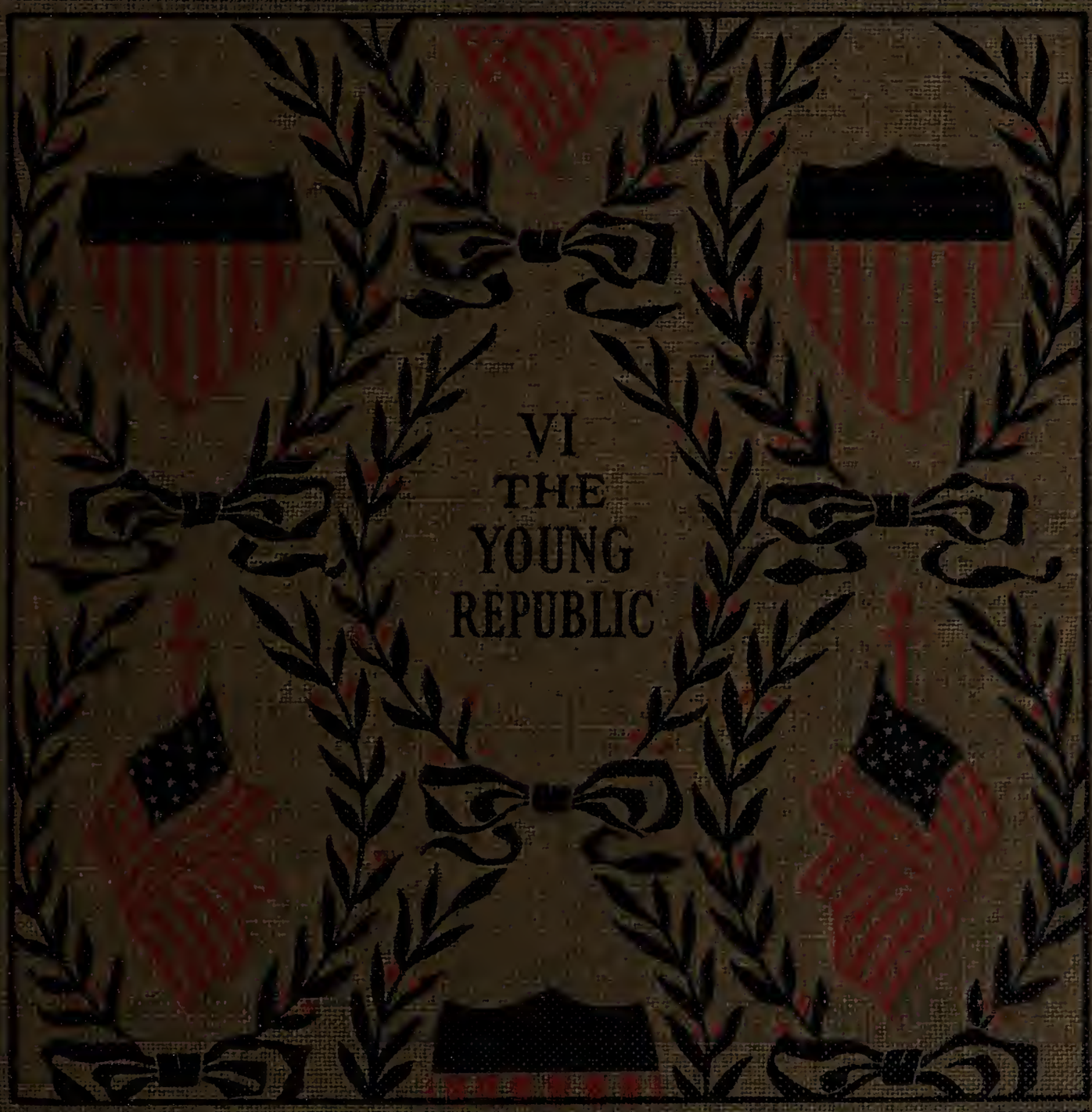
AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

KNOWLTON-STONE-FICKETT



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AMERICA'S STORY

FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

BY

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VI. THE YOUNG REPUBLIC

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Preface

In revising *America's Story for America's Children* the question naturally arose as to why this interesting historical series should stop short at the surrender of Cornwallis. Examination of some of the original correspondence in regard to the series indicated that the original plan was by no means limited to Colonial and Revolutionary American history. It has therefore seemed wise to add two volumes at this time, covering with interesting stories the history of our country down to 1852.

The need for these two volumes is quite evident, for there has been a decided lack of historical readings for this particular period. There has been so much history since the Civil War that school histories generally have been reducing the space formerly given to our early national history, in favor of more modern material. The great statesmen, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, John Quincy Adams; such explorers as Lewis and Clark, and the settlers who followed them into the new lands; the life of Andrew Jackson and the great part played by him and his state of Tennessee in our early national history; the founding of Texas by the Austins and its picturesque experience as an independent republic;

the exploits of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War — all these deserve to be better known by the school children of the present day.

Then, too, there are the changes brought about by the inventions. The cotton gin, the steamboat, the railroad, all began their usefulness in this period, and great were the developments caused by them. The part of the steamboats on the Mississippi River in the development of the new lands is especially important and interesting. The development of the printing-press and the daily paper, as exemplified by Horace Greeley and his career, is another topic worthy of especial study.

Several of the historical stories have been taken from a little book by Misses Stone and Fickett, *Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago*, but most of the narratives have been especially prepared for this new book. The text is intended to furnish interesting collateral reading for the classes in United States History. It is to be read and enjoyed as background material, rather than to be learned and recited.

The Authors

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America's Story for America's Children

George Washington—First in Peace and in the Hearts of His Countrymen

ALTHOUGH the surrender of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown ended the organized fighting in the American Revolution, no one was sure that the war was over. Sir Henry Clinton had a considerable British army in New York, and part of Washington's army had been left behind to deceive the British as to the American plans. These soldiers were trying to keep up a siege from the land side of the city. As soon as possible after the surrender at Yorktown, Washington started back from Virginia with his six thousand men to continue the watch on the enemy and to be ready in case of further attacks.

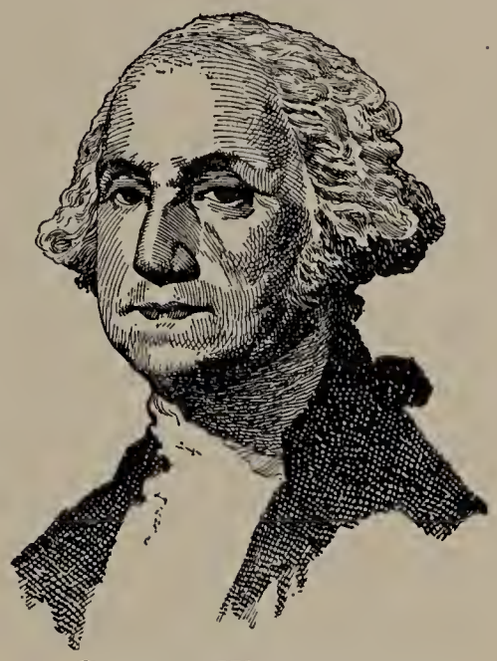
One of the halts on the way back was at Fredericksburg, the home of Mrs. Mary Washington, the General's mother. As Washington was traveling with several of the French officers as comrades, he went to the tavern with them. One of the

Negroes came home from the village and told Mrs. Washington that her son was at the tavern. "Go and tell George to come here instantly," was her command. The great man was proud to obey his mother, as soon as he received her message. A little later there was a ball in honor of the visitors, and Mrs. Mary Washington at the age of seventy-four was the guest of her distinguished son.

The stubborn king, George III, was finally forced to accept the result of the war. Lord North's government, which had kept up the war for him, resigned, and new men more favorable to the United States began the task of ending the American war and the European war which had grown out of it. Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay represented our country, and a satisfactory treaty of peace was drawn up and signed. The new country was to extend west to the Mississippi River, without Florida, which was given back to Spain.

Congress could not raise enough money to pay off the army, and it was very hard for Washington to keep the men together and prevent actual mutiny. Late in 1783 the British army finally left New York, and the Americans who were still under arms took possession. At Fraunce's Tavern in the city, Washington bade farewell to his officers. "With a heart full of love and gratitude,

I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." General Henry Knox remained in command of the small army that was left.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

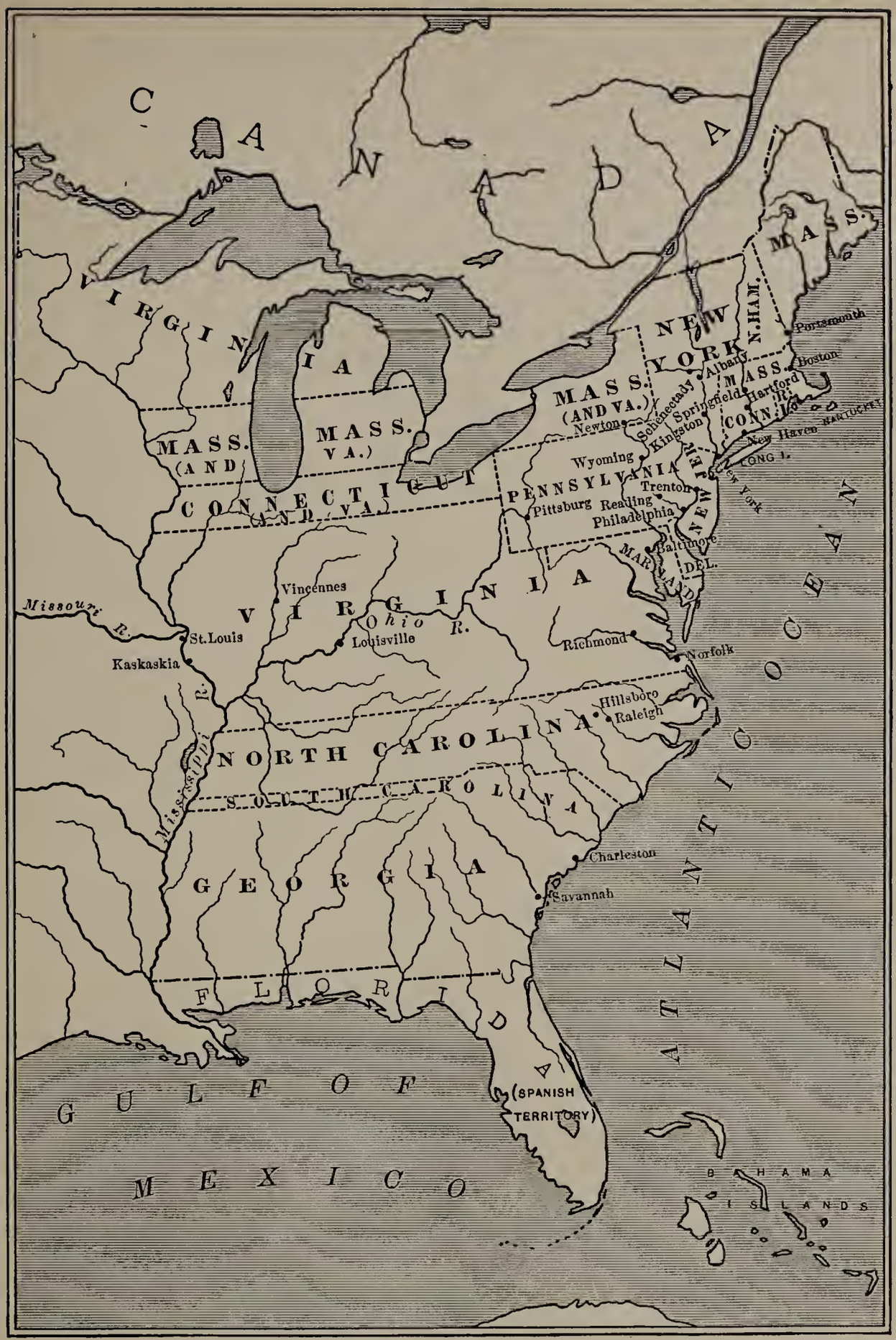
The Congress of the new nation was in session at Annapolis, in Maryland, and there Washington paused in his journey to lay down his command of the Continental army. Very humbly he expressed his hopes that the nation he had helped to free might grow and prosper, under God's protection.

He was back in his home at Mount Vernon on the Potomac in time to celebrate the Christmas of 1783. Great changes had come in Virginia, and his estate had suffered during his absence. He set to work resolutely to improve his plantation. In his home he found the two Custis children, Jack and Nelly, grandchildren of Martha Washington. In the neighborhood he soon renewed his acquaintance with the gentlemen who lived near. The following spring he rode into the Ohio country, where he had much land. Camping in the open brought back his younger days and gave him much satisfaction.

All the time, at Mount Vernon and in his travels, he was talking with people about the importance of a strong government. He wrote many letters to his patriot friends in the different states, also, keeping in touch with conditions everywhere.

The new federal government, formed by the Articles of Confederation, had taken the place of the Continental Congress. It could do many things, but had no power to raise money. It could only *ask* the states to contribute money, which was very different from collecting taxes from individual citizens. There was an enormous war debt of nearly $100,000,000, and no money, even to pay interest. The government consisted only of Congress and committees. The only real power it had was in the Northwest Territory, which had been conquered by George Rogers Clark during the war and given by the states to the nation.

Meanwhile the states were setting up custom-houses and collecting duties for themselves. New York made Connecticut pay import duties, or taxes, on firewood brought into the state, and collected duties on fruit and vegetables brought across the river from New Jersey. Money became scarce, for much of the gold and silver was being sent out of the country to pay for European goods. Paper money was abundant in some states, but in most cases it soon became as worthless as



The United States after the Revolution

the "Continental" paper money had become. There was little commerce to bring in more money.

Shays's Rebellion

The years 1785 and 1786 were especially hard for the people. In Massachusetts some of the discontented tried to take matters into their own hands. Many persons had borrowed money during the hard times, and had been unable to pay it back. After the war was over, the state courts were opened again. Penalties were severe in those days, and many debtors who had no money were thrown into jail by the judges. Mortgages were foreclosed, and many farmers lost their homes. This went so far that in several counties the crowds of debtors and their friends got together and prevented the courts from sitting.

In western Massachusetts a Revolutionary captain named Daniel Shays took command of the dissatisfied men and drilled them. He captured the Springfield courthouse and with about twelve hundred men got ready to attack the United States arsenal on the high land above the town. General William Shepard with some militia fired five cannon shots at the advancing men, killing five of them. Shays and his followers turned and fled.

The state had placed General Benjamin Lincoln, who had fought in Georgia and South Carolina,

in charge of the militia from the eastern counties. They marched over the wintry roads from Boston and arrived in Springfield in time to pursue the would-be rebels. General Lincoln demanded that Shays surrender, but Shays kept delaying, hoping to escape into the hill country.

On the evening of February 3, 1786, General Lincoln began an all-night march in pursuit, starting near Amherst. The weather was mild at first, but grew colder and more windy; so during the last half of the night the militia were marching through a deep snow, with a cold north wind blowing down over the hills. For thirty miles they marched into the hills to Petersham, where the unsuspecting Shays and his men were eating breakfast in the scattered farmhouses. Many of them were captured, and those who were lucky enough to escape went quietly home or crossed over into New Hampshire and Vermont, out of the way of pursuit.

General Lincoln visited other parts of western Massachusetts and showed firmness but great mercy in dealing with the refugees. Some of the leaders were taken as prisoners and given heavy sentences, but once the danger of rebellion was over, the people of the state in general had much sympathy for them. The prisoners were pardoned or released after serving short sentences.

Need for a Stronger Government

This tumult caused great alarm all over the country. It showed that a single state would have hard work to put down a well-organized rebellion. The central government had no money, and could raise none to help a state; it had but eight hundred soldiers left, and no power to increase its tiny army. The uprising also showed that many of the common people were dissatisfied with conditions in the country, and the people who had property were alarmed for fear of a civil war. Many of the arguments against a strong central government failed, and people began to want a change.

After Washington returned from his trip to the West, he helped call a meeting of delegates from Virginia and Maryland to arrange for communications between the Potomac and the Ohio. Settlers were pouring into Ohio (see the story, "From Massachusetts to Ohio"), and both states were interested. Washington entertained the delegates at Mount Vernon, where the talk soon turned from communications to the condition of the Union and the need for uniform duties, or taxes on imports, between the states. An agreement between Virginia and Maryland was made and adopted.

The discussion of this in the Virginia legislature

led to a demand that there be a meeting of delegates from all the states to talk things over. Thus the Annapolis Convention was called, to meet in September, 1786. Only five states were represented, but after much talk it was decided to call another convention to consider commerce "and other important matters." After Shays's Rebellion and other disturbances Congress agreed to this call. Virginia appointed Washington as one of its delegates, and when the other states heard that he was to be a member of this new convention, all except Rhode Island responded.

Constitutional Convention

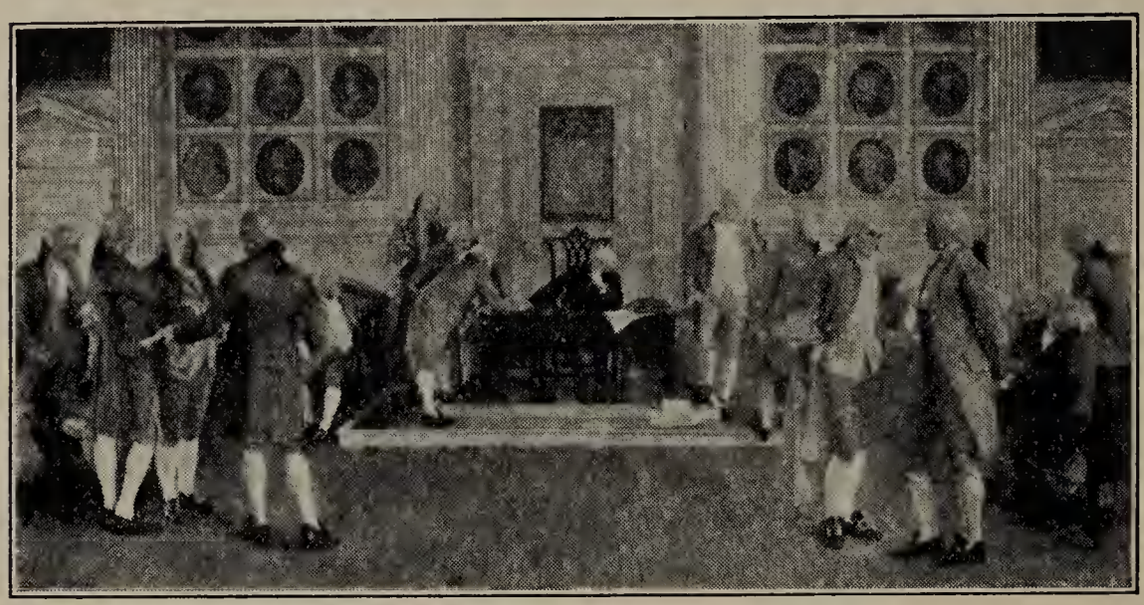
This new convention met in Philadelphia in June, 1787. Washington became the chairman, and it was soon decided to make a new constitution for the country, with a stronger central power. James Madison of Virginia took a very important part in the discussions.

Alexander Hamilton and Benjamin Franklin were also important members. There were fifty-five men in the convention, twenty-nine of them educated in college. For a long time it seemed as if the statesmen could never agree on their plans, but finally, after much compromising and adjustment of details, the new constitution was finished and signed.

On the back of the president's chair was painted a rising sun.

Franklin remarked at the close of their labors, "I have often and often in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

The Constitution went to the people. The friends

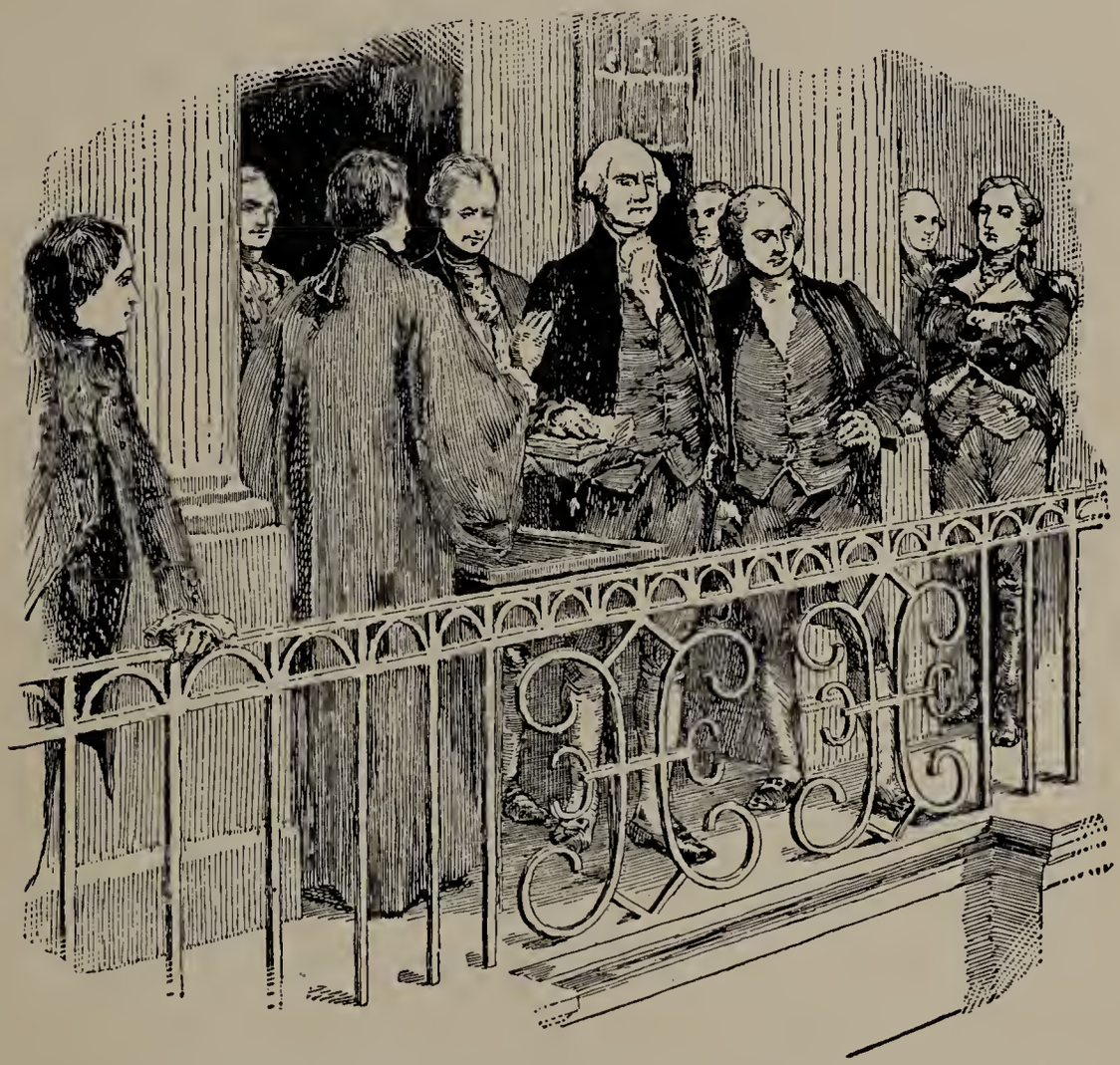


Signing the Constitution

of a strong national government carried one convention after another, and the new government went into effect as soon as nine states had voted for it. Congress was supposed to meet March 4, 1789, but it was not till April that enough members arrived in New York to count the votes for President and Vice President. Washington was elected President, and John Adams Vice President.

Washington as President

The news was rushed to Mount Vernon, and Washington arrived in New York to take the oath of office on April 30. It is difficult to see how



Washington taking the Oath as President, April 30, 1789

any one else could have filled this office as well as Washington did. Franklin had many of the qualities needed for such a position, but he was over eighty, and sick with an illness which threatened

soon to end fatally. Hamilton was most brilliant in his ideas of government, and Jefferson in his visions of the rights of the common people, but neither could have had the confidence of all the people at this time as Washington did.

In arranging to give the new government standing in the eyes of the people, Washington resolved to have much ceremony. He was greatly influenced in this by John Adams, who had just returned from service in the courts of France and England. Both men and women dressed in elaborate clothes with many bright colors for the President's receptions.

Washington, with the help of Congress, organized three departments: State, War, and Treasury. The secretaries of these departments, with the Attorney-General, formed the Cabinet. General Henry Knox had been Secretary of War under the old government, and was asked to continue in office. Alexander Hamilton, a brilliant young man from New York who had been aide to Washington in the Revolution, became Secretary of the Treasury. John Jay of New York continued to have charge of State affairs till he became Chief Justice of the new Supreme Court, and then Thomas Jefferson was called back from France to be Secretary of State.

Hamilton had a wonderful genius for money affairs, and under his direction the new country

began to prosper. Customs duties and other taxes were collected by the new government so that it could pay its bills. Federal bonds were issued instead of the old war bonds, and interest on them was paid promptly. Trade began to improve, and responsible men became interested in supporting these businesslike policies.

