paul Revere alarming the people and calling them to arms.

And they did fire, toppling over six or seven of the patriots, and really opening the ball with a volley of them. Then began a running fire—a little more running than firing, perhaps—until the British were masters of the situation.

But they had eaten only the outside of the apple yet; they had not come to the core.



Major Pitcairn, at Concord, demanding the militia to lay down their arms.

After doing everything but capturing Adams and Hancock, they started to return, and then they came to the core, and a seedy old core it was, too. The now thoroughly roused patriots, with fresh recruits from the surrounding towns, followed up the retreating regulars and pinked them from front, flank, and rear, firing from behind fences, walls, trees, and life insurance policies.

The result was that Johnny Bull got the first peppering of the campaign, and by the time he reached Lexington, half of his men had experimented in dust-biting and offered no further resistance; and had not re-enforcements met them there, not a soul of them would have lived to get back again to Boston.

All things considered, it was a glorious fight, and it roused the Colonists from one end of the land to the other, cutting off all further hope of compromise or patchwork. Patrick Henry, of Virginia, had it right when he asked, "What is it that gentlemen wish? What will they have?"

They all concluded to have a bayonet punch, with powder trimmings.

General Gage proved himself a green gage in this affair, for the Colonists flocked around Boston in thousands, and throwing up intrenchments from Roxbury to the Mystic River, soon shut him up completely—canned him, so to speak.

But re-enforcements arrived for him, and then he went on with his bluster, declaring martial law, but offering to pardon all who would lay down their arms, with the exception of Adams and Hancock. This only made matters worse, for General Ward, with Putnam, Prescott, Stark, and Warren, kept on making things warmer and warmer for him, and even the boys in the streets whistled "Yankee Doodle" in his ears.

Finally Prescott was sent with a detachment to fortify



The Battle of Bunker Hill.—The British fleeing from the “warmth” of it.

Bunker Hill, in Charlestown, from which point he could command Boston completely; but in his anxiety to get as near the enemy as possible, he went on to Breed's Hill and began to throw up earthworks there in the night.

When Gage awoke the next morning, his eyes were opened. If the patriots were allowed to fortify that point, he would have to dust out of Boston on the double-quick, so preparations were at once made to dislodge them.

This attempt resulted in the Battle of Bunker Hill, wherein the British got the worst dose of Yankee Doodle that they received during the whole war.

But the patriots were taken at a disadvantage and before they had half finished their fortifications or gathered half enough men to withstand the shock, they stayed long enough to put one thousand of Gage's best men out of the way where they wouldn't have to train any more.

The British won the hill, but they didn't appear to want any more hills at that price, while from that blood-soaked mount a monument rose in after days at Webster's eloquent bidding, and now pierces the clouds with its starry flags and beacon lights for all the world to see.

(Historians always have to sling in a little highfalutin in order to make Boston feel good.)

Very few of the survivors of that battle live to tell the story. I got this second-handed, although the old chap at first tried to make me believe he was there. But when, by judicious cross-questioning, he gave himself away as being only seventy-five years of age, it wasn't hard to convince him that he must have been very young when the battle took place.

But almost every other man you meet had an ancestor there, which fact confuses historians very much, leading them

to believe that there must have been at least several millions of ancestors at this first great shooting match.

Yet, I suppose we are all excusable for this little vanity of patriotism, and if our ancestors were not there, it isn't our fault; it's no reason why we should spoil a good story, or be suspected of belonging to an inferior race of beings.

But now we come to deal with the great and immortal George.

