

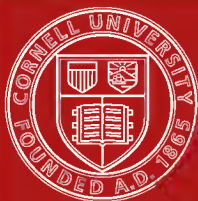
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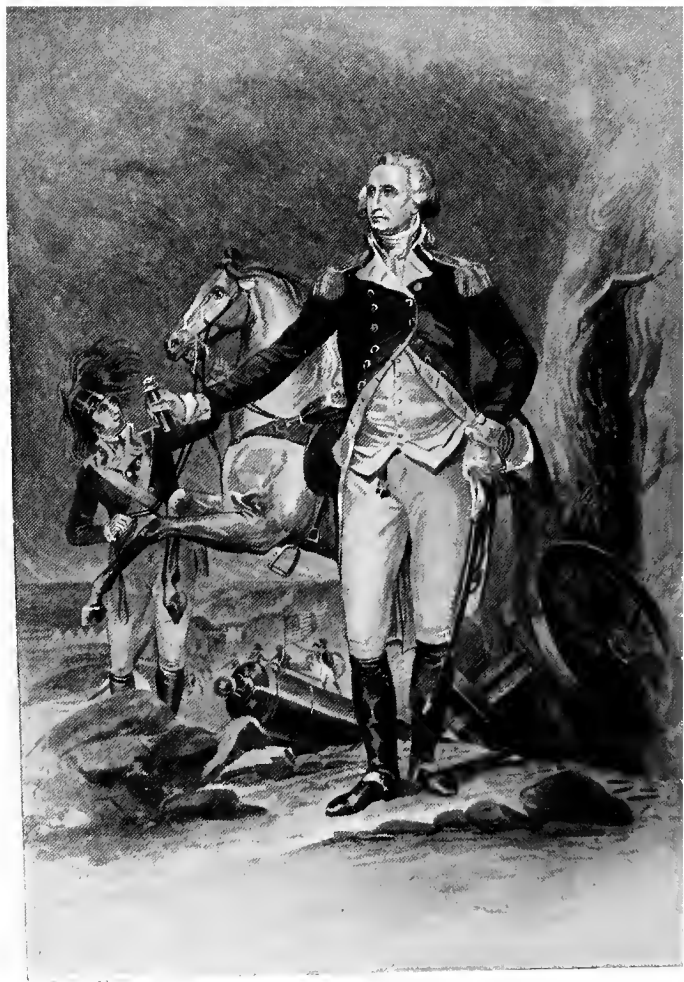


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WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.
(After painting by Col. John Trumbull.)

INDEPENDENCE

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY

JOHN R. MUSICK

AUTHOR OF "COLUMBIA," "ESTEVAN," "ST. AUGUSTINE,"
"POCAHONTAS," "THE PILGRIMS," ETC., ETC.

THE COLUMBIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS

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Gift
J. G. Schurman

To
THE MEMORY OF FATHER AND MOTHER,
EPHRAIM J. AND MARY MUSICK,
WHO, IN MY EARLY CHILDHOOD, TAUGHT ME
TO LOVE MY COUNTRY, REJOICE IN HER INDEPENDENCE, HONOR
AND RESPECT HER LAWS, AND DEFEND HER FLAG,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
- THEIR SON.

P R E F A C E .

A FEW years before his death, Mr. George Bancroft, America's historian, remarked that George Washington was the greatest uninspired man that ever lived. A careful study of the history of our country and the biographies of all great men will lead one to believe the statement correct. Much has been said in disparagement of Washington, and some writers have thought that his genius has been eclipsed by Americans of later times. You may take any standard of greatness, however, and Washington will still be, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Since the time of Cincinnatus the world has not produced so pure, unselfish and unambitious a patriot. The noble martyr president, Lincoln, perhaps, comes nearest to Washington in the real

standard of greatness; yet the truest friends of Lincoln cannot claim that he was the equal of the "Father of his country." The uninformed try to believe that Ulysses S. Grant was his superior as a general; but a careful study of the campaigns of the two, with all the conditions and circumstances taken into consideration, proves that Washington as a military genius was Grant's superior. Grant's armies were well fed, clothed and paid; Washington's poorly fed, almost naked, and paid in currency so depreciated that it took ten dollars to purchase a skein of thread. Grant had unbounded resources. Washington, with none, fought the flower of the British and German armies. Another quality of Washington's greatness was his unselfish devotion to his country. He served his country without pay, merely requiring that he be remunerated for his personal expenses. Washington was unambitious. He declined a throne and refused to accept the presidency the third time. Some of our more modern great men have evinced a wish to break this established rule. Grant's flank movement on Vicksburg displayed the military genius of a great man, but in point of military strategy it cannot compare

with the sudden retrograde movement of Washington at Trenton and Princeton. Sheridan's magnetic power at Winchester, where his presence turned defeat and utter rout into victory, was only a repetition of Washington at Monmouth. Grand, noble Lincoln held together our glorious republic in the hour that threatened its destruction; but it was the great Washington who gathered together a few weak fragments and moulded them into a mighty nation. By honest comparison with our greatest men, Washington towers above them all. Assailed by foes without and enemies within, mistreated and maligned, he never complained or resented. Never had man more opposition from those who should have befriended him. John Adams, in his desire to make Gates commander-in-chief, became the open enemy of Washington. Most of the New England members of the continental congress were his secret or open foes, and crippled him in every way they could. In addition to these hinderances he had Lee a traitor, the ambitious Gates not much better, with Conway, Arnold and others constantly breeding dissension. Under unfavorable circumstances, he was com-

pelled to contend with a foe vastly superior in numbers, arms and discipline.

It is not only as a military genius that Washington should be regarded great, but as a statesman, a financier, a business man, a Christian gentleman, husband and son. We have no public character more pure, no mind more lofty nor far-seeing. His predictions breathe the spirit of prophecy. Being of the Church of England doubtless brought upon him, in part, the opposition of Puritan New England. Like the Saviour of man, "though oft reviled, yet, like a lamb, he ne'er reviled again." His heart was too full of kindness, love and nobility to admit malice or revenge; and when in power he was never known to punish a personal enemy. He lived for our country; he was our country, and his memory is to-day our glorious land of liberty. You can no more sever the brain and heart and retain life, than you can separate Washington from the United States and preserve our great republic. His name still cheers the American to battle for the flag which he first unfurled.

In considering the period of the struggle for in-

dependence, Americans should not forget those noble-hearted Englishmen, whose pens and voices were given to the cause of America. The great mass of common people in England were in sympathy with the Americans, while Pitt in the house of lords, and Fox and Burke and Barre in the house of commons openly espoused their cause. No American can ever do too much honor to the noble William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, whose dying speech in the house of lords was for Americans and liberty. Monuments to the memory of this man should be erected all over our land.

An American author would be guilty of the basest ingratitude did he fail to mention those noble foreigners who risked their lives to establish American liberty. Foremost among these and nearest to the hearts of all Americans is the noble Lafayette; then follows Count Pulaski, the generous Pole who died on American soil, with Baron De Kalb, De Barre, Duplesses, De Fleury and other Frenchmen who fought for American independence. Baron Steuben and Kosciusko must have their share of thanks from Americans throughout all time.

The despised Hessians under the light of investigation do not seem so black as at first painted. It has been attempted in the narrative of August Steckel, a conscripted Hessian, to give some idea of the Hessian soldier sold by an unprincipled Prince to an unprincipled King.

Benedict Arnold, the blackest traitor since the days of Judas, had his good qualities; and many other men of like temperaments, whom history praises for their patriotism, might have done as did Arnold under similar circumstances. He was one of America's bravest sons, and in the beginning of the war of the revolution was fully as patriotic as any. His treason partook more of revenge than treachery. Gates, from personal jealousy, by his acts of injustice, drove Arnold to the thought of treason. His private fortunes were desperate; he was harassed by debtors; was greatly wronged; was weak and ambitious, and he yielded to the promptings of Satan to betray his country. No American can condone Arnold's treason, yet in the light of all the wrongs he suffered by ambitious and unscrupulous men, there should at this late day be some pity for the hero of Bemis Heights.

Lee and Gates were ambitious, unscrupulous, treacherous and cowardly. They deserve equal condemnation with Arnold. Putnam was a true patriot and as brave a man as ever lived; but he lacked the ability to handle a great army, as was proven by his blunders at Long Island and elsewhere. He was ambitious and by some fair-minded historian has been charged with disobedience to the orders of his superiors.

The romance of this story begins in 1764 with the agents sent by the Earl of Bute to America to make the acquaintance of leading men and the people generally, and to ascertain their temper as to the subject of taxation by parliament. Travelling in disguise as Englishmen journeying for pleasure, a party of four of these messengers arrived at Rugby Tavern, kept by Jean Stevens on the old Concord road, about twelve miles from Boston, where a group of New England farmers were gathered to discuss political affairs over their punch. A strange young woman who was a guest at the tavern recognized one of the agents, and led the people to believe he was her husband. A shrewd Yankee, suspecting that the gentlemen travelling in

“coach and six” were agents of King George III., proceeded to chastise them, when the mysterious woman rushed to the rescue of one. The wretch whom she saved from punishment cast her off, she swooned; the coach drove on, and the unfortunate woman was carried into the house. During the night she gave birth to a daughter and died. The fate of the child is woven into the threads of romance about the life and fate of Albert Stevens, the hero of this story, who is a lineal descendant of Hernando Estevan, the cabin boy who accompanied Columbus on his first voyage of discovery.

With a view to giving a truthful narrative of the history of the great struggle for independence in an enticing form, so as to fix the incidents more firmly in the mind of the reader, the history of the Revolution is woven into the story of Albert Stevens and the unknown Estella.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., June 13th, 1893.

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INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

RUGBY TAVERN.



RUGBY TAVERN.

IN the year 1764, there stood at the side of the old Concord road, about twelve miles from Boston and only two from the village of Lexington, a house of public entertainment called the Rugby Tavern. The tavern had been built in the early days of the colony, by one

Josiah Rugby, who fell an early victim to some Indian raid, from which the tavern escaped. It was an old building with more gable ends than a lazy boy would care to count on a sunny day. There were huge, zig-zag chimneys, out of which it seemed as if the smoke could not choose but come in unnatural, fantastic

shapes, imparted to it in its tortuous progress. The vast stables were gloomy, ruinous and empty. The place had been built so long ago that the oldest inhabitant in the neighborhood could not recall the time when it was not ancient, and there were many stories connected with its early history, some of an unsavory nature. The governor of the colony had slept under the roof one night while returning from a visit to his plantations in the interior, and many great men had partaken of the refreshments of Rugby Tavern, for, although it had changed owners, it never had changed names. The matter-of-fact and doubtful folks, of whom there were a few among the Rugby customers, were inclined to look with discredit upon the traditions of the tavern as being a resort for witches, and Simon Tapley, the lank Yankee youth, who enjoyed the landlord's beer and cider, often said he admired the taste of the witches, if they came there for entertainment.

Without passing on any of the mooted questions concerning Rugby, it was even in that early day a very old house, fully as old as it claimed to be, and perhaps, which sometimes happens with houses as well as ladies of a certain age, older. The windows were old, diamond-pane lattices; its floors were sunken and uneven, blackened by the hand of time, and heavy with massive beams. Over the

doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved; and here on Summer evenings the more favored customers smoked and drank and whiled away the time with songs, or stories, or discussing the politics of the country. Many of the straitlaced Puritans looked on the old tavern as a place of evil, and hurried by it as they would a pest house; and yet it was perfectly respectable. On the porch reposed two grim-looking, high-backed settles, like twin dragons guarding the entrance to some fairy mansion.

For many long years swallows had built their nests in the chimney of the disused rooms, and from earliest spring to latest autumn whole colonies of sparrows chirped and twittered about the eaves. No one but the landlord could reckon up the host of pigeons about the dreamy old stable yard and outbuildings. The wheeling and circling flights of runts, fantails and tumblers were perhaps not quite consistent with the grave and sober character of the building, but the monotonous cooing, which never ceased to be raised by some of them all day long, was in harmony with the melancholy aspect of the grim old pile.

With its overhanging stories, drowsy little panes of glass, and front bulging out and projecting over the pathway, the old house looked as if it were nodding itself to sleep. It needed no great stretch of

the imagination to detect in it other resemblances to humanity. The English bricks of which it had been built had originally been a deep dark red, but had grown yellow and discolored like an old man's skin; the sturdy timbers were decayed like teeth; and here and there the ivy, like a warm garment to comfort it in its old age, had wrapped its green leaves closely round the timeworn walls.

On this golden autumn day, as the glow of the setting sun fell upon the oak and chestnut trees of the adjacent forest, the old house, partaking of its lustre, seemed their fit companion, and appeared to have many years of life still before it.

In the gray twilight of that autumn evening in 1764, a full moon rose over the eastern horizon and flooded the wooded hills and picturesque valleys about old Rugby, with soft refulgent light. Though some people of the village thought the tavern an abode of evil, many for one cause or another were compelled to tarry there for a while, though the godly shook the dust off their shoes on leaving.

The present proprietor was a young, sad-faced man named Jean Baptiste Stevens. Some said he was a Frenchman, some that he was an Englishman, others that he was a Virginian. He was a pale, melancholy man, who seldom smiled. His wife was a very pretty woman with black eyes, cheeks like roses and a slightly foreign accent.

Some one whispered that she was an evicted Aca-dian and that there was a dark mystery back of her life. She was, unlike her husband, bright, sparkling and merry, while Jean was usually sedate, taciturn and melancholy. He was afflicted with some malady in his head which at times caused slight derangement, and he was subject, at long intervals, to attacks of epilepsy.

Jean Stevens and his wife were unpopular among the strict Puritans, for it was whispered that they were papists and, even as late as 1764, papists could hardly be trusted in Massachusetts. They had many friends among that class of people who delight to congregate in tap-rooms and discuss current topics of the day. Massachusetts was always noted for its politicians, even in its younger days as a colony. Rugby Tavern was a favorite place for the farmers, mechanics and idlers to assemble, and it was nothing uncommon of an evening to find the tap-room crowded with such local celebrities as Nathan Buker, Jonathan Stevens of Lexington, a distant relative, some thought, of the proprietor, Henry Brown, George Hill, Job Niles and many others eager to discuss the relations of the colonies to the mother country. Their meetings were so frequent that they at last came to style themselves the Rugby Club.

The last year had added to the list a large, over-

grown youth with a decided Yankee dialect and appearance, named Simon Tapley. Whence Simon came, no one knew. He was first seen as a boy working around Marblehead and Boston, until Mr. Jonathan Stevens, a farmer near Lexington, brought him home, to bring him up to years of maturity. In size, Simon was a man, although he could not have been over seventeen. Simon had not much "book larnin'," but he was gifted with a large amount of common sense. He knew nothing of his ancestors and cared less. He hated aristocracy and loved republicanism and early in life took an interest in public affairs.

On the evening in question, old man Brown sat in the tavern, which was lighted by three wax candles, talking with his neighbor George Hill. Brown was fully fifty years of age, portly, red-faced and very slow and emphatic in his address. He wore a brown coat, gray waistcoat coming halfway to his knees, gray breeches and leggins, with stout shoes covered with dust. His three-cornered hat was pushed back over his broad brow, which was gathered into a mass of wrinkles and knots, as, striking his knee with his fist, he declared:

"The country is going to the dogs! yes, neighbor Hill, the country is going to the dogs!"

"Why, Mr. Brown, dew tell! have ye heard anything?" asked a youth who had just entered.

"Here is Simon Tapley again," interrupted Mr. Hill, a farmer of about the same age of Mr. Brown.

"Yes, I want tew hear the news, and Mr. Stevens he lets me come over as soon as I have done the chores. Dew you think there is going to be



"NEIGHBOR HILL, THE COUNTRY IS GOING TO THE DOGS!"

any fighting, Mr. Brown?" asked Simon, taking off his old, well-worn hat out of respect for the assembly.

"Oh, I don't know," Brown answered, evasively.

There was a spare chair nearest the fireplace, and Simon took possession of it. He occupied a modest position in the corner and contented himself to wait until others came. They came, Job Niles, Nathan Buker, Mr. Jonathan Stevens and others, until the assembly was complete. Simon Tapley knew that it would not be long before the subject in which they were all interested would be brought up for discussion.

At this moment a bright little boy about five or six years old entered the room. The appearance of the child at once changed the topic of conversation.

"Hello, Jean, where did you get this boy?" asked Mr. Brown of the proprietor whom he knew to be childless.

"He is my cousin's son."

"Where is your cousin?"

"In New York."