Several of the states had borrowed large sums of money to help carry on the war, and Hamilton thought that the federal government ought to assume these debts, the money from which had been spent for the common good. Virginia had paid her debts with public land, and was not interested in this scheme. Her statesmen, however, desired to have the national capital on the Potomac. A political trade was finally arranged between the friends of Hamilton and Jefferson, by which the state debts were to be assumed by the central government, while in return the federal capital was to be located in a new District of Columbia, on the Potomac. Meanwhile Philadelphia was to be the capital for ten years. A bank of the United States was organized there to help the government in its money affairs.

One of the new laws put a tax of twenty-five cents on every barrel of whiskey manufactured. The farmers of western Pennsylvania objected to this and started a rebellion, but the war department called out the militia and soon drove

the farmers back to their homes. This showed every one that the new government could enforce its laws successfully, before disorder became as general as it was in Shays's Rebellion.

Jefferson's ideas about government and politics were very different from Hamilton's, and the two men soon began to disagree in Cabinet meetings. Washington prized the advice of both, but Jefferson was not always practical at this stage of his life. When Washington refused to give in to the popular demand for helping the French Revolution in a war against England, Jefferson resigned and left the Cabinet. For personal business reasons Hamilton found it necessary to retire before the end of Washington's second term.

It was especially important to keep the young republic out of war, and this was the point where Washington worked his hardest. If we had favored France, we might have had to fight England again, and that would have ruined the new and delicate financial arrangements which were just beginning to make the United States respected at home and abroad. There were still many difficulties to be settled with England, and John Jay was sent abroad to fix up some kind of treaty and keep the country out of war.

The new treaty was by no means satisfactory, and there was great opposition to it in this country. Washington insisted that peace was so im-

portant that this treaty must be accepted by the Senate. Never, even in battle, did his real worth of character show forth stronger than in this big contest, when he was accused of all sorts of favoritism toward England. He stood firm, and the Jay treaty was ratified.

Wearied by all this popular clamor against him and convinced that two terms was a long enough period for any President to serve the republic, he wrote his famous Farewell Address and issued it to the people in the fall of 1796. He had tried to serve all the people alike, and had been their unanimous choice. Two parties had now come into existence: the Federalists, who believed in the strong government provided by Hamilton's measures, and the Democratic Republicans (later called Democrats), led by Jefferson, who thought that the common man was being neglected in the interest of wealth and business. John Adams was elected the second President as a Federalist.

Retirement from Office

Washington returned to Mount Vernon for three years of life as a country gentleman. Only once, in 1798, was his quiet disturbed and then only by the threat of a war with France. He was named as commander in chief, had a new uniform made, and even went to Philadelphia for five weeks' con-

sultation with other officers. President John Adams stood firmly against the popular demand for war, and the crisis passed.

At Mount Vernon Washington spent much time in working out a complete plan for the management of the land for several years. It showed which fields were to be cultivated and what crops were to be raised. This was thirty pages in length

Mount Vernon

and very carefully written. It was finished and handed to his steward on December 10, 1799.

Two days later he rode about the plantation as usual. It began to snow, but he apparently was unharmed by the rough weather. The next day he had sore throat and hoarseness, and stayed in the house till afternoon, when he ventured out on the grounds toward the river. In the night he

was taken exceedingly ill. The next day the physicians of the neighborhood were unable to relieve him. "I die hard," he said, "but I am not afraid to go." Late that evening of December 14 he passed quietly away. He had always been so well that it seemed as if he should have lived on to a much greater age than sixty-seven. His friends laid him away in a tomb at Mount Vernon.

Great was the mourning throughout the new republic when the sad news was learned. His death was everywhere lamented, and his very great services to his country were called to mind by every patriot. To do honor to his memory the beautiful estate of Mount Vernon has been made a patriotic shrine, and thousands of Americans visit the place each year, to carry away a new respect and reverence for the Father of our Country.

Thomas Jefferson

His Youth

Thomas Jefferson was eleven years younger than Washington. He was born on April 13, 1743, in a very new part of Virginia, on an estate which his father had named Shadwell. This was a few miles from what is now Charlottesville, not far from the Blue Ridge. Jefferson himself never had the experiences of a pioneer, but his rugged father, Peter Jefferson, had settled here and cleared the land for the plantation. Peter Jefferson was a colonel in the militia, and a land surveyor, like Washington. It was he who with his party endured all kinds of hardships in surveying the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina across the Blue Ridge Mountains. His wife Jane was a member of the famous Randolph family of Virginia.

Thomas Jefferson

The slaves, under the overseers, did most of the

work on the plantation, as everywhere in the colony; the owner merely laid out the work and rode around on horseback to see that his plans were carried out. The owners therefore had much spare time. When asked years later by his grandson how the men of those days spent their time, Jefferson answered: "My father had a devoted friend, to whose house he would go, dine, spend the night, dine with him again on the second day, and return to Shadwell in the evening. His friend, in the course of a day or two, returned the visit and spent the same length of time at his house. This occurred once every week, and thus, you see, they were together four days out of the seven."

Young Thomas was started in school at five, and at nine was sent to an old Scotch minister, who was paid about eighty dollars a year to board the boy and teach him Greek, Latin, and French. His father died at fifty, when Thomas was but fourteen. The boy went to a larger school for two years after this, then to the ancient college of William and Mary, next to Harvard the oldest college in our country. This was at Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, where the royal governor lived, and where the burgesses elected by the different counties met to carry on the government of the royal province.

Although Williamsburg was a small city, the

planters who came there were the best men in Virginia, and there was a circle of educated people who added much charm to the social life of the Old Dominion. Although Jefferson was but seventeen, he made friends with the governor, with the professors, and with the prominent men of the

College of William and Mary

colony. Patrick Henry was one of these. Leaning against the doorway of the assembly room, young Jefferson heard Henry's great speech against the Stamp Act, in which were the famous words, "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

At this time Jefferson was described as a most eager and impulsive young man. He was tall, thin, and angular, with ruddy complexion, red hair, and bright gray eyes flecked with hazel. His only exercise was to run about a mile out of town at twilight, then to turn and run back. Later in his course he bought some horses and began to

ride a great deal in his spare time. Thus he kept himself in good health for his college work.

His acquaintance with his fellows and superiors did not interfere with his studies, for he planned to study many hours each day. He arose early in the morning as soon as it began to be light. All through life he kept this habit of early rising, and even during his last sickness, when he was a very old man, he said, "This is the first time in fifty years that the sun has seen me in bed." Very often he studied till two o'clock in the morning. Yet he was not unlike other young men, for he found time to dream about a certain beautiful young lady, who soon surprised him by marrying some one else.

After two years in William and Mary College he entered the law office of Mr. George Wythe, a prominent lawyer in Williamsburg. Here he continued his studies till he was admitted to the bar in 1767, at the age of twenty-four. He dined every day with three other men: his teacher, Mr. Wythe, one of the college professors, and the royal governor. This was no small honor for so young a man, and it shows that his manners were correct and that his conversation was interesting. Jefferson never ceased to educate himself, and even in vacations studied long and hard.

Nearer Charlottesville than the house at Shadwell, but still on his own land, Jefferson selected

a high hill for the site of a home. He leveled off the top and made plans for a new and imposing house. First, however, he built a small brick house of one story. When his old home at Shadwell burned in 1770, the young bachelor came here and lived by himself, meanwhile continuing the building of the big house, which was not completed for thirty years. He made his own plans, with frequent reference to French and Italian books which he owned. For his new home he selected the Italian name Monticello, which means little hill.

To the little brick house, now called Honeymoon Cottage, he brought his bride in the early days of 1773, after a cold and adventurous ride through the country. The lady of his choice was a charming young widow of twenty-three, who soon inherited from her father 135 slaves and 40,000 acres of land, while Jefferson himself had about 5000 acres of land and 52 slaves. His income from the farm was about $2000 a year, while his law practice brought him about $3000 a year more. These were large sums for colonial Virginia, and the young couple were able to live in comfort and style.

Revolutionary Days

The long residence in Williamsburg, the capital, had interested young Jefferson in politics; so in 1768 he offered himself as a candidate for the

House of Burgesses from his home county of Albemarle. He kept open house for all his friends and neighbors, furnishing a great abundance of punch, as was the custom of the day. At the polls he took his stand, as was done in those times, and bowed politely to each man who voted for him, for this was long before the day of secret ballots. In this way he was elected, and in 1769 took his seat at Williamsburg. He was soon discussing with the other burgesses the causes of trouble between the colonies and the mother country across the sea.

Jefferson was one of the first to suggest committees of correspondence among the colonies, and he was one of the first to see that there was nothing particularly sacred about the bonds which held the colonies to England. He was therefore listed by the British as one of the most dangerous rebels, but in 1774 his fellow Virginians sent him as a deputy to the Continental Congress, then meeting in Philadelphia.

He never enjoyed taking part in debate, for it was hard for him to speak to an audience. He left the give-and-take arguments to others and exerted his influence outside, with his pen, on committees and in conversation. As soon as he arrived at the Continental Congress, his very superior gifts as a writer were recognized, and he was set to work drawing up documents. The

first of these which he worked on tried to justify the fighting which had taken place in New England. In it we find these words of his: "We mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure."

Reëlected to the second Continental Congress, he again made himself useful there. The citizens of Mecklenburg County in North Carolina had issued a declaration of independence from England, and at least one New England town had done likewise; the idea of independence was now in the air. On June 11, 1776, Congress appointed a committee to draw up a declaration of independence from England. The members of this committee were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston.

The committee unanimously asked Jefferson to write the declaration, which he proceeded to do. He handed it to Franklin and Adams to read, and they made some slight changes in pencil. The Congress took up the document on July 2, and after much discussion and some small changes it was adopted on July 4. It is one of the most unusual coincidences of history that Jefferson and Adams, two leading members of this committee, lived to see exactly fifty years of independence

for their country, and died on the same day, July 4, 1826.

Jefferson declined to become again a member of the Congress, preferring to go back to Virginia as a burgess, for he was much interested in carrying out a series of reforms. According to old English custom, estates after death were handed on to the oldest son in each family. A new law was soon passed by which such property was divided equally among all the children of a dead father. Another new law gave freedom of religious worship to people of all creeds and separated the church from the state. Before this the Church of England had been supported by taxing all the people, whatever their religious beliefs. Many other new statutes were drawn up by Jefferson, but it was a considerable number of years before the legislature of Virginia was ready to pass them all. All were designed with the desire of making the citizens really free.

Governor of Virginia

Patrick Henry, the orator, was the first governor of the new state of Virginia. When he retired from office in 1779, Thomas Jefferson was elected to succeed him. It was a hard time to be governor. Virginia had sent soldiers and arms and all kinds of supplies to the northern states to help Washing-

ton in his campaigns against the British there. Many men and supplies had also been sent south to help General Nathanael Greene in his fighting against Cornwallis and Tarleton. In all, ten thousand men were in the Continental armies, leaving few with military training at home.

The British had raided Virginia from the sea during Patrick Henry's administration, and in 1780 they came twice. The second of these raids was led by Benedict Arnold. His men came right up the James River to the village of Richmond, which had been made the new capital of the state, and there they did a great deal of damage. The legislature fled to Charlottesville. A little later Cornwallis sent Tarleton in pursuit of the "boy" Lafayette, who escaped. Tarleton was instructed also to capture the legislature and the governor. They all got away in time, although Jefferson had a very narrow escape. Cornwallis himself then came into Virginia in 1781 and destroyed much property. One of Jefferson's estates was robbed of all its stores, and 150 cattle, sheep, and hogs were seized for food; all the growing crops were destroyed, the fences burned, the valuable horses taken, and the young colts slaughtered. Thirty slaves were carried away to a camp where they soon died of the pestilences there raging.

The governor was much blamed by the Virginia people for not showing more foresight in defend-

ing the state. He was not a soldier himself, and had little interest in military affairs. He did not call out the militia till it was too late, and arms and supplies were lacking. It is quite possible that a little more preparedness and quicker action on Jefferson's part might have saved some parts of the state from the ravages of the enemy. At any rate, it is very sure that he never retired from any other office with so much relief as from his two years as governor of Virginia.

The ill health of Mrs. Jefferson made him especially glad to stay in Monticello and care for her during her last days. He was very much overcome when she died, and it took him a long time to recover from his loss. He never married again, but devoted himself to his two daughters, the only children out of six who outlived their mother. These daughters were Martha, nicknamed "Patsy," and little Mary, whom every one called "Polly." They were cared for by their aunts, but their father took a very deep interest in their education.

At Monticello Jefferson was always able to enjoy himself reading and writing and thinking, especially in regard to republican forms of government. He wrote a great many letters to friends in different parts of the country. His library was a very fine one for those days. He also rode much on horseback, and supervised in a general way

the conduct of his various estates, and the sale of their products.

From this pleasant retreat the Virginia legislature sent him in 1783 to the Congress of the Confederation, which met regularly in Philadelphia, but was not very well attended by its members. After some delay, members from nine states out of the thirteen were secured to sign the peace treaty with England. Here also Jefferson introduced the bill which established our present decimal system of money, based on the dollar. Interestingly enough, it was he who first coined the word *cent*.

Virginia and other states had ceded their lands across the Alleghenies to the Confederation, and Jefferson drew up the law for organizing them. With some changes, it was adopted as the basic law for the Northwest Territory, from which were carved the present great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

Minister to France

Already Jefferson had three times been offered chances to go abroad to represent the young republic, but for various reasons had been unable to go. Now, in 1784, he was to help Dr. Franklin and John Adams in making treaties of commerce with the countries of Europe. He met his associates in Paris, and they succeeded

in making treaties with Prussia and Morocco. The French were very friendly, but were unwilling to make any concessions.

In the early spring of 1786 Jefferson went to London to help Mr. Adams there. Although the war was over and America free, the English were still unhappy about their defeat, and it was not easy for them to make the Americans feel at home. Of his presentation to King George and Queen Charlotte at Court, Jefferson wrote, "It was impossible for anything to be more ungracious than their notice of Mr. Adams and myself." As he wrote back to America: "That nation hate us, their ministers hate us, and their King more than all other men. Our overtures of commercial arrangements have been treated with derision. I think their hostility to us is much more deeply rooted at present than during the war." This was probably not entirely true, but the strained attitude of the British made a deep impression on both Adams and Jefferson.

As a result of this post-war unpleasantness, Jefferson never throughout his long life had any confidence in England or the English; at times he fairly hated them. Years after, when he was President, he had an opportunity to return these discourtesies. When Mr. Merry, the British minister, called at the new White House in Washington, he was ushered into a narrow entry, and there

introduced to the new President. Mr. Merry recorded, "I, in my official costume, found myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as the President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat, and underclothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied." Part of this was due to Jefferson's desire to live a simple unceremonious life as President, but no doubt he still had in mind his and Mr. Adams's unpleasant reception from the King and Queen.

Dr. Franklin was our first minister to France, and he was most popular in Paris. When he resigned on account of his advanced age, Jefferson was appointed instead. The French foreign minister said, "You replace Dr. Franklin." "I succeed him," said Jefferson quickly; "no one could replace him." As the new minister he took a fine house in Paris and lived in the style of the upper classes there. His daughter Martha, who came with him, he placed in a convent where she studied under the best teachers in the city. He used to write her long prosy letters when he was away from home, full of advice about her life and studies. One of them gives a program he had written out for her day in school:

From 8 to 10, practise music.
From 10 to 1, dance one day and draw another.
From 1 to 2, draw on the day you dance, and write a letter next day.
From 3 to 4, read French.
From 4 to 5, exercise yourself in music.
From 5 till bedtime, read English, write, etc.

Whether she followed the program exactly or not, Martha Jefferson improved her opportunities for study, and when she came back to America was probably the best-educated woman in the country. Her father wanted the little sister Polly to have some of the benefits of foreign study also, and kept planning till he was able to have her join Martha in the French convent. She was received in England by Mrs. Adams, who became very fond of her. "A finer child of her age I never saw [she was eight]. So mature an understanding, so womanly a behavior, and so much sensibility united, are rarely to be met with." Jefferson soon sent for her, and was delighted to have his little family so near him in Paris.

These were very happy days for him. Always interested in the French people, he became more and more attached to their country. Lafayette and other officers renewed their acquaintance with him and often visited at his house. He met many of the finest people in Paris, among them the

original leaders of the French Revolution. The whole process of changing the ancient corrupt monarchy to a republic fascinated him. He attended many of the French political meetings, and his original opinions of the great worth of the common man were much strengthened by his stay in France. His affairs in Virginia needed some attention, however, and he finally secured from Washington, the new President, leave of absence to go home with his daughters, fully expecting to return in a few months.

Secretary of State

Washington, who was organizing the new government under the Constitution, had other plans for Jefferson, and with some difficulty persuaded him to become Secretary of State in the new republic. After the wedding of his daughter Martha to Thomas Mann Randolph, her second cousin, Jefferson started for New York, the seat of the federal government, in March, 1790. He called on Dr. Franklin in Philadelphia and gave him the latest news from his friends in France, and then went on to take office.

There were no political parties when Washington became President, and he tried to have men of all shades of opinion in office with him. Alexander Hamilton of New York, who had helped form

the Constitution, was Secretary of the Treasury. He had already made great progress in organizing the money affairs of the new government. Old war bonds which had been selling for twenty-five cents on the dollar now were worth their face value, tax money was coming in, interest was being paid, a new bank of the United States was started, and prosperity had begun, especially in the cities.

Alexander Hamilton

Jefferson was a little doubtful about the new Constitution which had been adopted while he was away in France. He did not believe in centralized government, but wanted the states, the counties, the towns, and even individual persons, to govern themselves with as few laws and as little machinery as possible. He began to fear, without cause, that Hamilton was trying to build up a monarchy and have a king. He was also troubled because Washington, who wanted the new government to have some dignity, was living in much state, and introducing many ceremonies. Then, too, with more right, he felt that the seventy-seven million dollars of government bonds should be paid off, instead of being kept for the bankers to speculate with.

The ideas of Jefferson soon attracted other men to his point of view. By 1792 he and Hamilton were hopelessly estranged, and he had begun even to doubt his former friend and colleague, Adams. While there was little danger of a monarchy developing, there was a real danger that the government would stay in the hands of a certain small group of leaders, without the people being consulted as to men and measures.

Meanwhile the French Revolution, which had begun moderately while Jefferson was minister to France, was moving faster and faster. The reasonable men, like Lafayette, had lost control, and the more violent agitators were putting to death members of the nobility, the royal family, and finally members of their own assembly who disagreed with them. The Revolution had become the Reign of Terror. This frightened men of property in other countries, and Hamilton and the Federalists, who believed in a strong central government, had no sympathy for France. Jefferson remembered the early days of the Revolution and the reformers he had known so well in Paris, and refused to believe that the massacres were as bad as reported. He still kept his faith in the new French Republic.

Finally England declared war on the French, and American sympathies for France at once rose high. The hotheads wanted to join in the war against England at once. Political clubs of men

who sympathized with Jefferson and France were organized, among them the Tammany Society of New York. They called themselves Republicans. Neither Jefferson nor his opponent Hamilton wanted to get into the war, but Jefferson wanted favors shown to France, while Hamilton wanted to make things easier for England. It was hard work for Washington to keep neutral, and not allow the young republic to help either France or England. It is to his everlasting honor that he took this stand, and avoided policies which would surely have embroiled the United States in one side or the other of the war. After the excitement died down, Jefferson resigned his office on the last day of 1793, and went back to Virginia to straighten out his private affairs.

Vice President of the United States

At Monticello there was ample time to write to the members of his new Republican party and begin the building of a real party system. Although the Federalists included a great many prominent men, they were less numerous than the Republicans, and after Washington's retirement never succeeded in keeping their party united. In 1797 John Adams was elected President, while Jefferson, who had the next largest number of votes, became Vice President. Like many other

men in politics since that time, Jefferson said, "This is the only office in the world about which I cannot decide in my own mind, whether I would rather have it or not have it."

The Vice Presidency did not take very much time in those days; so Jefferson could spend several months each year at Monticello. He had a fine opportunity to watch the currents of politics and to strengthen his own new Republican party. This was not the present Republican party, which was not organized till 1854. It was a party organized to work against the Federalists, and it was called Republican because it was trying to keep the original principles of the Declaration of Independence and have a real republic in this country. At least that is what its leaders declared. The members were not satisfied with the government of Washington and Adams, which seemed too much like royal rule. Many years later this old Republican party developed into the present Democratic party.

John Adams

John Adams had many fine qualities, but he was too independent to be a good party man.

He would make no effort to strengthen the Federalist party. He saved the country from a war with France in 1798, but this praiseworthy act only served to split the Federalists into factions. When the election came, he lost to Jefferson, who became President in 1801.

President of the United States

Thus ended six years of bitter political strife. All kinds of charges, many of them false, had been tossed back and forth between the Federalists and the new Democratic Republicans. Even Washington himself had suffered from these charges. The election of Jefferson did much to quiet the strife, although many of the Federalists were sure the country would be ruined if the common people were allowed too much power. The Republicans had a political song, which expressed their feelings:

> Rejoice! Columbia's sons, rejoice!
> To tyrants never bend the knee,
> But join with heart, and soul, and voice,
> For Jefferson and Liberty.

The capital of the young republic, inaugurated in New York in 1789, had been transferred to Philadelphia in 1790, to remain there for ten years till Washington, the new capital on the banks of the Potomac, was ready for settlement.

The city had been surveyed and planned by Washington and a famous French engineer, but it was by no means ready for occupancy when President Adams moved the seat of government there in June, 1800. There were but 3200 people in the new city, 600 of them slaves. The streets were muddy roads through the swamps and bushes, and the buildings were for the most part unfinished.

Even the White House, as Mrs. Adams wrote home, did not have a single apartment finished,

The White House, Washington, in 1800

although it had been made habitable. The big reception room was used to dry the washing in. The main stairway was not done, although the house gave promise of being an attractive residence when completed. Under the circumstances, in so primitive a community, it would have been absurd to keep up the elaborate social forms which

had prevailed in the conduct of the government heretofore. Jefferson had some time before this lost his interest in society, and determined to carry on his affairs in the simplest, most democratic manner possible.

It took Jefferson three days and part of the fourth to drive with his horses from Monticello to Washington, a distance now covered by express trains in three hours and a half. When he went to be inaugurated, he wore a simple suit of clothes with long trousers. (His Federalist predecessors had appeared on state occasions in short trousers with silk stockings.) He walked with a few of his friends from the boarding house where he was staying to the Capitol, where he delivered his inaugural address. He was escorted on his way by a company of Virginia artillery.

Washington and Adams had given stately levees, or receptions, much like those which Jefferson had enjoyed at the royal court of France. He thought that they were not democratic, with all their formalities and display, and decided to have but two reception days at the White House, New Year's and July 4.

Some of the Washington ladies, displeased at Jefferson's simplicity, went in a body to the White House on what would have been the regular day for a levee. The President was riding his horse in the country when they arrived, but came home

soon after. Guessing the reason for their presence, he went right into the assembly rooms just as he was, with his boots and spurs on. As his granddaughter afterward wrote: "Never had his reception been more graceful or courteous. The ladies, charmed with the ease and grace of his manners and address, forgot their indignation with him and went away feeling that, of the two parties, they had shown more impoliteness in visiting his house when not expected. The result of their plot was for a long time a subject of mirth among them, and they never again attempted to infringe upon the rules of his household."

Jefferson's younger daughter, Mary, was now married, and her husband, Mr. Eppes, as well as Mr. Randolph, Jefferson's other son-in-law, were members of the House of Representatives from Virginia. This was very pleasant for the President. He planned to have regular visits from each of his daughters, but unfortunately Mary died in 1804, at the early age of twenty-six. It was a great blow to her father. Mrs. John Adams, who with her husband had become estranged from Jefferson during the political struggles of those days, wrote a beautiful letter to the lonely father, for she well remembered the little Polly who had loved her so much in England. Even this kind act did not make the families friends at that time.

Purchase of Louisiana

Although Jefferson and his friends had made many fiery attacks on the Federalists and the way in which they governed the nation, he made surprisingly few changes when he became President himself. He went further from the exact words of the Constitution than the Federalists had ever gone, when he arranged to buy Louisiana.

France had seen many changes. The new republic there had fallen into new hands, and finally into those of Napoleon Bonaparte, who had himself elected Emperor. He was a most brilliant general, with much skill in government and politics. If his ambition had not kept him so constantly at war, he would have left a good as well as a great name in history.

Although originally a French colony, Louisiana had been held for years by the Spanish. Napoleon forced them to transfer it to France, but before the transfer was complete, war reopened with England, and he was ready to sell it to the United States. James Monroe and Robert R. Livingston, the minister to France, arranged to pay fifteen million dollars for it, and Jefferson, who had long planned for something like this, rushed the treaty through the Senate.