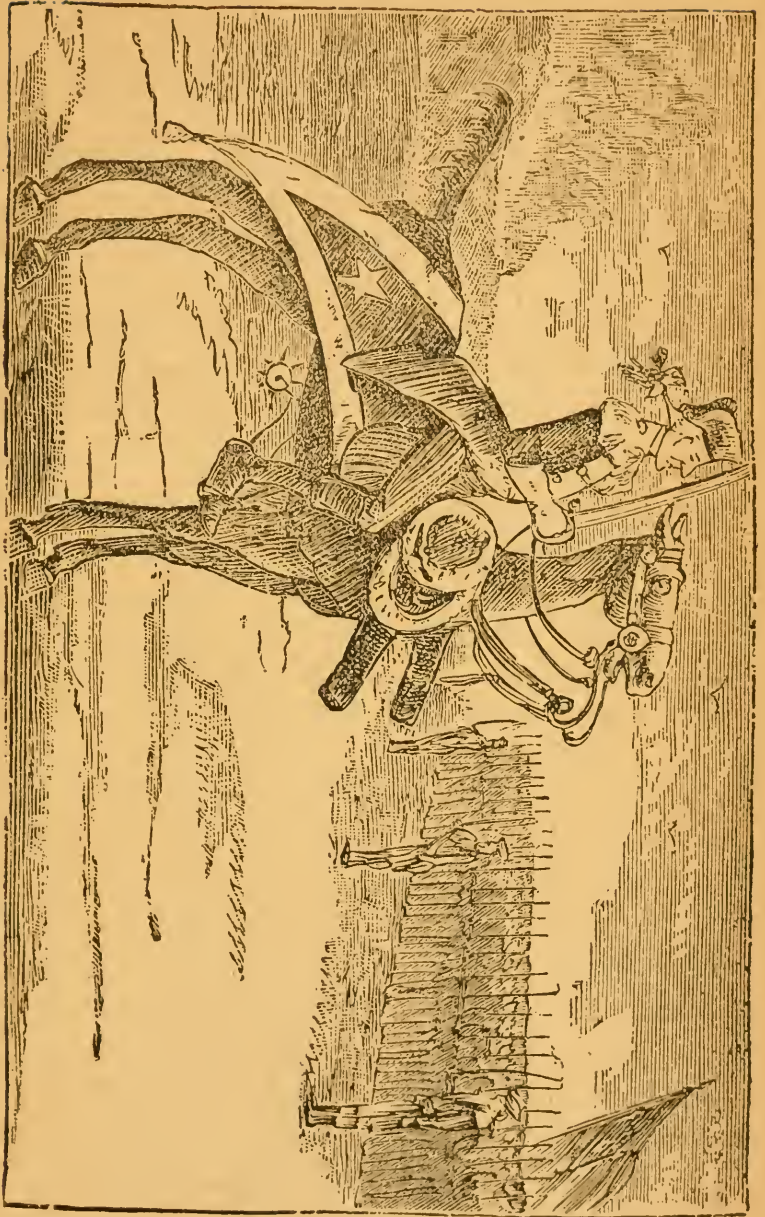
A fortnight after the battle of Bunker Hill he arrived in Cambridge, with the commission of commander-in-chief, and on June 2d, 1775, unsheathed his rib-tickler under the "Washington Elm."

The blade creaked a little as he drew it forth, for it had been some time since he had used it, and not being given to whipping it out at every dog-fight and election, it had become somewhat rusty.

The patriots shouted until their tonsils ached, and it was a day of general jubilee, to say nothing of the other generals who took part in the affair. A copy of Trumbull's picture will adorn this part of my history, from sketches by our special artist taken on the spot. Our artist, by the way, has touched up several historical pictures to adorn this work, and when the reader gets full of feeling over these pages, he can expend the surplus on the artist.

Well, speaking of Washington, he went right to work to put his army in shape and give Congress something to do to provide for it. It was kept pretty busy, although they could enact as many laws and pass as many resolutions as a modern Congress can.

General Gage had been bounced and superseded by Howe, and he in turn found his hands pretty tolerably full in keeping himself in Boston. Washington drew a fiery belt around



General Washington, at Cambridge, drawing his sword as commander-in-chief of the Colonial forces—(Not an original drawing.)

him on the land side, leaving only the harbor as a way out of the hot-bed he had made for him, and he danced around all that season, and until St. Patrick's day in the morning of the following March, when he packed his valise and set sail for New York.