"Egad, I knew not that you had a cousin."

"I have a cousin Noah in New York City, and my father is living in Virginia. My cousin's wife is here on a visit, and brought their child Albert with her."

"Was Noah with Wolfe at Quebec?" asked Major Buttrick, who was one of the group.

"Yes, sir, and with Braddock on the Monongahela."

"Come here, child, will you make as brave a man as your father?" said the Major.

Little Albert with a childish squeal and a peal of laughter escaped from the hand outstretched to clutch him and, making good his escape, ran into another apartment to his mother.

When the child was gone, the farmers were ready to resume the conversation on public affairs. Mr. Brown was the oldest of the group and was often appealed to on account of his age and superior wisdom. The colonies were in a precarious position; they were approaching a transitional period. The old king had been dead scarce four years, and his grandson George III. was already firmly fixed on the throne. The question was, what would he do for the colonies?

"Have you news from England, Mr. Brown?" asked Major Buttrick.

"News—yes, egad, too much news," the plethoric Mr. Brown answered.

"What is it?"

"Well, His Majesty King George III. has snubbed Pitt, and the country is going to the dogs," and again Mr. Brown brought his clenched fist on his knee, while all the assembly rose to their feet and in one voice cried:

"Snubbed Pitt!"

"Yes."

“How?”

“You see the king as is, and prince as was at the time of the old king’s death, was at Kew palace, with his tutor and favorite companion the Earl of Bute.”

“What kind of a fellow is the Earl o’ Bute?” Simon, despite his minority, ventured to ask.

“He’s a scamp,” cried Mr. Brown. “He’s a regular scamp, and we all know it. William Pitt, the prime minister and our best friend, went to Kew to condole and consult the new monarch. He didn’t get to see him, and next went to St. James’ palace, where he called on young King George and presented him with a sketch of a speech the new king was to make at a meeting of the Privy Council, for you know all those fellows have their speeches written for them. If you’ll believe it he snubbed Pitt—told him a speech was already prepared and every preliminary arranged.”

“Who did it?” asked Buttrick.

“The Earl of Bute, who is a favorite of the young king’s mother, and they do say that he will be the leading spirit of the administration.”

“Is there not some scandal about the king’s mother, the Princess Augusta, and this Earl of Bute?”

“Yes, not only some, but, egad, a great deal.

She is no better than she should be, if she is our king's mother."

"Gawl darned if I want such a king!" drawled Simon.

"Hush, Simon, you've got to have him. It be treason to say aught against him," put in the sagacious Brown.

"Are we really going to lose Pitt out of the cabinet?" asked Jonathan Stevens.

"So it seems, and, by zounds, it's a sad time for America when we lose our best friend!"

"We kin fight," declared Simon.

"Hush, boy, you're mad."

"Didn't we whip the French, and can't we whip the British?"

"The British helped us whip the French."

"Yes, and I would get the French to help whip the British."

"You are too young, Simon, you talk too much," declared Mr. Jonathan Stevens. "I believe, gentlemen, that King George has made a mistake."

"Yes," answered Mr. Brown, "like Rehoboam, he forsakes the counsel which the old men gave him, and takes counsel with the young men that were brought up with him, that stood before him."

"Have you heard any of the plans of the king and Bute?" asked Major Buttrick,

"Yes; they do say, as have come from England, that King George is going to build a palace which shall be richer and more gorgeous than the King o' France has," answered Brown. "That palace'll cost two million pounds."

"Where will he get the money?"

"Tax us to pay it."

"Tax us! great Jehosaphat! hang me ef I'll pay a cent on it!" cried Simon.

"How will they tax us?" asked Major Buttrick.

"I don't exactly know all about it, but I heard something about a stamp tax being made."

"Stamp tax!" cried George Hill. "Hang me if I use any stamps!"

"I'll stamp 'em in the earth," cried Simon.

"They say Bute says the American colonies shall be brought into absolute subjection to the British Parliament."

"By force?"

"By force if necessary."

"Do they intend to tax us?"

"They say they will, and I did hear they intend sending some secret agents over the sea to travel in the colonies, make the acquaintance of leading men and collect information about the character and temper of the people."

"They'll find pooty quick the kind o' temper I am in," cried Simon Tapley.

"But we won't know when they do come," said one. "They are spies, snakes-in-the-grass and may be among us a-wormin' out all the information they want and we not knowin' it."

"Let us not talk to strangers," said Simon.

"You talk too much, that is certain, Simon," put in Mr. Brown.

The little party had now worked themselves up to quite a pitch of frenzy. They were all loyal to the king, yet they realized that they possessed inalienable rights which the king ought to respect. The older men were cautious of their words, for they knew what it was to be attainted of treason.

The conversation had almost risen to a hubbub, when suddenly there came a loud hello at the door which called Mr. Jean Stevens, who had been a quiet listener, to the porch.

"'Ello, Stevens, is that you?" asked a man standing in the road with a whip under his arm.

"Yes; what do you want, Silas?"

"There's a 'oman in my wagon, wot I war drivin' from Boston to Concord; but I doubt ef she kin make it. She say she be awful sick an' must stop or she'll die."

The call which brought Mr. Stevens to the door put an end to the exciting conversation in the tap-room, and as soon as they learned there was a sick woman in the driver's wagon, she at once received

the warmest sympathy of the good people. Mrs. Stevens joined her husband and, with the tenderest emotions of her soul stirred, said:

“Certainly, bring in the poor, dear mademoiselle.”

Jean, with a gallantry to which the New Englanders were strangers, hastened to the covered wagon, and helped out a young woman. As soon as she came near enough for the rays of the old lantern which hung on the porch to fall on her face, all saw she was young and beautiful. Her eyes were very dark and large, her complexion clear and bright, though decidedly careworn.

“If the madam won’t go on to-night, I be goin’ back home,” said Silas.

“It’s late, and you’d better wait until morning,” said Jean.

Meanwhile the newcomer had held a whispered consultation with the landlady and was taken upstairs to one of the large front rooms which overlooked the old Concord road.

“I can’t stay. It’s a bad piece o’ business for me. She tell me she give me half a crown if I drive her to Concord before midnight. I drive like Jehu, an’ she say the wagon jolt and make her sick, and four miles from Concord she can go no further. Now, truly, have I earned my money?”

"I have no doubt she will pay you; come in the morning and see."

Silas turned toward his reeking and panting horses which stood in the road, but something seemed to trouble him. Wheeling about he returned to the landlord and, in a mysterious undertone, said:

"Jean, will ye promise me to well and truly keep a watch on her? I know people are prone in these latter days to evade their obligations, and she might get up at midnight and walk to Concord, and so cheat me o' my dues."

The landlord assured him he thought there was little danger of her doing so, for he knew from the expression on the lady's face that she was very ill. Silas was dismissed and Mr. Stevens returned to the tap-room, where a profound silence had fallen over the group, out of respect for the new arrival.

"You have a guest to-night, Jean," said Mr. Brown, "a real guest. Do you know her name?"

"I have not asked," Jean answered.

"Perchance your wife may learn it."

It was but a few moments before the conversation again drifted to the wrongs of the American colonies, and bid fair to be as animated as before. In the midst of the conversation the door to the hall was suddenly pushed open, and the wife of the grave proprietor appeared.

"Jean, Jean!" she called.

Jean hastened to the side of his amiable spouse, who whispered some intelligence in his ear. It must have been very startling, for it caused even the grave, taciturn Jean to start back and stare at his wife in an astonished manner. Before he could regain his speech or utter an exclamation of surprise, there suddenly came a clatter of hoofs down the old road toward Boston, the roar of wheels and sound of coaching horn.

"Whoa! Hilloa there!"

A gay equipage had drawn up before the house, and every guest in the tap-room hastened out to see what it was. A strange equipage it certainly was for that country. An elegant coach drawn by six snow-white horses with silver-mounted harness. Never had the oldest caller at Rugby seen such a turn-out. In the full glow of the broad-faced moon, it seemed to have suddenly dropped down from the skies. There were two drivers in livery on the front seat, while two footmen were in the rear over the boot, where some baggage was stored.

"Hello the house there!" cried a finely dressed gentleman on the outside of the coach. "Does any one live here?"

"I do," Jean answered, going out to the young men who seemed owners of this remarkable equipage.

"Can we get some refreshments here?" asked a stout man of thirty-five or forty, pushing open the door of the coach. "Egad! beastly towns you have in America, where a gentleman can't get a glass of brandy, ale or porter if he is dying for it."

"You are right, Sir Arthur," said another, alighting from the coach. "I shall be glad when this business is over and we are once more back in England, where people have different notions."

"You can find whatever you wish here, gentlemen."

"Who are they?" asked Simon.

"Zounds! how do I know?" answered Mr. Brown.

"I believe they are the pesky agents of Bute," ventured Simon.

Simon was politely told to mind his own business and hold his tongue, which he did not promise to do. Meanwhile the occupants of the coach, four in number, alighted, leaving the driver, his assistant and two footmen by the great vehicle, which excited as much curiosity among the farmers as does the first arrival of a railway train at a country town.

"It's my opinion," said Mr. Brown in an undertone, "it's my opinion they are informers—Bute's agents, sent to get our temper."

"They kin easily git mine," said Simon.

"Hush, Simon!"

"I'd love to thump 'em."

Then all listened to the oldest of the four, who was in the tap-room.

"Come up, my dear boys, take a nip of brandy. It goes deucedly well in this country—a kind of antifogmatic."

"Egad, you're right, Sir Arthur."

"We've got a lord in there," whispered Major Buttrick.

"Lord, don't I wish I could get at him!" cried Simon.

"Hush, Simon!"

"Here, lads, a toast to King George III.!" cried the man called Sir Arthur.

"Hear, hear, hear!" responded his companions, and the toasts were drunk.

Sir Arthur smacked his lips and declared:

"That brandy was never made in America, eh, Grumple?"

"By zounds, no!" Grumple answered. "What say you, Brass?"

Mr. Brass, who was a tall, thin man with eyes like his constitution, weakened by early dissipation, answered:

"By Jove, my lord, I would say it was from France."

"I don't like French liquor," growled Sir Arthur with an oath, "by the mass, I like nothing French!"

"Save the ladies," put in the fourth, a well-dressed, fat young man, whose beefy face glowed between the rolls of his powdered wig. His name was Theophilus Snuffer, and he was a stout young fellow of about thirty years of age, who displayed unmistakable signs of dissipation.

All the while the landlord stood silently listening to the conversation of his guests.

Sir Arthur, who evidently was displeased with the reference to ladies, answered:

"Egad, I want no more to do with French ladies, you catch a tartar when you least expect it."

"Zounds! Sir Arthur, have you another affair?"

"Drink your brandy, Snuffer, and let us go."

Mr. Grumple had already drained his glass and going out of the house espied Simon standing under the large oak tree which grew between the door and road. Considering this an excellent opportunity for him to display his powers as an investigator, Mr. Grumple took a notebook from his pocket and asked:

"How old is that house, my friend?"

"You'll have to ax somebody older than any here."

"What! is it so very ancient?" and Mr. Grum-

ple squeezed his notebook, while Simon reiterated his former statement. He looked very hard into the youth's face, which was fixed and immovable.

"How old are you?"

"About seventeen."

"About! don't you know exactly?"

"No, stranger, I was born at such an early period o' my existence I don't remember much about it."

"Are you a good subject of King George?"

"I am as good as any, so long as King George behaves himself."

Mr. Grumple was so shocked at this that he stopped for a moment and stared at the youth as though he were guilty of treason. Out came the notebook, and he noted down the answer forthwith.

"Are there many in this country like you?" asked Mr. Grumple.

"I opine if you'll travel from Boston to Georgia you'll find 'em thick as hops all over the country."

Mr. Grumple entered every word of this statement in his notebook with view of communicating it to a club of which he was a member as a sample of the American. This important entry was scarce completed when the companions of Mr. Grumple, a trifle merrier than they had entered the tavern, emerged into the moonlight.

"Come, come, Grumple—let us be going."

"Here is a shilling for you, young man," said Mr. Grumple, holding out the money to Simon.

What was the Englishman's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money at the donor's head and, in language as forcible as figurative, expressed the desire to take the amount out of Mr. Grumple's hide.

"You are mad!" cried Sir Arthur.

"Or drunk!" shouted Brass.

"Or both!" cried Snuffer.

"Come on!" yelled the belligerent Simon, sparring away like clock-work. "Come on, all four on you!"

"Here's a lark!" shouted Major Buttrick, who really enjoyed the sport. "Go to work, Simon," and he and the younger retainers at Rugby crowded around the party in high glee.

"What's the row, Simon?" inquired Mr. Jonathan Stevens.

"Row!" answered the angry youth, "what did he want to write down my sayings for?"

"I didn't want your sayings," cried the astonished Mr. Grumple, who began to tremble for his own safety.

"What did you take 'em for?" inquired Simon.

"I didn't," indignantly answered Mr. Grumple.

"Would anybody believe," continued Simon,

hot and panting with rage, "would anybody believe as an informer 'ud come from England a-takin' every word a feller says to report it to Bute and King George? There is the book in which he took down every word I said into the bargain."

The eyes of all fell on the tell-tale notebook, which Mr. Grumple still held in his hand, but which he sought to conceal.

"Did he, though?" inquired Major Buttrick, who enjoyed the discomfiture of Mr. Grumple.

"Yes, he did," replied Simon, "and then, arter aggravatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it; but I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on!" and Simon dashed his three-cornered hat on the ground, with a reckless disregard for his own personal property, and knocked the



"COME ON!"

cocked, laced hat off Mr. Grumple's head at a blow which a professional boxer might have envied. His long arms and hard fists seemed invincible. Another blow fell on Mr. Grumple's nose, another on his chest, sending him on his back into the road, and a third stroke was planted so near Sir

Arthur's left eye as to cause a discoloration of that member, and a fourth by way of variety hit Mr. Snuffer's waistcoat. Then Simon danced out into the road and back again and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Brass' body, and all in half a dozen seconds.

"Egad! what beastly country have we gotten into?" exclaimed Sir Arthur. His lordship had just begun to stagger to his feet when the irrepressible Simon pounced on him again. What would have been the result, had not an incident put a stop to the onslaught is not known, for everybody sided with Simon. At this moment the wild shriek of a female was heard from the window above, and the next moment the sick woman in loose white robes rushed out upon the scene.

"Arthur—Arthur—Arthur! Spare him—spare him!" she cried, seeking to entwine her arms about his lordship's neck.

With a vulgar oath, the Englishman put her aside and said:

"You here, Estella—I thought you dead!"

"No, no, Arthur, I have found you now, and you shall not leave me."

"Zounds, egad! this is a d—l of a fix for a poor fellow to be in. Away, woman! I—I don't know you."

"You do, you shall not leave me."

The woman spoke hurriedly, wildly, passionately for a few moments, while she frantically clung to Sir Arthur. His companions picked themselves up, and Mr. Snuffer was heard to whisper to Brass, while Grumple wiped the blood from his face:

"Egad, it's another of his lordship's adventures. This is more serious than the young vagabond thumping away at us."

Sir Arthur's patience was at last exhausted, and, hurling the woman from him with such violence that she fell senseless against the porch, he sprang into the coach, followed by his companions, and the great vehicle went thundering down the road.

Mr. Brown and Jean Stevens tenderly lifted the insensible Estella and carried her to her room above. Though neither spoke, each knew there was a dark story of betrayal and desertion back of all this misery. Jean's wife and Mrs. Stevens of New York were in the apartment, and when the unfortunate creature was laid on the bed, the men retired leaving her with the women. As they descended the stairs Mr. Brown asked Jean:

"Does your wife know her?"

"They were children together."

"What is her name?"

"Estella Mead."

They had scarce reached the tap-room when Jean's wife appeared and said they must have a

doctor at once. It was but two miles to Lexington, and Simon ran and brought one while all the revellers retired. At dawn of day there was the feeble wail of an infant in the sick room.

A few moments later Jean's wife came down to where the husband had waited all night long. There was a look of horror on her face.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Oh, Jean, the poor girl is dead!" sobbed the wife.

"And the child?"

"The child will live."

CHAPTER II.

STAMPS, TEA AND CHAINS.

THE affair was a nine days' wonder. Some of the more Puritanical inhabitants of the neighborhood thought it disgraceful, and no more than might have been expected of Rugby: Mrs. Buker, who lived in sight of Lexington just over the hill, and who had a particular spite at Rugby, because her husband spent so many leisure hours there, declared:

"No one could expect any better of the place."