Thus at one stroke of the pen he more than doubled the territory of the United States, vastly

THE UNITED STATES AFTER THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA

increased the duties and powers of the federal government, and made commerce free along the Mississippi and the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico. From this great area not only the present state of Louisiana, but eight other whole states and parts of four others as well, were carved in the course of the years. The President soon sent out Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, and the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition to explore this enormous new domain.

War with Tripoli

Although Jefferson hated war, and his followers believed in keeping the navy as small as possible, the United States soon became engaged in a naval war in the Mediterranean Sea. The states of northern Africa now held by France and Italy were then engaged in piracy, attacking and robbing ships and imprisoning and enslaving the crews of the captured vessels. The leading nations of Europe, to prevent this, had made regular payments of tribute to these barbarians. Jefferson had tried to get the countries of Europe to take united action against these pirates when he was minister to France. America had been paying tribute along with the others, two million dollars in twelve years.

Our commerce in the Mediterranean was increasing, but the pirates thought of the United States as a far-away helpless country. In 1801

Tripoli declared war by cutting down the flagpole in front of the American consulate. In 1803 and 1804 Commodore Edward Preble was in command of our fleet, and five times the city and forts of Tripoli were bombarded. The *Constitution*, "*Old Ironsides*," took a prominent part in these attacks and came off each time with little damage. Many gallant deeds were performed by our officers and sailors. In 1805 the Africans agreed to let our vessels and seamen alone, the captives were set free, and the war closed.

After this the larger warships were tied up, and many of the officers went into private life. An amusing plan of the Republicans was to have gunboats instead of larger vessels. The idea was that the United States would never attack another nation, but might sometime need to defend itself. These gunboats were to be kept in sheds on the shore and run down into the water when the enemy was reported to be coming. The gunboats were to be manned by the citizens who lived near, like an old-fashioned fire department. Many of these little boats were built, but a single cannon on the deck made them topheavy, and they were of little use.

Jefferson's Republicans, who soon began to call themselves Democrats, made a very good record in keeping down their government expenses. Albert Gallatin, an immigrant from Geneva, as Sec-

retary of the Treasury, reduced the national debt from $80,000,000 to $52,500,000, in eight years, besides paying for Louisiana and the war against Tripoli.

Second Term as President

Conditions changed in Jefferson's second term, on account of the war in Europe. England was fighting the French under Napoleon, and the struggle was getting more intense every year. The Americans, who from the first had been carrying food and supplies in their ships to both nations, now found it was possible to please neither of them. After the French fleets were defeated by Lord Nelson, England had complete control of the sea and seized all ships which were carrying goods to the French or their allies. If American ships reached French ports, they were often seized and sold there.

To keep up the British navy, a large number of men were needed, and the British warships had the unpleasant custom of stopping merchant vessels to take off sailors for the service. This was called *impressment.* They frequently stopped United States ships in this way, claiming that some of the sailors were of English birth. In 1807 a British man-of-war, the *Leopard*, fought a battle with the *Chesapeake*, an American frigate. Twenty-one American seamen were killed or wounded, and

four sailors were impressed. Three of these sailors were Americans, and the fourth, who was a British deserter, was hanged at Halifax. It was a violation of international law to attack the ship of a friendly country in time of peace.

There was, of course, great excitement at this outrage, and the country was ready to declare war. Jefferson waited till the excitement cooled down a little, and then, after much discussion, Congress voted to keep all our vessels at home till the British were ready to come to terms. Although the loss of these carriers hindered the British somewhat, they were too anxious to win to pay much attention to affairs in America. Hard times came over this country instead, and the *embargo*, as it was called, was given up when Jefferson left office in 1809.

British Impressment of Sailors

Last Years at Monticello

Jefferson was almost as glad to be back at Monticello as he had been after his troublous term as governor of Virginia. He was sixty-six at this time. He was happy to be back permanently with his friends and relatives in Virginia. James Madison, the new President, was his closest friend; so Jefferson's influence continued strong under Madison and under James Monroe, who succeeded him. He became known as "The Sage of Monticello," a friendly title which he rather enjoyed.

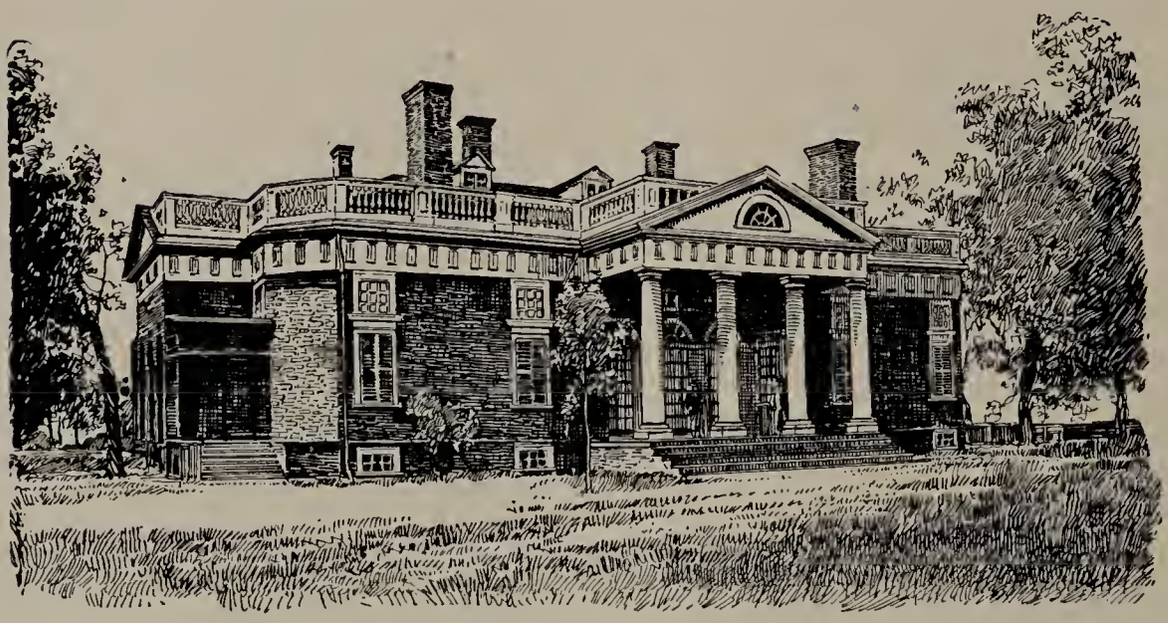
In a letter to the Polish patriot, Kosciusko, he gives an account of his daily life in retirement:

"My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candlelight to early bedtime I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age.

"A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of

my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man."

This last interest of his led him in 1817 to take up the idea of having a "central college" for the state in Charlottesville. This plan for a state



MONTICELLO

university was accepted by the state, and Jefferson drew plans for the buildings. They were built under his direction in 1819. He was appointed Rector of the University of Virginia, and felt great pride in his ability to serve.

The big house at Monticello has a portico with columns in the center. This opens into a very large hall, beyond which is a large drawing room, and another portico. On the left from the large

hall were Jefferson's own bedroom, sitting room and large library, with piazza beyond; on the right hand were the dining room, tea room, two bedrooms, and another piazza at the end. The views from the hilltop in all directions are very beautiful.

In the house were numerous little adjustments and devices which Jefferson's ingenious mind and skillful hand invented. One of these was a portable and adjustable desk for writing and reading. Another device was a folding ladder, used when the big clock was wound. A noted Frenchman who visited the place wrote that "Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

Jefferson's oldest daughter came to Monticello to live and to care for his old age. There were always guests, sometimes fifty of them, for friends and even strangers from all over the country and from Europe came there as a sort of pilgrimage. There was much reverence for Jefferson as the author of the Declaration of Independence, and as the founder of the old DemocraticRepublican party. About 1812 he made up his differences with his old friend and associate, John Adams, and they frequently exchanged letters.

In 1824 Lafayette visited Monticello. "As Lafayette descended from the carriage, Jefferson de-

scended the steps of the portico. The scene which followed was touching. Jefferson was feeble and tottering with age, Lafayette permanently lamed and broken in health by his long confinement in the dungeon of Olmutz. As they approached each other, their uncertain gait quickened itself into a shuffling run, and exclaiming, 'Ah, Jefferson!' 'Ah, Lafayette!' they burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms. Among the two hundred men witnessing the scene there was not a dry eye, no sound save an occasional suppressed sob. The two old men entered the house as the crowd dispersed in profound silence."

During these last years Jefferson's life was saddened by many financial troubles. His long absence from his estates had allowed them to lose value. The War of 1812 and a panic which came about 1819 greatly disturbed his income. The steady stream of guests at his home was also a drain on his resources. He was forced to sell his fine library to Congress, and to make other sacrifices. His grandson took charge of his affairs some years before the end, but a large debt had piled up. There was forty thousand dollars unprovided for when he died, and his grandson finally paid this out of his own property.

Jefferson kept his health through his old age, but at eighty-four he was very feeble, and could no longer walk, though he was still able to ride.

A short illness of three weeks brought him to the end. He passed away at one o'clock on July 4, 1826, just fifty years, as we have said, after the Declaration of Independence. His friend John Adams, at ninety, had died a few hours earlier in Quincy, Massachusetts, his last words a murmur, "Jefferson still lives."

Burgess, delegate to the Continental Congress, governor of Virginia, minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice President, President, rector of the University of Virginia — these were the positions he had held in public life. For his epitaph, however, he selected but three achievements:

Here was buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Author of the Declaration of American Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

Monticello and its furnishings were sold to pay debts, and the stately mansion soon fell into decay. Even the cemetery which Jefferson himself selected, suffered from neglect and abuse. Some years ago, however, Monticello was purchased by a wealthy man from New York, who repaired it, and used it as a country home for a period of years. A group of patriotic citizens felt that the place should be made a public shrine, like Mount Vernon. In 1923 these people organized,

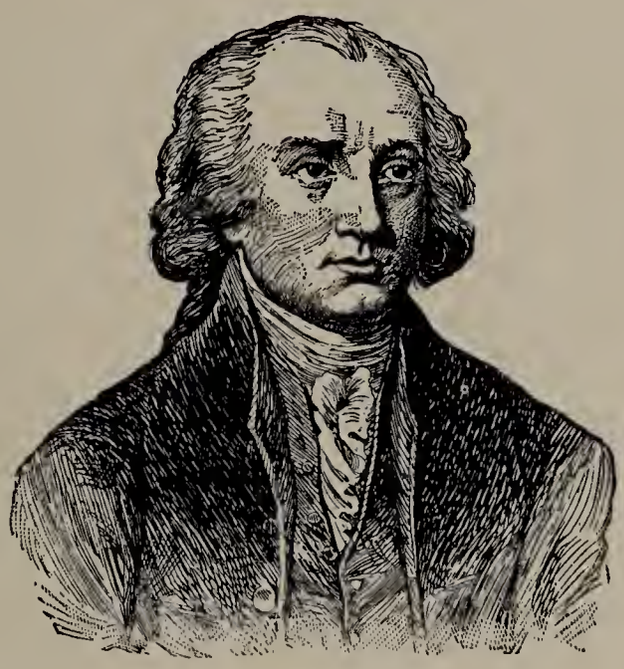
and secured funds to purchase the estate, and restored it to its original condition. They have been especially fortunate in securing by gift and purchase many pieces of furniture which Jefferson and his family used in the old home. Monticello is now visited, as in Jefferson's own time, by pilgrims who reverence the man and the causes for which he stood.

It is very rare in history to find a man so full of new political ideas as Jefferson was, who is skillful enough in practical politics and the arts of government to have his ideas adopted by his country. Without making speeches, without a military record, he built his belief in the value of the common man into the structure of his state and his country. Now all unite to honor the stand which he took for true republican ideals, the liberty and rights of the individual citizen.

The War of 1812

Causes of the War

The troubles with England and France about our shipping did not cease when James Madison followed Jefferson as President in 1809. Various orders and edicts were issued by these countries against the United States vessels. Our country was so far away from the scene of war between these two countries, and conditions changed so rapidly that Congress failed rightly to understand the situation. It took several weeks to get letters and dispatches across the Atlantic. Finally in 1811 our minister to England became angered at the treatment he received, and came home. At the same time we were without a minister at the French court of the Emperor Napoleon.



James Madison

Maritime affairs might have worried along for

some months longer without war, for in spite of annoyances there was great prosperity among shipping men. In what is now the state of Indiana, however, the Indians under their able chief Tecumseh began to make trouble for the new settlers. They were defeated in the famous battle of Tippecanoe by General William Henry Harrison, and fell back into Canada, joining the British there. It was firmly believed by the people in the new "western" states of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, that the Indians had been stirred up by the British, and there is no doubt that they had purchased guns and ammunition from the British outposts in Canada.

New men had come into Congress from these new states, and new men from the southern states as well. They were irritated by the constant friction with Great Britain, and had the confidence of pioneers. They formed a sort of bloc, or group, of young men, ready and anxious for war with England, and they were nicknamed "war hawks."

Two new men who afterward became famous were in this group — Henry Clay of Kentucky and John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. Clay had gone from Richmond to practise law in Lexington, Kentucky, and had become a very influential man in the new state. He had served parts of two terms in the United States Senate, but pre-

ferred the House of Representatives, for it was a larger body with a much better field for debating. He was elected Representative in 1810, and when he went to Washington the following year to serve, he was at once chosen Speaker of the House, a most unusual honor for a new member.

Napoleon had worked his schemes so well that the Americans really thought that England was their only enemy. Accordingly, under pressure from the young war hawks, President Madison read a war message to Congress, and war was declared against England in June of 1812, two days after England had removed her worst restrictions from our commerce. If there had been telegraph or telephone, or radio, or even five-day steamboats between this country and Europe in those days, the war might never have seemed necessary. By attacking England we were really helping Napoleon to a considerable degree, although this was not realized at the time.

Napoleon Bonaparte

The war hawks were in favor of the conquest of Canada, a most senseless idea, to which even

Thomas Jefferson agreed. Henry Clay went so far as to declare in Congress that the militia of his state of Kentucky alone could subdue Canada and add it to the Union. The ignorance of the real situation was appalling, for few Americans had ever visited Canada, and they knew nothing of the difficulties ahead.

Difficulties in Fighting Canada

Upper Canada, now the Province of Ontario, the great peninsula between Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, had been settled originally by the Tories who had been driven out of the United States during the Revolution. Added to them were numerous English and Scotch immigrants, all loyal to the mother country and more than ready to fight for their new Canadian homes.

Lake Erie and the Surrounding Country

There were no good roads in the parts of the United States which lay next to Canada. Even western New York, which had been settled longer

than Ohio and Indiana, was lacking in means of communication with the rest of the state, for this was years before the Erie Canal. It was only with the greatest difficulty that men and military materials were carried through the woods and over the country roads toward the frontier.

Our regular army consisted of ten half-filled regiments, about 6700 men, with very poor commanding officers; 50,000 militia were called out, but not more than 5000 responded to the first call. During the war more than 500,000 men were called to the colors, but there were never more than 35,000 men under arms at one time, and many of these were without training. Consequently the first year of land operations against the Canadians was a failure, and the later years were none too successful.

The worst example of poor soldiering was given by General William Hull. After wasting some time with his army across the Detroit River in Canada, he fell back much discouraged to his fort at Detroit. Here he hoisted a white tablecloth and surrendered his good fort and over 1000 men, without fighting, to the capable General Isaac Brock, who was advancing with a small force of 700. By Hull's orders the garrison at Mackinaw, Michigan, also surrendered, as did the 100 men who held Fort Dearborn, where Chicago now stands. These men at Fort Dearborn, although

they surrendered to British officers, were massacred by some Indian allies who could not be controlled. Hull was afterward tried by court-martial and sentenced to death for his cowardice, but President Madison pardoned him because he had fought in the Revolution years before.

General Brock was now free to defend the Niagara River, which he did successfully for some time. Finally the American regulars crossed the river at Queenstown Heights, below Niagara Falls, and General Brock died gallantly in the battle. The Canadians regard him as one of their great national heroes and have built a beautiful monument to his memory. It stands on the Heights with a wonderful view of Lake Ontario and the Canadian plain below. The Americans gained nothing permanent from their victory, because the New York militia refused to cross the river and the regulars could not hold the Heights alone. It did not seem like a real war.

Naval Contests

Our little navy carried itself with much more credit than did the army. There were sixteen vessels available, of which three forty-four-gun frigates — the *United States*, the *Constitution*, and the *President* — were the finest ships of their class afloat. The British had eight hundred war vessels,

and had they not been busy blockading France there would have been fewer victories on the part of the Americans. The best history of the naval part of the War of 1812 was written by Theodore Roosevelt, and was published soon after he graduated from Harvard College. So carefully did he look up the details and so fair was he in giving both sides of each battle that his history has been adopted by the British navy as the official history of the war.

Relative Size of the American and English Fleets

Although Robert Fulton had built his first steamboat, no one thought that steamships would ever cross the ocean, and all the warships were sailing vessels. It required great skill to keep a ship in position during a battle, and good planning to have the right sails up at the right time. The Americans were at least as good as the British in sailing their ships, and they were much more accurate in their gunnery. Most of our naval officers had received valuable training under Commodore Preble during the naval war with Tripoli.

Captain Broke, with five British vessels, was

lying in wait off the New Jersey coast when the *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," was sighted, July 17, 1812. These vessels started to chase the American ship, but the winds were very light and uncertain. Both Captain Isaac Hull* of the *Constitution* and the British officers tried to move their big wooden ships along by getting out their rowboats with cables fastened to the ships and pulling hard at the oars. Then Captain Hull thought of a new idea. Piecing together all the ropes that were left aboard, he attached a kedge anchor and sent a boat forward to drop it. When it caught in the sea bottom the rope was wound up by sailors turning the capstans on the *Constitution*. This moved the ship forward faster than rowing. When the anchor

THE *Constitution*

* Captain Isaac Hull was a nephew of General William Hull, and did much by his bravery to redeem the family name.

was drawn up, another was ready and the ship was pulled forward more. The British discovered the trick and also tried it. They were gaining, when a squall came up. Captain Hull had his sails set for it before it reached the enemy, and thus he escaped on the third day, sailing away to Boston. How tired the sailors must have been after all the hard rowing and pulling! Such a brilliant escape was almost equal to a victory.

After he left Boston Captain Hull caught up with the British *Guerrière* (the name means "warrior"), on August 19, and a terrific battle was fought, in which Yankee seamanship and gunnery won the day. The *Guerrière* was so badly damaged that it was fired and soon blew up. Captain Hull took his prisoners into Boston, where he was the hero of the hour. In honor of his achievement a new dance of that day was named "Hull's Victory." Commodore Bainbridge took the *Constitution* out later in the year and on December 29, off the coast of Brazil, defeated the *Java*. Captain Stephen Decatur in the ship *United States* also captured the *Macedonian*, in October.

All in all there were five of these ship duels during the first eight months of the war, in every one of which the British were defeated. The loss of five ships was not a great one, out of 800 sail, but England had ruled the waves too long to relish the defeats, and the order was given for

the smaller British ships to sail in pairs, so as to prevent further losses. More ships were put on blockade duty, too, so that in 1813 it was difficult for American ships to get out of port.

Meanwhile over 500 privately owned vessels, called privateers, had been fitted out to attack the merchant ships of England, and several hundred British merchantmen and much merchandise were captured. This was risky but profitable for the Yankee skippers. After the ports were blockaded it was difficult for them to get to sea.

Captain Lawrence, in charge of the *Hornet*, had captured the *Peacock* and won other successes; so he was promoted to the *Chesapeake*, a larger ship with 38 guns. This was fitted out in Boston with a picked-up crew who had not received much training. Captain Broke, who was cruising outside in the British frigate *Shannon*, also with 38 guns, sent in a very courteous challenge to Lawrence, offering to fight with him anywhere in the wide ocean, at any time he wished. Lawrence had already sailed, and on June 1, 1813, met the *Shannon* in deadly combat off Boston harbor. Brave Broke was a real naval man, with his crew in the pink of condition, well trained in gunnery as well as in seamanship, for he had commanded the same ship for seven years. British discipline won the day. Lawrence was mortally wounded, and the last words he said as he was being carried

below were the often quoted, "Don't give up the ship!"

Most pathetic of all these sea fights was that between the *Enterprise* and the *Boxer*, two brigs which met on the Maine coast at the mouth of the Kennebec River, on September 5, 1813. The *Enterprise* was superior in arms and crew, and in just half an hour the British *Boxer* surrendered. The English captain was killed by a cannon ball almost at the beginning of the firing, while the American commander, Lieutenant Burrows, fell mortally wounded, living only long enough to learn that his ship had won. The *Boxer* was taken captive into Portland harbor, and the two slain commanders were given a public military funeral. They were buried side by side in the old cemetery, overlooking the sea. As Longfellow writes of it in his poem "My Lost Youth,"

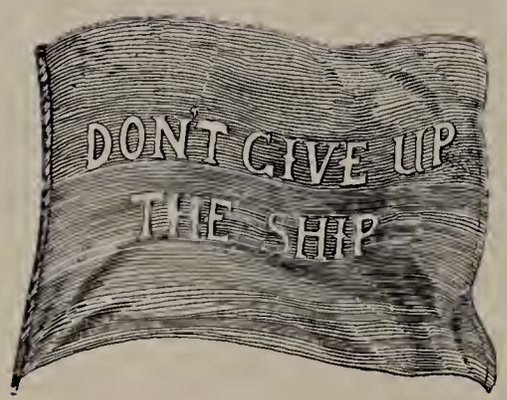
> I remember the sea fight far away,
> How it thundered o'er the tide!
> And the dead captains, as they lay
> In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
> Where they in battle died.

The Battle of Lake Erie

The spring of 1813 showed the British and Canadians with their Indian allies still in control of Lake Erie, Detroit, and all the country west of

the Wabash River. Two American armies had melted away in this region, and nothing had been accomplished. The men of Kentucky began to realize that a real effort must be made if the United States was to regain this western country. They raised 10,000 militia, which they placed under the command of General William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe.

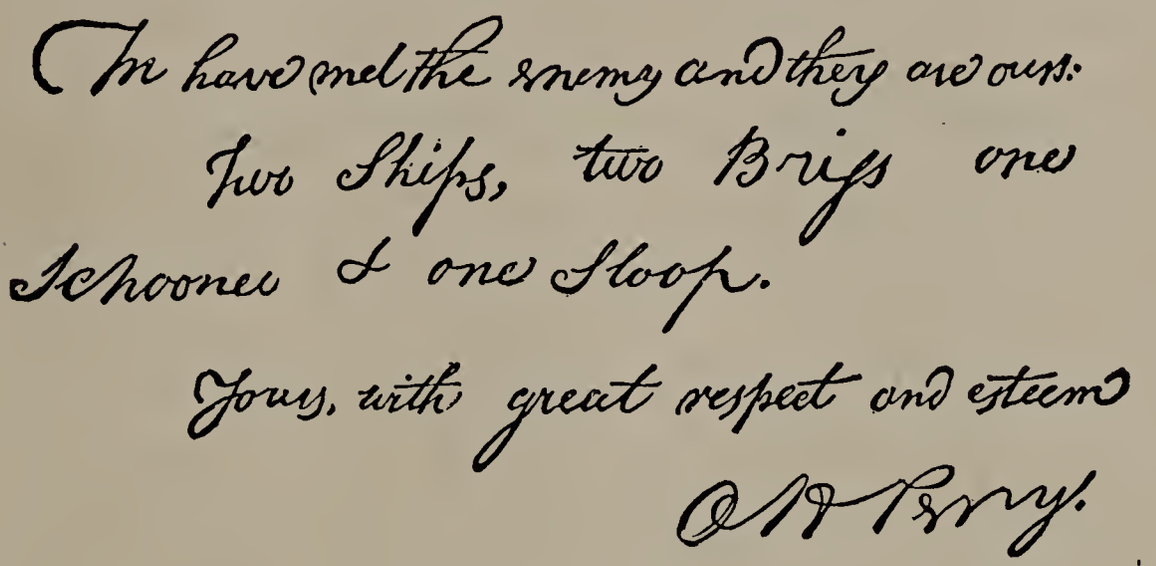
Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, a young naval veteran from the salt water, had been put in charge of operations on Lake Erie. The Americans had a brig, three schooners, and a sloop, which had finally escaped from the blockade in the Niagara River. With headquarters at what is now Erie, Pennsylvania, shipbuilding was started with all speed. Two twenty-gun brigs and three schooners were built here and added to the little inland fleet. One of the brigs was named for the unfortunate Lawrence, the lost captain of the *Chesapeake*. The British had but six vessels, not so heavily armed as Perry's.