Great was the joy of Boston on this occasion. Bells rang, dogs barked, guns bellowed, and the nasal twang was heard to the uttermost part of the world. Up to this time Washington had been known as a civil engineer, and General Howe afterward acknowledged that he was never engineered out of a place so civilly before in his whole military experience as he had been out of Boston.

After the jubilation was over, Washington moved his army toward New York, whither he had dispatched General Lee with a division, which arrived there the very day that the British appeared in the harbor. This so enraged Sir Henry Clinton, the commander, that he went off in a huff with his back up, and sailed for Virginia, where he also found the patriots ready to receive him. In fact, Sir Henry never did succeed in doing but little more than Gage or William Howe had done, being something of a dandy general, and more in general than a soldier.

Sir William Howe didn't do much better than Gage had done, although the open winter favored him somehow in not freezing up the harbor of Boston, otherwise Washington never would have allowed him to escape any Howe. However, he got away, as before related, taking with him a large number of Tories, and landing them in Halifax, a point almost as far away, although a great many degrees colder, as the patriots wished them.

As before remarked, Sir Henry Clinton found it so warm about Virginia that he concluded to scoop in South Carolina

instead, for he was bound to make his mark somewhere, and while Washington was fortifying New York and vicinity, he sailed for Charleston, with blood in his eye and wrath beneath his wig, being bound to hurt somebody bad.

Colonel Moultrie was waiting for him behind some fortifications on Sullivan's Island, and when the British fleet attempted to enter the harbor, they became entangled on the shoals, and were so warmly welcomed by Moultrie's guns that they were compelled to retire with broken noses and the loss of one ship. Sir Henry was getting along bravely, and if he had been allowed to head a few more expeditions, it is safe to say that the war would have ended several years sooner than it did.

The gallant defense of Charleston harbor by Moultrie and his men was worthy of praise, and they received it. It was plucky work, and the first of the kind that the Americans had done. 'Rah!

Meanwhile, Thomas Jefferson took it into his head to write a Declaration of Independence, and procuring a huge eagle's quill, he sat himself down to the task. It might be as well to omit that declaration in this history, since it is pretty generally known from having been read so often by Fourth of July orators; but I feel that the work would be incomplete unless I noted the fact of its being a pretty cogent document, and that it has proved quite a success.

Boston was as good as left out in the cold now, for the theater of action was in New York and Philadelphia, and after debating over the declaration a few days, it was finally signed on the Fourth of July, 1776.

That was a great event. Up to this time St. Patrick's was the biggest day in the calendar; but from the hour that the old bell on Independence Hall pealed forth the glad tidings,

telling the world that our statesmen had put their fists to this document, St. Patrick was obliged to lower the key of his cat-gut and play second fiddle.

They had no associated presses, telegraphs, or lightning expresses in those days, but the news spread over the land



Thomas Jefferson at work upon the Declaration of Independence.

tolerably fast on horseback, and created quite as great a sensation as it would have done had it gone by lightning or steam. But the news arrived in many places so late that the celebration took place late in the following August. But it was the Fourth of July all the same.

A respectable army was encamped on Long Island, where

Brooklyn now stands, under the command of General Putnam, while the British held possession of Staten Island as a base of operations. From these two points the armies made snoots at each other, shook their fists, and dared each other to walk out and meet half-way for a muss. This daring each other went on until the 27th of August, when the British crossed over from Staten Island and advanced upon the Americans in three divisions. Then things began to look lively.

Washington left New York and crossed over to Long Island to superintend the fun; but it failed to turn out very funny for his army, although it was funny how it managed to escape without being gobbled up. The Americans fought bravely, and had the generalship been equal to their valor, the bald-headed historian might have thrown up his hat with a cheer at this point. But the fact of the matter is, the British succeeded in almost entirely surrounding the Americans before they knew it, and so they got shaky on their pins and pegged for their intrenchments with great loss.