Simon Tapley and a young friend from Anhalt, Germany, named Jacob Steckel, who were quite friendly with Jean, called next day to inquire after the young woman, and were horrified to learn that she was dead.

"Deat! oh, mein gracious, dot vos too sad!" said the honest, kind-hearted Jacob.

"It is very sad, Jacob," answered Mrs. Stevens. "The poor woman left a little baby."

"Vot vas you goin' to do mit it?" asked the German youth.

"We have not yet decided."

Simon at once offered a suggestion which the husband and wife had already considered.

"Why don't yew keep it yourselves?" he asked. "Yew have no children o' your own. Keep this one, and I dare say yew'll be glad yew did it."

This doctrine was in keeping with the wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, and they were easily persuaded to follow out the plan. Mrs. Brown was on intimate terms with Mrs. Stevens, and she came over to assist in arranging the details for the funeral.

"They dew tell as how you knew the poor, dear thing," said Mrs. Brown to Adrienne.

"I did."

"Where?"

"In Acadia. Her name was Estella Mead, and she was a sweet, innocent girl. When we were all driven out of Acadia by General Winslow, I lost sight of Estella, and I never saw her again until last night."

"Did she tell you anything of herself?"

"Only that she had been to England, and married one of the men who came in the coach last evening. After her child was born and she knew she must die, she clung to my neck and sobbing declared with sobs that she had been lawfully wed."

"The man undoubtedly is a scamp."

Mrs. Stevens knew nothing of him; but she

fully accorded with Mrs. Brown in the belief. There was no one to claim the baby, and the childless pair adopted it. The mother slept in the churchyard, and the little Estella thrived and grew strong. She was a beautiful child, possessing the same great, melancholy eyes of her mother. She was very patient, seldom crying or making any complaint. When an infant she would lie for hours gazing into the faces about her.

"Isn't she sweet?" cried little Albert Stevens, as he danced about the babe; for Albert was a frequent visitor at Rugby. "Won't you give her to me, Aunt Annie?"

He called Mrs. Stevens Aunt Annie and her husband Uncle Jean, though they were no nearer related to his father than cousins.

"I cannot give little Estella away," Mrs. Stevens smilingly answered. "Should I do so, I would have no little ray of sunshine to lighten up this gloomy old house."

"But I do love her."

"You may love her all you wish, Albert, and may come very often and see her."

"Indeed I will."

"When she gets older she will be your little playmate."

"And when I am a man and she is a woman, she will be my wife."

“Perhaps; but that is a long time off yet.”

Mr. Brown, having heard of the return of the agents sent over to ascertain the temper of the Americans, informed his friends that he had learned from a very reliable source that the board of trade had proposed to annul the colonial charters, and to make the people submit to royal government and taxation. This information caused many indignant remarks from members of the Rugby Club.

A few months later the good assemblage at Rugby, as well as all the other colonists in America, were roused to a spirit of indignation, by the officers of customs asking for writs of assistance—warrants to empower them to call upon the people and all officers of government in America to assist them in the collection of the revenue, and to enter the stores and houses of the citizens at pleasure, in pursuit of their avocation. These writs were granted, and the people, seeing the great peril to which their liberties were thereby exposed, resolved to openly resist the measure.

“It’s contrary to English liberties,” declared Mr. Brown. “Don’t the law say every man’s house is his castle? Yet the meanest deputy of a deputy’s deputy may enter it at will. I tell you the country is going to the dogs!” and he brought his heavy hand down upon his knee.

That which roused the New Englanders as much as any other thing was a report of a scheme on foot for establishing the ritual of the Church of England, or state mode of worship, in the colonies. This was too much for Puritan New England, and Rugby Tavern and a hundred other places rang with loud opposition to the scheme.

The writs of assistance were first issued in Massachusetts. Their legality was questioned, and the politicians of Rugby went to hear the matter discussed before a court held in the old town hall in Boston. James Otis, the fiery orator, in course of his argument denounced the writs as "the worst instruments of arbitrary power; the most destructive of English liberty and the fundamental principles of law." He said:

"No act of parliament can establish such a writ. Even though made in the very language of the petition, it would be a nullity. An act of parliament against the constitution is void. A man's house is his castle; and whilst he is quiet, he is guarded as a prince in his castle. This writ if it should be declared legal, would totally annihilate this privilege. Custom-house officers may enter our houses when they please. We are commanded to permit their entry. Their menial servants may enter, may break locks, bars and everything in their way; and whether they break through malice

or revenge, no man, no court may inquire." After rousing his audience to the highest pitch with his oratory, he concluded with the stirring words: "I am determined to sacrifice estate, ease, health, applause, and even life to the sacred call of my country, in opposition to a kind of power, the exercise of which cost one king his head and another his throne."

"He's got a head full o' common sense," declared Mr. Brown.

"Now I like that," said Simon Tapley. "He talks tew suit me, and I believe it's time to slap King George's chops, that's what I think."

The Americans had much to alarm them. Bute was prime minister and a man more incompetent, or more ignorant of American affairs perhaps never lived. His character was blackened, and he was assailed by the press and caricaturists, until, as early as 1763, he resigned and was succeeded by George Grenville, a brother-in-law of the immortal Pitt.

The new minister was an honest, conscientious statesman, but incapable of grasping the great American problem. He found an empty treasury and the national debt increased by the expenses of the war just ended of nearly seven hundred millions of dollars. Increased taxation was absolutely necessary. That burden upon the English people

was then very great, and, viewing the temper of the public mind then, he dared not increase its weight; so he looked to the Americans for relief, and formed schemes for drawing a revenue from them. He did not doubt the right of parliament to tax them, and he knew they were able to pay.

At Rugby Tavern the politicians assembled to discuss the right of parliament to tax Americans, and Mr. Brown, who was the sage of those meetings, declared:

“If we had any representation in parliament, we could not object to being taxed, but they won't let us elect a member to either house. Why? Because we are a big country and they small. We are growing, and in a little while our representation would be larger than theirs. It would be a case o' the tail a-wagging the dog.”

The ideas of Mr. Brown were the ideas of many other New Englanders. The Massachusetts assembly resolved as early as 1763:

“That the sole right of giving and granting the money of the people of this province is vested in them, as the legal representatives; and that the imposition of taxes and duties by the parliament of Great Britain upon a people who are not represented in the house of commons, is absolutely irreconcilable with their rights; that no man can

justly take the property of another without his consent; upon which principle the right of representation in the same body which exercises the power of making laws for levying taxes, one of the main pillars of the British constitution is evidently founded." These ideas were speedily formulated into the well-known maxim "*Taxation without representation is tyranny.*"

At Rugby, the maxim was so often repeated that Simon, who was somewhat of an ornamental sign-painter, painted the motto on a board which was nailed over the door.

Charles Townsend, who had been secretary of war, was made first lord of trade, and he made many propositions affecting Americans. One was that the crown officers of the colony should be independent of the people for their salaries, and he suggested maintaining a standing army there at the expense of the inhabitants for their own subjugation. He also proposed a stamp tax, which Bute had suggested to parliament. He also recommended the enforcing of the navigation laws, which empowered all officers and seamen of the British navy to act as custom-house officers and informers. In the spring of 1764, Grenville, in the house of commons, proposed a duty on stamped paper. Mr. Huske a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, then living in England and a member of the

house of commons, assured the royalists that the Americans were able to pay a liberal tax.

Of course the subject excited great feeling in the colonies. Public and private discussions ran high. Rugby Tavern was only one of many thousand places where the matter was well ventilated. Men, women and even children became interested in the great questions. The people were divided in opinion, and party names, afterward so familiar, of Whigs, Patriots, and the Sons of Liberty on one side, and Loyalists or Tories on the other now first came into vogue. As yet everybody proposed loyalty to the British crown. Indeed there were few who at this time had begun to dream of independence. In Massachusetts, the voice of that stern Puritan and conscientious Christian gentleman, Samuel Adams, who was then a little more than forty years old, was lifted up, with words of logic and defiance against the measure; and he wrote the address of the citizens of Boston to the Massachusetts legislature, saying:

“There is no room for delay. These unexpected proceedings may be preparatory to more extensive taxation; for if our trade may be taxed, why not our lands and everything we possess? If taxes are laid upon us in any shape, without our having legal representation where they are laid, are we not reduced from the character of free subjects to the

miserable state of tributary slaves? This annihilates our charter right to govern and tax ourselves. We claim British rights, not by charter only; we are born to them. Use your endeavors that the weight of the other North American colonies may be added to that of this province, that by united application all may happily obtain redress."

In 1764, resolutions opposing the stamp act were proposed in the Massachusetts legislature.

Dr. Franklin was sent as American agent to England, and soon after his arrival, he was waited upon by Grenville and other politicians, and consulted about the stamp tax. Franklin at once denounced it as an unwise measure, and declared that the Americans would never submit to being taxed without their consent.

Little Estella had been a little over one year at Rugby and played with Albert her favorite, in the great room while the politicians discussed the king's speech on the assembling of parliament in 1765. In that famous speech he presented the American question as one of "obedience to the laws and respect for the legislative assembly of the kingdom."

"And the stamp act is to be the test," said Mr. Brown the plethoric leader of the Rugby politicians.

"Yes, he appears insensible to the danger to his realm," remarked Mr. Stevens.

"May be the darned fool wants to fight," said Simon; but the politicians were shocked at the inelegant as well as unguarded remark, and he was censured for his rashness.

Colonel Barr, a brave officer under Wolfe in his campaign against Quebec, was now a member of the house of commons and, knowing the American people, became their friend along with Pitt, Burke, and Fox. On April 5th, 1764, parliament passed what was called "The Sugar Act." This levied duties on coffee, pimento, French and East India goods, and forbade iron and lumber to be exported except to England. Mr. Brown, at one of the Rugby consultations, said:

"The object of the act was for the avowed purpose of raising a revenue, but it raised a storm of indignation instead. If we are taxed and not represented we are slaves," whereupon Simon, leaping to his feet, declared his willingness to fight rather than be a slave, but he was quietly set down, and the business of the evening went on.

On the 27th of February, 1765, the obnoxious stamp act passed the house of commons by a vote of two hundred and fifty against fifty, and on the 22d of the following month it received the king's signature and became a law. A storm of indignation went all over the colony. Men everywhere condemned it, and Rugby Tavern was the scene of

many heated debates, and Mr. Brown once more struck his fist upon his knee and gave vent to his favorite expression :

“ I tell you the country is going to the dogs ! ”

Simon had purchased a new rifle and spent much of his leisure practising with it. Albert Stevens' father had removed to Boston and the lad, who spent much of his time in the country, was frequently with Simon and Jacob Steckel, his young German friend. Before he was ten years old he had been taught by them to load and fire a rifle, and could hit the bull's eye at a hundred paces.

The stamp act created the wildest excitement. Officers appointed to sell stamps dared not offer them for sale. No deed or public document was valid without the proper stamp, and yet people would not use them. It was during the excitement in the Virginia house of burgesses that Patrick Henry gave vent to his famous utterance :

“ Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.—— ”

“ Treason—treason ! ” interrupted Mr. Robinson the speaker.

“ *George III. may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it.* ”

This famous speech Mr. Brown delighted to quote at Rugby, and Simon and his young German

friend both declared they fully agreed with Patrick Henry.

Henry's five resolutions introduced into the house of burgesses, claiming for Virginians the right of British subjects; that only their own representatives could lawfully tax them; declaring the attempt to vest that power in any other hands subversive of both British and American liberty, were duplicated in the Pennsylvania assembly, and on October 7, 1765, a congress of delegates, or committees from nine colonies met in New York. Its spirit harmonized with that of Massachusetts, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, and its declaration of rights and grievances, "was cordially approved by all the colonial assemblies." The mob spirit in the New England and middle colonies was quite strong. Even in New York where there was always a strong Tory element, the Sons of Liberty frequently broke out in riots.

Revenue officers appointed to sell stamps were forced to resign or leave the country. The system of boycotting British merchants was adopted and the wealthy men of the kingdom began to feel the effects of King George's folly. The king saw that he had made a great mistake in leaving Pitt out of his cabinet. The public were loudly clamoring for his restoration to the premiership. The king sought to restore Pitt; but that great man was

shy, though upon a change of the odious stamp act and repeal of the cider tax, Pitt consented to form a new ministry.

Having become satisfied that the stamp act could not be enforced it was repealed on the 29th of March, 1766. The politicians at Rugby had scarce ceased congratulating themselves over their victory when they had a dash of cold water thrown on their spirits by parliament asserting that it had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatever. They were next informed that troops had been sent to New York with power, under the law, to break into houses and search for deserters.

“ Yes, and the governor of New York wants an appropriation to maintain these soldiers to oppress the people,” said Mr. Brown. “ Well, I must say the country is going to the dogs.”

The soldiers and citizens of New York were not long in coming to blows. The former, being insolent and overbearing, soon became objects of hatred. The Sons of Liberty set up a liberty pole, and the soldiers, to show their authority, cut it down. Next evening they set it up again, when a free fight occurred, in which clubs, fists and bayonets were used. For awhile a terrible revolt was anticipated in New York; but the trouble was averted.

King George had not abandoned his schemes of

taxing the Americans. A majority of parliament at heart might have been with the Americans, but they dared not oppose the king. He held in his hands royal gifts in fat offices, which they or their friends might want, and none save such spirits as Pitt, Fox, Burke and Barre dared defy him. In June, 1767, taxes were levied on tea, paints, paper, glass and lead. This led to the determination of the Americans to pay no more duties at all.

"I am not goin' to drink any more tea," Simon Tapley declared when Mr. Brown told him what had been done, and reiterated that the country was going to the dogs. When the governor of Massachusetts refused to call a general court, there was a public meeting at the town hall; resolutions were passed to encourage "economy, industry, and manufactures," and a committee was appointed to get subscribers to an agreement to discontinue "importation of British goods not absolute necessities." This bold act was imitated by other colonies and it is hardly necessary to add was heartily approved by the convention of Rugby Tavern.

The king of France, no doubt still smarting under the results of the recent war, determined to use all in his power to be avenged. In the growing discontent of the colonies the shrewd Frenchmen saw an opportunity for vengeance, and Baron De Kalb was sent to America to learn something

of the resources of Americans and their temper. The Baron stopped several days at Rugby, where Jean and his wife conversed with him in French, much to the annoyance of Simon and Jacob who wondered what the Frenchman wanted.

The American colonies were in a ferment. A single spark might kindle a conflagration which would require rivers of blood to extinguish. Moderation was advised by many. Even those fiery orators Otis and Dickinson advised moderation. The American people did not wish to rebel. They were really loyal to Great Britain and had scarce a thought of independence. A wise king would have retained them; but George III. went on adding blunder to blunder, until reconciliation was impossible.

In February 1768, a circular letter, written by Samuel Adams, was sent by the Massachusetts general court to other colonial assemblies, inviting coöperation for the defence of colonial rights. It was not long after this before there was a collision between the revenue officers and the people of Boston.

The commissioner of customs, who had come to Boston from Halifax, became insolent and overbearing. In June, the sloop *Liberty*, belonging to John Hancock, whom the crown officers hated, came into harbor with a cargo of Madeira wine.

Just at sunset, the "tide-waiter" in the employ of the commissioners went on board and took his seat in the cabin, as usual, to drink punch with the master until the sailors should land the cargo of dutiable goods. Hancock resolved to resist the obnoxious revenue laws, and at about nine o'clock in the evening, his captain and others in his employ entered the cabin, confined the tide-waiter and proceeded to land the wine without entering it at the custom-house or observing any other formula. The master of the ship died from over-exertion.

The custom-house officers seized the sloop for violation of the revenue laws. A crowd of citizens quickly gathered on the wharf, among whom were our friends Brown, Hill, Niles, Stevens, Simon, Jacob Steckel and even Albert Stevens. Albert's father was at this time a resident merchant of Boston. A smuggler named Malcolm headed the mob. Collector Harrison and controller Hallowell were on hand to enforce the law. Harrison thought the vessel might be left at Hancock's wharf with a "broad arrow mark" upon her; but Hallowell determined to moor her under the war vessel *Romney*. An exciting scene followed.*

"You had better let the vessel stay at the wharf," said Malcolm.

* The above scene is taken from Mr. Bancroft's history.

"I shall not," answered Hallowell, and he gave directions to cut the fasts.

"Stop, at least, till the owner comes," said the people who crowded round.

"No, d—n you!" cried Hallowell. "Cast her off!"

"I'll split out the brains of any man that offers to receive a fast or stop the vessel," said the master of the *Romney*, and he commanded the marines to fire.