Perry's Flag

On September 10 the two fleets met in Put-in-Bay, offshore from the modern city of Toledo. At the masthead of the *Lawrence* Perry had a blue pennant bearing the words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" In spite of these brave words,

his ship was completely disabled, and 83 out of 103 men were killed or wounded. Perry took down the pennant and with it jumped into a rowboat with his brother and four sailors. They rowed safely through the hostile fire to the *Niagara*. Bringing up his other ships, he renewed the fight



Facsimile of Perry's Report to General Harrison

and won the day, a great victory for a young man of twenty-seven years. He sent a dispatch by messenger to General Harrison, saying, "We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

More Fighting in Canada

This victory left the way open for General Harrison. He crossed over into Ontario with his army and chased the retreating British army to the Thames River. Here he attacked and defeated

them. The troublesome Indian chief Tecumseh was one of the slain. This ended the war in the western country. General Harrison made his headquarters at Detroit, and did not try to hold any Canadian soil.

In April, 1813, with the help of their vessels on Lake Ontario, the Americans had taken York, now Toronto. General Zebulon Pike was in command. He was the able young officer who had explored the western part of the Louisiana Purchase for President Jefferson, the man for whom Pikes Peak in Colorado was named.

General Zebulon Pike

Here at York were the government buildings of Upper Canada, and these were burned before the Americans went back to New York State. There was no reason for doing this, and it was a very unfortunate occurrence. The British used it as an excuse for burning the Capitol and White House at Washington the following year.

The campaigns against Canada were much hampered by inefficient leaders, most of whom had been appointed for political reasons. None of them won any real success along the Niagara River or in

northern New York and Vermont, although there were several plans for invading Ontario and Quebec.

By 1814 some younger men with real military ability were given positions. General Jacob Brown, a fighting Quaker from Pennsylvania, was one of these new officers, and Colonel Winfield Scott of Virginia, six feet five inches tall, served under him most efficiently. In an invasion of Ontario across the Niagara River, two victories were won at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. These were of no permanent value, however, for the United States forces were outnumbered, and had to fall back across the river to western New York. The British and Canadians followed them, seized Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, and kept the upper hand for the rest of the war. Each side had several armed vessels on Lake Ontario, but they never had a trial of strength, trying mostly to keep out of each other's way.

There were only four sea fights in 1814, so tightly had the British fleet sealed up the harbors of the Atlantic coast, but three out of the four contests were won by the Americans. We must now speak of the ship *Essex*, thirty-two guns, which left this country the last of October, 1812, and lived off the enemy for seventeen months. Captain David Porter was in command, and one of the midshipmen was David G. Farragut, later to become the famous admiral of Civil War days.

After many adventures with British ships in the South Atlantic and in the Pacific, the *Essex* was finally caught in the harbor of Valparaiso, Chile, and defeated.

The "Wasp" and the "Reindeer"

A new sloop with twenty-two guns, the *Wasp*, slid by the blockade and escaped from Portsmouth harbor, New Hampshire, on May 1, 1814. She sailed directly for the English Channel and there burned or sunk several British merchant vessels. On June 28 she ran across a slightly smaller British war vessel, the *Reindeer*. This was not a very important battle, but Theodore Roosevelt tells the story of it so well that we give it in his vigorous words, that you may know what such a bloody contest was like.*

"At 17 minutes past three, when the vessels were not sixty yards apart, the British opened the conflict, firing the shifting 12-pound carronade, loaded with round and grape. To this the Americans could make no return, and it was again loaded and fired, with the utmost deliberation; this was repeated five times, and would have been a trying ordeal to a crew less perfectly disciplined than the *Wasp's*.

* Roosevelt's *The Naval War of 1812*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Quoted by courtesy of the publishers.

"At 3 : 26 Captain Blakely, finding his enemy did not get on his beam, put his helm a-lee and luffed up, firing his guns from aft forward as they bore. For ten minutes the ship and the brig lay abreast, not twenty yards apart, while the cannonade was terribly destructive. The concussion of the explosions almost deadened what little way the vessels had on, and the smoke hung over them like a pall.

"The men worked at the guns with desperate energy, but the odds in weight of metal (3 to 2) were too great against the *Reindeer*, where both sides played their parts so manfully. Captain Manners stood at his post, as resolute as ever, though wounded again and again. A grapeshot passed through both of his thighs, bringing him to the deck; but, maimed and bleeding to death, he sprang to his feet, cheering on the seamen. The vessels were now almost touching, and putting his helm a-weather, he ran the *Wasp* aboard on her port quarter, while the boarders gathered forward, to try it with the steel.

"But the Carolina captain (Blakely) had prepared for this with cool confidence: the marines came aft; close under the bulwarks crouched the boarders, grasping in their hands the naked cutlasses, while behind them were drawn up the pikemen. As the vessels came grinding together the men hacked and thrust at one another through the

open portholes, while the black smoke curled up from between the hulls. Then through the smoke appeared the grim faces of the British sea dogs, and the fighting was bloody enough; for the stubborn English stood well in the hard hand play. But those who escaped the deadly fire of the topmen, escaped only to be riddled through by the long Yankee pikes; so, avenged by their own hands, the foremost of the assailants died, and the others gave back.

"The attack was foiled, though the *Reindeer's* marines kept answering well the American fire. Then the English captain, already mortally wounded, but with the indomitable courage that nothing but death could conquer, cheering and rallying his men, himself sprang, sword in hand, into the rigging, to lead them on; and they followed him with a will. At that instant a ball from the *Wasp's* main-top crashed through his skull, and, still clenching in his right hand the sword he had shown he could wear so worthily, with his face to the foe, he fell back on his own deck dead, while above him floated the flag for which he had given his life. No Norse Viking, slain over shield, ever died better.

"As the British leader fell and his men recoiled, Captain Blakely passed the word to board; with wild hurrahs the boarders swarmed over the hammock nettings, there was a moment's furious

struggle, the surviving British were slain or driven below, and the captain's clerk, *the highest officer left*, surrendered the brig, at 3 : 44, just 27 minutes after the *Reindeer* had fired the first gun, and just 18 after the *Wasp* had responded. . . .

"All people of the English stock, no matter on which side of the Atlantic they live, if they have any pride in the many feats of fierce prowess done by the men of their blood and race, should never forget this fight; although we cannot but feel grieved to find that such men — men of one race and one speech; brothers in blood, as well as in bravery — should ever have had to turn their weapons against one another."

The *Wasp* had a similar contest with the *Avon*, not many miles away, and then started back across the Atlantic. She was spoken once by another ship, but that was the last that was ever heard of her. She was added to the large number of mysteries of the sea.

The Battle of Lake Champlain

There had been one small fight at the northern end of Lake Champlain in 1813, in which two vessels had been lost to the British. The Americans had little left, but had already begun to build a fleet, largely of green lumber. Lieutenant Thomas MacDonough of Connecticut was in com-

mand. He had his office at the tiny city of Vergennes, Vermont, on Otter Creek, which flows into Lake Champlain. Here at the mouth of the creek he rushed his shipbuilding operations. Forges also were casting cannon balls and other shot, and making the fittings for the new ships. By August 6, 1814, he had three sloops ready, and six gunboats, but this was not enough.

A large ship was needed; so the brig *Eagle* was rushed to completion and launched the middle of the month, while the British and Canadians had built and soon launched a larger vessel, the frigate *Confiance*. Because the European war against Napoleon had closed that spring, the British had been able to bring over 11,000 veteran troops to Montreal, and they planned to follow Burgoyne's route more successfully than he had done in the Revolution, and capture some or all of New York. The barracks at the military post of Plattsburg, New York, had been burned the previous year by raiders from Canada, but here by the shore of the Saranac River seemed the best place to hold the invaders. The militia of New York and Vermont, with some few regular army soldiers, perhaps 2500 men in all, prepared to make their stand here.

MacDonough sailed from Otter Creek across the lake to the northwest, and placed his ships very carefully in line across the entrance of Cum-

berland Bay, off Plattsburg. He had four vessels and ten gunboats, while the British, who were already anchored in the bay, had four vessels and twelve gunboats, but were armed much more heavily. It was a very different scene from the barren coast of Tripoli, where MacDonough first won distinction. The smooth waters of the long blue lake, with its green shores and the distant mountains which Champlain had discovered more than two hundred years before, did not seem like the proper setting for a bloody naval battle.

On September 11 the British fleet started down the bay to attack the Americans. Lieutenant MacDonough and his officers knelt on the deck in prayer for a few minutes, and then waited quietly for the battle to begin. The fighting raged fiercely for two hours. At the height of the battle, when all the guns on one side of the *Saratoga*, the American flagship, had been disabled, MacDonough slowly turned the vessel around, and effectively demolished the larger British *Confiance* by using the undamaged guns on the other side of his ship.

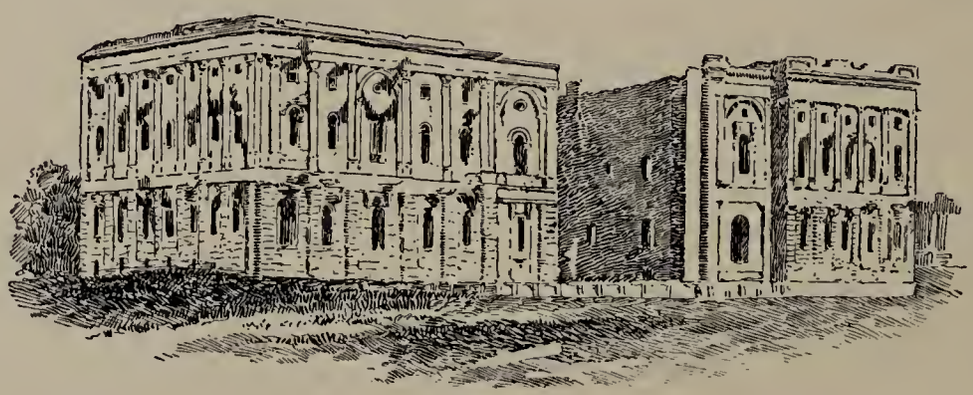
There was not a mast left standing on any ship at the end of the battle. The British captain was slain, and the remnants of his fleet surrendered. It was a wonderful victory that was won on these inland waters by young MacDonough at the age of thirty, the most important victory of the war, for he was facing superior forces, while Perry on

Lake Erie was considerably superior to the British in his fleet and equipment. Very courteously, the British wounded were transferred to the American field hospital on an island near by.

All day there had been a vigorous land battle at Plattsburg between the 11,000 veterans and the 2500 American recruits, but when the fleet was defeated the British fell back and retreated hastily into Canada. They did not dare to march south along the lake, for the American fleet could follow the shore and bombard them.

Closing Events of the War

The Yankees needed this victory very much, for the blockade on the coast was very close, and



The Capitol after the Burning of Washington

people were very weary of the war. Eastern Maine as far as the Penobscot River was in the hands of the enemy, who wanted to keep it permanently. A British force had been making raids along the coast, and finally landed on the shores

of Chesapeake Bay. The Maryland militia had not received sufficient training to face them successfully; so Washington itself was captured by the enemy, and the Capitol and White House were burned. Mrs. Dolly Madison, the charming wife of the President, cut the wonderful Stuart painting of George Washington from its frame, and took it with her when she escaped to the country with her husband.

The raiders, backed by British vessels of war, next attacked Baltimore, but the city militia was steadfast, and General Ross, the invading chief, was killed. The ships in the harbor blazed away at Fort McHenry on the shore. Francis Scott Key, an American, had gone to one of the British ships to arrange for an exchange of prisoners. On account of the bombardment he was detained on board all night, and as he watched the shells bursting in the air, and the scene was lighted up from time to time by the red glare of the rockets, he kept straining his eyes to see if the Star-Spangled Banner was still floating on its staff. Morning dawned, and the fort had not surrendered. The British sailed away unsuccessful, and a new poem was written out by Francis Scott Key, a poem which has become our national anthem.

New England, which had never favored the war, was almost rebellious against its continuance. It was very difficult for the government to raise men

and supplies, and money was very scarce. The blockade of the coast cut off foreign markets; so there was much suffering, especially among the farmers who needed to export their surplus products. The war hawks had lost interest in conquering Canada. Neither did the English people wish the war to continue. The war with France was over, and they wished to renew trade with all the world. Our privateers alone had sunk or captured 1344 merchant vessels, while our warships had taken others. Exploits like that of the *Wasp*, close to the English Channel, were irritating, also.

President Madison had sent a commission abroad early in the war, to negotiate quickly if there was a chance to end the war. In August of 1814 they met with the British agents in Ghent, Belgium. John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, and Henry Clay were in the American delegation, three of the ablest men in our country. For four months they argued and wrangled with the English, till the treaty of peace was signed at six o'clock the day before Christmas. At nine o'clock a messenger with the news left for the coast by coach, there to take ship across the English Channel and then to sail on the long voyage to New York. This took forty-nine days.

While these other campaigns had been going on, the Indians of the southeastern United States, in Alabama and Georgia, had been stirred up by

the chieftain Tecumseh. General Andrew Jackson of Tennessee fought them vigorously and successfully, even crossing over into Florida in pursuit. (Florida was then Spanish territory.) The British had thought of winning something for themselves by invading Louisiana and capturing New Orleans. They had landed over ten thousand men, including Ross's troops from Chesapeake Bay, and many veterans from the Duke of Wellington's Spanish campaign against Napoleon. Jackson had to leave Florida in a hurry. James Monroe, who was acting as Secretary of War, instructed him to have the militia bring their own rifles and ammunition, for there was not time to supply them completely.

The British advanced slowly across the marshy ground below New Orleans, and Jackson had just time enough to arrange his Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen as he wished. He let the enemy advance till they were near his defenses, when the skillful sharpshooters from the backwoods opened fire on the invaders. The British general was killed, and his veteran troops turned and fled. The British lost 2036, Jackson but 71. This was the biggest battle of the war, but it was altogether needless, for peace had been signed two weeks before. Modern radio could have stopped the expedition before it left the British ships.

Even this was not the last contest of the war,

for our good frigate *President* was captured off our coast by a British squadron a week later; in February the *Constitution*, good "Old Ironsides," won a battle with two British ships off the Spanish coast; in March the American *Hornet* defeated the *Penguin* in the South Atlantic; and on June 30, six months after the peace was signed, and four months after it had been declared, the American *Peacock* fought with a British ship in the far-away East Indies.

Results of the War

Between 30,000 and 40,000 men died in battle or from disease during these years of war. Peace came just in time to save the day for American finances, for the young republic was almost bankrupt. Some of the states were becoming disloyal and acting for themselves without directions from Washington. Commerce was, however, gradually resumed, and the hard times began to get better. The treaty as it was written did not really settle anything, except that both countries agreed to stop fighting, without annexing any territory.

The War of 1812 has often been called the Second War of Independence. This meant that henceforth there was to be no English party and no French party in this country, but that the United States could and would stand on its own feet and demand its rights, even against a superior power. The war

also was a great help to Canada, for it showed that with such help as the British could give them from across the seas they could defend their own borders successfully. There has never been any more wild talk in this country about conquering Canada. In 1817 another treaty was made by which all warships on the Great Lakes and Lake Champlain were to be dismantled, and all forts on the border given up. Since that date the long three-thousand-mile borderline between the United States and Canada has been without a military guard. This is one of the most wonderful records of peace in the world's history.

As the war with France was over, and Napoleon was a prisoner in exile, there was no more interference with commerce by either the English or the French, and there was no need to impress seamen. Although the British had shown their strength to be superior to ours, they had been able only to damage us, not to conquer us. We had been able to win twelve out of sixteen ship duels, and had captured many merchant ships, but we had failed to capture and hold any Canadian territory. Most Americans overestimated the importance of the ship duels, not realizing that England still had her eight hundred sail. From this time on there was a period of conceit and boastfulness in this country. Fortunately we had no neighbors near enough to be irritated by us.

From Massachusetts to Ohio

A Pioneer Story

I

It was Thanksgiving Day of 1787, and there was much to make the Putnam family thankful. In the first place the father and mother and eight children were all well; in the next place General Rufus Putnam, the father, had just returned in safety from a cold, stormy stage journey to Boston; and besides, the Putnams were fairly well-to-do, and lived in one of the best houses in Rutland.

Still the day was not quite without a cloud, for very soon brave General Putnam was to set out on a longer and much more perilous journey than the ride to Boston had been. He was "going West," across the lonely land of Pennsylvania, over the high Alleghenies, into the country near the Ohio River; and, moreover, he had thought it best not to take Mrs. Putnam and the children with him. "But in a year or two," he had promised, "if the Indians are peaceful and the colony flourishes, I will come back for you all."

"What makes you go to Ohio, Father?" asked

eight-year-old Catharine at dinner, when the others had been speaking of the new project.

"That is rather a hard question to answer," her father replied, "and this is not a good time to tell you. But to-night, after supper, when the work is done, you shall hear the whole story."

Scene on the Ohio River

When evening came, Catharine was seated on her father's lap in front of the blazing fire in the sitting room. All the others, too, were gathered around the hearth. The fireplace was large enough to give every one plenty of warm, light space.

"This is almost too comfortable a home to exchange for a log house in Ohio, is it not, Mother?" asked the general of Mrs. Putnam, as he looked lovingly at the little group.

"Then this is the time to prove to us that you have to go," answered Mrs. Putnam.

And Catharine added, "You know you promised to tell me this evening why you are going."

"And so I will," General Putnam replied cheerfully to mother and daughter at once. "I may not make you see just why *I* have to go, but I am sure you will understand that somebody ought to go.

"In the first place, Catharine, when you were only a baby, the people of the colonies made King George confess that he had no longer any right to govern North America. Ever since, these thirteen colonies have been trying to make a nation of themselves — a nation that shall some day be as strong and powerful even as England.

"Now, stretching away to the west of us there is a vast tract of country — I do not know how many miles it contains. And if the United States is ever to be a flourishing nation, it must use these western lands for raising crops, and the great western rivers for waterways. The European nations say that much of this territory belongs to us, but at present the part we might use is inhabited almost wholly by Indians."

"And will the Indians let us have the land, Father?" interrupted twelve-year-old Edwin.

"I think so, Edwin. Of course they say the land is theirs, and they are right, I suppose. But we do not ask them to give it to us, my boy. We hope to persuade them to sell it to us. In any case, unless we can get people from the colonies to move to the West, colonists from Spain or France or England will take possession of our land.

So don't you see, Catharine, that somebody must go out into the Ohio country and build towns there?"

And everybody smiled as Catharine answered gravely, "Yes, Father, I see."

"There is an easy way," went on General Putnam, "to induce people to settle in the West. When the Revolution was over, the government owed a great deal of money to those men who fought against the British. It has been too poor ever since to pay these soldiers in money; but lately Congress has adopted a plan for paying them in western lands instead, if they will only promise to settle in the new country themselves or send others to do so. And, moreover, there is an Ohio Company, made up of men who have bought large tracts of western land from the government and will sell them again at low prices to all who will emigrate to Ohio."

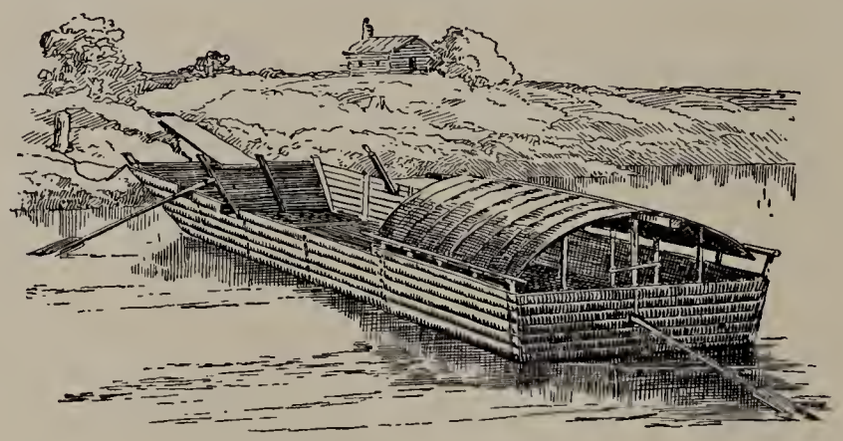
"And you are superintendent of the Ohio Company, aren't you, Father?" inquired Catharine, proudly.

"Yes, Catharine, I am the superintendent," answered the general. "Don't you see, then, how necessary it is that I should go to Ohio to distribute the lands and to look after the settlements?"

"Why, of course, Father, they couldn't do anything without you. But why can't we go, too?"

"You shall all go before long if the settlement

prospers. But, Catharine, I cannot take any little girls this time. There are no roads across the mountains and our party will probably have to walk or go on horseback a good deal of the time. Then the last part of our journey will be spent traveling down the river, and we must stop at the foot of the mountains to build our boats.



An Emigrant's Flatboat

"Afterward, when we get to Ohio, we must put up houses and plant the fields; and all the time we shall have to be on the lookout for hostile Indians, who may not like to see the white men invade their country. I should like very much to take William Rufus, but he must stay here to look after you and the others."

"So that is settled," thought William Rufus. "But I did hope that he would think I ought to go." Then he asked, "Have you decided when to start, Father?"

"In about a week, probably," replied the general. "Twenty men are to leave Danvers on

December first, and they will stop here on their way. I shall go with them as far as Hartford, but there I am to wait for the men who will set out later from Rutland. I expect the Rutland men about the first of January. If we are fortunate, we shall all reach Ohio in time for the spring planting."

"But when are you coming back, Father?" was Catharine's eager question.

"That I cannot tell exactly, little girl. I should like to come back for you all in the summer, but perhaps I must wait still another year."

"Why, I shall be a great girl ten years old then. That's ever so far off," replied the little girl almost tearfully.

"It will take a long time for you to grow so much that I shall not know you, Catharine. But now," her father added, "it is bedtime for the smallest of us, at least." And as Catharine slipped obediently from his lap, he said: "Remember, little girl, that the Ohio country is well worth waiting a year to see. It is much warmer and ever so much more beautiful than New England. You will like it better than cold, hilly Rutland."

II

"Look, Martha!" exclaimed Catharine one afternoon about a week after Thanksgiving. "Is that a load of hay?"

"Why, no, Catharine," answered the older child, peering through the dusk at a strange vehicle drawn by four oxen. "That isn't a load of hay. I should think it was a wagon covered with black cloth. It looks just like a house on wheels. Let us call Mother to see it."

By the time Mrs. Putnam had come into the room, the odd black wagon had stopped in front of the house. "Why," exclaimed Mrs. Putnam suddenly, "it must be the people from Danvers. Can you make out the letters on the side? I think they say 'For the Ohio.' This means," concluded Mrs. Putnam, "that your father will start to-morrow."

The next morning proved raw and cold — a morning when most people would rather stay comfortably indoors than begin a four months' journey from Massachusetts to Ohio. But at the Putnam house there was no time to speak of the weather. Everything there was in commotion and confusion. The large yard was filled with carriages which had brought people from far and near to watch the setting forth of the pioneers, and the Putnams and the twenty Danvers men were busily stowing away all manner of tools and provisions in the great black wagon.

That mysterious covered wagon with its staring white letters was the chief object of interest to the curious country folk. Martha had described

it fairly well the night before; it was most like a house on wheels. To the home-loving Rutland farmers, indeed, the ungainly vehicle did not suggest a very comfortable or attractive house, but to the little boys it brought visions of delight.

"Why doesn't your father take you, Edwin?" inquired an enthusiastic playmate.

"He says I'm too small," answered Edwin. "But perhaps," he added, hopefully, "the Indians won't be all killed before I can go"; and the thought made him a little happier and the other boys yet more envious.

At last there was no excuse for staying any longer.

"Well, neighbors," said the sturdy general, "good-by, all of you. I am going into a new country and I shall not come back for a year or more; but I will not forget you or what you have done for me. Some day you will all decide to pack up and go west, too."

Then he looked down affectionately upon the little group whose welfare was dearer to him than his own. He saw his wife struggling bravely to smile at him, his manly sons almost ready to cry, and his little Catharine sobbing vigorously.

"Do not look on the dark side of our lot," he said cheerily to his wife and children. "I know all the dangers and how to face them. But," he added, "do not worry if you hear nothing from

me for weeks together. The government has no mail route beyond Pittsburgh, and travelers west of the mountains are not very numerous. So, good-by again! And do not grow too fast, Catharine," he said last of all to the little girl.

III

It was more than a year and a half before General Putnam returned to Rutland. Even then he came only on a visit; for he had so many errands in the East that he could not get ready to abandon the Rutland farm. But busy and hurried as this visit was, it proved a great comfort to Mrs. Putnam and the children. There had been letters, of course, but they came seldom and so slowly that the news from the father was not often less than six weeks old when it reached the Massachusetts town. So there was a glad welcome for the brave pioneer, when, after a year and a half of wilderness life, he returned for a little while to his place at the head of the family table.

"To go back to the very first," began the general, after he had been for a few minutes under a rapid fire of questions, "do you remember, Mother, how we forgot the bread that morning and had to send back for it?"

"Yes, indeed, and some of the neighbors said that bad luck was sure to come," answered Mrs. Putnam.

"But it did not," laughed the general. "Everything went well while I was with the Danvers men. The first trouble came about the last of January, when I was with the Rutland party. By that time we were at the foot of the Alleghenies, but to our dismay we found the snow so deep that only pack horses had been able to cross the mountains.