Night coming on, Howe rang the bell for supper, and put off the gobbling up of Washington's army until the next day. There is where he made a mistake. Washington got out of that without loss of time, and Howe followed him over to New York, up to Harlem, White Plains, and at length over into New Jersey, keeping the good man on the jump night and day, until nearly all of his army had melted away. Those were the blue days—the days that tried men's soles—as they were kept on them so continually.

On the 8th of December, with a beggarly army of three thousand men, Washington was hounded out of New Jersey by Cornwallis, and, sick at heart, he crossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania, the British general by this time becoming tired



Washington crossing the Delaware—(Not the original picture.)

of the chase, and going into quarters on the New Jersey side of the river.

But this is not the "Crossing of the Delaware" of which we have read and seen so much. The real, genuine, Simon pure crossing occurred a week or two later.

It may be imagined that Washington was mad about this time. And wasn't it enough to make a man mad to be bounced and driven about from pillar to post, as he had been since the battle of Long Island? So he resolved to make a historical picture of himself, if nothing else. Hence the picture of "Washington crossing the Delaware."

But it wasn't altogether a tableau party after all. The truth was, there was a crowd of wild Hessians at Trenton, and Washington was resolved on finding out how much they could stand, and to do this he crossed the river, angry with the flood and surging ice, and fell upon them unawares. He smote them hip and thigh, in front and in the rear—mostly in the rear, however, for they gave the lie to those who had all along maintained that they could not run like blazes.

This little job was another feather in the cap of General Washington, and fairly offset the Long Island disaster, which had given everybody the blues. Then it was give and take for awhile, but mostly "take" on Washington's part, since he was obliged to give up Philadelphia, and take up with what he could find in the shape of winter quarters at Valley Forge. Here the army was reduced to skin and bone, and the bluest old winter worried away that ever tried patriot hearts or the barn-yards of a surrounding country.

Whenever a person becomes indifferent, or doesn't feel like celebrating the Fourth of July, let him turn to the history of this awful winter, and if he doesn't feel more like burning



The sanguinary bouncing of the Hessians at Trenton.

powder in honor of our patriot forefathers, he had better go out and shoot himself.

But we will turn from this gloomy picture to a brighter and more active one on the Hudson River, above Albany, whither General Burgoyne had been sent with a brilliant army of about ten thousand men, for the purpose of cutting a way through to Canada. General Schuyler was in command of the Americans, and got pretty well pounded around before Congress took the command from him and gave it to General Gates.

Then there was a turn in the tide of affairs. Burgoyne found himself in want of horses and provisions, and as the British had thus far helped themselves to whatever they wanted, he sent a strong detachment to Bennington to scoop in the accumulation of stores collected there. General Stark got stark mad at this display of cheek, and at the head of his Green Mountain boys, he marched out and put a head on that expedition in the most expeditious manner.

Burgoyne concluded not to fool around in that quarter any more, and as it was getting rather warm and sickly about there, he resolved to rest awhile at Saratoga, noted to this day for being a good resort for sick folks.

But Saratoga water wouldn't save him. Gates worried him on all sides, and finally at Bemus Heights gave him a taste of what was coming—a sort of bust in the nose before the final knock-down.

During this engagement General Arnold displayed the most daring and reckless bravery, fighting like a wild cat, with the bullets whizzing around him like hail. In fact, I have it from an old inhabitant of Saratoga, who got it from another old chap, that he employed five negroes to bring him horses to have shot down under him.

Some sober historians have insisted that Arnold was drunk during this engagement, but if he really was, what a pity that General Gates had not given a pint of the same rum to several others that day. But, drunk or sober, he fought bravely; and as it is the province of the present historian to give the devil



Arnold at the battle of Saratoga.

his due, let it be here recorded that in spite of what he afterward did, Benedict Arnold, at the battle of Bemus Heights, was the bravest of the brave, and by his conduct and example turned the tide of war.

In the next battle that Burgoyne risked, he got a head put on him so big that King George could never get ahead of it.

Finding that the raw recruits from the country towns were too much for him, and that they were gathering on all sides of him, he concluded to throw up the sponge. Gates had no particular need of it, for he had already wiped him out.