"What rascal is that who dares to tell the marines to fire?" roared the exasperated Simon. Mr. Stevens, turning to Mr. Harrison, who was a well-meaning man, said:

"The owner has been sent for. You had better let her lie at the wharf until he comes down."

"No, she shall go," insisted the controller. "Show me the man who dares oppose it."

"Kill the d—n scoundrel!" cried the master.

Stung to anger, Malcolm retorted:

"We will throw the people of the *Romney* over board."

"By G—d, she shall go!" repeated the master, and he again called to the marines. "Why don't you fire? Fire on them!"

"Oh, if I only had my rifle!" cried Simon, tears starting from his eyes; but Simon's rifle was in Lexington, and the moorings were cut and the ves-

sel towed away to safe anchorage under the guns of the *Romney*.

From the above scene, the reader may form an idea of the spirit of the people.

Most of the colonies gave answers to the Massachusetts circular letter for a general continental congress. The royal governors of the colonies did all in their power to prevent a general congress; but the work of forming one went bravely on. Efforts were made to bribe Hancock; but he was beyond bribery. Town meetings were called and patriotic songs were sung.

In North Carolina, the royal governor, Tryon, was meeting with open opposition from the bands of patriots called regulators. He ordered out the militia, and they even came to blows. Tryon for the time being triumphed; but in Massachusetts, the hotbed of rebellion, the royal government was getting worsted in every encounter. It required no sage or prophet to foresee that unless the home government became more moderate in tone, trouble would result. Mr. Brown and his friends at Rugby felt sure of this, and Simon and Jacob were even bold enough to say there would be bloodshed, and both continued practising with their rifles. Even grandfather Stevens, father of Jonathan, the Lexington farmer, took down his old rifle every day and practised shooting at a mark.

Four regiments of troops were ordered to Boston. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, the 1st of October, 1768, in spite of the solemn remonstrances of the politicians at Rugby Tavern as well as other good people, the troops were landed on the long wharf, under cover of the guns of the war-vessels. The cowardly governor had gone to the country to avoid the general storm of popular indignation, leaving the military to bear the brunt of the odium and its effects.

When Dalrymple, the commander of the troops, demanded food and shelter for them, he was told by the selectmen of the town:

“You will find both at the castle.”

“And you will not furnish quarters for my soldiers?” asked the colonel.

“We will not,” responded the selectmen.

The soldiers, innocent tools of an unscrupulous sovereign, of course became objects of hatred, and the terms *tyrant* and *rebel* were freely bandied between the troops and the citizens. Hancock and Malcolm were arrested for violation of acts of parliament, but on trial were acquitted.

The quartering of troops in Boston brought about quarrels between the friends and enemies of America in parliament, and resulted in the resignation of the Earl of Chatham, William Pitt. Lord North, a more fitting tool, was given the place and

commenced that long leadership of the ministry, which continued until near the close of the struggle for independence. In the house of commons that great and good man, Colonel Barre, whose voice was ever ready to aid the people whom he loved, breathed a spirit of prophecy, when, in his speech in March, 1769, he said :

“ I predicted all that would happen on the passage of the stamp act, and I now warn the ministers that, if they persist in their wretched course of oppression, the whole continent of North America will rise up in arms, and these colonies perhaps be lost to England forever.”

People in America began to learn that they could manufacture most of their goods. Young ladies, under the name of Daughters of Liberty, formed spinning societies, and the hum of industry mingled with the patriotic expressions all over the land.

King George evidently was too blind to see his mistake. North was only the echo of the king, who swayed this minister with a perfect control. The king had made it an inflexible rule never to redress a grievance, unless such redress was prayed for in a spirit of obedience, and those who have studied the characters of the politicians at Rugby Tavern know they were in no temper to humiliate themselves. The king was determined to assert the right of parliament to tax the colonies, and he

insisted that one tax must always be laid to keep up that right; so the king and his pliant minister clung to the duty on tea. While a tax for revenue in the smallest degree was imposed on the Americans, their real grievances were not redressed, and they stood firm in their resistance. They worked the engine of non-importation, or boycotting, with great vigor. The exports from England to America, which, in 1768, had amounted to almost \$12,000,000 (of which tea represented \$660,000), in 1769 only reached a little over \$8,000,000, the tea being only \$220,000. Pownal, the predecessor of Bernard as governor of Massachusetts, showed, in a speech in parliament, that the total product of the new taxes for the first year had been less than \$80,000, and that the expenses of the new custom-house arrangements had reduced the net profits of the crown revenue in the colonies to \$1,475, while the extraordinary military expenses in America amounted, for the same time, to \$850,000.

“Wonder if the darned fool King George thinks he’ll ever get rich at them figures?” laconically remarked Simon Tapley when Mr. Brown had made the above statement over his bowl of punch at Rugby. The patriots at Rugby, as well as all over the country were encouraged by expressions of sympathy from the middle classes in England and throughout Europe.

While most of the Americans still abhorred the idea of separation, Samuel Adams and a few others prophesied the birth of a new nation. In New York, the Sons of Liberty, in 1770, had more trouble with the troops over the destruction of their liberty pole, which they had kept iron banded, but which the soldiers nevertheless destroyed, and for a while the city trembled on the eve of a bloody riot.

In Boston, so strong was the opposition to the use of tea, that merchants were forbidden to import it. A tory merchant named Theophilus Lillie announced his intention to import and sell tea, when one morning he found a mob of half-grown boys had set up a signboard with a rudely carved head on it, pointing to his store as a place to be shunned. This so exasperated a neighboring tory merchant, that he strove to tear it down. The boys, among whom was Albert Stevens, pelted him with stones and mud, and, going into his store, he seized a shot-gun and fired among the lads, killing Christopher Snyder and wounding Samuel Gore. The murder of Snyder produced a profound sensation, and such a funeral train as followed the little martyr to his grave was never before seen in Boston. On his coffin was inscribed, "Innocence itself is not safe."

The soldiers, who had grown more insolent, on

the 5th of March, set out to have their revenge on some citizen. In King Street they were met by a mob of seven hundred people armed with clubs and other weapons. They had been chasing the citizens about the town, striking them with the flat side of their swords, until the lion voice of Simon Tapley shouted:

“Town-born, turn out! Down with the bloody backs!”

The soldiers ran, and fearful excitement followed. At the barracks on Brattle Street, a subaltern at the gate cried out, as the populace gathered there:

“Turn out! I will stand by you. Knock them down! Kill them! Run your bayonets through them!” While a division of soldiers was passing the custom-house, the barber's boy cried out:

“There is the scoundrel who knocked me down!”

A score of voices shouted:

“Let us knock *him* down. Down with the bloody backs! Kill him! Kill him!” The crowd pelted him with snow and bits of ice. He snapped his gun, but it failed to fire. He ran up the custom-house steps, but, unable to enter the building, called to the main guard for help. Captain Preston, the officer of the day, sent eight men, with unloaded muskets, but with ball-cartridges in their cartouch boxes, to help their beleaguered comrade.

At that moment the stout Boston bookseller, Henry Knox (who married the daughter of General Gage's secretary, and who was a major-general of artillery in the army of the revolution), holding Preston by the coat-tails, begged him to call the soldiers back.

"If they fire," cried Knox, "your life must answer for the consequences."

Preston nervously answered:

"I know what I am about," and ran after his men.

They were pelted with snowballs and ice, and Crispus Attucks, a brawny Indian from Nantucket, at the head of some sailors, gave a war-whoop and shouted:

"Let us fall upon the nest! The main guard! The main guard!" The soldiers instantly loaded their guns. Then some of the multitude pressed on them with their clubs, struck their muskets and cried:

"You are cowardly rascals for bringing arms against naked men!"

Attucks shouted:

"You dare not fire!" and called upon the mob behind him: "Come on! Don't be afraid! They daren't fire! Knock them down! Kill 'em!"

Captain Preston came up and tried to appease the multitude. Attucks aimed a blow at his head with a club, which Preston parried with his arm.

The Indian knocked a soldier's musket from his hand, and, seizing the bayonet, a struggle began for possession of the weapon. Some one behind Preston cried:

“Why don't you fire? Why don't you fire?”

The struggling soldier, hearing the word fire, just as he regained his gun, and being hot with rage, shot Attucks dead. Five other soldiers fired at short intervals without being restrained by Preston. Three of the populace were killed, and five wounded, two mortally. The indignation was so great, that the soldiers were removed to the castle or fort. Captain Preston and his soldiers engaged in the Boston massacre were arrested, tried and acquitted by a New England jury. Notwithstanding the fairness shown by the colonial jury, an act was passed in parliament whereby soldiers and officers in the king's service could be tried only in England.

Town meetings, denunciations and everything else did not deter the stubborn British king from forcing the tea on the colonists. Though ships with tea were forbidden to enter the harbor, the ship *Dartmouth*, on the 28th day of November, 1773, was anchored off the castle with a cargo of tea from London. Handbills were circulated, town meetings called, and a party, among whom were Simon Tapley and Jacob Steckel, went aboard

disguised as Indians and emptied the tea into the harbor. The act was approved by all the colonies. Even such pioneers as Daniel Boone, who was pushing out into the wilds of Kentucky, heard and approved the act.

The bold destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor resulted in the Boston Port Bill, a bill closing Boston Harbor. General Gage was appointed Governor of Massachusetts. The port of Boston was closed at noon June 1st, 1774. An army of minute men was raised and preparations for war were made. At one of the great field meetings on Boston Common, Alexander Hamilton made his first famous speech for liberty, while yet but little more than a boy.

On Monday, September 5th, 1774, the First Continental Congress convened at Philadelphia. The session of this congress is familiar to all. The members were shy and cautious at first, but not timid. They were only sounding each other to know how they stood. No one thought of independence and few of war, until Patrick Henry gave utterance to his patriotic declaration:

“I am not a Virginian, but an American.”

Local differences and dissensions were laid aside and the body which the monarch feared so much, proceeded to consider matters involving the welfare of their country and the birth of a new nation.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST BLOOD OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE 11th of May, 1774, was a lovely day, and the picturesque, drowsy little village of Lexington seemed so quiet and peaceful that no rude alarm could possibly ever disturb its sweet repose. The home of Jonathan Stevens, just over the hill, was an average New England house. Jonathan Stevens was in Boston on business, and his sons, with Albert Stevens, now fifteen years of age, who had come to spend the summer at the farm, were in the field at work.

“The country is the place for boys,” Noah Stevens thought, and as Mr. Jonathan Stevens was a distant relative, he arranged to have Albert spend the summer there. Consequently we find Albert in the field with Joshua and Levi Stevens, assisting them in their work, while they discussed the political situation of the country, for Albert had been about Rugby Tavern enough to imbibe a great deal of Mr. Brown’s wisdom.

The day was drawing to a close, and Mrs. Stevens

and her daughters were in the kitchen, preparing supper for the "boys in the field" and the father who was expected home from town in time for supper. Mary Stevens, who had been busy looking over an apron full of plants called by the New Englanders foxberry leaves, at last said, with some disgust:

"Mother, why do we have to drink foxberry tea? We hain't had any boughten tea this great while."

"Why, child, it's because the parliament has put a tax on boughten tea, and the committee down tew Boston say we mustn't buy any more till the tax is taken off again," answered the mother.

"Won't the committee let us drink anything but foxberry? I am tired to death of it."

"Why yes, child, the committee will let us drink anything we can get, except boughten tea, that parliament has put a tax on. If we buy an ounce of that, we shall all be published in the papers as traitors to our country."

Mary seemed a little puzzled at this. She leaned over the clean, neat table for a few moments in a reflecting mood, and asked:

"Mother, what does all this mean, about traitors to the country? When I was coming home through the woods this afternoon, bringing these foxberry leaves, Mr. Brown sat on his horse by the side of

the road talking with Mr. Buker, and he said he had just come home from Boston, and there was more trouble down there; but he said we had more to fear from traitors among ourselves than anything we had to fear from parliament. What does he mean by traitors?"

"You've hearn your father tell how the parliament is laying unreasonable taxes on the colonies, and how, that if the people don't all unite to resist them, we will all be ground into the dust by-and-by. Them that turns against us and takes sides with parliament is traitors tew the country. What more did Mr. Brown say?"

Mary only knew that Mr. Brown had said there was more trouble, and that he concluded with his pet phrase that the country was going to the dogs. Mary was sent to make the tea, and then, as it was near the hour of the father's return, she looked down the road to see if he was coming.

"Father is coming over the hill, mother."

"Then blow the horn for the boys to come from the field, and we will all have supper together."

Mary took down the horn and blew a long and loud blast. Mr. Stevens rode up on his sober roan horse and dismounted just as the three boys in their shirt-sleeves came in from the field.

"Well, husband, what news do you bring from

Boston?" asked Mrs. Stevens. "Is there any news from England-home?"

"Don't call England *home* any longer. I thank God it is not the home of my ancestors. She was the home of your forefathers and mothers; but she is no longer worthy the sacred title of home. She tramples her children underfoot and has no right to expect respect from them."

"Oh, dear, gracious, mercy me! what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" said the husband, taking off his hat and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Parliament has been at its dark, dirty work again. They mean to make us all hewers of wood and drawers of water here in the colonies, to support the English aristocracy in their idleness; but let them go on; let them try their worst; they'll find out before they get through, that the people of these colonies will not be slaves."

"What dew you mean, Jonathan? Tell us all about it."

"They have passed an act to shut up the harbor of Boston, and stop all vessels from going in or out of there to trade. First of next month the harbor is to be closed."

Consternation held everybody dumb at the announcement. The boys who had just entered were silent. At last Albert asked:

"Has father got his ships loaded yet?"

"No, and I come to bring you all down to Boston to help him to-morrow, with the oxen and



"PARLIAMENT IS GOING TO SHUT UP BOSTON HARBOR!"

carts, and everybody we can get, for if they are not loaded and out before the first, he may as well set fire to 'em."

"Well, Simon will be here this evening and he can go with us," said Levi.

"And we can get Jacob Steckel, too."

"We want every one we can get, for help is scarce."

"I am going to take my rifle," put in Albert.
"I may need it."

At this moment grandfather Stevens came in from his apartment and though he was hard of hearing, his keen eyes told him that something was wrong. He was eighty years of age and a devoted patriot. His father was Charles Stevens who knew Cotton Mather, and was a grandson of one of the *Mayflower* passengers.

"What is it? what is the matter? Has anything happened?" the old man asked. His grandson Levi screamed in his ear:

"Parliament is going to shut up Boston Harbor."

"What!" cried the old man in surprise. "How are they goin' to do that?"

Levi explained that a bill had been passed closing the harbor on the first of June. When the old man had heard it all, he said:

"Well, well, if it comes to that, I shall have to try once more, old as I be, to see if I can handle a musket. I don't know as I could walk to Boston; but I could ride down in the wagon, and if Boston is invaded, I *will* go. Jonathan, ain't all

the country goin' down to Boston? I'm nigh on to eighty-one; but, old as I be, if it comes to that, I'll go myself. My eyesight is purty good yet, and I can take aim as well as ever. Though I could not march about after the enemy much, I could set in Noah Stevens' store and fire out o' his back window, which looks right out on the harbor, so long as there was a ounce o' powder in Boston."

Grandfather Stevens was assured that there was no immediate danger of hostilities, and if there were, younger men would be ready to take up the quarrel. Before they had finished supper, Mary Stevens, who had been sent on an errand over to Mrs. Niles, came back all excited and out of breath, with the news that Mr. Niles had come from Boston and said "things were all in an uproar there," because Boston Harbor was going to be closed, and he was going back to help his brother get his vessel loaded. That Mrs. Niles would be very lonesome on the morrow and wanted Mrs. Stevens to come and spend the afternoon.

"I don't believe I will go," returned Mrs. Stevens.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Stevens in amazement.

"Oh—nuthin' in particular, only I don't feel as though I cared particularly about seein' her."

"Now, mother, somethin's happened to break off the friendship between you and Misses Niles."

Mrs. Stevens, lowering her voice to almost an awe-inspiring whisper, answered:

"I strongly suspect Miss Niles drinks boughten tea; and if I knew it, I'd never set foot in her house again." At mere suggestion of this heinous crime, Mr. Stevens started and looked uneasily about him.

"If that's the case, so much more the reason you ought to go and see, and find out the truth about it. If it's a fact that she drinks India tea, it's our duty to report her to the committee. What makes you think she drinks boughten tea?"