"Our only resource then was to build sleds and harness the horses one before the other. In this manner, with four sleds, and the men marching in front to break the trail, we went forward. It was the fourteenth of February before we came upon the other party, the men from Danvers who left Rutland with me.

"That meeting was a discouraging experience. Five of the Danvers men were sick with smallpox. No boat had been built or even begun; in fact, there were no boards or planks ready, for the mill had frozen. But in time the sick men got well, warmer weather came, and finally we built our boat and started to sail down the Ohio River. By the way, what do you suppose we named our boat?"

"The *Washington*," suggested Abigail.

"The *Cutler*," answered Persis.

"The *Putnam*," spoke the loyal Catharine.

"No, you are all wrong. The men fancied we were like the Pilgrims seeking a new country. Now can you guess?"

"The *Mayflower!*" cried everybody.

"Yes, the *Mayflower;* and she landed at Marietta on April seventh. I wonder if you know why we called our town Marietta? Every one of us admired the French queen, Marie Antoinette, because she has treated the Americans so well. And we named our town for her. Do you see how, Martha?"

"Why, you took the first part and the last part," decided the child. "It makes a pretty name, but I never heard of that French queen."

"I will tell you about her some day. Just now I think you would rather hear how we celebrated our first Fourth of July.

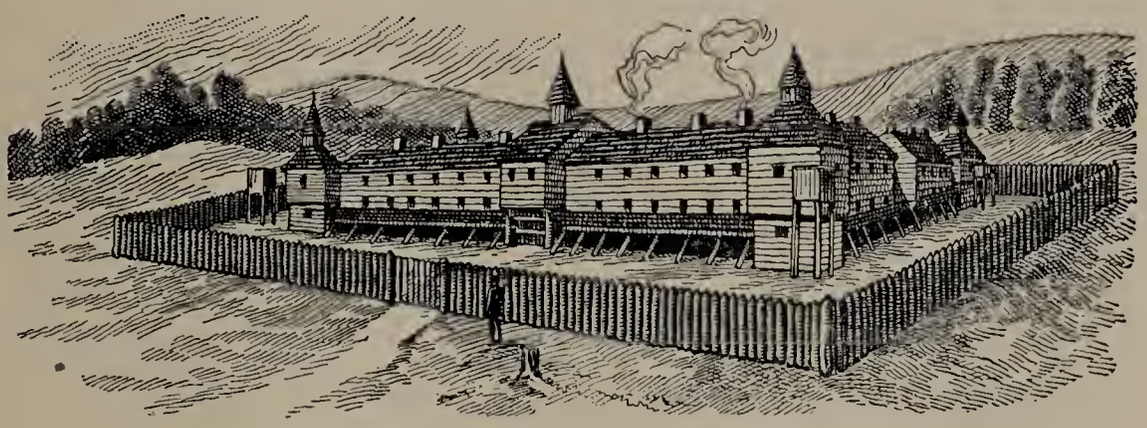
"We fired salutes, of course, at sunrise and sunset, and we made speeches, just as Rutland people have done these thirteen years. But we did more than that. We had a dinner party, such as Rutland never saw.

"Hitherto we had had little time to spare for cooking or eating, and now we thought that we deserved a holiday. We decided to have an outdoor picnic. So we set our tables under the trees by the river and loaded them with all manner of good things. Some one caught a giant pike, the largest fresh-water fish I have ever seen, and we cooked that. Then we roasted several deer and a good many wild turkeys. It was too early for many vegetables, but we had peas in abundance.

We had planted as soon as we reached Marietta, and things grow rapidly in Ohio.

"We stayed at the tables all the afternoon, for after we finished eating we made speeches and drew up a code of laws for our village. Where do you suppose we fastened the laws so as to have them in plain sight?"

No one ventured an opinion, and the general answered his own question. "We posted them on



Campus Martius

the trunk of a tree, where everybody in Marietta could see them.

"After the Fourth, Marietta seemed more like a town of the United States. Still it did not resemble a New England village very strongly, for it had few houses and no real streets."

"But why were there not more houses, Father? Where did all the people live?" asked Martha.

"I was speaking of houses like those in New England," her father explained. "Most of us lived then at 'Campus Martius' or the 'field of war,' where we could defend ourselves from the

Indians. I'll tell you what 'Campus Martius' looks like, if I can.

"A long time ago — I can't tell how many hundred years — some people whom we call 'mound-builders' lived in Marietta. Why they built their earthen mounds it is somewhat hard to tell. Perhaps they were used for graves. But one of these great mounds we made the foundation of 'Campus Martius,' our fortified settlement.

Mounds near Marietta

"The buildings are in the form of a hollow square. At the corners of the square we built high blockhouses to which we could flee from the Indians if they attacked us, and from which we could easily fire upon them. Between the blockhouses, along the sides or curtains, we built smaller dwelling houses, and in the large open space in the middle of the square we dug our well.

"In this way we made a little village where we could feel secure in case of Indian attacks. As yet, I am glad to say that we have not had to take refuge many times in the blockhouses; instead we use one for a church and courthouse, and last winter we made one into a schoolroom."

"Oh, dear!" grumbled Edwin, who did not like to study. "I thought there couldn't be any school out West."

"You foolish boy!" said his father, reprovingly. "What sort of nation can you help to build if you do not know a great deal more than you know now? Indeed," he continued, "we mean in time to make the schools in Ohio as good as those in New England. But I suppose, Edwin, you would rather hear about the Indians."

"Yes, Father, indeed I would," Edwin answered honestly.

IV

"The Indians," began the general, "are the worst enemies of Marietta. As yet they have not troubled us much, but they are not to be trusted, and at any time they may make an attack. When we were building 'Campus Martius,' they were friendly enough and even welcomed us cordially. A good many times since, they have bedecked themselves with all their finery and have come to call on us. I wish you might have seen a caller that we had not long ago. It was a

squaw, Madam Zanes, and she wore more jewelry than I had ever before seen on one person. We counted three hundred brooches pinned upon her clothing.

"But lately we have thought it best to make a treaty with the Indians. They may not keep their agreement; still, if they understand that we are dealing honestly with them, perhaps they will be honest, too.

"It is not an easy thing to make a treaty with Indians, for they are crafty and easily angered. I sent them a message at first something like this:

> "'*Brothers:* I have just come from the great council fire of the United States, where the great and good chief General Washington resides. I am coming with the wishes of his heart to you, which are very good.'"

"Why, Father, that doesn't sound at all like the way you talk," said Catharine, in astonishment.

"True, my child, but the Indians would not have understood me if I had spoken about President Washington, who lives in New York, the capital of our nation. All their great men are chiefs and all their gatherings council fires. Then I went on to say:

> "'*Brothers:* Out of love to you I am come this long way. I wish you to become a happy people. So let us consult each

other in a friendly and brotherly manner. Let us wipe off all tears, and let us set our hearts aright.

"'*Brothers:* You see something very good preparing for you. Make yourselves ready and come and see what it is.'"

"And did they come, Father?" the younger children asked almost in one breath.

"Yes, indeed, they came, wearing all the finery they possessed. There were two hundred of them, and with their glistening knives and tomahawks and their long feathers and gay war paint and the few scarlet coats and white shirts that the British had given them, they were a rather frightful-looking set of men. Edwin might have liked to see them, but they were too grotesque to please most people. I hardly knew how to speak sensibly to these vain persons, but I believe I said something like this:

"'*Brothers:* I thank you for coming to see me. Let us have a happy council fire. Let us remember that we are brothers, and that brothers are friends, not foes. The white men want to be at peace with the red men. They want to live near them and help them. They want the chiefs of the white men and the chiefs of the red men to make their people friends.'

"And then the old chief arose. He was a tall, fierce-looking man, whom I should not want for an enemy. But he was pleased, I think, if he did scowl and look solemn, for he made a friendly speech. As nearly as I can remember, this is what he said:

"'*My Older Brother:* I rejoice from my heart to see you. My body is not only come here, but my heart is here to speak to you.

"'*My Older Brother:* The old chiefs will hear and make you answer. The white people have more sense than we who have a yellow color.

"'*My Older Brother:* Take this pipe and present it to your great chief, General Washington. We expect that he will smoke out of it.

"'*My Older Brother:* Here is a belt which we request you to deliver to the great chief, General Washington. Salute him for us all and tell him that all have made peace.'

"That was a pretty good speech from the old Indian, a better one than we had hoped for. So we signed a treaty, in which the Indians agreed not to molest the white men in their homes, and we in turn promised to take no lands for which we did not pay a fair price. And now, Catharine,"

said the general, abruptly, "how do you like Marietta?"

"I like everything about it except the Indians," the little girl replied. "I know they will frighten me, but I wish I could hear you talk to them."

"Indeed, I hope I may not have to invite them to make another treaty. And I think there is no doubt that the Indian troubles will be settled soon, perhaps before I take you to Marietta. No," spoke the general, seeming to forget his listeners and to think aloud, "I shall not be sorry for these months away from you all, if Ohio becomes the state we are trying to make it — a place where peaceful, thrifty people may go to make an honest living, where education shall be always encouraged, and where slavery shall be forbidden forever. We hope, Mother," he concluded, "that it will be a good place for our children; and you and I cannot be sorry to live away from old New England if we see our boys and girls happy and prosperous in Ohio."

The Story of the Cotton Gin

I

"Louisa, have you seen Mr. Whitney this morning?" inquired Mrs. Greene one pleasant forenoon in March, as she came upon her little daughter in the orange grove.

"No, Mother, not since breakfast. It may be that he is in that room where he stays so much. Shall I find out for you?"

Eli Whitney

"No, Louisa, I will go myself. You know I am not willing that you should disturb Mr. Whitney."

Mrs. Greene was turning away, when Louisa's brother Nathaniel came running up with three large oranges. "See what fine ones these are," he said, offering one to his mother and another to his sister. "If you would let me go to Mr. Whitney's room, Mother, I should like to take him an orange," he added, mischievously.

"No, Nathaniel," answered Mrs. Greene, with a bit of reproof in her voice. "You know very well that you are not to interrupt Mr. Whitney. But I will take him the orange."

As Mrs. Greene walked towards the house, the children looked after her curiously. "Where's Mr. Miller?" asked Nathaniel, abruptly, as his mother disappeared through a door leading to the basement. Mr. Miller was a lawyer who was living with the Greenes, helping to settle the estate of the children's father.

"Downstairs, too, I suppose," answered Louisa. "I saw him go into the house a while ago. Oh, dear, I wish we knew just exactly what Mr. Whitney is making!" she sighed.

"But weren't we fortunate to find out that he's making anything at all?" answered her brother, consolingly. "Martha and Cornelia think he's studying law. What a joke!"

"Of course," remarked Louisa in a rather lofty way, "we know better than that. We know he is making a machine that will do something to cotton."

"But just listen, Louisa!" And Nathaniel went over the reasoning he had used so often in the past few weeks. "Mr. Whitney walked all the way to Savannah and back just to get some cotton with the seeds in it; so, of course, he is experimenting with the seeds. And we both heard Mother ask

him last fall if there wasn't a way to get the seeds out by machinery. Don't you see, he must be making a machine to clean the cotton ?"

"I think he is, Nathaniel," said Louisa. "But I want to know, don't you ?"

"Yes, I do," her brother admitted. "Still we know well enough. And won't Aunt Dinah be pleased ?" he went on. "You know how hard it is for her to pick the seeds out after she has been stooping in the hot sun all day."

"Oh, Nathaniel !" exclaimed Louisa, quite possessed by a new and happy thought. "You know the song Aunt Dinah sings when she's picking cotton, don't you ? Let us go down to the basement near that room they've locked themselves into, and sing that. Then they will suspect that we have found out the secret."

"Come on !" cried Nathaniel, seizing her hand. "Perhaps they will let us in when they find that we know," he gasped a minute later, when they were almost at the house.

Unhappily for the curious musicians, they did not get the invitation they wanted, and they went away no wiser than they came. Could they have looked into the closed room, however, they would have been jubilant enough,

There were Mr. Whitney, Mrs. Greene, and Mr. Miller standing about a table in a corner examining something made of wood, wire, and brushes.

"I have attached so much wire since yesterday," Mr. Whitney was explaining. "But, hark!" he said. "Hear those little rogues!"

And they all listened to the song that came from outside:

Oh, de cotton fields am white an' de pickers is but few;
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down.
If your fingers isn't nimble, sure you nebber will get troo;
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down.
If your bags is very light, den de overseer's lash;
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down.
If you're laffin' in de mornin', den at night your teef will gnash;
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down!

"Do you suppose," Mr. Miller asked in some surprise, as the song ended, "that those children have any idea of what Eli is doing?"

"Well, I'm pretty sure," answered Mrs. Greene, "that they were wondering a good deal about it when I left them in the orange grove. And of course I think they are rather bright children."

"It is too bad to make them live all winter in the midst of such mystery," said Mr. Whitney.

"They are so young they like it," answered Mrs. Greene. "It is Martha and Cornelia who are just a little troubled by what they think is lack of confidence, for they feel themselves young ladies now."

"But in two weeks or so," said Mr. Whitney,

"there will be no more need of secrecy. Then my machine will be ready to run a race with fifty black women in picking out the cotton seeds. I truly think," continued the young mechanic, "that you will find the invention useful enough to repay you for all the kindness you have shown me since last September. I am almost glad now that I didn't get the chance to teach that I expected."

"The invention will succeed, I know," answered Mrs. Greene, unwilling to hear anything more said of her own goodness in giving a home to the disappointed boy from Massachusetts. "And should it fail," she continued, "you have made so many useful things for me and the children that even now I am in your debt. But there is the dinner bell. Let us go upstairs."

At dinner Nathaniel and Louisa heard something that almost made up for their disappointment of half an hour before. "I am thinking of having a party in two or three weeks," their mother announced.

A party! That meant a gala day indeed, with company, and best clothes, and delicious things to eat. Everybody looked interested, and Louisa's face beamed with delight.

"I am going to invite several plantation owners from all over the state," continued Mrs. Greene.

"Shall you invite the army officers who were

here last fall and said very kind things about Father?" asked Cornelia.

"Yes, I mean to invite them and a number of other gentlemen, besides," her mother answered. "And, children," she added, "on the day of the party you shall all know Mr. Whitney's secret. But there must be no more teasing him, remember."

"We will remember, Mother," promised Nathaniel for them all. "But Louisa and I know the secret now," he added confidently.

II

For the next two weeks Mrs. Greene's plantation was the busiest place round about. Even the sun and the rain seemed to understand that Mulberry Grove must look its best to receive its distinguished visitors, and took turns in making the trees and growing crops attractive.

But during these days the children waited more curiously than ever. For even the theory that Mr. Whitney was trying to clean cotton by machinery could not explain everything. There was a new mystery now. The overseer had ordered two of the best negro workmen to erect a small building not far from the house. What could that log hut be intended for? No wonder the children were puzzled; for already, besides the large, rambling dwelling house at Mulberry Grove, there

were stables and a coach house, a large outkitchen, a poultry house, a pigeon house, and a fine smokehouse. Why should Mrs. Greene need another building?

The log house could not be for the use of the slaves, because it was too near Mrs. Greene's own dwelling. Moreover, the building was not finished like a house. It had only one room, and that was dark when the door was shut. The door was heavy, however, and had a strong lock, just like the doors of a good many houses.

This mystery was too deep even for the imaginative children, and one day the little girl said daringly, "Mr. Whitney, can you think of anything that a small dark house with only one room could be used for?"

"If you cannot guess, Louisa," he answered, "I don't think I'd better try."

Louisa was silenced. "I think," she told Nathaniel afterwards, "that he was making fun of me. Still," she added, "he probably knows that we have guessed what his machine is for."

One sunny April day the mysteries of the closed room and the new house were revealed together. Just before noon there arrived at Mulberry Grove several of the leading gentlemen of Georgia, and soon Nathaniel and Louisa were summoned to the drawing-room to meet the visitors. "Here are my two youngest children, gentlemen," explained

Mrs. Greene. "This is my son Nathaniel, his father's namesake, and this is little Louisa, whom her father never saw."

Presently the visitors fell to talking of gallant General Greene, "Next to General Washington, the bravest officer," they declared, "of all the Continental army."

By this time the children were enjoying the party to the full, and their faces were rosy with pride and pleasure. And what was their mother saying? "Dinner is served, gentlemen. My children have looked forward so eagerly to meeting their father's old friends that they are all, even Louisa, to eat with us to-day."

"Isn't this the best party we ever had?" whispered Louisa, as she and Nathaniel walked behind the visitors to the dining room.

"Yes; and probably Mother will tell the secret at dinner," Nathaniel whispered in return.

That was just what happened. Towards the close of the meal the children heard their mother saying: "Gentlemen, those of you who were here last fall will recall the talk we had about increasing the cotton crop in Georgia. You were wondering if some quick way might not be discovered of taking out the seeds, for in that case we could raise large quantities of cotton for exportation. I remember that I said to you then: 'Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney. He can

make anything.' I believe that statement now more firmly than I did then, for this winter Mr. Whitney has constructed the very machine we need. It will pick the seeds out of the cotton thoroughly and quickly — indeed, it will clean as much cotton in one day as my fastest slave, old Dinah, can clean in fifty days."

The visitors were amazed, and congratulated Mr. Whitney with much warmth. "We can scarcely credit such a story," they said, "it seems so wonderful. But if your machine is a success, it will bring a great future to the South."

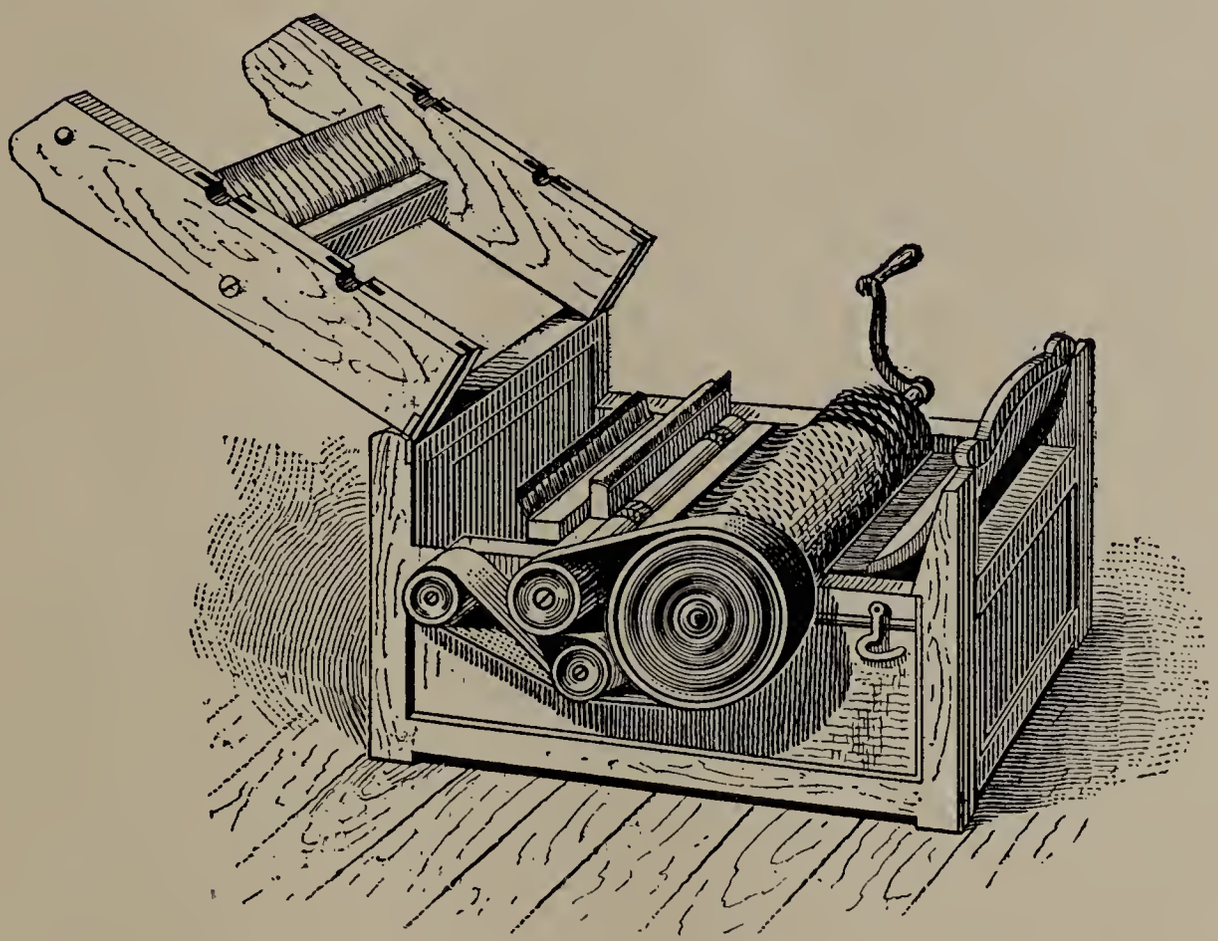
"Indeed, gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "to make you perfectly certain of the worth of the invention, we will take you after dinner to see the new machine. It is in the small building you may have noticed not far from the house."

Now the Greene children were well-behaved, and a hundred years ago well-behaved children never spoke at the table, if, indeed, they were fortunate enough to eat with their elders at all. But Nathaniel and Louisa were so glad to think that they had guessed the great secret and to know what use was to be made of the new building, that they looked triumphantly at each other, while Louisa whispered excitedly and loud enough for most of the guests to hear, "Oh, Nathaniel, we did guess it, didn't we ?"

After dinner the whole company went at once

to inspect the cotton gin, as Mr. Whitney called his machine. There in the middle of the new building it stood — a rather small, box-like affair with a handle that could be turned.

Louisa's first view was disappointing. "I thought it would fill the room," she told her



Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin

brother. "Just think, Mr. Whitney worked on it all winter!"

But now Mr. Whitney had put some green seed cotton into the hopper and was turning the crank. The machine worked precisely as its inventor expected: the sharp wire teeth that re-

volved when the crank was turned tore the cotton apart, so that the seeds fell out; these seeds were retained in the hopper because of their size, but a brush seized the bits of cotton and carried them, clean and fluffy, into another compartment.

"Wonderful!" "Marvelous!" exclaimed those who found any voice at all.

"Of course you will get a patent at once," some one said at last to the young inventor.

"I hardly know what to do, sir," Mr. Whitney answered. "I planned, upon graduation from Yale, to be a lawyer, and I feel that it may be better for me to carry out that idea than to attempt to make money from this or any other invention."

"But your future is made, young man," the older gentleman insisted. "Is it possible that you do not see what the cotton gin will do for the South?"

"I do think, sir," modestly answered Mr. Whitney, "that it is a valuable invention. But I am not sure that it will be easy to patent the machine. I am half inclined to think that it is better for me to keep to the law."

Like wildfire the news of Eli Whitney's cotton gin spread over the state, and crowds flocked to Mulberry Grove for a glimpse of the new machine.

"The people are crazy over the prospect, Eli,"

said Mr. Miller. "You must not throw your right away. Get a patent on your invention, and then let us be partners and make the machines to sell. I will furnish the money if you will oversee the work."

Mr. Whitney at length agreed. "And it will be best," he concluded, "to make the gins in the North, where people will not understand their use and value. I should like to start the factory in New Haven."

Louisa looked amazed when she heard that Mr. Whitney was going away. "Going away!" she echoed blankly, as she thought of her garden spade and her doll carriage that Mr. Whitney had made. "I don't want him to go away," she cried. "Why, Mother, he's the cleverest man I know."

"He is the cleverest man I know, too," answered her mother. "And, Eli," continued Mrs. Greene, "I count it a great honor to have introduced to the world the inventor of the cotton gin. I feel as sorry as Louisa does to have you leave us. Be sure that my home will always have a warm welcome for you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Greene," stammered the blushing young man. "I shall certainly avail myself of such kindness."

"Does that mean that you are coming again?" asked Louisa, eagerly.

"Indeed, I hope so," answered Mr. Whitney, as if he did not really care to go away.

All this happened in 1793. The rest of the story covers a good many years, and leaves very few pleasant things to tell. It was well that Mr. Whitney invented other machinery that gave him a comfortable income, for the cotton gin never brought him even a fair reward. Eli Whitney is still the greatest benefactor the South has ever had, but his reward was ingratitude and dishonesty.

Trouble began for the inventors a few days after Mr. Whitney left Mulberry Grove for New Haven, when one night men broke into the log house and stole the machine. Then people studied its construction, built others similar to it, and used them openly.

But if the outlook for the young inventor was dark in Georgia, it was even darker in New Haven. Mr. Whitney went to New York on business, was ill there three weeks with fever and ague, and returned at last to New Haven only to find his factory burned, with all his machines, plans, and papers.

"And still, though I am four thousand dollars in debt," wrote Mr. Whitney to Mr. Miller in describing the accident, "I am not disheartened."