So on the 17th of October, 1777, the haughty Burgoyne,



The surrender of Burgoyne.

who had started out with such great expectations, surrendered his battered sword to General Gates. Then American freemen howled; then the bald-headed eagle screamed and soared, and for the time being the British lion was a lion on his back. 'Rah!

That season passed with but little else than hurrahing over



Foraging at Valley Forge.

Burgoyne's surrender, so far as the North was concerned, although Washington was being pounded around badly in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and was finally driven into winter quarters at Valley Forge, his army reduced by sickness and desertion until it could hardly charge a flock of sheep.

Add to this the terrors of one of the severest winters ever known, and understand that his army was half naked and had hardly any shelter from the weather, and you have only a portion of the picture, for starvation threatened them on every side. Strip a man's back and pinch his belly, and you have a very good test of his patriotism if he stands it without kicking.

The men at Valley Forge didn't kick—they lacked the strength to. But Washington got a permit from Congress to buy of the surrounding farmers, whether they wanted to sell or not, paying them in scrip worth about as much as Confederate money now is.

But this made trade good—for the army—and by close attention to business they managed to skin through the winter, but came out of it very skinny themselves.

About this time France gave us a hand, and things began to look squally for J. Bull, Esq. He began to think that possibly he had put his foot in it, and sent over some commissioners to try and coax us to be good, and promised to take it all back if we would only lay down our arms.

But Jonathan had his back humped for a fight, and he was feeling more like it now than ever, and so the lordly commissioners were sent back with fleas in their auricular organs.

General Clinton concluded to git up and git out of Philadelphia (from which he had driven Congress), and to make his way back to New York again. He started to go, and Washington followed him. It was the American eagle's turn now,



Washington blowing up General Lee at the battle of Monmouth.

and how he screamed as he hung on the flanks of that retreating army!

Coming up to Clinton near Monmouth Court House, Washington ordered General Lee to sick 'em! and that impetuous bundle of selfishness attempted to do it, while the commander-in-chief followed with re-enforcements.

Lee found the British lion quite able to kick back while going ahead, and fearing that he might get scratched, he ran back to meet Washington, who, finding his division in disorder, through his officer's cowardice, rode up to him and gave him a piece of his mind large enough to make a tent of. In other words, he blowed him up, used cuss words, called him a dough-head, and threatened to have him suspended.

Lee turned up his nose, of course, for he was a high-born cuss; and besides, he knew that Washington didn't have time to tweak it just then (but he did it afterward, though, figuratively speaking), for there was disorder to check, and the battle of Monmouth to be fought.

That battle was fought until night let down the act-drop, and both armies retired. Clinton escaped during the night, and Washington refused to follow him, knowing that Lord Howe would be waiting to take him on board his ships at Sandy Hook.

The French lent us considerable encouragement and moral influence that year, but not much fighting, especially as regards their fleet under D'Estaing. But it showed their good intentions, and helped to make John Bull sicker than he was.

The war was prosecuted at the South with great vigor, where General Green, with his barefooted legion, made it exceedingly lively for the British in every quarter, as did also Marion and Morgan. Fire and sword were carried to almost

every town and village in the South, but the *return* fire was the best.

This year was marked by one of the most desperate naval battles ever fought. Paul Jones was cruising on the British coast in September, in command of three small ships that had been fitted out in France, when he fell in with two large English frigates with a convoy of merchant vessels. The battle began at sunset, and early in the engagement Jones lashed his own ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, to the frigate *Serapis*, and the battle was continued with the guns of the two ships almost muzzle to muzzle. But Jones meant business; he wasn't there for fun at all. The vessels were on fire several times, and the boarders were driven back frequently; but no one thought of giving up except, possibly, those who got killed.

But pluck won, and at ten o'clock the *Serapis* gave it up and surrendered, as did the other frigate. And not a moment too soon, for the *Richard* had been cuffed so badly that she sunk before daylight the next day. And yet Jones didn't care much; he had all the ships he wanted now, and was hailed "Bully Boy of the Ocean!"