"Last two times I was there, I smelt boughten tea, if I ever smelt it in my life. Besides, when the parson was here to tea t'other night, I sent over and borrowed Miss Niles's black tin teapot, because mine had the nose melted off, and when I rensed it out, as true as you're alive, Jonathan, a fair leaf of boughten tea came out o' the nose. I showed it to Jane and she knew it in a minute." Mr. Stevens, with the grave look of an inspector, turned to his oldest daughter and asked:

"Jane, could you swear it was boughten tea?"

"Yes, I know it was; it couldn't be nothin' else. I tasted it, and I would swear it was."

Mr. Stevens felt that it was a matter worthy of investigation. He advised his wife to go with Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hill to the house of the accused

and ascertain to a certainty if she really did use the proscribed drug. Meanwhile, every arrangement was made for an early departure next morning. Simon Tapley came over, Jean Stevens and little Estella came to learn the latest from Boston.

Estella Mead was a beautiful little child of nine, and her great dark eyes gleamed with tenderness and affection at sight of Albert who had been her playmate from infancy. She ran to him with a cry of joy, and soon the two were romping in the yard.

"I am going to Boston to-morrow, Stella," said Albert seriously, when tired out they sat down on the stile to rest.

"Oh, Albert, are you? When will you come back?"

"In two or three weeks."

"You are not going to war, are you?" she asked, her eyes growing moist.

"Not now!"

Seizing his arm and clinging to it as if she feared something would happen, she said:

"Don't ever go, Albert, please don't, because you might be killed."

He laughed at her fears and told her there was no war to go to. Jean Stevens took his foster child and returned to Rugby Tavern, and Mr. Jonathan Stevens insisted on everybody going to

bed as they would have to rise at an early hour next morning. The New England farmhouse was blazing with light before the first faint blush of Aurora had crimsoned the eastern horizon, and ere the sun had risen Mr. Stevens, his sons as well as Albert, Simon and Jacob, whom they had secured, were on their way to Boston with wagons, carts and oxen to assist in loading the ships.

Mrs. Stevens felt the importance of the duty which devolved on her that day. She went to her neighbors, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Hill, and to them told her suspicions in regard to Mrs. Niles and asked them to go with her as a committee to investigate and report on the terrible charge. The committee arrived in due time at the house of the unsuspecting Mrs. Niles, and were cordially received by the smiling lady. Mrs. Niles sent her daughter to the barn for eggs for supper and soon after went herself to bring a load of wood. This left the committee alone. It was a golden opportunity for Mrs. Stevens, and rising she went to the kitchen fireplace where she seized the teapot. She opened the lid, smelt of it, and handed it to the other inspectors, each of whom smelt of it in turn and exchanged glances of triumph. The teapot was returned before Mrs. Niles came in. While supper was in progress, Mrs. Niles was a part of the time in the room with her guests and a part of the time

in the kitchen assisting her daughter Sally and directing affairs, keeping up a running talk all the time. Mrs. Stevens found occasion to remark:

"I don't think the colonies will ever give up to parliament, and let 'em tax us and make slaves of us just as they are a mind to, and I do hope they will never give up, come what may. For my part, I had rather wear hum-made gowns and drink foxberry tea as long as I live, than have my children brought under the yoke of bondage to parliament."

"I just think so, too, Miss Stevens," declared Mrs. Brown.

"And so do I," added Mrs. Hill. "Give me foxberry tea and hum-made gowns, and a free country. What dew you say, Mrs. Niles?"

The suspected woman hesitated, while a tell-tale flush swept over her face, and she answered:

"Wall, as for hum-made gowns, I had jest as leave wear 'em as not, or anything else the committee chooses; but I must confess it is a dreadful trial for me to do without tea. There is such comfort in a strong dish of shu-shou, that I do really wish the committee would take off the restriction on it." *

At this, the committee exchanged glances which

* The terms shu-shou, meaning India tea, and foxberries were in use in New England during the revolution, though modern lexicographers do not mention them.

meant much, and Mrs. Hill admitted, that, while there was great comfort in a cup of shu-shou, for her country's sake she would give it up. When Mrs. Niles went out to look after her supper, the committee again exchanged glances, and each declared:

"There, ain't she guilty!" Although Mrs. Niles was a personal friend, they determined not to spare her. Soon the delicious odor of tea came from the kitchen, and the three women, so long deprived of that luxury, could not but enjoy it. When invited out to supper, they praised Mrs. Niles' biscuit and butter, but looked suspiciously at the tea. When a lady refuses her tea, she must be patriotic. The tea was poured and passed, and Mrs. Stevens raised her cup half-way to her mouth. When convinced that it was neither foxberry nor sage, she put it down.

"Why, this ain't foxberry, nor sage tea, neither, if I've got any taste," declared Mrs. Brown.

"So it seems to me," declared Mrs. Hill.

Yet these patriotic ladies, much to the disgust of Mrs. Stevens, drained their cups. When they had done so, Mrs. Brown looked their host in the face and remarked:

"Now, Mrs. Niles, you haven't been a-giving us boughten tea, have you?"

"I shouldn't think you would ask after drink-

ing a cupful," the irritated Mrs. Stevens answered. "For my part, I could tell it clear across the room by the smell."

Then Mrs. Niles, with a triumphant smile, which abashed and puzzled the committee, answered:

"Well, to tell the truth, it is as good a dish of shu-shou as I could make!"

The looks of horror and expressions of dismay which followed this declaration were indescribable. The ladies pushed back their cups, and Mrs. Brown declared:

"I shan't cross my conscience, Miss Niles, by drinkin' your boughten tea. I love my country too well for that, and have too much respect for the committee."

"Oh, now, Miss Brown, you might just as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb," replied Mrs. Niles, with provoking coolness. "You've drunk one cup, let us pour you out another."

"No, I shan't touch another drop of it."

"Nor I, neither; I'd jest as soon drink poison," vowed Mrs. Hill. Mrs. Stevens, who was as calm as a summer's morning, said:

"Well, Miss Niles, I'm perfectly astonished, and I'm sorry for you. How do you dare break over the rules of the committee in this way? You'll jest as true be published in the papers as a traitor to the cause of the country, as you are alive."

Mrs. Niles very calmly answered: "I don't think so."

"Oh, you certainly will; there's no help for it."

"Yes, you certainly will, Miss Niles, you'll be published as a traitor," declared Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, Miss Niles, you've ruined yourself," almost sobbed Mrs. Hill. "If nobody else don't complain of you, I shall feel it my duty to go to the committee myself about it."

"Wall, I'm not afraid of any trouble about it," declared Mrs. Niles.

"Why not? I think it's high time you was afraid of it," said Mrs. Stevens.

"Because I haven't broke over the rules of the committee, not one of 'em. We had ten pounds of this tea in the house when rules against buying and using India tea were first published; and you know families were allowed to use up what they had in the house. I'm very much obliged to you, ladies, for coming here to teach me patriotism; but I should like to see the woman, or man, either, who would go further, or suffer more than I, for the good of my country. I would not only go without tea but without bread. Yes, I would live on one potato a day and work day and night while my strength lasted, before I'd have the colonies give up to parliament, and let 'em tax us, and take away just what they're a mind to from us."



"WHY, THIS AIN'T FOXBERRY NOR SAGE TEA, NEITHER, IF I'VE GOT ANY TASTE."

"Good for you, Miss Niles! now I like to hear you talk that way," cried Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Niles continued:

"I've no idea of buying any more tea till our troubles with parliament are over, or till the committee takes off the restriction. But as we have this in the house, we might as well drink it once in a while and take the comfort of it, and give a cup to our friends when they come to see us, as to let it lay in the cupboard and lose its strength and all be wasted. So now, ladies, just drink your tea and take the comfort of it. This tea wasn't taxed."

And they did. Even the patriotic Mrs. Stevens drank three cups and declared it the most delicious beverage she had ever tasted in her life.

With this little sketch of the patriotism of New England women, we will hasten on with the story. The port of Boston was closed, as has already been told, and a feverish state of anxiety pervaded the colonies.

Rugby Tavern was a scene of constant discussion during the long winter of 1774 and 1775. Albert Stevens, who had been in Boston in the early part of the winter with his father, had incurred the displeasure of some of the officers for stoning them, because their soldiers broke the skating ponds of himself and playmates. The boys reported the

soldiers to Governor Gage, who promised that their ice ponds should not be destroyed again. Albert was sent to spend the remainder of the winter at Rugby. Here he saw many bowls of punch disappear and heard many fiery declarations. Simon Tapley, though now a man, seemed little older or more discreet than when we introduced him ten years ago. He openly declared King George "a darned fool," and said he was ready to fight. Albert had a gun of his own and joined Captain John Parker's minute men at Lexington. So had Simon and Jacob Steckel.

The long winter of 1774-5 had passed and spring had come. The provincial congress of Massachusetts had but just adjourned, and Samuel Adams and John Hancock were still at Lexington. The latter was visiting his betrothed, Dorothe Quincy, at Mr. Clarke's in Lexington, on the ever memorable 19th of April, 1775. Albert Stevens was at Rugby in the house of his father's cousin, where he had spent the winter. Mr. Noah Stevens had sent his family to the home of Jonathan Stevens, near Lexington, but tarried behind to make some other arrangements before joining him.

On the afternoon of the 18th, he met Paul Revere, who said:

"Are you going to Lexington this evening?"

"I am."

"You had better start early."

"Why?"

"I half suspect that Governor Gage will send troops to arrest Adams and Hancock at Lexington and destroy the military stores at Concord."

"That will cause trouble."

"I know it; go early."

How Gage's secret leaked out, the governor never knew. Paul Revere, Dr. Warren, Noah Stevens and others made arrangements for a sudden emergency to warn Hancock and Adams of danger, and to arouse the country. At ten o'clock that evening, eight hundred British troops marched silently to the foot of the common where they embarked in boats and passed over to Cambridge. They were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, assisted by Major Pitcairn. Gage supposed his secret was unknown; but Lord Percy, who knew of the proposed seizure of military stores, while crossing the common heard one of the citizens say:

"The British will miss their mark."

"What mark?" he asked.

"The cannon at Concord," was the reply. He hastened to inform Gage who issued orders that no one should leave that city; but his order came too late. Dawes, Warren and Revere were across. Stevens was well on his way toward Lexington,

when the thunder of hoofs came behind him. In a moment Paul Revere was at his side.

"They are coming," he said. "The British are coming."

"Have you seen them?"

"No, but a signal light in the old church tower told me. On! on! let us go. I shall see that Hancock and Adams are warned and out of the way. Dawes and the others will rouse the country."

It was but natural that Mr. Stevens should wish to look after his family, so he dashed up to the house of Jonathan Stevens. The moon was shining broad and full, and the town was peaceful and quiet as he passed through it. He called aloud and Jonathan came out asking:

"What is the matter?"

"The British regulars are coming! They will be here by daylight."

"Then we'll fight," and he called to his boys Joshua and Levi to get up and load their guns. Even the old grandfather insisted on rising and loading his rifle. As there was plenty of time, Levi mounted the roan colt and flew down the road to Rugby to notify Albert, who had joined Captain Parker's company, and Jean Baptiste Stevens. But Jean had had a fit during the early part of the evening, and was hardly recovered, so Albert seized

his gun and mounting the roan colt behind Levi, the two rode at a gallop back to Lexington. They heard bells ringing and drums beating and found the minute men under Captain Parker assembling on the green before the church.

"Where is Revere?" asked Mr. William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, powder-horn and bullet-pouch slung over his shoulder like a warrior.

"Revere, Dawes and Prescott have gone on to rouse the whole country," answered Captain Parker.

It was a few minutes after two o'clock in the morning when the inhabitants of Lexington, young and old, began to gather on the green with firelocks in their hands. Albert Stevens was in the assembly, his gun in his hand. His teeth chattered a little, as he heard Caleb Harrington tell Jonas Parker:

"We are going to have a fight, and some one will be hurt."

"I am not going to run," responded Jonas Parker, a stout young wrestler of twenty. "I'll die before I run."

"Fall in line," said Captain John Parker.

The men and boys with their guns formed a line and the roll was called. One hundred and thirty answered to their names. When this was done, Captain Parker said:

“Load your guns carefully with powder and ball; but do not fire until you are fired upon.”

“That’s pretty hard tew do,” Simon growled under his breath. Mr. Robert Monroe, an old man who stood by his side, said:

“A good soldier obeys orders,” and Simon was silent.

Three or four messengers were sent down the road to look for the British regulars, and returning reported they were not in sight. The captain set a watch down the road and dismissed the company with orders to come at the beat of the drum. Some went to their own houses. Jonathan Harrington went to his, but a short distance away, to tell his wife to keep the children asleep until the troops had passed.

“There will be trouble, I fear,” he added.

“Jonathan, do be careful of yourself,” his sobbing wife implored.

“I will; but my country needs my services,” was the brave answer of one of the first martyrs of liberty.

Albert lay on the ground near the church, while Simon and Isaac Muzzey sat on the steps of the church, their rifles between their knees. A little knot of brave but inexperienced patriots were gathered about them listening to the expressions of dry humor given vent to by Simon.

The last stars were fading from the sky, when their pickets came running in, crying:

“They are coming! They are coming!”

“Fall in!” cried the captain. The drum beat the long roll, and signal guns were fired, which the advancing troops heard. Major Pitcairn, who commanded the advance, halted his men and had them load their guns, assuring them there would be work to do. Less than seventy fell into line in two ranks and paraded on the green, a few rods north of the old meeting-house.

“Don’t be scared, boy,” said a kindly voice at Albert’s side. The lad was considerably excited. Looking up, he saw it was the gray-haired old man, Robert Monroe.

“I will not fear with you at my side,” he answered, and his hand ceased trembling. He looked up in the sky and saw the morning star fading away and thought: “Oh, my God! will I ever see it again!” The east was rosy with light. He glanced at the church and thought how often these good people had renewed their faith, and looked up to God as the stay of their fathers and protection of their privileges. How often on that village green, hard by the burial-place of their ancestors, they had pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they stood now, side by side,

under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and unconscious of immediate danger. They trod the altar of freedom, and were to furnish the victims.

As the British van appeared in sight at a quick step, Albert became nervous and looked down the line asking:

“Where is Simon?”

“Here, only two or three away,” was the answer.

“And Levi and Joshua?”

Both were near. The British van was now in full view and Albert saw a man on horseback leading them. He knew it was an officer and cocked his gun to shoot him.

“Don’t—don’t fire unless we are attacked,” cautioned Captain Parker. The officer in command of the British gave a command which Albert did not hear, upon which the soldiers hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn, the officer whom Albert saw, rode in front, and, when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out:

“Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don’t you lay down your arms and disperse?”

Three or four timid men in the rear rank obeyed,

but the remainder stood firm, and Captain Parker commanded:

“Steady, lads, steady!”

With an oath, Pitcairn levelled his pistol and pulled the trigger. A stunning report shook the air, and the bullet passed just above Captain Parker's head.

“Fire!” roared Pitcairn, drawing his sword and waving it in the air.

“Bang, bang, bang, bang!” went some half a dozen muskets; a few seconds later, followed by a rattling crash of firearms.

“Oh, my God!” groaned the aged Mr. Robert Monroe, and, falling against Albert, he dropped dead to the earth.

“Disperse!” cried Captain Parker. “We are overpowered.” Albert had levelled his rifle on Pitcairn, but Mr. Monroe falling against him the ball only grazed the Major's horse.

Jonas Parker, the strong wrestler of Lexington, who had promised never to run from the British, nobly kept his vow. A shot brought him to his knees; but, wounded as he was, he fired, and his bullet wounded one of the tenth light infantry. The soldier set up a howl of pain, and his nearest comrade ran up to Jonas and, with a terrible oath, drove his bayonet to the young man's heart, as he was feebly trying to reload. Isaac Muzzey lay

dying from a musket ball in the head. Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his own house on the north of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell, with blood gushing from his breast. He rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees toward his dwelling. The horrified wife ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold, with his screaming children about him, and the brutal soldiers jeering and scoffing at their grief. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed after they had left the green. Asabel Porter of Woburn, who had been taken by the British on the march, was shot within a few rods of the common. These were the shots heard around the world.

After firing his gun, Albert was in the act of reloading, when Joshua seized him and dragged him over the hill. In a few moments Colonel Smith came up and, in a cool, unmoved voice, as he surveyed the dead and dying, asked:

“What have you been doing, Major?”

“Shooting a few of the d—d rebels!” was the brutal answer. The pursuing soldiers were recalled, the troops wheeled into line and continued the march to Concord.

At Rugby Tavern the soldiers halted for a moment and ordered some refreshments. They cursed poor Jean, who was still confused from his recent attack, and so weak he could scarce stand. His wife came and said:

"He is sick—let me help you." Estella, in a fright, ran to the attic and wept.