"I will devote all my time, all my thoughts, all my exertions, and all the money I can earn or borrow, to complete the business we have undertaken," wrote Mr. Miller in answer.

Then came a fresh discouragement. Men in England were reported as saying that the cotton gin injured the cotton, and for a time only a few planters in America were willing to use the machine. Soon, however, people found that there was no truth in the charge, and the cotton gin was in greater demand than ever.

After a time two of the southern states paid the inventor something for the use of his cotton gin; but Georgia was always ungrateful and unfair. Sixty times did Mr. Whitney ask redress there, before the courts would say even that he had been wronged; and six times did the persevering inventor make the long journey from Connecticut to Georgia, almost always going by land and driving in an open sulky, only to meet with repeated discourtesy and dishonesty.

In short, misfortunes great and small came so thick and fast to the firm of Miller and Whitney, that when Nathaniel and Louisa Greene were grown up, they remembered the mystery of the closed room and the day of the party as the happiest part of the whole story of the cotton gin.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition

If you had been a student at one of the earliest academies in New England, you would probably have studied Morse's Geography. That was a very different book from any that you have ever used. The covers were only a little larger than those of an ordinary school reader, but they contained four times as many pages. The words were long and unusual, and the style was that of an encyclopedia. You would not think the book attractively written, but you could not help being interested to see how scanty were the descriptions of the country west of the Mississippi, though they stated every available fact. In the edition of 1805 occurred the following:

> This immense addition of territory to the United States [the Louisiana Purchase] forms an important epoch in our history. What will be the effect on the government, union, and happiness of our country cannot be foreseen. Conjectures are various. Time will be continually unfolding the consequences of this great event. . . . Measures are now being taken to explore the country. On these particulars the author has not the papers necessary to give minute and accurate information.

The author had not the necessary information, indeed. To be sure, he knew, in common with all well-informed Americans of 1805, that President Jefferson had sent an expedition to explore northwestern Louisiana and the country beyond; but he understood very well that with no quicker means of transportation or communication than the world had known for twenty centuries there could be no report from the travelers for at least another year.

The farsighted Jefferson had long understood that our country ought to know the character and resources of the vast region that extended westward from the Mississippi. In fact, twenty years before, in Paris, when the territory was the property of Spain, he had said to a brave and adventurous young fellow from Connecticut: "Ledyard, why can't you go through Asia to Kamchatka, cross the Pacific in a Russian vessel, fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and penetrate to and through that river to the United States?"

And the daring Ledyard, who had voyaged with the famous Captain Cook, had replied, "I should like nothing better. All I need is the permission of the Russian government."

"That I can easily get for you," Jefferson had answered. And the bargain was made.

But though the Russian Empress, Catherine II, willingly gave Ledyard a passport through her

territory, when he was within three hundred miles of the coast of Asia she changed her mind. She changed it so violently, moreover, that she ordered Ledyard taken prisoner and brought back in a closed carriage to Poland. Such ill treatment undermined his health; so it is hardly to be wondered at that the one letter that Jefferson received from the explorer describing his hard lot was followed shortly by news of his death.

In 1792 Jefferson tried again. Of course the United States could not officially explore the territory of another nation; but he secured, through the American Philosophical Society, enough money to hire two men "to ascend the Missouri, cross the mountains, and descend to the Pacific." Immediately there begged for the commission a young man of whom this story will have much to tell. He was only eighteen, this brave, serious-minded Meriwether Lewis, too young, it seemed at first, to undertake a journey of perhaps four thousand miles among wild animals, hostile Indians, and it might be, many other perils. But when it was explained to Jefferson that young Lewis, when he was only eight years old, "habitually went out in the dead of night, alone with his dogs, into the forest to hunt the raccoon and opossum, which, seeking their food in the night, can only then be taken," he thought differently. "Whatever such a boy may fear," he concluded, "it will not be dark-

ness, solitude, or wild beasts." So Lewis's request was granted. His companion was to be a French botanist residing in America; but just as the two were starting, it developed that the botanist was in reality a spy in the employ of France. This discovery, of course, put an end to the expedition.

For ten years longer Jefferson could find no legal way of sending explorers to the far West. But early in 1803, when negotiations for the purchase of the Louisiana territory promised to be successful, he persuaded Congress to appropriate $2500 "that we might have conferences with the Indians on the subject of commercial intercourse." His real object, however, was to send an exploring party to trace the Missouri to its source, to cross the highlands, and to follow the best water communication which offered itself from thence to the Pacific; and later in the year, when Louisiana had become our property, everybody knew how the $2500 was to be spent.

Funds for the expedition being assured, there was no need of searching for its leader. "Mr. Jefferson," asked Captain Meriwether Lewis, who for two years now had been the President's private secretary, "will you not let me have the direction of this party? I am better fitted for the task than I was ten years ago, for I have had considerable military experience and I know how important the errand is."

"I could not find a better man, Lewis," replied Jefferson. And afterward, in explanation of his choice, he wrote: "I knew him [Lewis] intimately. Of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded, by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of our country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves — with all these qualifications, as if selected and implanted by Nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him."

Meriwether Lewis

Captain Lewis had not gone far in his plans

when he announced: "Mr. Jefferson, I need a companion in command — some one to rank equally with myself, whom the men will as readily obey."

"Such a man," answered Jefferson, "you shall certainly have, if he can be found."

"I know the very one, sir," replied Lewis, confidently. "Seven years ago, when I was in the regular army, my superior officer was Captain William Clark. You know what our country owes his brother, George Rogers Clark. William is as brave as his brother. He's had no schooling, but he's learned much about engineering from his army experiences, and he's honest and reliable. There's no man of my own age whose friendship I value more. And he hasn't a particle of jealousy in his make-up. We could work together in perfect harmony."

William Clark

And so it came about that Captain Lewis, leaving Washington in July, 1803, met Captain Clark, his equal in command, at Louisville, where the two friends read and studied together Jeffer-

son's long and detailed instructions, which, in brief, were as follows: "You are to accomplish a two-fold object: to learn the nature of the country and to make a study of the habits of the various Indian tribes. The supplies you ordered have been provided: the three boats, the quadrants and other mathematical instruments, the guns, powder, and camp equipage, the provisions and the medicines. Presents for the Indians you will have in abundance, for the government has spent, as you suggested, $696 of the $2500 for such things as beads, tobacco, whiskey, old uniforms, gay hats, and feathers. If with these gifts and your interpreters, you can make the Indians feel that the white men of our country are their friends, your greatest dangers will be averted."

To find out in general what this expedition accomplished, you need only read this paragraph from a typical school history:

"In 1804 a band of explorers, known as the Lewis and Clark party, left St. Louis, then a little log-cabin town lying on the Mississippi a short distance below the mouth of the Missouri, and made their way up that river, which had been unexplored ever since it had been seen by Father Marquette and La Salle. At length, crossing the mountains beyond the source of the Missouri River, they came to another river flowing toward the northwest, which, fed by many branches, grew larger

as it flowed. It was the Columbia River, and following this, they at last found themselves on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. On the journey of Lewis and Clark was based the claim of the United States which, in later years, brought the nation ownership of the great Oregon country, from which have been made the states of Washing-

St. Louis in 1800

ton, Idaho, and Oregon. The explorers were gone two years and a half, returning with their wonderful story in 1806." *

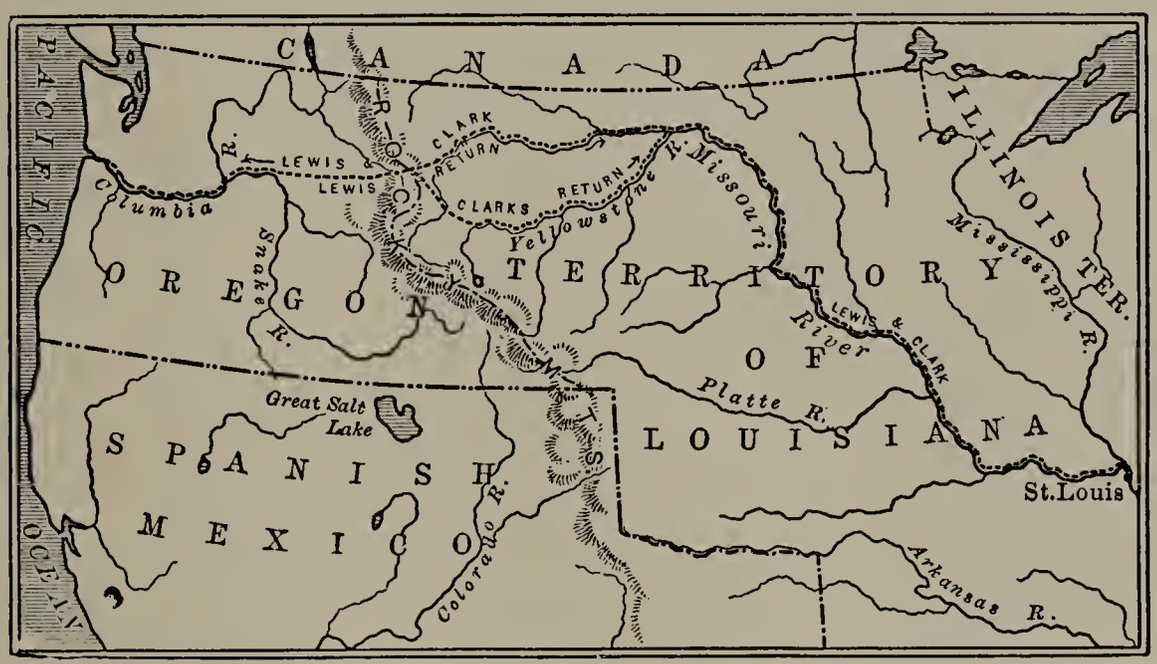
But to learn the particulars of that pioneer undertaking, you would have to study the note-books of the travelers themselves. Now these diaries, as often printed, fill three fair-sized volumes. So the rest of this story will give you a condensed

* Everett Barnes, *American History for Grammar Grades*. Pages 249–250. Boston, D. C. Heath & Company.

account of that twenty-eight-month journey. But you must understand that no one living to-day can get any adequate idea of the hardships, sufferings, and dangers that these heroes met and conquered. Every part of the world to-day, even the Antarctic region, is better known than were the western plains and mountains in 1804. The Antarctic explorers know at least what sort of perils they must face; these men could not foresee the obstacles that might threaten. And drowning, freezing, starving, sickness, murder by the Indians — all these dangers they encountered and from them all they barely escaped. But the morale of the whole party was admirable. Only two cases of discipline were necessary. There were no complaints, no jealousies. Their splendid teamwork brought them victory.

On May 25, 1804, there was great excitement in a little settlement of seven families in the most remote white village on the Missouri. Everybody was gathered on the bank, looking eagerly at three boats slowly making their way up stream. The largest was a batteau, or barge, at least fifty feet long, partially decked over, with a square sail set, and a number of oarsmen; the other two were canoe-like boats, smaller and open, known as pirogues, one manned by six, the other by seven strong rowers. Along the river bank walked two men, each leading a horse.

Slowly the barge came to anchor, and two men, apparently the leaders of this strange party, stepped ashore. "We are Captain Lewis and Captain Clark," they explained in substance to a hale and hearty man of perhaps seventy years.



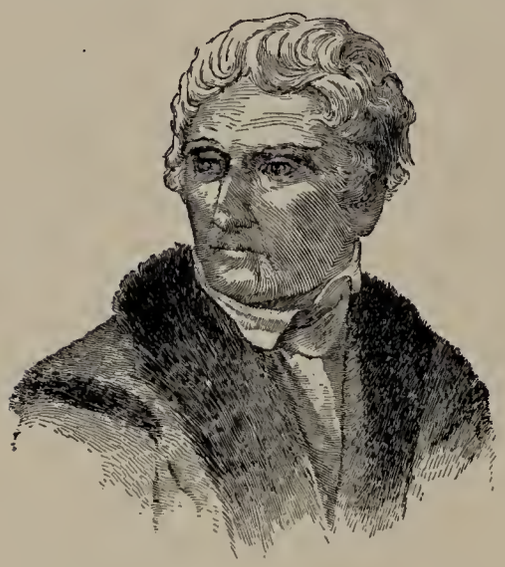
Lewis and Clark's Route

"We left the mouth of the river a week ago last Monday by President Jefferson's orders to explore the Louisiana territory, and we hail you, Mr. Boone, as a pioneer every explorer honors."

"Perhaps, like me," replied the sturdy Boone, "you need more elbow room. But I'm afraid I may not have enough even here. They tell me that the United States owns Missouri now and that I'm no longer a Spanish syndic. You see, until two months ago I had the general charge of this whole settlement, for France never inter-

fered with these lands even after Napoleon bought the country. But tell me more of your plans."

"We hope finally to reach the Pacific," they answered. "There are forty-five of us in all. If everything goes well, we shall winter in the North among those Mandan tribes that live in permanent wigwams. In the spring some of the men are to return to Washington, while the rest plan to make a fresh start westward. What advice can you give us, Boone?"



Daniel Boone

"Probably none that you haven't heard. You'll have no trouble at present. The Indians of the Lower Missouri are friendly, as you know, and game is abundant. When you reach the Platte, fully five hundred miles away, you'll be among the Sioux tribes that are hostile and treacherous. Try to get powwows with them. Set fire to the prairies, and the smoke will bring the Indians to the river. But remember that if you show an Indian you are afraid of him, he will give you reason for fear."

As Boone had foretold, the next weeks passed without perilous days. They met and made friends with the Pawnees and the Missouris. Even the warriors of a hostile Sioux tribe were persuaded

at a council held under the spreading branches of an oak tree, with the United States flag floating in the breeze, to smoke the pipe of peace. "Then Shake Hand the chief arose. 'I see before me,' he said, 'my great father's two sons . . . We are very poor . . . You give me a medal and clothes . . . I wish, brothers, you would give me something for our squaws.' After him White Crane,

Louisiana Expedition Medal

a young man, spoke with Indian modesty. 'I do not wish to take much [clothing]. My fathers have made me a chief. I had much sense before, but now I think I have more than ever.'"

Things did not go so well among the Tetons, another Sioux tribe. Captain Clark reported: "As soon as I landed the pirogue, three of their young men seized the cable, the chief's soldier hugged the mast, and the second-chief was very insolent, . . . declaring I should not go on, stating he had not received presents sufficient from us.

Then Captain Lewis ordered all under arms in the boat. Those with me also showed a disposition to defend themselves and me. I felt myself warm and spoke in very positive terms. We proceeded about one mile and anchored off a willow island, placed a guard on shore to protect the cooks and a guard in the boat. I call this island Bad-Humored Island, as we were in a bad humor." The two weeks in Teton territory, you can fancy, seemed a long fortnight.

Leaving the Sioux Indians behind, they came next upon a very different tribe. The Tetons had liked liquor so well that they "sucked the bottle after the whiskey was out." When the captains offered whiskey to the Ricaras, their chief said, "Why does the white man offer us fire water? Does he wish to make fools of us?"

By the last of October they had finished the first lap of the journey. They had come to their temporary goal, the two Mandan villages and a small settlement of Minnetarees, near what is now Bismarck, North Dakota. There, having won the friendship of these tribes, they built of cotton-wood trees a number of log huts in the form of a rude fort, which they occupied on November twentieth. Then they settled down to a winter of making reports for President Jefferson and of learning what the Indians could tell them of the country to the westward.

It was the early evening of February 21, 1805. Four men were sitting around a blazing log fire in the cabin of Captains Lewis and Clark. One was Captain Clark; the others were the sergeants, or non-commissioned officers, of the expedition.

"Three days of wonderfully fine weather," remarked Sergeant Ordway.

"Spring must be almost here," responded Captain Clark. "I hear the Mandans went to-day to consult their medicine stone."

"Just what is that medicine stone, Captain Clark?" inquired Sergeant Pryor.

"It's the great oracle of the Mandans. Whatever it announces, they believe implicitly."

"But how do they make it talk, Captain?" asked Sergeant Gass.

"Oh, it doesn't talk exactly. They smoke to it; that is, each Indian in the party that consults it takes a whiff from a pipe and then presents the pipe to the stone."

"And then what happens?"

"Nothing at first. The braves go away and are supposed to spend the night in a near-by wood. In the morning they read the destiny of the nation in the white marks that have mysteriously appeared on the stone."

"How do you account for the white marks, Captain?" asked Gass curiously.

"You tell, Patrick," the captain answered.

"Well, I suppose somebody in the party doesn't spend the whole night in the woods," replied the wise sergeant, readily.

"And I heartily agree with you," was the captain's answer. "But anyway," he continued, "spring is nearly here. If we only had a medicine stone to consult, it would be time to ask it about our departure."

Just then there came a loud sound of tramping and stamping inside the stockade. The door opened, and Captain Clark's black servant, York, looked in, saying, "It's Captain Lewis, Massa Clark, with the men and horses."

At once the four men hurried out to greet their comrades and to help unload the great kill, — thirty-four deer, fourteen elk, and one wolf. When the hunters had been fed and things had quieted down again, the same group, with the addition of Captain Lewis, assembled once more around the fire.

"Well, those Sioux horse thieves were too fast for us. We couldn't overtake them. But we've brought home plenty of meat. And that's good, for they tell me you've had to be on a vegetable diet for several meals. And a vegetable diet isn't exactly suitable for a Fort Mandan winter," he added. Then more seriously he began: "My men, Captain Clark and I both feel that, thanks to you and the privates you command, this expedi-

tion to serve our country has been thus far a success. We have accomplished sixteen hundred miles of our journey with no serious hardship. We bemoan the death of Sergeant Floyd, we have had to whip one man, we are ashamed of our one deserter, but here are all the rest of us in good health and spirits. We have made the Ricaras smoke the pipe of peace with the Mandans and the Minnetarees, and all these tribes are our friends, for we have been honest with them and they respect us for our square dealing.

"But signs of spring are everywhere. We should set off westward early in April. To-morrow, if this fine weather lasts, we must make another effort to loosen our three boats. Of course the large one will be too cumbrous for the Upper Missouri, but I am certain we can use the other two for a while at least. Just as soon as we have hauled up these boats and repaired them, we must start canoe building. I could wish we had other material than this green cottonwood, but the Indians think it will do.

"Captain Clark and I have our reports and maps and specimens ready to send back to President Jefferson by the men who are to return in the barge. I have persuaded the half-breed Charboneau to accompany us as a second interpreter and guide; but he insists on taking his squaw Sacagawea, the Bird Woman, who, he says, knows the western

country very well. She was born there among the Snakes, you know, and was captured from them a few years ago. Of course she will have to carry her two-months-old papoose, but Charboneau insists that she will travel as easily as any man.

"My friends, I have every reason to believe in our continued success. We shall start this time to penetrate a country that no civilized man has ever trodden. I cannot think that Columbus was ever more curious to explore the ocean or that he did his country a greater service than we shall do our own United States. But Columbus was less fortunate than Captain Clark and I. He was alone in his courage and his hope. We have a band of heroes."

On April 7, 1805, everything was in readiness, and the party of thirty-one men with the Bird Woman and her little papoose embarked in the two pirogues and six new cottonwood canoes. For several weeks they made their way upstream without noteworthy adventure. By the last of April the explorers had reached the junction of the Yellowstone and the Missouri.

Then came Captain Lewis's first encounter with a grizzly. These animals, the Indians had said, could not be killed except by a wound through the head or heart. True to his reputation, this particular grizzly, after he had been wounded, ran toward Captain Lewis seventy or eighty yards, and was killed

only on the third shot. Before long Captain Clark had a similar experience. Five shots through the lungs and five other wounds did not prevent an enormous grizzly from swimming more than half-way across the river and surviving twenty minutes. No wonder that the party learned to dread the grizzlies more than the hostile Indians!

But not grizzlies nor wolves nor "tiger-cats" nor any of the large wild animals that they encountered were their most dreaded foes. Above all other enemies were the terrible swarms of mosquitoes, making their camp at times "absolutely uninhabitable." Try to imagine the discomfort that one mosquito can cause increased several million times, and you can at least believe what the journal says about the suffering these tiny insects inflict: "When the men have no covering except their worn-out blankets, the pain they suffer is scarcely to be endured."

Through the first part of May they continued to make good progress along the "level, rich, and beautiful" country, and on the twenty-sixth, Captain Lewis caught the first distant glimpse of the Rockies, his first real landmark on the way to the ocean. But the river had been growing constantly narrower and more turbulent. The current was often "too rapid for oars and too deep for the pole." Much of the way now the canoes had to be towed; and not infrequently the tow lines of

slender elk skin snapped in pieces and the canoes almost upset. In truth, upon that slender cord of elk skin hung for a while the fortunes of the expedition. If its breaking meant the loss of the canoe which contained the instruments and papers, the journey would be fruitless. Can you imagine the consternation of Captains Lewis and Clark when once, in a sudden upset, these precious possessions were almost lost? Can you imagine their relief and gratitude when these "medicines," as she called them, were saved by the quick wit and deft fingers of the Bird Woman?

On June third a new dilemma presented itself. Should they take the north or the south fork of the river? Scouting parties set out in both directions, and on their return the captains said: "We both feel that the southern stream is the right course. But we cannot carry all this baggage up the narrowing river. We will build a cache, and hide in it everything we can possibly do without. We will leave one pirogue here, too, drawn up under the trees of that island yonder."

Then while the men were making the cache, Captain Lewis with a small party set out to explore more closely the southern fork of the river. Two days later a noise "increasing as he approached soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for anything but the Great Falls of the Missouri," of which the Mandans had told him.

This discovery settled the question of the right route, but it raised another and harder problem. How could the baggage be transported around this long obstacle ?

"We must first carry our canoes and baggage up these steep river walls," decided the captain. "Then if we build some sort of wheeled vehicle, we can transport everything along a portage. Of course we must abandon the other pirogue. But we will use its mast for axles ; and as for wheels, we can cut off sections of a cottonwood trunk. And now is the time to construct the boat of skins, on the steel frame I've brought these two thousand miles."

Most of these plans were carried out. They built the carriage, and they made a portage on the plains above the river along a path staked out by Captain Clark. "Here," says the journal, "they all repaired their moccasins and put on double soles to protect them from the prickly pear and from the sharp points of earth which have been formed by the trampling of the buffalo during the late rains. This of itself is enough to render the portage disagreeable to one who has no burden ; but as the men are loaded as heavily as their strength will permit, the crossing is really painful. Some are limping with the soreness of their feet ; others are scarcely able to stand for more than a few minutes, from the heat and fatigue. They

are all obliged to halt and to rest frequently; at almost every stopping-place they fall, and most of them are asleep in an instant; yet no one complains, and they go on with great cheerfulness." And yet, three days later Captain Lewis wrote: "Such as were able to shake a foot amused themselves in dancing on the green to the music of the violin, which Cruzatte plays extremely well."

Now an unforeseen delay ensued. There was neither pitch, nor any substitute for it, to bind together the seams of the boat of skins which Captain Lewis had so carefully planned. So there was nothing to do but make another cache for the framework and the laboriously prepared skins, and then build two more canoes of cottonwood logs.

On July fifteenth they embarked once more, only to be soon confronted by another puzzle. Which of these three forks of the river was the real Missouri? Exploration of each stream convinced both captains that the southwestern branch was the one that would lead them right. Still a growing fear found lodgment in every brave heart. Hitherto game had been abundant, but as August approached there were no more deer or buffalo. Moreover, it was plain that they could not much longer use their canoes; they must have horses to cross the mountains; and horses could be secured only by purchase from the Indians.

And for weeks they had not seen a single Indian. Were they following a route along which neither animals nor men could live?

"Do not lose courage, Long Knife and Red Head," said Sacagawea to Captain Lewis and Captain Clark. "We are encamped on the very spot where my father had his wigwam when we tried to flee from the Minnetarees."

"We hope you are right, Bird Woman," they replied. And Captain Lewis added, "I am going to set out with a few men in advance of the rest with a resolution to meet some nation of Indians before I return, however long I may be separated from the others."

The Bird Woman was a true prophet. Much good fortune was in store. It was not three days before one of the men in Captain Lewis's party "thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri." Pushing on a little further, they knew that they had reached the Continental Divide, for, only three-quarters of a mile away, they found a "handsome bold creek of clear cold water running to the westward." And a still greater happiness awaited them. They found Indians, friendly Indians, the Snakes, as the Bird Woman had prophesied; and when Captain Lewis met the main party toiling up the river, he was accompanied by sixty Indian warriors and a crowd of squaws and children.

And now comes the most romantic and almost unbelievable part of this story, a part that was perhaps never known to any member of the expedition, and was made public only a few years ago through an Indian friend to whom Sacagawea had confided it. We know that the brave, modest, loyal Bird Woman was the means of saving the lives of the white captains and of rescuing the whole expedition from destruction.