Things looked considerably brighter at the close of this year than they did the year before. The American army, under command of Stony Point Wayne, went into winter quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, and as Brother Jonathan's cupboard was somewhat better stocked with grub than it had been the year before, the lads had a much better time of it than at Valley Forge.

The British, during this winter, enjoyed a sort of picnic walk-over in the Carolinas, and again things looked like a cold nose for the United States; and when grub grew scarce, and it took thirty Continental dollars to buy a silver one, then the

enemy thought they would put a finishing touch upon the business by attacking the half-famished soldiers at Morristown. They got hit on the nose and went back to New York for a handkerchief.

This year was made memorable by Arnold's treason. He



The capture of Major Andre at Tarrytown.

got cranky, and tried to sell out West Point to the enemy, and he would have succeeded in doing so had not Major Andre, the negotiator appointed by Clinton to carry out the trade, been caught by three patriots at Tarrytown, on his way back to New York with the documents in his possession.

He tried to buy them off, offering his ticker and all the

loose change he had about him ; but they wouldn't have it, and he, poor devil ! had to swing, while Arnold went scot-free, and worked out the deviltry that was in him by burning, murdering, and plundering on the side of England.

Generals Green and Marion, together with several other brave partisans, made it pretty warm for the British in the South ; and finding that they were making but little headway there, Cornwallis turned his nose northward, and South Carolina again took her place in the Union.

In this connection the French, both with ships and men, rendered our cause good service ; and after cooping Cornwallis up in Yorktown, they proceeded leisurely to give him the worst old drubbing that a general ever got. In fact, the " Corn " was all shelled off ; and when he threw up the sponge and handed his sword over to Washington, he was only a Cob-wallis, and hardly hog-fodder at that.

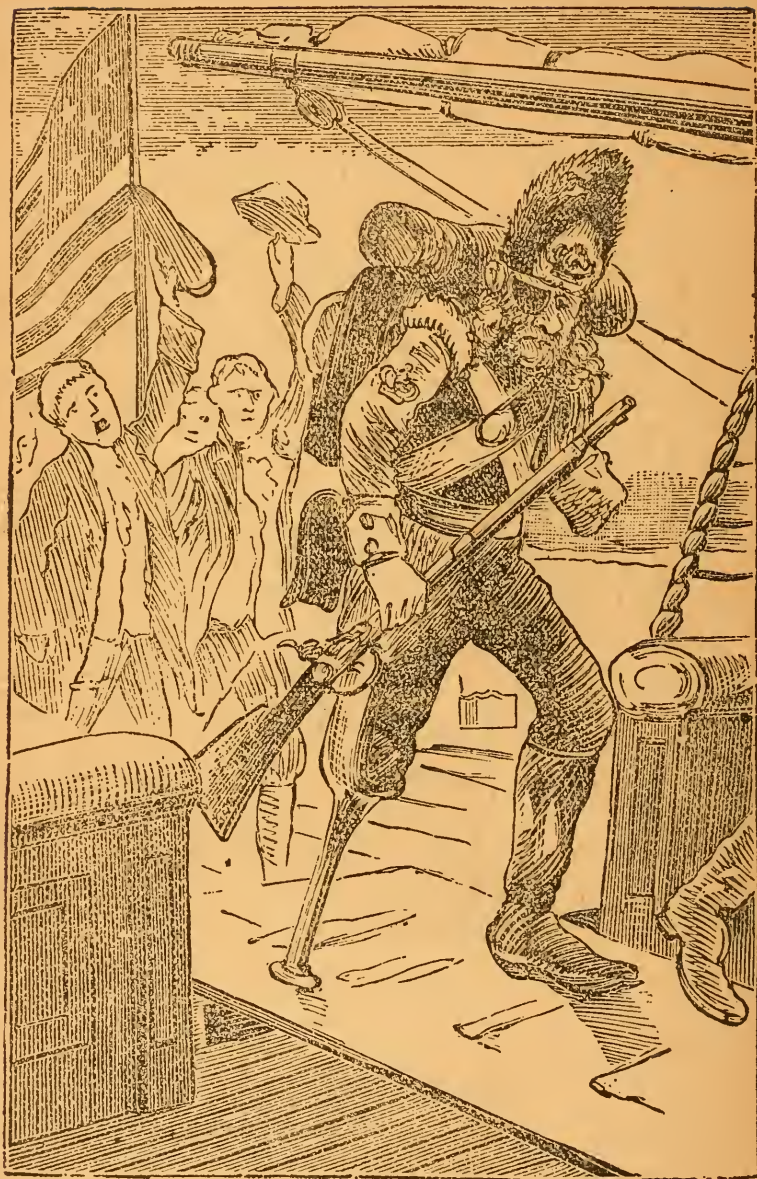
This business cooked the English goose, said goose being George III. Reluctantly Parliament concluded to shut pan and call off the dogs of war, which they did in the month of March, 1782.