"You are going to Concord," said Jean's wife, her dark eyes flashing. "You will come back faster than you went."

Pitcairn laughed and, mounting his horse, rode away. As the troops were moving off, little Estella put her head out of the window, and a captain of grenadiers looking up saw her. Seizing the hand of Adrienne Stevens, who still stood on the porch, with voice trembling with emotion, he asked:

"Who is she?—who is that child? In God's name tell me!"

Adrienne looked closely at the man and recognized him as one of the guests in the coach and six, who had called at the tavern the night Estella's mother died.

"You are Sir Arthur Whimple?" she said.

"Hush! I will tell you as we come back. We will not be gone long."

The columns were moving and he joined them.

CHAPTER IV.

FLORA MACDONALD.

THERE is not a schoolboy but knows how the British marched to Concord, knocked in the heads of about sixty barrels of flour, spiked some old cannon and then marched to the bridge to attack some minute men under Major Buttrick; how they were repulsed in a skirmish and began a retreat. That retreat is famous in history. Men and boys with guns seemed to spring up from the ground. Every stone fence, every tree and bush, every house became a volcano of fire and death. The road was strewn with dead and dying redcoats. When the troops passed Rugby, Sir Arthur Whipple had no time to interview Adrienne. From an attic window she saw him bareheaded and coatless, as he flew down the road. He had been wounded in the face, for his cheek was bloody. Albert, who had come to the house after the British had passed, levelled his rifle on the captain; but she begged him not to fire at that man, so he shot a big grenadier instead.

As the troops passed Lexington, Mr. Jonathan Stevens, his father, his two sons and Noah were behind the stone fence near the farm-house. Each in turn fired and three soldiers were seen to fall. One of them dropped just after the report of grandfather's gun, and, wiping his spectacles, the old man said:

"I tell ye, boys, there's nothin' like takin' good aim."

The common schoolboy knows how sorely the British were pressed on that retreat and how they barely escaped; but there are some incidents which the reader perhaps does not know. While brave men were buckling on the offensive and defensive armor of war, kissing wives and children adieu, there were other brave men, giants in intellect, trying by voice and pen to instil courage into the weak and vacillating. In Virginia, the representatives of the house of burgesses approved the acts of the continental congress, but were rather timid about taking important steps for defence. It was at the old St. John church in Richmond, almost a month before the battle of Lexington, that Patrick Henry spoke the following inspiring words:

"What has there been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify hope? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown our-

selves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called to win us back to our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. Sir, these are the implements of war and subjugation, the last argument to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of armies and navies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us chains which the British ministry have been long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying argument for the last ten years; have we anything new to offer? Shall we resort to entreaty and supplication? We have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long

contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir; we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that's left us.

“They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an enemy; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week or next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible to any power which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a great God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active,

the brave; and, again we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. *The war is inevitable*: and let it come! I repeat it, sir; *let it come!* It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! the next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms? Our brethren are already in the field. What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, *give me liberty or give me death!* ”

That famous speech rang like a trumpet over all the colonies. It did as much as Lexington and Concord to inspire the people to resist the encroachments of tyrants. It nerved Colonel Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys to march through the wilderness and seize that important and almost impregnable fortress Ticonderoga. It frightened Governor Dunmore of Virginia into abdicating his government shortly after the outbreak at Lexington, and really put an end to royal government in Virginia.

Minute men were arming all over the nation, and regiments and brigades were everywhere formed, and an army of provincials was surrounding Boston. Preparations were being made for a Canadian invasion and a general war spirit everywhere pervaded.

No part of the united colonies was more loyal to the cause of liberty than the south. In North Carolina, resistance to oppression began early. The Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence, in May, 1775, was but a culmination in action of the patriotic sentiments of the province. Governor Martin, who succeeded Tryon, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the popular will, first fortified his "palace" at New Berne and then took refuge in Fort Johnson, near the mouth of Cape Fear River. From that stronghold he was driven in July, by the patriots in arms, to the *Pallas*, a sloop-of-war near Cape Fear. The fort was destroyed, and the governor fulminated menacing proclamations from his floating quarters. His political friends were numerous; but under the wise leadership of Cornelius Harnett, John Ashe and a few others, the Whigs were so well organized, that they silenced the Tories and kept the obnoxious ones prisoners on their own plantations. The continental congress voted to furnish supplies for a thousand men in that province, to counteract the

influence of Governor Martin and his friends; and a popular convention was assembled at Hillsborough in August, assumed the control of the colony and authorized the raising of two regiments, with Robert Howe and James Moore to command them. The governor, from the *Pallas*, sent a proclamation denouncing the convention as treasonable, and the convention denounced his manifesto as "a scandalous, malicious and scurrilous libel, tending to disunite the good people of the province," and ordered the common hangman to burn it.

Soon after the rebellion in England, in 1745, many Scotch Highlanders, some of noble blood, having favored the "Young Pretender" as Charles Stuart was called, were forced to fly from their native country, and they settled in North Carolina. Some of them even went among the Cherokee Indians, and their descendants still live in the Rosses, Adairs, McLeods and many other Scotch names. John Ross, for forty years the principal chief of the Cherokees, was half Scotch. In the Indian Territory to-day, Scotch names are almost as common as in the Highlands.

Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding all the persecutions which the Scotch suffered at the hands of the English they were generally loyal to the home government when the war for American independence broke out. Among them was Flora

MacDonald, who, in her beautiful young maidenhood, had saved the life of the "Pretender" after the disastrous battle of Culloden. With her husband and children, she had settled at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville), and had great influence among her countrymen. Among her children was one sturdy youth of eighteen or twenty, a tall, robust fellow, brave as a lion, who, during the Revolution, became famous in South Carolina. Authentic historical accounts of him are so meagre that he is only known as Scotch MacDonald. Flora and her family were all true to King George. Late in 1775, Governor Martin was acting in concert with Dunmore in southwestern Virginia, and was expecting a British force on the coast of North Carolina. He therefore resolved to strike an effectual blow against the republicans of the province. He commissioned Donald MacDonald, an influential Scotchman at Cross Creek, a brigadier-general, and Flora's husband took a captaincy under him. He was authorized to embody the Highlanders and other loyalists into a military corps, and raise the royal standard at Cross Creek. It was formally unfurled at a large gathering of the clan, by Flora herself, who was then a handsome matron of between forty and fifty years of age. While Colonel Howe was absent with his regiment assisting the Virginians against Dunmore, fifteen hundred armed

Tories gathered under the banner of Flora MacDonald.

On hearing of this gathering, Colonel Moore marched with his regulars and some Hanover militia, eleven hundred strong, to disperse them. At the same time the minute men were gathering in large numbers. MacDonald was alarmed and fled toward Cape Fear, hotly pursued by Moore. At a bridge over Moore's Creek (an affluent of the South River, and a principal tributary of the Cape Fear), he was met by armed patriots of the Neuse region, under Colonels Casewell and Livingston, on the evening of the 26th of February, 1776. During the night both parties rested on their arms and at daylight next morning a terrible conflict ensued. The Tories, unable to withstand the fierce onslaught of the Whigs, were scattered in every direction, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the ground. Many were made captives, among them the general, and husband of Flora MacDonald. This victory greatly encouraged the Whigs and disheartened the Tories. The MacDonalds, being paroled, soon after returned to Scotland in a sloop-of-war. On the voyage they were attacked by a French cruiser, which they succeeded in beating off. During the engagement between the two vessels, the brave Flora MacDonald remained on deck and was wounded in the hand.

One of Flora's sons was not captured in the fight at the bridge. He was the stout, red-haired young man whom we have mentioned. He escaped into the thickets and for days lived in the woods. During the time, young MacDonald was seriously reflecting on the past, present and future. He suddenly made up his mind to become a Whig, and fight the British and Tories. He joined the small forces of Peter Horry in South Carolina. The colonel asked him the reason for changing parties, and gives the following in substance as his reply: *

"Immediately after the misfortune of my father and his friends at the great bridge, I fell to thinking what could be the cause; and then it struck me that it must have been owing to their own monstrous ingratitude. 'Here now,' said I to myself, 'is a parcel of people,' meaning my poor father and his friends, 'who fled from the murderous swords of the English after the massacre at Culloden. Well, they came to America, with hardly anything but their poverty and mournful looks; but among this friendly people, that was enough. Every eye that saw us had pity, and every hand was stretched out to assist. They received us into their houses as though we had been their own unfortunate brothers. They kindled high their hos-

* See Weems' Life of Marion, page 75.

pitiable fires for us, and spread their feasts, and bid us eat and drink and banish our sorrows, for that we were in a land of friends. And so, indeed, we found it; for, whenever we told of the wonderful battle of Culloden, and how the English gave no quarter to our unfortunate countrymen, but butchered all they could overtake, these generous people often gave us their tears and said:

“ ‘ Oh, that we had been there to aid with our rifles; then should many of these monsters have bit the ground.’ ”

“ ‘ They received us into the bosoms of their peaceful forests, and gave us their lands and their beauteous daughters in marriage, and we became rich. And yet, after all, as soon as the English came to America, to murder this innocent people, merely for refusing to be their slaves, then my father and friends, forgetting all that the Americans had done for them, went and joined the British, to assist them to cut the throats of their best friends.

“ ‘ Now,’ said I to myself, ‘ if ever there was a time for God to stand up to punish ingratitude, this was the time, and God did stand up, for he enabled the Americans to defeat my father and his friends most completely; but instead of murdering the prisoners as the English had done at Culloden, they treated us with their usual generosity. And

now these are the people I love and will fight for as long as I live.'"

There was no braver man in the American army than Scotch MacDonald. From the same authority above quoted, we give an amusing incident with which many of our readers are no doubt familiar. There were many wealthy Tories in South Carolina who prided themselves on their excellent horses. The thoroughbred horse was as much the pride of the South Carolinian as he is of the Kentuckian to-day. There lived near Monk's Corner a rich old Tory, famous for his fine horses. It chanced that Scotch MacDonald was without a horse when Tarleton camped near the Corner. Next morning after the arrival of the British troops he went to the wealthy old Tory and representing himself as a sergeant of Colonel Tarleton's corps, presented that officer's compliments, adding that Colonel Tarleton was come to drive the rebels out of the country, and knowing him to be a good friend of the king, begged he would send him one of his best horses for a charger, and that he should not be the loser by it.

The old Tory, delighted to know that his loyalty and fame were recognized by so great a personage as Colonel Tarleton, went fairly wild with delight. He had the supposed sergeant breakfast with him and gave him a glass of his famous old peach

brandy, and would insist on his wearing his new overcoat as the morning was damp. The horse, a noble steed, whose speed and endurance never found an equal, was brought out, saddled and bridled. It was a thoroughbred Arabian horse, and MacDonald was delighted with the prize. The old Tory was almost beside himself with rage when he learned the trick which had been played him. MacDonald was the dread of British and Tory dragoons. He had no more sense of fear than a hungry tiger, and as for his strength, it was such, that, with one of his Potter's blades, he would make no more to drive through cap and skull of a British dragoon, than a boy would, with a case knife, to chip off the head of a carrot. Selim is described by one who saw him as "a noble horse, full sixteen hands high, with the eye of a hawk, the spirit of the king eagle, a chest like a lion, swifter than a roebuck, and strong as a buffalo."

General Peter Horry gives the following description of the fury of one of MacDonald's charges:

"Poor MacDonald! The arm of his strength is now in dust, and his large red cheeks have long ago been food for the worms; but never shall I forget when I first saw him fight. 'Twas in the days when the British held Georgetown, and Marion had said to me, 'Go and reconnoitre.' I took only MacDonald with me. Before day we reached our

places of concealment, a thick clump of pines near the road, and in full view of the enemy's lines. Soon as the bonny, gray-eyed morning began to peep, we heard the town all alive, as it were, with drums and fifes, and about sunrise we beheld five dragoons turn out, and with prancing steeds dash up the road toward us. I turned my eye on MacDonald and saw his face all kindled up with the joy of battle. It was like that terrible joy which flashes from the eyes of an ambushed lion, when he beholds the coming forth of the buffaloes toward his gloomy cave.

"'Zounds! MacDonald,' said I, 'here are odds against us, five to two.'

"'By my soul, now, captain,' he replied, 'and let 'em come on! Three are welcome to the sword of MacDonald.'

"Soon as they were coming fairly opposite to us, we gave them a blast from our bugles, and with drawn sabres broke in upon them like a tornado.

"Their panic was complete; two we stopped, overthrown and weltering in the road. The remaining three wheeled about, and taking to their heels, went off as if old Nick had been bringing up the rear. Then you might have seen the dust which dragoons can raise, when, with whip and spur and wildly rolling eyes, they bend forward

from the pursuit of death. My charger being but a heavy brute was soon distanced; but they could not distance the swift-footed Selim. Rapid as the deadly blast of the desert, he pursued their dusty course, still gathering upon them at every jump. And before they could reach the town, though so near, he had brought his furious rider alongside of two of them, whom he cut down. One hundred yards further, and the third would also have been slain, for MacDonald with his crimson claymore was within a few steps of him, when the guns of the fort compelled him to retire. However, though quickly pursued by the enemy, he had the address to bring off an elegant horse of one of the dragoons killed."

Flora MacDonald's son became one of the most famous of the famous Marion's brigade, and his adventures, if they could be collected, would make a volume much larger than this.



BUT THEY COULD NOT DISTANCE THE SWIFT-FOOTED SELIM.

CHAPTER V.

ROYALTY REPULSED.

It was three days after the Concord fight before there was an assembly of the politicians at Rugby Tavern. Mr. Brown, who had a hole in his hat made by a British musket-ball on the day the troops retreated from Concord, was first to suggest a meeting of what he called the Rugby Club. Mr. Brown was very proud of that hole in his hat, and when the hat began to wear he put it away. One of his nephews had fallen in the morning fight at Lexington, and Mr. Brown could not call a meeting of the club until after the funeral ceremonies.

Fortunately no member of the Rugby Club had been slain in the fight. Simon had had a hand-to-hand fight with a British officer and been twice knocked down; but beyond a few insignificant bruises he was all right.

Mr. Niles had a mark on his cheek which he declared had been made by a bullet, and Mr. Buker had fallen over a stone fence and hurt his shoulder.

"It was a dirty day's work," said Mr. Brown.

"But them Britishers got the worst of it," declared Simon.

"Simon, you talk too much."

"I'm not a boy now."

At this moment Albert came in. He carried three muskets and a brace of pistols with him.

"Where did you get those?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I found them in the woods."

"The cowards threw 'em away," said Mr. Niles.

"There is another dead redcoat in the field, Mr. Brown."

"Where?"

"Right at the corner of Mr. Potts' field, just over behind the stone fence. He fell into some bushes and was not seen until the crows began to fly."

"Thought we had picked 'em all up. Well, it don't seem as if we will ever get through buryin' them fellers. We must look after him."

"It's not necessary. Father and Joshua went with a wagon to bring him to town and bury him."

"And are the boys still pickin' up things along the road?"

"Yes, sir. The road all along the way was strewn with guns, swords, pistols, muskets, bayonets and everything a soldier carries."

Mr. Brown, shaking his head sagely, remarked:

"They were in a hurry that day. When they

shot my nephew John Brown at Lexington, they made me mad, and I—well, I won't boast, but I got even."

"The death of poor Jonathan Harrington, shot and killed before his wife and children, was terrible," said Mr. Niles.

"We'll pay 'em back for it!" cried Simon. "Gawl darn 'em, I am going to pay 'em back!"

"We'll soon have a chance. Our fellows are not going to stop until we drive 'em out of Boston."

"That's yust wot I say mit mein zelf," put in Jacob. "We should have done dot ven dey first come to Boston. Oh, I vish mein brudder August vas here from Yarmany und help us fight de British. He not like 'em."

"I thought your brother August was coming?" said Mr. Jonathan Stevens.

"Dat he vas, only he haf von wife and some leedle children vot he cannot bring mit him nor leaf 'em behint."

But the main question to be discussed on this night was driving the British out of Boston. Simon thought there should be no delay in the matter, and Mr. Brown said the minute men were already assembling about the town and had been since Percy, Pitcairn, and Smith had been driven into the city.

Mr. Brown at the Rugby Club meeting declared

they would never—no, never—stop, until they had driven Governor Gage and his hirelings out of the country. It was a right which he thought parliament should grant them, and then Mr. Brown drank his punch and smoked his pipe and winked knowingly.