GATES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

So called by Lewis and Clark, who passed them July 19, 1805

What the white men saw and understood that day by the river was that Sacagawea, who, in her eagerness to come upon Captain Lewis's party, was hurrying with her husband along the river bank, suddenly ran forward and threw her arms joyfully around one of the Indian girls. "It is Leaping Fish Woman, my playmate, who was captured with me and escaped," explained Sacagawea when

she could speak for emotion. And the record says further, "While Sacagawea was renewing among the women the friendships of former days, Captain Clark went on and was received by Captain Lewis and the chief, who . . . conducted him to a sort of circular tent or shade of willows. Here he was seated on a white robe . . . After much ceremony the smoking began. After this the conference was to be opened. Glad of an opportunity to converse more intelligibly, they sent for Sacagawea, who came into the tent, sat down, and was beginning to interpret, when in the person of Cameawait [the chief] she recognized her brother. She instantly jumped up and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, and weeping profusely. The chief was himself moved, though not in the same degree. After some conversation between them, she resumed her seat and attempted to interpret for us; but her new situation seemed to overpower her, and she was frequently interrupted by tears."

More should have gone into this record that the writer never knew. After the white men had withdrawn and Cameawait was no longer ashamed to show his feelings, the brother and sister talked freely and intimately. At last Cameawait said, "And we shall never be hungry any more, little sister, for the plot is making to kill the white men, and to have always their guns and their black powder."

"No, no, brother," she remonstrated, "you must not do that. Red Head and Long Knife are my friends, your friends, the friends of every Indian. They are making their way to the Everywhere-Salt-Water that other white men may follow them and bring you food and guns and powder. Besides, if you kill them, their guns will be of no use after the powder is gone. And you cannot make more powder. Long Knife and Red Head cannot make it. Only the white men who live far away where the sun rises can make the black powder."

"I had not thought of that," admitted Cameawait. "I see I must not kill them." And forthwith he ordered that the plot be checked.

This is the substance of the tale that Sacagawea told when she later recounted the thrilling story of her life. And since the world has known her, the world has given her due honor. At the St. Louis Exposition and at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon, a statue of Sacagawea reminded visitors of her part in the famous expedition.

For a little more than a week the explorers remained in the camp of the Shoshones, making preparations for what they knew must be the most uncomfortable part of the journey — the crossing of the Rockies. They bought all the horses that the Indians could furnish, they made another cache, and there deposited all baggage too heavy

to carry across the mountains. At last, on August thirtieth, they set out once again, accompanied this time by six more Indians, one of whom was sure he knew the way.

Then suffering began in earnest for them all. On September fourteenth they had to kill one horse for food; by September sixteenth the snow was six or eight inches deep; they were all "wet, cold, and hungry"; and they were "obliged to kill a second horse for supper." But on the twentieth they descended to the villages of the Nez Percé (Pierced Nose) Indians, situated near the Kioskooskee or Clear Water River, where the chief Twisted Hair gave them an abundant supply of fish and roots. Welcome as that food was, they were nearly all made sick by "eating so heartily after their late privation." Besides, it was uncomfortably hot in the valley, and they were miserable enough for ten days or more.

Twisted Hair and his warriors thought it wise for the party to proceed now by water. So, leaving their horses in charge of three Indians, on the seventh of October they set out once more in five canoes of their own building. They were no longer faced with hunger, for the dog meat they had purchased of Twisted Hair's people made a serviceable though monotonous diet; and of course with every day's progress their courage mounted. On October sixteenth they came into the Columbia,

which they knew flowed into the Pacific, and down which, in spite of numerous cascades and falls, they sailed without serious mishap. November second they reached the tidewater; and on the seventh they enjoyed the delightful prospect of the Pacific — "that ocean, the object of all our labors, the reward of all our anxieties." Like Xenophon's Greek soldiers of twenty-two hundred years before, they exclaimed with exultation, "The sea! The sea!"

Every one had hoped to find at the coast a fur-trading vessel, which could bear them home around Cape Horn or even take them to Europe by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Indeed, President Jefferson, anticipating such an event, had given them letters of credit which they might present to anyone who would trust the United States for payment. But it was the rainy season in the Oregon territory. White fur-traders would not come again till summer. It was clear that the expedition must once more go into winter quarters. So, making the best of a bad matter, they selected a site a few miles southwest of what was soon to be called Astoria, and built their rude fortification. This they called Fort Clatsop, from the least disagreeable of their Indian neighbors, a tribe that "sometimes washed their hands and faces."

The days passed dismally and monotonously, but with no real danger. Wrote Captain Clark:

"Twenty-four days since, we arrived at the Great Western (for I cannot say Pacific) Ocean, as I have not seen one pacific day since my arrival in this vicinity. Its waters break with immense waves on the sands and rocky coasts, tempestuous and horrible."

By the middle of March every one was glad enough to set out eastward. This time their chief anxiety lay in the small amount of merchandise they had left with which to buy horses and provisions of the Indians. Besides a dozen or so gay robes and one worn-out coat and hat, all their stock in trade could be tied up in two handkerchiefs. But fortune favored them. The Nez Percé Indians, who had kept their horses, proved so generous and hospitable that after one futile attempt to resume the journey before the mountain snows had melted, they encamped among these friends till the tenth of June. Then they took up the trail again; and with the help of guides from the tribe of the good Twisted Hair, they crossed the mountains in safety, though with practically the same hardships they had encountered the summer before. But this time they knew what to expect, and they realized that what they had once accomplished they could certainly do again.

But they were not satisfied to return by the same route they had followed the previous September. Just west of the Continental Divide, at a

place they had named Travelers' Rest Creek (where all the mountain trails converged), the intrepid captains divided the party, that they might take back a better knowledge of the mountain ways. Captain Lewis kept to the north, crossing the watershed over what we now call the pass of Lewis and Clark; Captain Clark, bearing to the south, found likewise a new and fairly easy trail. On August twelfth, just east of the mouth of the Yellowstone, the two brave parties came together again; two days afterward they reached the Mandan villages that had been the scene of their winter encampment nearly two years before. Then, having made farewell visits to their Indian friends, they once more embarked on the Missouri; and sailing with all speed downstream, they reached St. Louis on September twenty-third, 1806.

They had been gone twenty-eight months; they had accomplished one of the best-managed exploring expeditions in history. One man had died; one man had deserted; one man had been publicly whipped; and on the return journey two hostile Indians had been killed. But they had made a white man's trail from St. Louis to the Pacific; they had brought back a detailed account of the country — its rivers, mountains, animals, and plants, and the Indian tribes that inhabited it; they were the pioneers in that "stupendous trail of immigration from east to west, which," said Edward Everett

only fifty years afterward, "is already threading the western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains, and winding down their slopes."

And now, one hundred twenty-five years later, when the United States has become the richest and most powerful nation in the world, let us not forget that we can maintain that power and prestige only as boys and girls in school learn the wisdom and the goodness of these far-sighted captains and their undaunted followers.

The challenge of the unfulfilled
They heard and bravely met;
That challenge of the unfulfilled
Is calling to us yet.

Astoria: The Dream of a Merchant Prince

America gives breadth and being to a figure which, in Europe, is lost in myth and historical confusion. This figure, worthy to stand as our Odysseus, is the fur trader. — GREENBIE: *Frontiers and the Fur Trade.*

THE story of the settlement of Astoria reads like a tale from the "Arabian Nights." Such adventure! Without a magic carpet or the magic lamp of Aladdin, John Jacob Astor actually made the first part of a seemingly impossible dream come true. Astoria, which he planned to make the center of a world-wide commercial empire, did really have its beginning on the forest-clad river bank at the mouth of the Columbia River. However, unlike the highly improbable tales of the far East, this story of early Astoria does not have a happy ending. Even now, more than a century later, the final failure of the enterprise seems tragic, and sympathy is felt for the disappointment of the merchant prince whose dream Astoria had been, and who, when the American flag came down and the British flag was hoisted over Astoria, found himself poorer by more than

half a million dollars than when he launched his stupendous project.

Mr. Astor's dream was the establishment of a great fur market at the mouth of the Columbia. Here the furs from the immense area drained by this river and its tributaries, and also from a strip along the Pacific coast as far as Alaska, were to be collected and sent to China, which had long been the best fur market in the world for the richest and finest furs. The ships which took the furs from the Oregon shores to China should bring back tea and silk and cinnamon and other rich goods of the Orient (but principally tea), should take these to New York, and then sail around the Horn again, this time laden with the supplies for the settlers and fur traders at the mouth of the mighty Columbia. The great historian Bancroft says of this projected circular voyage: "It would, indeed, be a smooth, glittering, golden round. Furs from Astoria to Canton, teas and silks and rich Asiatic merchandise to New York, then back again to the Columbia with beads and bells and blankets, guns, knives, tobacco, and rum."

This world-wide trade empire was the vision of John Jacob Astor in the early eighteen-hundreds. The name Astor has been so long identified with New York City that it is a surprise to learn that the founder of the family was born in Waldorf,

Germany, and did not see America until he was twenty years old. Hard-headed business man that he became, his life from the time he was sixteen was literally packed with romantic adventure. Like Midas, everything he touched became gold — except Astoria.

When John Jacob Astor, a sturdy lad of only sixteen, left Germany, he went first to London, where he spent four years, not learning the fur trade, with which to-day we connect his name, but working for an uncle who made and sold musical instruments. It took the young apprentice four years to save seventy-five dollars and enough more to buy a good London suit of clothes. Then, on the advice of an older brother who had been in New York several years, he decided to come to America. As a business venture he invested a third of his capital in flutes, which he expected to sell at a good profit in New York. Seven flutes! The rest of his capital he had to use for his passage. He went steerage on a vessel bound for Baltimore.

The story takes a romantic turn at once. The winter of 1784 was exceptionally severe, and when the ship reached Hampton Roads it was detained by ice for two months. Some of the passengers left the ship and went overland to New York, but the immigrant youth with the seven flutes could not afford the coach fare. His passage was paid to Baltimore and he must wait. It was during this

delay that he became acquainted with another ice-bound German, a furrier by trade, who told him of the limitless wealth in furs which America held then almost untouched. This man was planning to buy furs of the Indians at ridiculously low prices and to sell them at a fine profit in London. He counseled his young fellow countryman to do the same, and he also gave him much valuable instruction concerning furs. The two traveled together to New York, and by the time they had reached the city, young Astor had definitely decided to be a fur trader. However, he had no money, and so he could not begin at once. His flutes did not sell readily, but he found a chance to earn, first as a baker's assistant, then soon as a furrier's. As the "boy" of the latter establishment, his first work was chiefly the care of the pelts, beating them to dislodge dust and moths. It was not a highly paid position, but it was a good one in which to begin, because when Mr. Astor reached the highest position in the firm — that of buying agent — he knew every phase of the fur business. But why buy for somebody else to make the profit! He went into business for himself, and soon he was growing richer and richer and richer. He seems always to have had the presentiment of great wealth. The story is told that in his early days in New York some fine new houses which were greatly admired were built on Fifth Avenue. Hearing this admira-

tion of others, Mr. Astor said, "I'll build one day or other a greater house than any of these in this very street." And he did.

At first the young fur trader went out to buy of the Indians up the Hudson; then he went to Montreal and exported to London; next he imported from Montreal to New York and shipped the furs to all parts of Europe and to China. Within twenty years of the time he came to America, by what Washington Irving describes as "persevering industry, rare business sagacity, rigid economy, and strict integrity," John Jacob Astor was at the head of the fur industry in this country, with millions at his command.

In Canada the great fur companies, such as the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company, had control of the fur trade. The members of those companies were really the lords of the wilderness, and at the trading posts they ruled like the barons of the feudal days. These trading posts, deep in the wilderness, were the centers of a life which now seems more like legend than like fact. The fur trader has now disappeared except in the far, far north, but in the early nineteenth century he was the embodiment of daring and endurance and courage. In 1810, when Mr. Astor was rich enough to undertake the Astoria scheme, the Northwest Company was the more powerful of the two great fur monopolies, and it was to this

company that Mr. Astor made a proposition for joint effort in establishing a fur mart in the wilderness at the mouth of the Columbia. The offer was promptly declined, but Mr. Astor was rich enough to finance the plan unaided, which he immediately proceeded to do.

The completed plans provided for a new fur company which should be named the Pacific Fur Company. The shares should be one hundred in number, fifty of which should belong to Mr. Astor, five to each of the six partners associated with him, and the rest should go to the clerks who made up the two parties sent to the Northwest. Such distribution of the shares makes the plan seem exceptionally fair. Moreover, Mr. Astor provided all equipment and was to bear all losses for five years, his total commitment not to exceed four hundred thousand dollars. The partners were to contribute their knowledge and skill, were to go out to build Astoria, and were to have the responsibility for the fur trade at this post on the far Columbia.

To carry out his world-embracing commercial scheme, Mr. Astor chose as partners — very strangely it seems — five Scotchmen who had been in the employ of the rival and hostile Northwest Company, and one American citizen who, although a man of sterling character, lacked training for the difficult work he was undertaking. These associates, with the needed clerks and French-Canadian

coureurs de bois (forest runners), were to go out to the Pacific coast in two parties: one to sail around Cape Horn; the other to go overland by the Lewis and Clark route. Four of the five Scotch partners were to go around the Horn in the good ship *Tonquin*, commanded by Captain Thorn. This ship was only two hundred ninety tons — the *Leviathan* is over fifty thousand tons — and

Scene on the Columbia River
Showing Mount Hood

it proved to be very cramped quarters in which to bring together the partners, with their exaggerated sense of their own importance, Captain Thorn, with an equally unreasonable idea of his authority, the youthful clerks, the stolid crew, and the care-free French-Canadian *voyageurs*. A more incongruous party it would be hard to find.

Petty war began the first night out, when the captain ordered the lights out in the cabin at eight o'clock! The partners hated him from that

time, and it was not long before the clerks and the French-Canadians were all his open enemies. There were a good many things which the passengers could do to throw the captain into a rage, the most serious of these being the disregard of the signals to come aboard on the few occasions when the ship stopped to take on water. One of these cases of rank disobedience occurred at the Falkland Islands just before rounding the Horn. While a few repairs were being made and the water casks refilled, the landsmen rejoiced to go ashore. The captain warned them not to wander away or to be out of hail. They promised, as they had before, and then for the third time they absolutely disregarded all the signals to come aboard. This time the stern old captain decided should be the last, and he actually sailed away!

Some of those on board begged leniency for the eight men ashore on an uninhabited island. Robert Stuart, with pistol pointed at the captain, even commanded him to turn about. The dogged captain refused to do this, and nobody knows what the outcome would have been had not the wind changed to dead ahead so that the desperate men after rowing three hours and a half on the open ocean caught up with the ship. Would the enraged captain have left eight men to perish for their disobedience? We have his word that he would. He wrote Mr. Astor concerning this inci-

dent, "Had the wind (unfortunately) not hauled ahead soon after leaving the harbor's mouth, I should positively have left them; and, indeed, I cannot but think it an unfortunate circumstance for you that it so happened, for the first loss in

A Model of Captain Robert Gray's Ship *Columbia*
The ship in which he discovered the Columbia River

this instance would, in my opinion, have proved the best, as they seem to have no idea of the value of property, nor any apparent regard for your interest, although interwoven with their own." Probably the irascible captain was correct in this, because Duncan McDougal was the leader in the little boat, and of McDougal's disloyalty later there seems no reasonable doubt.

During the whole voyage it was clash after clash between the honest and tactless captain and the self-seeking and equally tactless passengers. Every one must have rejoiced to reach the Columbia. They had left New York in September; they reached their destination the last of the next March. Seven dreary months!

The mighty river offered great difficulty of entrance in those days because of a long sand bar almost blocking its mouth. To the first mate, when he was sent in a small boat to take soundings for a channel, the line of breakers seemed impassable. He said he could not carry out the captain's orders. His fears were justified, for neither he nor any of his men were ever seen again. A second small boat was sent out in charge of the second mate. This also was lost, and only the second mate himself lived to tell of the wreck of his little pinnace. How the ship found the channel and finally made the fine harbor within the entrance seems little short of miraculous. Eight men and two boats had been lost in making harbor, which cast a sinister gloom over the conclusion of a voyage already darkened by dangers, continual bickerings, and positive hatred.

But with the arrival at the mouth of the Columbia the men for a while forgot their jealousies in their zeal for building their new home. A small party was landed first, and on April 12, 1811, the

building of Astoria began. A little later the *Tonquin* dropped anchor in the bay at the foot of the slope which McDougal had forced the captain to accept as the site of the new trading post. The old records say that the ship was saluted from the encampment with three volleys of musketry and three cheers, and that she returned the salute with three cheers and three guns. Thus the new settlement was begun to which the name of the founder was given, and Astoria was a reality.

While the *Tonquin* was sailing around Cape Horn, there had been a race in progress, but the men who drove the posts into the ground for the new fort did not know that a race had been on, much less that they had won it. They found out afterwards that as soon as the Northwest Company had declined Mr. Astor's invitation to join with him in the formation of the Pacific Fur Company, they had hastened to forestall him in planting his trading post. For this purpose they sent David Thompson to take possession of the mouth of the Columbia for the British. This David Thompson was a genius and a diplomat. He knew the forests, the Indians, and more about American geography than any other man on the continent. For fourteen years he had worked for the Hudson's Bay Company. Then he resigned for the strange reason that they forbade him to continue in his beloved avocation of charting their domain! A strange

command seemingly, but perhaps they sensed a danger to their monopoly if accurate maps and charts of the wilderness should be made.

On leaving the Hudson's Bay Company, Thompson joined the great Northwest Company. As soon as they knew Mr. Astor's stupendous plan, they craftily sent David Thompson to the far West with all possible speed. The dauntless Englishman made an heroic dash for the coast, crossing the divide in midwinter, braving a thousand dangers — but he lost the race. About three months after the Astor party began to build their fort, they saw, one morning, a canoe manned by nine white men coming into their snug little harbor. It was David Thompson with the eight men who had not deserted him on the east side of the Rockies.

Although Thompson learned from the Indians miles before he reached his journey's end that he was too late, he, nevertheless, went on to spy out conditions at Astoria. His errand was plain enough, but that did not affect Duncan McDougal's friendliness. This Scotch partner, who was in charge of affairs at Astoria until Mr. Hunt should arrive with the overland party, seems to have positively welcomed the uninvited guest. McDougal entertained Thompson, gave him all the information he sought, and outfitted him for the return to Montreal. Many of those who knew the limited quantity of supplies on hand in the new settlement

felt that David Thompson received more than his share. Later they saw in the incident McDougal's leaning toward the interests of the Northwest Company, which was in the end the chief factor in the failure of Mr. Astor's plans. At the time, however, David Thompson's visit did no special harm to Astoria. Why grudge him for his return journey an unfair share of the scanty supplies! He certainly needed it all; and in an unforeseen way he really paid for it. The man was no friend to the infant colony; but in writing of Thompson's remarkable pioneer work in geography, Sydney Greenbie tells us, "Most of the lifetime work of this man was turned over to the advantage of the republic he disliked to the day of his death."

On the 5th of June, when the Astoria party was safely housed, Captain Thorn sailed away on the tragic trip from which he and none of his men were ever to return. He turned his course toward Alaska on this first coastwise journey and went as far north as Nootka Sound to buy of the Indians, who had, he knew, among other skins, the very valuable sea otter. Honest and brave Captain Thorn was, but his temper had not been improved by continual wrangling with the *eris*, or chiefs, of the Pacific Fur Company. Always overbearing, himself, he would take advice from no one. In the face of Mr. Astor's explicit directions "not to rely too much on the friendly disposition of the

natives" and "to admit but few to the ship at one time," Captain Thorn admitted the Indian chief Nookamis and a crowd of his warriors to the vessel. Nookamis had had some experience with Russian fur traders, and he did not believe for a moment that when Captain Thorn had named a price for the furs he had given his one and only price. First the wily chief wheedled, then he taunted the captain with the niggardliness of the price offered for an otter skin. Goaded to fury by the taunts and insults of the chief, the captain rubbed the skin across the Indian's face, hustled him from the deck, and broke up the market by kicking the skins about the deck. The other Indians aboard left quietly.

McKay, the partner who had accompanied Captain Thorn, and the Indian interpreter knew Indians, and they begged the captain to sail away that night, but the stubborn captain treated their advice with contempt. The next morning the Indians came back with concealed weapons, again obtained easy access to the ship, and at a given signal killed first the captain, and then McKay and all the others aboard except four who barricaded themselves in the cabin. One of these, a clerk named Lewis, mortally wounded, advised the other three to get away in a small boat during the night. For himself he worked out a plan of vengeance. When the Indians came the third day,

not to trade, but to loot the vessel, they saw not a soul on the ship. They crowded aboard. Lewis, hidden in the cabin, lighted a fuse which exploded the powder magazine. A sullen roar, and the good ship *Tonquin* was blown to atoms. Every man aboard was killed. The white man had his revenge. Of the twenty-three men who had sailed on the *Tonquin* only the Indian interpreter, who was ashore under arrest when the vessel was destroyed, lived to tell the story of the disaster, as the three who left the boat the night before the final catastrophe were captured and tortured to death.

The loss of the *Tonquin* was a calamity, but in many ways life at Astoria moved along pleasantly and successfully. Such furs! Such prices! To quote from an old log book, "We exchanged our tinne dish for twentie skinnes, worth twentie Crowns or twentie Nobles; and a copper kettle for fiftie skinnes woorth fiftie Crowns." Alexander Ross, one of the clerks, wrote of obtaining one hundred and ten beaver skins for leaf tobacco at the rate of five leaves per skin! He also wrote, "And at the last when I had but one yard of cotton cloth remaining, one of the chiefs gave me twenty-nine prime beaver skins for it."

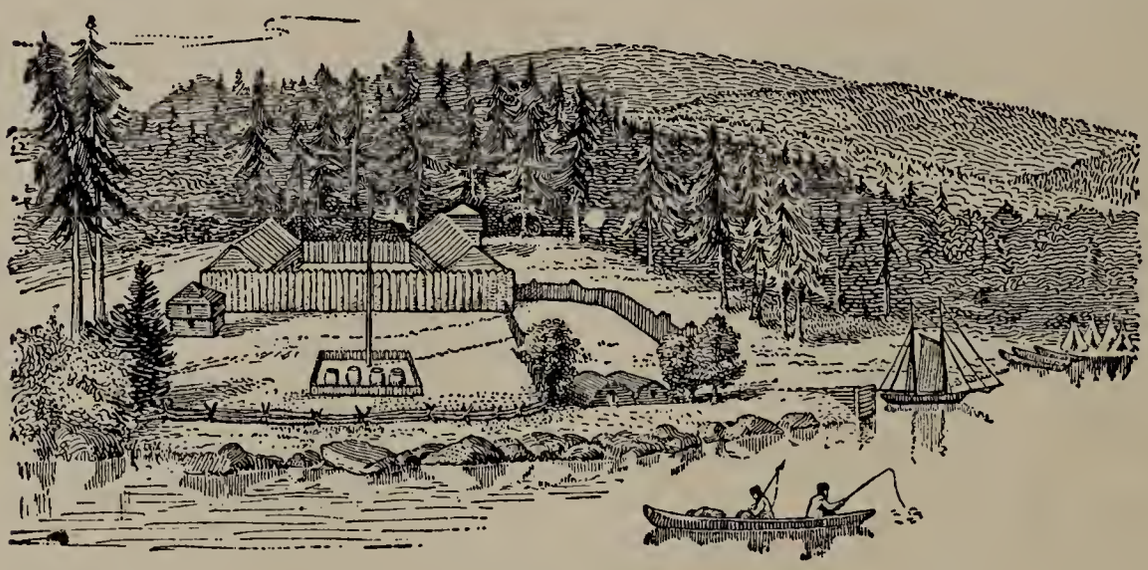
A change in the attitude of the Chinooks and some of the less important Indian tribes after the loss of the *Tonquin* caused a slight uneasiness. McDougal, who certainly was a resourceful man

if not the most loyal, promptly stopped any lack of respect for the white men. He knew that the Indians feared smallpox more than anything else. Accordingly he displayed to the chiefs a corked bottle of water, explaining that he had smallpox confined in the bottle. If they did not continue the friendly relations which had existed since the white men came to Astoria, he said he should remove the stopper. The Indians were too ignorant to doubt him, and there was no further sign of trouble.

All this time the little colony was looking for the arrival of the overland party, which was in charge of the American partner, Wilson Price Hunt, a native of New Jersey, accompanied by the one remaining partner who did not go around the Horn. Months went by. There was no possible communication with the party. In fact, it was nearly two years from the time that Mr. Astor saw the *Tonquin* sail from New York before he knew whether a man from either of his expeditions had reached the Columbia basin. Little wonder as the months went by that the men at Astoria had the sickening feeling that they should never see the Hunt party. Not until some time in January, 1812, did the first detachment of the overland expedition appear, and not until February 15 did Mr. Hunt, with the gaunt remnant, reach Astoria.

Few stories of American history show such appalling suffering and such heroic effort as do the

records of that journey of the sixty-four souls who made up the first group to follow the path of Lewis and Clark. From St. Louis, up the Missouri, over the Rockies, down the Snake River, down the Columbia, thirty-five hundred miles the Hunt party traveled — a distance greater than that across the continent — to cover an actual distance of a little more than half that length. They left St.