But still there was trouble and no money at home. The army could not be paid, and, of course, not disbanded without it ; and at Newburg, on the Hudson, both officers and men got their back up and proposed to make a king of Washington. But none for George. He wouldn't have it, and finally pacified them.

After much red tape in Paris, the commissioners, in September, 1783, signed a final treaty, and a telegraph dispatch was sent over for the British to come 'ome, and on the 25th of November they left New York at the Battery, and Washington entered it from the north. And we've had it ever since.



The surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. The cooking of the English goose.



Embarkation of the British from New York for 'ome.

Things being fixed up all right, Washington took leave of his officers, and, like the noble man he was, went to Annapolis, and with solemn dignity surrendered his commission to Congress, after which he retired to his farm at Mount Vernon, arriving there just in time to sow his winter wheat.



The Indians were still bent on going for hair.

Liberty and Onion !

Brother Jonathan had broken away from the parental apron-string, and in doing so had shown much pluck. Now he was at liberty to do as he pleased. Now he was of age, and the way he did kick up his heels ; the way that bald-headed, wide-spreading, high-stepping, double-gaffed American eagle did scream for a few months was a caution to Tories and tyrants !

But after his spree he got right down to the business of running a nation, made a constitution, held his first election, and with his whole voice called Washington, "The first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" to the dignity of first President, and the ship of State was launched in first-class style.

And so we started, with enemies on all sides, even France giving us the bony shoulder on account of some political misunderstanding, while the Indians in the West appeared to be just dying to be thrashed. Brave General Wayne gave them satisfaction, and made them sorry that they had ever listened to England, who incited them in the hope of reopening the fight and getting hunk.

But Jonathan was growing all the while, and after electing two or three Presidents, and finding that he could live through a political campaign all right, he concluded not to stand any more of Daddy Bull's impudence in pressing our seamen, and President Madison declared war against the old tyrant in 1812.

Of course we had a little fighting on land, such as Hull's victory; but the most brilliant portion of it was on the water. Captain Ike Hull (no relation to the other Hull) and the gallant old *Constitution* knocked the stuffing and the pride all out of the frigate *La Guerriere*, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Captain Decatur, in the frigate *United States*, warmed and captured the frigate *Macedonian*. The frigate *President* captured J. Bull's floating money-box, with two hundred thousand dollars in specie. These, with a few little flare-ups at different points, punctuated the year 1812.

The next year old "Tippecanoe" opened the ball in the North-west, making it lively for both the British and their Indian allies, while a young United States officer by the name of Perry, after actually building a fleet of vessels,



The battle of Lake Erie.—Perry changing the flag from a sinking ship.

sailed for Captain Barclay, the commander of the British fleet, on Lake Erie, and after one of the pluckiest fights ever recorded, blew them all out of water, and then originated that more than Cæsarian dispatch: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours!"

Once more did the bird of freedom scream!