The gathering at Rugby was large that evening, and everybody was talking loudly when Major Buttrick came in. The appearance of the hero of Concord was the signal for three rousing huzzas. Mr. Brown, who had just finished his third bowl of punch, rose and laid his pipe aside. Everybody knew that Mr. Brown had something very important to communicate, for though he was rather unsteady on his legs, his face was seriousness itself. He steadied himself against the table and, taking up his hat, began:

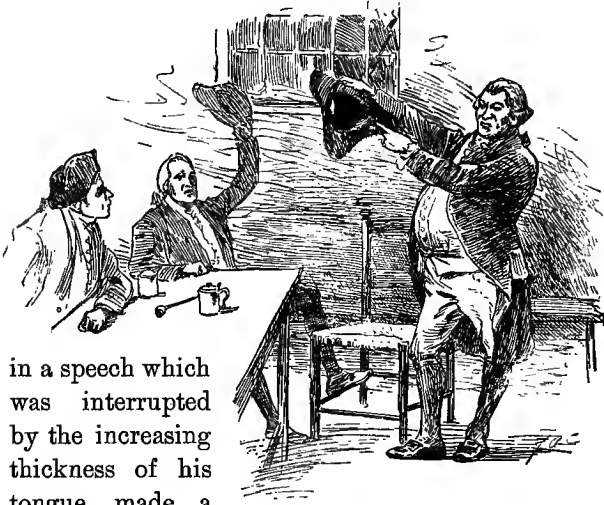
“Gentlemen, let’s have order!” This point having been gained Mr. Brown pointed to the orifice in the crown of his hat made by the British bullet and added, “Gentlemen, d’you see that?” After a pause, he went on: “Gentlemen, I am proud of that. That’s the hole that lets in the sunlight and air of independence.”

“Hear—hear—hear!” cried half a score.

“But, gentlemen, I did not rise to make a speech—I riz to propose a toast to the hero o’ Concord, Major Buttrick.”

Wild yells went up on every side, and Mr. Brown, waving his hand through the curling clouds of tobacco smoke to secure order, continued, "Fill up—fill up and drink with a will!"

Every bumper was filled, and then Mr. Brown,



in a speech which was interrupted by the increasing thickness of his tongue, made a short speech in which the hero of Concord and the bullet-hole in his hat were awkwardly mixed.

"THAT'S THE HOLE THAT LETS IN
THE AIR OF INDEPENDENCE."

The toast was drunk among wild huzzas. The party at Rugby were growing every moment more noisy, when a horseman suddenly galloped up to

the door, threw himself from the saddle and, entering the tavern, cried:

"Why are you rioting here, when the country is struggling to break the shackles of slavery?"

"Paul Revere!" cried a dozen at once. "What news?"

"The whole country is wild with excitement, and men are everywhere marching to Boston. General Putnam, Warren, Colonel Prescott and others are organizing a great army there. Every man who can carry a gun must go."

"I'm ready," responded Simon. "I'm goin' now," and he snatched his musket.

"I will go with you," said Albert, and he went into the next room to get his rifle.

"Albert! Albert!" called a sweet childish voice, and turning he saw Estella, her dark eyes fixed on him.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Boston."

"They may kill you, Albert, as they did Jonathan Harrington and Mr. Monroe."

"We will kill them, Stella."

"But I am so afraid to have you go."

"Our country demands me, Stella, you can't understand it. Pray for me while I am gone and ask God to save me."

"I will—I will."

“ And he will hear your prayer.”

As Albert was about to join the party starting to Lexington, Adrienne Stevens called to him and said:

“ Albert, do you remember the officer whom I prevented you from slaying on the retreat from Concord?”

“ Yes.”

“ Do not harm him.”

“ Why, Aunt Annie? Why are you so strongly attached to the British captain?”

Pointing to Estella, she answered, “ For her sake do him no harm.”

“ Her sake—why for her sake? What is Stella to him, or he to her?”

“ Albert, I can't explain all to you now; but harm not that man if you can avoid it. Promise me that—promise it as you hope for heaven.”

Filled with mystery and wonder, he made the promise and, slinging on his bullet-pouch and powder-horn, he kissed the child and his aunt and, snatching up his gun, ran to join the party who were supporting the unsteady legs of Mr. Brown on the march to Lexington. At Lexington, Captain Parker was forming his company on the green which three days before had been stained with their blood.

On to Boston, was the cry from every lip. Fully

two hundred armed men were on the ground with their guns in their hands. Formed in two lines, with Captain Parker at their head, at the sound of fife and drum they began the long march of ten miles to Boston. Mr. Jonathan Stevens, Mr. Hill and Mr. Buker followed with wagons filled with provisions, blankets and camping outfits.

Albert and Simon marched side by side. Albert yawned sleepily and gazed at the stars overhead. The boy was becoming tired. Though he was only sixteen years of age, he was almost a man in size; but this long march was fatiguing even to his youthful frame. The band of patriots made most of the march in silence. Only the heavy tread of marching men and the rumbling of wagons or faint lowing of a tired ox broke the silence.

Albert, who was still pondering on the strange request of his aunt, at last said:

“Why did she make such a request?”

“What are yew talkin’ about?” asked Simon.

“I was goin’ to shoot a British officer in the retreat from Concord, when Aunt Annie begged me not to do so. To-night she made me promise not to harm him.”

“Dew she know him?” asked Simon.

“She must.”

“Now may be it was that darned redcoat I had the tussle with. I never told yew about it, did I?”

"No."

"Well, yew aren't old enough to remember about it, but ten years ago I was at Rugby, when there came four fellows in a coach and six. They were spies and informers, and I knew it, and I just went to knockin' 'em about, when a strange woman there stopped me. I forgot all about it, until we were chasin' some o' the red coats out of a field near Concord, and as sure as I'm a white man, one o' them was that gawl darned Sir Arthur. He snapped his pistol at me, and I snapped my gun at him, but neither was loaded. Then he tried to cut me with his sword, but he broke it on my gun-barrel, and I knocked him dyown, and somebody struck me, and I fell. When I got up, he was gone. I saw him runnin' with the others dyown the road and shot three times at him and missed."

"Don't you do it again, Simon."

"Why?"

"Aunt says we mustn't on Stella's account."

"Why, what has Stella got to dew with it?"

"I don't know, but aunt does, and for her sake he must not be harmed."

The little army came to a halt. There was some disturbance ahead, which only proved to be Mr. Brown's legs refusing to carry him further. He was taken to the rear, put in a baggage wagon, and the little army went on.

As they neared Boston, more caution became necessary. They were constantly meeting outlying parties of Americans who challenged them. Constant halting and explanations consumed so much time that the night was almost spent when the company, which had been constantly increasing in numbers, reached a halting place.

Albert was so weary and sleepy, that he could scarce keep his eyes open. At last they halted among some trees on the banks of a stream. There were thousands of men all about them, some sleeping on the ground on blankets, some in tents, and some sitting under trees. Others were constantly arriving all through the night. Far across the water, dimly seen through the fog and mist, a few lights faintly glimmered. These were the lights at Boston. Albert was told to take a blanket and go to bed, which meant lie down upon the ground.

This order he obeyed. In a few moments he was sound asleep, and so weary was he from the long night march, that he did not wake until the sun was well up in the sky. Then he was roused by his German friend saying:

“Id vas time you be giddin’ up, mein frient.”

Albert rose and looked about him. What crowds of people! From the hill in their rear down to the water were young men, old men and large boys, all with guns in their hands, and wearing very

warlike aspects. Across the water he could see the spires of Boston glittering in the morning sun through the fog. Like crimson specks in the distance could be seen the British sentries watching the hostile horde who had sworn to drive them away.

It was estimated that the army of Americans gathered about Boston was at least fifteen thousand strong. Massachusetts alone turned out ten thousand, Connecticut three thousand, and the remaining New England colonies furnished two thousand. Of these troops, General Ward was commander-in-chief. His headquarters were at Cambridge. The right wing of the army was stationed at Roxbury and the left wing at Medford and Chelsea.

At first Albert Stevens was confused by the numbers of men about him; but soon he became used to them and learned to know the regiment and quarters to which he was assigned. He was made a corporal and began to study military tactics. His mother, brother and sisters were at Lexington, but his father came often to see him and bring supplies to the army. Noah Stevens, who had served under Washington and Wolfe, was not too old to do military duty, and became an assistant to the quartermaster-general in furnishing supplies for the troops.

Albert wondered why they did not advance and attack the hated British at once, but was told they

were not quite ready. They were waiting for reinforcements and to become better drilled. Every day was spent in marching and countermarching, in sham battles, and exercise in the manual of arms. Most of the New Englanders were armed with rifles and fowling-pieces, but at short range these were very effective weapons. At the close of May, Albert learned that a considerable reinforcement had arrived at Boston from England. The British now had from ten to twelve thousand veteran troops, all well armed and disciplined. Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, all experienced officers, were in command of this formidable force.

Though the Americans were superior in numbers, they were far inferior in arms, ammunition and military science. Although they had sixteen field-pieces, not more than half a dozen were available for service. Their brass pieces, which were few, were of the smallest calibre. They had, however, some heavy iron cannon, with three or four mortars and howitzers and a scanty supply of balls and bombs, while of powder they were almost destitute. Albert kept asking why they did not hurl some of those heavy iron balls at the enemy. A small pyramid of these projectiles lay on the ground near one of the pieces. Others were asking the same question; but days passed on and not a shot had been fired.

One morning, however, he observed some activity near the largest cannon. A group of men were swabbing it out and loaded it with a solid shot. He ran down to where they were and asked some one what they were going to do, but no one answered. They seemed to know their business, but preferred not to be questioned. At last the gun was loaded, and he saw them sighting it at a point of land a mile or two away, where he could see some men at work digging up the sand and forming an earthwork. At last the gun was sighted and some one said, "Fire!" A man applied a long iron rod, one end of which was heated red-hot, to the touch-hole of the cannon. He heard a fizz, saw a little cloud curl upward, then a boom, and as the smoke rolled upward, he saw the sand and dirt knocked about in every direction, and the workmen left their picks and shovels and ran. They returned in a few moments, and the cannon was again loaded.

"A little higher this time," said an officer. "You undershot that time."

The effect of this shot was to almost bury the workmen under the sand, and Albert saw them carry one of their number up the hill. They returned again; but a third shot drove them away, and they abandoned the work. A few days later, Albert heard some one in the camp say that the

British intended to fortify Dorchester heights, and the speaker declared it as his opinion, that "it is time for us to move."

Simon thought so too, and so impatient was he to have a hand in this trouble, that he vowed if somebody did not move, he was going to move himself. Mr. Brown, who was sitting on an empty keg surrounded by a small party of admirers, struck his hand on his knee and declared:

"The country is going to the dogs!"

On the following day (16th of June), General Ward issued orders to Colonel Prescott to proceed to Charlestown and occupy and fortify Bunker Hill.

Albert Stevens' company had been assigned to the command of Colonel Prescott of about one thousand men. The first intimation he had of any work to be done was an order to take provisions for a single day. Early in the evening of the 16th, they were mustered on Cambridge Common, near the college. The colonel, who wore a long calico coat, something like a modern dressing-gown, drew them up in line, and brought them to a parade-rest.

"What are we going to do?" Albert asked.

"Hush!" some one whispered. Then President Langdon of the college came out before the arrayed patriots and, lifting his hands toward the gathering stars, offered a fervent prayer for the cause for which they were to battle. When the prayer was

over, they were ordered to right face, and in files of four they began their march, led by the valiant Prescott himself, preceded by two sergeants with dark lanterns and accompanied by Colonel Gridley and Judge Winthrop of Cambridge.

“Where are we going?” Albert asked; but no one would tell him, and he heard the sharp command: “No talking in ranks!”

They crossed over to Charlestown and reached Bunker Hill. He knew the spot well, for he had played there many times. What were they going to do? There was a long whispered consultation, and then they proceeded to Breed's Hill, still nearer to the bay and British shipping. Then there loomed up in the darkness wagons loaded with picks and shovels. It was midnight before Gridley staked out the work and orders were given to lay down their rifles and seize their picks and spades. Albert needed not ask what was to be done now. He knew. He was young and strong, and soon his pick began to tell. He had Simon on one side, Jacob on the other, while Levi and Joshua were near. The redoubt grew up all about them like magic.

Meanwhile, Captain Manners had been stationed on the Charlestown shore to watch the enemy. It was a clear, starlight night, and Colonel Prescott, accompanied by Major Brooks, went twice down

to the shore to reconnoitre. By listening they could distinctly hear the British sentries' cry of:

"All's well."

With Prescott's band, the night was one of sleepless vigilance and incessant toil. Albert did not seem wearied or sleepy. He heard his captain say:

"Boys, the stronger the work you shall have thrown up when morning comes, the less chance there will be for you to be struck by a cannon-ball."

Day dawned, and the redoubt was almost completed, although the pick and shovel were still plied with unabated vigor. The British were quiet.

"Can it be they have not seen us yet?" Albert asked.

"The sun has not riz yet," answered Simon. "They'll be poundin' away at us afore it's up."

Simon had scarce ceased speaking, when a wreath of white smoke curled up from the forecastle of a British ship called the *Lively*, and land and sea shook with the heavy report, while a solid shot struck the top of the work lower down and sent sand and gravel flying in every direction.

"Lie close and keep on at your work," cried Colonel Prescott.

The alarm was given to the British war-ships, and a heavy cannonade was commenced. The fire

from a battery of six guns, on Copp's Hill, proved most annoying; but the Americans, regardless of bombs and balls, continued their labors with unshaken constancy. The first martyr on that sacred altar of liberty was Asa Pollard, of Billerica, who was killed by a cannon-shot. This was the only death during the forenoon.

The Americans in the neighborhood of the redoubt were by no means idle. About two hundred yards in the rear of the breastwork was a stone fence surmounted by rails. In front of this another fence was constructed, and the space between the two filled with hay, which happened to be in the field. A subsidiary work was thrown up on Bunker Hill, properly so called, by General Putnam.

The British realized the importance of dislodging the enemy, and Gage and the other generals were holding a consultation as to the best means of storming the works. After mature deliberation, it was determined to transport a competent force across the river and attack the works in front.

The day was cloudless, and the vertical rays of the sun were intensely hot to the toiling patriots, yet they labored on until the redoubts were finished. When they had completed them, Albert threw himself on the ground under the earthwork and wiped the reeking perspiration from his brow.

The cannon from the shipping and from Copp's Hill still continued to roar, while the balls struck against the earthworks. Occasionally a shell flew screaming over their heads and exploded on the ground, but did no harm.

"We will have time for dinner, boys," said the captain. "Eat while you can, for we had no breakfast, and we'll have need of all our strength."

No warrior enjoys his meal just before a battle. The most trying ordeal of the soldier is lying in the trenches or on the battlefield awaiting an attack. When one is once in it, the excitement of action sustains him, and he becomes reckless of danger, but lying and expecting an enemy to come up and shoot him tries the nerves of the strongest.

Just before the conflict, General Warren, president of the provincial congress, galloped up to the American works. Putnam, who was on the field, met him and said:

"Ah! is it you, General? I am glad to see you, and yet I regret your presence. Your life is too precious to be thus exposed; but since you are here, let me receive your orders."

"No," the gallant fellow answered. "I give no orders. I come as a volunteer; and now say where I can be most useful."

"Go then to the redoubt," said Putnam; "you will be less exposed."

"Tell me," rejoined Warren, "where will be the point of greatest danger."

"The redoubt will be the enemy's first and principal object," said Putnam; "if we can defend that, the day is ours."

As Warren passed on, the troops recognized him, and their wild cheers roused Albert, who was resting under the earthwork. He saw Colonel Prescott offering him the command and heard the brave Warren say:

"Give me a musket; to-day I take a lesson from a veteran in the art of war."

Albert Stevens, crouching under the earthwork with his hand on his gun, waited patiently the attack. The heavy balls and whistling shells flew



GENERAL WARREN.

over their heads or struck against the embankment with monotonous regularity. Simon, despite all orders to the contrary, could not refrain from taking an occasional peep over the works at the enemy.

"Oh, why in thunder don't they come on and hev this over with, an' not be a-shootin' their dinner pots at us?" he growled.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, when Simon looking over the works said:

"They are comin' now. I see twenty-eight barges a-movin' from the end o' Long Wharf to Morton Point."

"There must be a good many of them."

"Wall, raly, there are; but the more the better. We'd like tew use 'em all up at once ef we kin."