Astoria in 1811

Louis on October 21, 1810, and about fifteen months later they were in Astoria! Who were these sixty-four transcontinental travelers? Sixty-one men, one woman, and two children! The Indian interpreter, Pierre Dorion, a Sioux half-breed, whose father had been interpreter for Lewis and Clark, would not go without his squaw and their two children; and so, incredible as it seems, at the end of the column there was to be found during those ghastly months an uncomplaining

woman, sometimes riding with a four-year-old behind her and a two-year-old in her arms, frequently walking with both a pack and the younger child on her back. A second Homer might find plenty of material for an epic in the courage and daring of the men and the heroic qualities of that one woman.

The party made a brave showing when they left St. Louis. They were in three boats, one even having two small cannon mounted in the bow. To be sure, the boats were heavy, clumsy affairs, which, though they were fitted with small sails, were usually propelled by oars. Once in a while it was necessary to use setting poles to push the boat against the current, and often when the banks would allow the men a fairly good towpath, the boats were dragged upstream by towing lines. In spite of danger and difficulty, the party reached the first winter camp in safety. Just two days before the river was closed by ice, the camp was pitched about five hundred miles from the mouth of the Missouri. The region abounded in game, and for the first winter the party had enough of both food and water.

As soon as the river opened in the spring, the party began again the journey westward. One of the pleasant incidents of the earlier part of their journey had been to find Daniel Boone still living and strong and vigorous. The aged frontiersman

had moved even farther west than he was when Lewis and Clark had surprised him six years before. He had wished this second party all possible success, and had longed, in spite of his eighty-five years, to go with them.

The good wishes of Daniel Boone, however, were not to be realized. Traveling by boat or on land grew harder and harder. Before long the little company were among hostile Indians. From the time they left the Omahas the story is one of almost unbelievable struggle and suffering. Of course there were days when the travelers were in no danger from Indian attacks, and there were days when the boats moved easily on the Missouri or on the Columbia; moreover, there were days when berries and game were plentiful and there was water enough to quench the travelers' thirst. But there were days upon days when the men were nearly crazed by thirst and dying of hunger. Those boasters among the other party on the *Tonquin* who had declared when they started out that they could eat dog meat with relish if other fare failed, never had to eat dog, but the men on the overland journey many a time welcomed dog meat. Much of the time horse meat was the only food they had to keep them alive. Sometimes they had no food, and were driven even to boiling strips of fur long enough to make them tender and to chewing those in order to relieve their suffering

from hunger. Of bread they did not have a morsel for month after month. In fact, the three men who finally went back from Astoria to St. Louis to carry the reports of the expedition to Mr. Astor said that they had had no opportunity to taste bread for eighteen months!

They had eighty-two horses when they left the first winter camp, but Mr. Hunt made the mistake of abandoning horses for canoes after he crossed the divide. The Snake River, however, proved unnavigable, and they must force a way through the forest. This was the period of greatest suffering. The party was lost for weeks in the mountains, facing almost certain death; but in January, as near exhaustion and starvation as men could be and still live, they straggled out into the Umatilla valley, and, revived by warmth and food, succeeded a little later in reaching the upper Columbia, and then finally — Astoria! Mr. Hunt was a man of sterling worth, but he lacked several qualities of a great leader: he could not make an important decision quickly, and he had not that divine spark of leadership which inspires the whole-hearted confidence of the followers. This expedition was an illustration of his inability to measure quite up to all that was expected of him. To be sure, he heroically led some men across the continent by an extremely difficult route, but he lost his horses, his stores, his provisions, and along the whole

route he did not erect a single one of the trading posts he was expected to establish.

At last the two parties were united. Everything promised well. Spring came with wondrous beauty. Seeds were planted. The annual supply ship arrived from New York. The accumulation of furs for the Canton trade was satisfactory. Then suddenly all was changed. America had declared war against Great Britain, and the War of 1812 had actually begun. Before long the effect of the outbreak of hostilities was felt even in this distant pioneer settlement. There were reports of British men-of-war in Pacific waters. A large quantity of very valuable peltries was on hand. They must not be captured by the British. It was a time of great anxiety at the trading post. Mr. Hunt did not know what to do. There was no way in those days to get any word from Mr. Astor before some action must be taken. Deciding that the safest course was to take the furs away from Astoria, Mr. Hunt himself took a large cargo of choice skins to the Sandwich Islands to ship them from there to China. In the light of future events this decision seems to have been a mistake.

In Mr. Hunt's absence the final chapter in the history of Mr. Astor's magnificent plan was written. Emboldened by the letters announcing the coming of a British frigate to the mouth of the

THE ASTORIA COLUMN

Columbia, a small detachment of British from the Northwest Company swooped down on Astoria, very much as David Thompson had two years before. This time the invaders planted the British flag under the very walls of the fort and began boldly to negotiate for the transfer of Mr. Astor's property. Duncan McDougal, who was again in charge on account of Mr. Hunt's absence, made no resistance. To the wrath of the few Americans present he yielded with suspicious readiness to the demands of these British fur traders. For such a small fraction of the real value did he sell out all the Astor property to the Northwest Company that he was never able to invent excuses which quite cleared him of either cowardice or treachery. To be sure, it was a time of war, but certainly he showed little valor.

The final scene in the drama was enacted December 12, 1813, when the British frigate *Raccoon* did actually enter the Columbia waters. By regular ceremonial the commander took possession of the fort, raising the British standard, breaking the customary bottle of wine, taking possession in the name of the king of England, and changing the name from Astoria to St. George. Thus closed all connection which Mr. Astor ever had with Astoria, though it is pleasing to know that he lived until the question of boundary between the United States and Canada was decided, and the Stars

and Stripes floated again over the settlement which once more bore his name.

The great project was a failure, and Mr. Astor was poorer by considerably more than half a million dollars. He was still one of the richest men in America, but the magnificent dream in which he had been so intensely interested was ended forever. If he had chosen Americans instead of Scotch and English as leaders, — if the *Tonquin*, — and if, — and if, — who knows but that the project might have succeeded. It really was only a little way from dazzling success. A failure in one sense, it was a success in another. It aroused in the people of the new republic an interest and a feeling of ownership in the great northwest territory which continued until the corner from which the states of Oregon and Washington have been cut out was recognized as belonging to the United States.

To-day, where the first Astor party built their log fort in 1811, there stands a fine modern city. It is not, however, a center for a great fur trade, but is, instead, a center for an immense salmon-canning industry. The fish which the Indians of the Columbia River region depended upon for their existence have now become the wealth of that region where once the wealth was in the fur-bearing animals. In these days when the fleet comes in, the boats are not bringing peltries; they are bring-

ing, instead, tons of beautiful shimmering salmon. And soon after the fishermen are in, the long wharves are covered with line upon line of drying nets — a sign of a changed Astoria.

Seining for Salmon near Astoria

The *coureur de bois*, the trapper, the fur trader, are all gone from the scenes where they were formerly the dominating figures. A few years ago, crowning the hill which rises above Astoria, a fine monolith was erected to commemorate the stirring events of early days. It is interesting to know that one of the men chiefly responsible for this magnificent monument was Mr. Vincent Astor, a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor and the present

head of the Astor family in America. High above the waters where first the good ship *Columbia*, and later the *Tonquin*, found anchorage it stands like a sentinel. Encircling the stately column is a spiral frieze depicting the outstanding scenes in the early history of Astoria. Thus it furnishes an impressive record of both hardship and heroism. Surely each succeeding generation which studies this picture-record will give thanks anew to those intrepid men whose courage and daring opened what was in their day a very far-distant corner of a new country. And even if the dream of a world-wide trade empire was unfulfilled, it was, as was said at the dedication of the Astoria Column, "one of those large dreams on which the youth of this nation was nourished and brought to manhood."

The Success of Robert Fulton

I

Luther Freeland was born on the day on which President Washington died. "If the little fellow lives to be a man," his father said, "he will see wonders, I know. The country has gone safely through the Revolution, and General Washington has made the states into a nation. Now we shall have time for inventions, and our little boy will live in a world of magic."

Robert Fulton

After a portrait by Benjamin West painted in 1805.

"Perhaps so," assented Mrs. Freeland, rather doubtfully, "but I don't see how the world can change much more. Life is ever so much easier than it was before the war. And you know how rapid the mail service is

getting. Don't you remember that sister Jane's last letter came from Boston in less than five days? And how much more comfortable traveling is than it used to be! It is ever so much easier to ride in a stagecoach than on a pillion.

"Just think of the stoves that Mr. Franklin has made," she continued. "We shall have no trouble in keeping warm if we can afford one of those. Really," decided Mrs. Freeland, "I don't see what more we can expect."

"Well, wife, I don't know exactly, myself. But I believe some way will be discovered of getting around more easily and quickly. The change may not come in our day, but I should not be surprised if this little fellow would travel from New York to Boston in a good deal shorter time than Jane's letter came. To my way of thinking, that Scotchman who has been experimenting so much with steam will make something to astonish us all some day."

Mr. Freeland was what we call a farsighted man; but how surprised even he would have been had he known that his little Luther would one day travel from New York to Boston in six hours and from Boston to Liverpool in ten days, all by the mighty power of steam that the Scotchman, James Watt, had so gloriously foretold! For it was true that the little fellow would see wonders.

When Luther was an old man, he used to look

back over his life and recall the marvelous inventions that made the nineteenth century famous. But of all the experiences those inventions brought him, none ever seemed quite so strange or delightful as a certain boat ride that he took in the year 1807.

Luther lived on the bank of the Hudson River, just opposite the present city of Poughkeepsie. When he was a little boy, he liked to sit on the bluff and look down upon the blue river. He liked to watch the white-sailed boats moving gracefully up and down the stream and the little rowboats making their way more painfully along the shore. But his greatest pleasure was to go with his father for a row or a sail. The trip was always over too soon. "Why don't we sail to Albany?" or "Why can't we row down to New York?" he used to ask, when they had gone a short distance up or down the river.

"There isn't time, my child," or "The wind isn't right," the father would answer. "But some day you shall go down the river to New York."

One August morning when Luther was nearly eight years old, he was playing alone at some distance from the house, and as usual within plain sight of the river. Happening to look downstream where the sailboats generally waved their white signals in the breeze, he saw something that startled him. Right in the middle of the river a huge black object was moving slowly up the

stream; out of it poured a column of thick, sooty smoke. As fast as he could, the little boy ran towards the house, crying excitedly: "Oh, Father! Mother! Come quick! There's a house on fire in the river, coming this way! And it has a front and back yard!"

That wasn't so poor a description, after all. Luther had never seen an engine of any kind. How was he to know that the long dark cylinder from which the smoke rose was only a smokestack, or that what seemed a house with its front and back yards was but a common open river boat with a covered engine?

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland, amazed at their boy's words, hurried with Luther to the bluff overlooking the river. Some of the neighbors, seeing the commotion, hurried after them; and in less than five minutes after Luther caught sight of the strange craft, a company of ten or twelve persons were watching it from the shore.

"What is it? Oh, what is it? Will it kill us?" shrieked one of the women, wildly.

"It's a sea monster," some one answered.

"It is the work of the Evil One," proclaimed another, solemnly.

But in spite of fears, every one gazed fixedly at the dark object as it came rapidly nearer and nearer. It was a boat — they saw that clearly now. But what made it move?

"There are no sails," said one.

"There are no oars," declared another.

"There are no spars or rigging," said a third.

Before long everybody could see the curious play of the walking beam and piston, and the sight brought fresh terror. Then as the monster came nearer, they saw the slow turning and splashing of the paddle wheels that churned the blue Hudson into foaming froth.

"Run! Run for your lives!" shouted an excitable woman. And Mrs. Freeland, having tight hold of little Luther's hand, started for the house. But her husband stopped her. "No, no, wife," said he. "I know now what it is. It will not hurt us. It's a boat that goes by steam, but I do not know any more about it. Look on the decks. Can't you see men there? Let us watch it out of sight."

Mr. Freeland's calmness and his explanation soothed everybody. It was not a sea monster, after all. It was just a boat propelled by steam, whatever that meant. Then they would stay and watch it.

Soon the boat came abreast of the little group on the bluff. It looked terrifying still, but it was going by, and the more frightened of the neighbors breathed a sigh of relief. But now that the danger seemed past, every one watched eagerly to find out what made the boat go. There were four men on deck, but they seemed to do nothing except to walk

around here and there, as if making certain that everything was as it should be.

Mr. Freeland, the most courageous of those on the bank, waved his hand to one of the men on

Soon the Boat came Abreast of the Little Group

deck and received a salute in return. "What is it?" he shouted. All the spectators caught the answer above the din of the paddles: "The *Clermont* — trial trip — New York to Albany."

Silently the little company watched the strange

craft up the river out of sight; but when it had vanished around a projecting cliff, they plied Mr. Freeland with questions.

"How can steam make a boat go, Mr. Freeland?"

"How fast was she going, Mr. Freeland?"

"Who made her, Mr. Freeland?"

"My friends," answered Luther's father, "I do not know the answers to any of the questions that you ask me. I should say, however, that the boat went about four miles an hour. But how steam could turn those wheels is a mystery to me, though I've long suspected that steam would some day be a great power in the world. When little Luther was born, I told his mother that he would see wonders, but I didn't think they would come so soon."

"But what will be the use of such a boat as this, Mr. Freeland?"

"Why, if steam navigation succeeds, I fancy we shall go from New York to Albany in half the time a sailboat can carry us," answered Mr. Freeland confidently.

"Should you dare trust yourself on such a thing?" inquired a timid woman.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Freeland. "And more than that, if this boat is a success, I'm going to ride on her as soon as I can after she begins to take passengers."

Luther's eyes and mouth flew wide open. "Oh, Father!" he began; but he stopped, wondering if he dared ask what he wanted. But his father saved him the trouble. "And, Luther," he said, "if you like, we will take our trip to New York in a steamboat some day."

"Oh, Father!" said Luther again; but again he stopped. The prospect was too great for words.

Presently the little group went back to their various homes. They had seen the wonder of their lives. Some were awed, some still frightened, some incredulous. But Luther was wholly happy.

II

The steamboat that had puffed its way triumphantly up the Hudson that August morning was the chief topic of conversation for many a day. All manner of stories went abroad; but Mr. Freeland, who was too sensible a man to believe every rumor, in a day or two had found out a large part of the truth.

"It seems," he told Mrs. Freeland and Luther, "that there is a man in New York who for years has been trying to make a boat go by steam. We haven't heard of him before, because he has up to this time been making experiments in Europe. His name is Robert Fulton; but I can't learn much more about him except that he was born somewhere in Pennsylvania and that he is planning to

run the *Clermont* as a passenger boat between New York and Albany.

"Now I must go to New York on business in a month or so, and I mean to take passage on the *Clermont* from Poughkeepsie. I am sure there is one person who would like to go with me," he added, looking at Luther, who flushed with pleasure. "But how about Luther's mother?" he questioned.

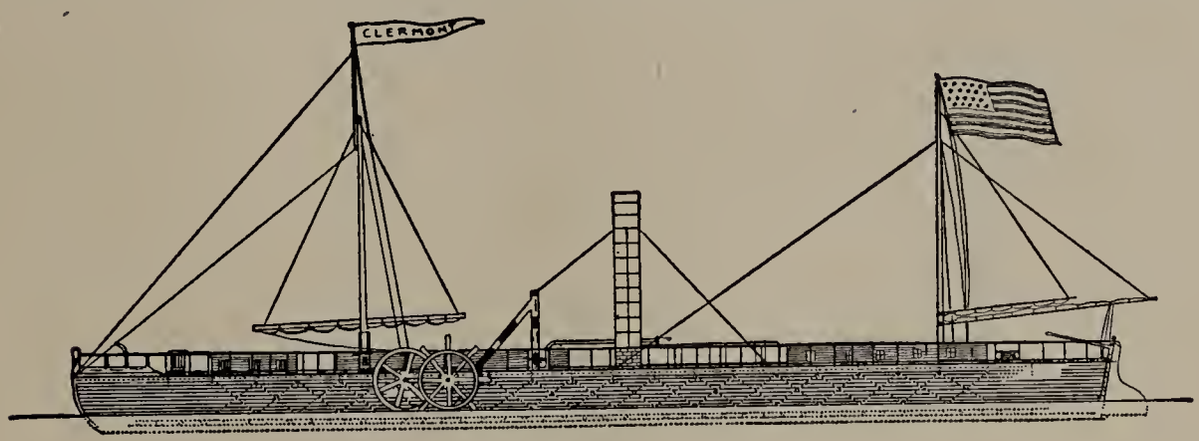
"No," replied Mrs. Freeland. "You know how timid I am upon the water. I should not enjoy the sail at all. Indeed, I am afraid that I should only spoil your good time and Luther's. I will stay here and worry about you just as little as I can."

That day the steamboat came splashing down the river on her return trip and the same curious crowd collected on the river bank. The *Clermont* was less of a terror and more of a wonder now; but many felt with Mrs. Freeland that they did not care to take passage on her.

Luther could not understand that feeling. To be on the water was in itself a pleasure; but to go on a boat that could make its own way through the water — who could think of anything more delightful? And there was a whole month to wait!

Soon the *Clermont* made regular trips up and down the river, and Luther had regular hours for watching on the bluff. But after he had watched

the wonderful boat go up towards Albany eight times and down towards New York seven times, he found himself one morning watching for her from the Poughkeepsie shore; and when the *Clermont*, on her eighth trip downstream, went puffing by the Freeland house, Luther was waving from the deck a happy good-by to his mother on the bluff. Then, with a sudden, satisfying joy, he



THE *Clermont*, 1807

A reconstruction prepared by the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Committee, 1907.

realized that he was actually on his way to New York in the most marvelous boat in the world.

When the *Clermont* had steamed some distance down the river, Mr. Freeland and Luther left their places in the stern and started to walk to the other end of the boat. They had gone almost to the big wheels when Luther exclaimed, "Did you ever see such a large boat before, Father?"

"No, Luther, I never did. I should think she must be twelve times as long as our rowboat. But look," said Mr. Freeland, pointing towards the

bow, "do you see that man, the one who seems to be examining something?"

"Do you mean the man with a shoe on one foot and only a stocking on the other?" asked Luther, as he looked in the direction in which his father pointed.

"Yes," laughed Mr. Freeland. "I hadn't noticed his feet before. I think, Luther, that man must be Mr. Fulton."

Luther gazed upon the great man admiringly. "I am glad I've seen him," he said at last. Then Mr. Freeland called Luther's attention to the paddle wheel; and when they looked up again, there stood Mr. Fulton himself intently observing that same wheel. At length the inventor seemed satisfied with his inspection and turned to leave; but just as he was walking away, he saw Luther looking at him with so much admiration and respect that, even though he had been too busy to put on both shoes, he stopped to speak to the little fellow.

"Good morning, my boy," he said. "Is this your first ride on the *Clermont?*"

Here was an honor even greater than Luther had hoped for. His face beamed, but his tongue moved slowly as he answered, "Yes, sir."

"My little boy," interposed Mr. Freeland, "is, I am sure, the most enthusiastic passenger the *Clermont* has ever carried. For a month he has almost lived on the river bank."

Mr. Fulton looked at Luther again. "Should you like to see my engine?" he inquired.

And Luther found just voice enough to say, "Yes, sir, I should."

"If you will wait a few minutes till I come back," said the inventor to Mr. Freeland, "I will show you and your boy how the boat works."

"Thank you, Mr. Fulton," replied Mr. Freeland warmly. "You will give great pleasure to us both."

While they were waiting, Mr. Freeland and Luther walked around among the other passengers. They counted nearly fifty of them. Most of the people seemed to be enjoying the novel ride and the numerous small boys of Luther's age were so happy that they ran gleefully all over the boat.

There were a few passengers, however, who did not seem glad of their privilege, and Luther saw one woman in particular who appeared to be most uncomfortable. She was so nervous, she explained to Mr. Freeland, that she could not sit still and so frightened that she dared not walk about. "Dear me!" thought Luther. "There's nothing else she can do." But he decided afterwards that when she talked she forgot her nervousness and her fright. "And that must be the reason," he reflected, "that she talks to everybody."

"Now," said Mr. Fulton, reappearing, "I shall be at leisure for a while. Let us look at the engine."

"Will you tell me," asked Mr. Freeland as they

followed Mr. Fulton to the lower part of the boat, "how long you have been at work on this invention?"

"Nearly all my life," was the prompt reply. "When I was a boy I built paddle wheels for my fishing boat, and ever since I have been trying to turn those wheels by steam instead of by hand."

"Were you the first to attempt steam navigation, Mr. Fulton?" inquired Mr. Freeland.

"Not by any means," Mr. Fulton replied. "The idea of steam navigation is not new. I suppose that as early as 1543 an Italian moved a boat nearly three miles by steam. Ever since, men have been trying to find the right way to use the steam, but I think that now for the first time we have the secret.

"I almost succeeded in Paris, however, a short time ago. A friend and I had built our boat; but the night before she was to make her trial trip, her frame broke and she sank. Of course, we raised the machinery and the fragments of the hull at once, but the boat had to be rebuilt. It was a discouraging experience, for though she did finally travel a short distance on the Seine, she did not go fast enough. But I know what the trouble was, and I think I have remedied it in the *Clermont*."

Then Mr. Fulton showed the working of his engine — that wonderful means for utilizing the

steam power — and Luther had his first lesson in mechanics. He learned how the steam pushed the piston rod back and forth, how the piston rod controlled the walking beam, and how the walking beam in turn made the great paddle wheels revolve. And thus the steam — that invisible giant who had had his freedom these thousands of years — was fairly caught at last by the power of a man's mind and was made man's servant forever.

"Thank you, Mr. Fulton," Mr. Freeland was saying; "how simple it all seems now! Your steamboat ——"

"Mr. Fulton! Mr. Fulton!" screamed some one from above. Scarcely had the inventor disappeared in answer when the boat stopped with a jerk, and Luther fell violently against his father. In an instant, however, Mr. Freeland had the little boy on his feet and both hastened outside.

What a commotion! People were jostling each other this way and that. The nervous woman was sitting still, but she had her eyes closed and was shrieking at the top of her voice: "We are lost! We are lost!"

"Don't be frightened, Luther," said Mr. Freeland soothingly to his little boy. "We have run aground, that is all."

Before long everybody realized that nothing more serious had taken place; and presently all were as interested in watching the boat pushed

off as they had been frightened at the sudden stop. The rest of the voyage was made without a mishap.

The homeward trip had no accident to mar it. Indeed, the ride up the river was more enjoyable, if possible, than the downward sail had been, for this time Luther saw in full daylight the harbor that he had entered in the evening. He was pleased besides to find Mr. Fulton again on the boat and to have more pleasant words from the illustrious man. "I must stay on board for a few more trips at least," the inventor said, "and I dare not trust my crew. They don't take kindly to steam navigation yet, and I have no doubt that it was a treacherous sailor who made us run aground the other day."

But journeys on steamers will come to an end, even when the boat goes only four miles an hour. To Luther the hours on the *Clermont* passed by like minutes; but to Mrs. Freeland, waiting at home, every minute seemed a weary hour. "I never had so anxious a time. Did everything go smoothly?" was the mother's greeting.

Then Luther told about the accident, and his mother grew pale as she exclaimed thankfully, "What a mercy you struck the sand instead of a rock!"

"But Mr. Fulton says there won't be any accidents on the *Clermont* after a while," said Luther

reassuringly. "And when I am grown up," he added, "I am going to Europe in a steamboat."

Mrs. Freeland shuddered. "I can't bear to think of such a thing. Could you ever consent to it?" she asked of Mr. Freeland.

"I think we shall have to," answered Mr. Freeland, calmly. "You know, I said that Luther would live in an age of magic."

Pronouncing Vocabulary

Campus Martius, Căm′pŭs Mär′shĭ-ŭs
Charboneau, Shär-bŏn-ō′
Coureur de bois, kōō′rûr′ dē bwä′
Cruzatte, Krōō-sat′
Dorion, Dō′rĭ-ŏn
Gallatin, Găl′*ȧ*-tĭn
Guerrière, Gâr′rĭ âr′
Kamchatka, Kȧm-chȧt′kȧ
Kosciusko, Kŏs′sĭ-ŭs′kō
Leviathan, Lḗ-vī′*ȧ*-thăn
Mackinaw, Măk′-ĭ-nô
Marie Antoinette, Mȧ-rē′ An-twa-nĕt′
Minnetarees, Mĭn-ē-tär′ēēs
Monticello, Mŏn′tĭ-sĕl′lō
Nez Percé, Nā′ Pĕr′sā′
Olmutz, Ŏl′mŭts
Sacagawea, Să-cä′-gä-wē′-ăh
Tonquin, Tŏn-kĭn′
Tripoli, Trĭp′ṓ-lĭ
Voyageur, vwȧ′yȧ′zhûr′
Xenophon, Zĕn′ṓ-fŏn