A few more brilliant victories in the North feathered young Jonathan's cap very nicely, and he went into winter quarters, while Jackson was playing lively tunes for the enemy in the South, where, at Tallapoosa, he pricked the bubble of the Creek War by a brilliant victory.

As an offset to these battles, and just to show the world that we were no slouch of a nation, the *Hornet*, a little sloop of war, commanded by Captain Lawrence, walloped and picked the feathers off the British frigate *Peacock* in fifteen minutes by the clock.

General Scott warmed the enemy at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and at Plattsburg they got shook up so vigorously that the army of veterans, who had just come from Waterloo, found a little Waterloo of their own, and surrendered.

But the British captured and burned Washington, and attempted to do the same for Baltimore, but somehow they ran against a snag in the shape of Fort McHenry, and concluded to retire. It was while under this fire that the genius of liberty gave birth to the "Star Spangled Banner."

Long may it wave!

The next blow—a regular knock-down and finisher—was given by General Jackson at New Orleans. This settled Johnny Bull, and he has never attempted to fool with his fighting son since then.

In the meantime, State after State had been settled, developed, and joined to the Union, and things were lively all

General Jackson, at the battle of New Orleans, fought in a rain-storm.



around the political firmament. The cotton-gin was invented; the steamboat had become a floating and a fixed fact; slavery began to be talked about, and the Northern States abolished it, while the Southern ones clung to it with greater tenacity than ever. It is the nature of Americans to have



General Scott finishing the Mexican War.

some subject or other for agitation, and here was a fruitful one.

Well, we went on making Presidents and great statesmen until the outbreak of the war with Mexico—a fancy war that Taylor and Scott finished up gloriously, Santa Anna getting kicked out of time, and sent hobbling off on his wooden

leg. This only made the American eagle scream louder, of course.

Things went on "just lovely" with Uncle Sam until the North and South began to muss and hump their backs about the darky.

Finally that unruly member of the family laying south of



Nailing the old flag to the mast at Fort Sumter.

the then black-wool line got fighting mad, and began throwing stones and things at the North.

Then they captured forts and arsenals. In fact, the young Confederacy acted very much as the old Thirteen States had acted toward England, although it did not have so strong a cause or so good a reason for rebellion.



Columbia spanking her rebellious boy.

This conduct at first made Columbia very sad; she could hardly believe it. But when news came of the gallant defense of Fort Sumter, where the "old flag" was nailed to the mast, only to be shot down—not lowered—then *she* got mad, and just went for that unruly boy.

She finally caught him as he was trying to escape from Richmond, and gave him a spanking at Appomattox Court House.

Then she felt satisfied, and so did the boy, although he sulked some afterward. But the spanking did him good, and although he lost his woolly hobby, he has grown stronger and better on account of it.

Still, misunderstandings will occur in the best regulated families, and possibly we may grow wiser as we spread and fill out.

But the duty of the comic historian is nearly at an end. Peace reigned, and so did Uncle Sam.

One hundred years had rolled away since he had kicked against the tyranny of the mother country, and he resolved on having a grand celebration on the centennial year of his national existence.

The bells should ring, the cannons howl, the bald-headed eagle be allowed to scream, and everybody given permission to burn powder in larger quantities, and make louder and longer speeches than on any previous Fourth of July.

And where could all this be done so well and appropriately as at Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was first written and read to the world?

Philadelphia shouted unanimously, "Nowhere!"

Well, so thought Uncle Samuel, and he went to work to get up the greatest International Exhibition, in honor of his one hundredth birthday, that was ever known.



Uncle Sam soars aloft on the back of the American Eagle.

And has he not done it?

Hurrah! He soars aloft on his game-cock!

Beat the drums and squeak the fife!

Let New England rejoice through her nose!

Let all parts rejoice, and swear one hundred years more of fealty to the old flag. We ought to be willing to agree to a little thing like that.

Attention, company! March!

All shout:

“Forever float that standard sheet

While breathes the foe, but falls before us,

With freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And freedom's banner waving o'er us!”

'RAH!

THE END.