Fifteen minutes later Simon took another observation and said he saw a second detachment leaving Winnisimmett ferry and joining the first, while reinforcements were coming from the shipping. These several detachments, amounting to four thousand men, were under command of General Howe, subordinate to whom were General Pigot and Colonels Nesbit, Abercrombie and Clark. After landing, the troops formed in two divisions and stood for several moments at a parade rest.

"Wonder what they're waitin' fer? We are ready," remarked Simon. Mr. Brown, who was near him, declared:

"Simon, you talk too much!" but it was impossible to keep Simon silent, or his head below the works. A terrific cannonading commenced all along the British line. This was the order for the infantry and grenadiers to advance.

"They are comin' now in two divisions," said Simon. "One is comin' right for us and the other for the rail fence. Hello, there's yer father's nigger Salem, Albert. What's he doin' here?"

A negro with his musket in his hand came hurrying up.

"Massa Albert, I heard ye war here, and I went to yo' father and told him I wanted to come. He said I mought if I could git to ye. I knowed I could do dat an' I found one o' dem muskets ye picked up at Lexington an' brung it along. I've got fourteen cartridges to fire."

"Say, Albert, say!" cried Simon who was sitting on the parapet, "gawl darn me for a fool, ef thar ain't that Major Pitcairn, who war at Lexington. Now I'm goin' tew plug him centre."

"No, massa, lemme do it," pleaded Salem. "He killed Massa Harrington, I want revenge."

"Get down from there, Simon," cried Colonel Prescott, who was hurrying along the line giving his final orders. Simon descended. "Crouch down, all of you, in the trenches, and don't fire until you get the word. Not a shot must be fired until you can see the whites of their eyes."

Putnam came along a moment later repeating the same order:

"Fellow-soldiers, powder is scarce and must not be wasted. Reserve your fire until you can see the whites of their eyes, then take aim at the officers."

As the British advanced, pouring in volley after volley, some of the more nervous began to return

the fire, when Prescott, running down the line, cried:

“The next man that fires before the order is given, shall be immediately shot.”

The order was a wise one, for few shots were thrown away. It gave the Americans time to steady their nerves. Those who had fired reloaded. Albert had but three or four charges of powder, but he supposed that Joshua or Simon had plenty. As he lay behind the redoubt he could hear them coming. The steady tramp, the wild cheer, the volleys and plunging shot seemed only to steady his arm. They were very near, only eight rods away, and Prescott in a voice of thunder cried:

“Now, men, now is your time! Make ready!” All along the line could be heard the clicking of gun-locks, as they were pulled to a full cock. “Take aim!” A row of heads, most of them bare, rose above the redoubt, which was covered with gun-barrels.

“Fire!”

A roar followed. Such a deadly fire perhaps was never before made. Red-coats fell by platoons. Whole ranks went down; but a volume of smoke rolled upward and hid the scene.

Prescott might have held down a lion; but he could not hold down Simon Tapley and Albert. They mounted the redoubt and tried to pierce the



"HOW D'YE LIKE THAT? COME BACK AND GIT ANOTHER DOSE!"

smoke, which was impossible. When the smoke cleared away, they saw the whole hillside covered with slain and wounded. The ranks of the British were broken, and confusion appeared on every side. The British officers attempted to rally their troops; but they only fired at random and fled down the hill. Simon danced along the top of the redoubt, shook his fists at the retreating Britons and yelled:

“Gawl darn you! how d’ye like that? Come back and git another dose.”

“Oh, Simon, you talk too much; git down,” called Mr. Brown, who was loading his gun in the trenches. Simon and Albert were both ordered down by their captain and proceeded to load.

“I am very scarce of powder, Simon,” whispered Albert, as he rammed home a bullet. “Can you spare me some?”

“I ain’t got more’n two or three charges.”

Albert spoke to a man next to him and he was almost out. He was growing uneasy; but there was no time for further discussion. The British had rallied and were coming up the hill once more. A whisper ran along the line of patriots to that effect. The impetuous Simon, as brave as he was impulsive, again leaped upon the parapet. Howe, having been annoyed by some sharpshooters from Charlestown, now issued orders to burn the town.

Just as soon as Simon leaped the parapet he saw the flames burst up from the town and he cried:

"Wall, ef the gawl darned, mean critters ain't a-burnin' Charlestown, I am a liar."

"Get down, Simon!" roared Colonel Prescott.

"He'll get his plaguy fool head shot off," growled Mr. Brown.

Once more the Britons advanced up the hill, marching over dead men and wounded writhing in pain. Even the veterans felt nervous as they advanced on that silent and deadly redoubt. Once more Albert heard the advancing tread of troops. They came nearer than before. He held his rifle ready cocked when the words came:

"Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

Another blast of thunder and lightning, and the deadly simoom of the desert could not have been more fatal. Their nerves were more steady, and it seemed as if the whole army had gone down. General Howe was almost alone. Nearly every officer of his staff was killed or wounded. So sweeping had been the destruction, that the ranks were fatally broken, and a second time orders were issued for the British army to make good their retreat.

"There is one left, there is one," cried Simon as he discovered a British officer. Albert was bareheaded and without a coat. He had reloaded

his gun and raised it to shoot the officer, when General Putnam mounted the parapet and cried:

“My gallant comrades! spare, spare that officer! We are friends; we are brothers; do you not remember how we rushed into each other’s arms, at the meeting for the exchange of prisoners?”

Albert and Simon and all others lowered their guns, and the officer, Major Small, with whom Putnam had campaigned in the French and Indian wars, was spared.

Although repulsed twice with losses as fearful as unexpected, Howe, who was a brave man, determined to dislodge the Americans at all costs. Once more he formed his broken ranks, and a third time came to the contest. A third withering volley was fired, which made those veterans recoil. But with that bull-dog tenacity which Britons and their descendants possess, they pressed on. The Americans were out of ammunition, had no bayonets, and with a tremendous cheer the Britons passed over their earthworks.

“Look out for yourselves,” roared Mr. Brown, taking to his heels and running away.

“I’m gawl darned ef I’m goin’ to run,” cried Simon. He seized some stones and began to hurl them at the troops. Three were knocked down and one actually had his skull crushed like an egg-shell, by one of the heavy stones which Simon

hurled. Major Pitcairn, whose insolence and inhumanity at Lexington will never be forgotten, leaped on the parapet and shouted:

“The day is ours!”

Albert hurled a stone at him, but missed.

“Nebber mind, Massa, Salem fix 'em,” and the negro levelled his gun at the major and shot him dead.

The Americans could no longer contend with hope, as their ammunition was fairly expended. Prescott was reluctant to yield; but it was wise—it was best. An honorable retreat was still practicable and he chose this alternative, and the Americans retired in order from the hill.

As Albert was retreating with the others, he heard some one cry:

“Oh, they have surrounded him.”

In another moment a voice, which he afterward heard was Major Small's, cried:

“Spare him, don't shoot him!”

“Who?” asked Albert.

Before he had time to ask more, he heard the stunning report of a musket and the fall of a body. He sprang back to the scene where a group were struggling over a dying man. A soldier had raised his bayonet to plunge into the body of the fallen hero whom an American was supporting. The British Major seized the bayonet and turned the

keen point aside. The youth was hurried on by the retreating mass, and it was not until night that he learned of the death of General Warren. The tired boy, filled with horror, slept on the ground that night dreaming of the terrible events of that awful day.

Next day after the battle, Albert being ill received a ten days' furlough, and his father took him to their home in Lexington. Noah Stevens had accepted a position as colonel in the continental army, and was rejoiced to learn while his son was at Lexington, that the continental congress had unanimously appointed his former commander, General George Washington, commander-in-chief of the continental forces. This appointment was made on the 15th of June, two days before the battle of Bunker Hill.

"That is the best appointment they could have made," the colonel declared, when he read it at the bedside of his sick son.

"Father," said Albert with a faint smile, "when next you see Mr. Brown, please tell him the country will not go to the dogs."

With a laugh, Colonel Stevens said he would, and urged Albert to get well, as his services were needed. Albert had splendid nurses. His mother, his younger brothers and sisters and the ever tender, sympathetic little Stella came to comfort him.

“ War makes you sick,” she said, “ please don’t go away any more.”

Washington did not return to his home at Mount Vernon after his appointment, but set out at once for Boston. On July 2d, 1775, he arrived at Cambridge and established his headquarters in a fine house provided for him, which for a long time was the home of the poet Longfellow. At nine o’clock on the morning of the 3d of July he appeared with his suite, under a large elm tree yet standing at the northerly end of Cambridge Common. The continental forces were drawn up in line, when Washington, with uncovered head, stepped a few paces forward, drew his sword and took formal command of the army. On the next day, 4th of July, he issued his first general order.

One of the first efforts of the continental congress was to enlist Canada in their service. It was thought the Canadians could be easily induced to take up arms against a country which had so recently conquered them; but in this they were mistaken. In Canadian matters the English parliament displayed their only skill in diplomacy in American affairs. Knowing the strong Catholic element predominating there, they extended to them perfect freedom in matters of religion. On the other hand, the duplicity of the American congress in 1774 had made the Canadians lukewarm,

if not actually hostile. That congress had addressed them in affectionate terms; but in their address to the people of Great Britain, who delighted in shouting, "No Popery!" they had, unfortunately, in alluding to the Quebec Act, said, "We think the legislature is not authorized by the constitution to establish a religion fraught with sanguinary tenets in any part of the globe; nor can we suppress our astonishment, that a British parliament should ever consent to establish in that country (Canada) a religion that has deluged your island in blood and dispensed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." This address, which the English had taken care should be translated into French and distributed in handbills all over Canada, no doubt saved Canada to Great Britain. It caused the invasion of Montgomery, who captured Montreal and fell at Quebec while attempting to storm the impregnable fortress to fail in its purpose. Arnold's expedition through the wilderness to Canada was one of the most trying events of the war. Colonel Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, was made a captive in skirmish on the Canadian frontier and sent to England in chains. General Washington assigned General Schuyler to the northern army, and he made an effective and efficient commander; but the Canadian campaign,

from the lack of capturing Quebec, was not a success.

Meanwhile, Washington closely invested Boston. The siege went on slowly. There was occasionally cannonading and threats of sorties or assaults, but none were made. The inefficiency of the executive power made trouble with the democratic soldiery, who could not endure the restraint necessary to good discipline. They were brave, but inexperienced, and they argued that if they were fighting for liberty, they would not be slaves to the will of superior officers. Washington was compelled to dismiss some Connecticut troops, because they demanded bounty. They went home in a body amid the jeers and insults of the angry people, who insulted them all along their line of march.

These untoward circumstances filled the mind of Washington with the keenest anxiety; when suddenly a salutary change was visible. Within the space of a fortnight, new hopes and renewed patriotism seemed to fill the bosoms of the people, and at the close of the year the regiments were nearly all full, and ten thousand minute men, chiefly in Massachusetts, were ready to swell the ranks when called upon. The camp was well supplied with provisions; order was generally preserved; the commander-in-chief was more hopeful than at any time since his arrival, and general

cheerfulness prevailed. The wives of several of the officers arrived in camp. Mrs. Washington with her son John Parke Custis and his young spouse came on the 11th of December, and Christmas day was spent quite agreeably in Cambridge.

On January 1st, 1776, the new continental army was organized. It consisted of almost ten thousand men, of whom nearly one-tenth were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of re-enlistment. The event was signalled by the raising of a new flag composed of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies (for Georgia had at last sent delegates to the continental congress) and in the dexter corner the British union, the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground, as indicative of the loyalty of the colonies to the British crown. As yet no one harbored a thought of independence.

During the cold winter, through ice and snow, those brave patriots brought cannon from Ticonderoga with which they proceeded to bombard the town.

As the winter wore on, the American army drew nearer and nearer, and for hours together their cannons shook the earth and their balls flew shrieking about the enemy. Howe, who had superseded Gage, began to realize his critical situation.

Washington was master. He had at his side

Generals Putnam, Greene and Sullivan, and he knew the British must surrender or evacuate.

Howe decided to do the latter and, threatening to burn the town if his troops were not permitted to go unmolested, the British left in their ships on Sunday, March 17th, 1776.

Early on the morning of the 17th the provincials were on the move. They were anxious, and the day seemed tardy in appearing. Reconnoitring Bunker Hill, the sentries were observed to wear an aspect more rigid than even the prescribed attitude of the soldier would seem to demand. The men approached with caution. Not a musket moved. At length a nearer approach showed the sentries to be effigies.

"I'm darned ef they hain't sneaked off and left a parcel o' scarecrows tew guard the city," cried Simon. The men knocked the effigies about and maltreated them to their hearts' content.

Ward and Putnam crossed from Cambridge and Roxbury, impeded by "crows' feet" (balls of iron with several points), and entered the city with banners flying and drums beating. On the 18th, Washington followed, and was hailed with shouts of welcome as the deliverer of Boston.

The British fleets sailed away, and Mr. Brown declared the war over and called a meeting of the club at Rugby to celebrate the recent victorious termination of the bloody war.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCUMENTS OF FREEDOM.

ACTIONS of people cannot be rightly interpreted until the motives prompting them are known. If you read that old John Jones shot his neighbor Tom Smith, you naturally wish to know why he did so. If you learn that Jones was a patriot and Smith a traitor to his country, you understand the motive. While the British are evacuating Boston, and Mr. Brown is calling the Rugby Club together to rejoice that the war is over, for Mr. Brown lived in a small world of his own, and knew little beyond Rugby Tavern and Boston, there was wild excitement all over the colonies. Tryon, Governor of New York, alarmed at the belligerent actions of the Sons of Liberty, in imitation of Dunmore of Virginia, fled from New York to a British war-ship. The provincial congress of New Jersey, disregarding the authority of the royal governor (a son of Dr. Franklin) assumed all the functions of regular government with the sanction of the people. Everywhere royal governors were abdicating and flying,

or holding their power by the flimsiest threads which threatened to snap at the slightest breeze. The south had already boldly asserted her freedom, and in Georgia, the last colony to elect delegates to the continental congress, there suddenly burst forth a spirit of freedom which made royalists tremble.

The first naval operation was against Charleston. The gallant defence of Fort Moultrie has been told again and again by faithful historians. General Francis Marion was there, General Moultrie and the gallant Sergeant Jasper, who had, at the peril of his life, seized the flag when it had been cut down, and mounting the parapet of palmetto logs, replaced it. The British were repulsed.

As yet, however, everything in America was uncertain. Technically, every patriot who shouldered his gun to defend his life and liberties was an outlaw. The people were fighting their own sovereign, and had no fixed end in view. Some still hoped for a reconciliation, and as yet there was but little concert of action. The battles were more like riots, the armed patriots more like mobs. Even Washington's authority was doubted and defied by the meanest soldier in the ranks.

The wiser of the patriots saw that something must be done to give them a government to fight for—a government to defend, for they were more

in the nature of anarchists fighting against a government, than defending a principle. Wise, good and brave men began to realize that reconciliation was impossible, and to talk more boldly about dissolution. Thomas Paine, son of an English friend, in a pamphlet called *Common Sense*, early in 1776 put forth an earnest plea for Independence.

Soon legislative bodies began to move in the matter. The continental congress was firm at heart but timorous in action for a while. In January, 1776, Franklin called up his plan for a confederation, and endeavored to have a day set for its consideration, but was defeated by Dickinson, Hooper, Jay and others, who were not ready for separation. In February a proposition from Wilson, for congress to send forth an address to their constituents in which they should disclaim the idea of renouncing their allegiance, disgusted that body and the people. The common people everywhere were ahead of congress in their aspirations for independence, and it would seem as if they had driven the continental congress to the measure at last. The proposition of Wilson induced Harrison to say:

“ We have hobbled on under a fatal attachment to Great Britain. I felt that attachment as much as any man, but I feel a stronger one for my country. ”

Mr. George Wythe, from the same province, was also fired with righteous indignation at the

proposition and exclaimed, after asserting the natural and prescriptive rights of the Americans:

“We may invite foreign powers to make treaties of commerce with us; but before the measure is adopted, it is to be considered in what character we treat: As subjects of Great Britain? As rebels? No; we must declare ourselves a free people.”

These were the boldest words yet spoken on the floor of congress. They were followed by a resolution of Mr. Wythe, “That the colonies have a right to contract alliances.”

“That means independence,” said timid ones; but the question whether the resolution should be considered was carried by a vote of seven colonies against five. In less than a month, Silas Deane was appointed by a committee of secret correspondence, a political and commercial agent, to operate in France and elsewhere, and to secure necessary supplies of every kind for an army of twenty thousand men. He was instructed to say to the French government, in substance: “We first apply to you, because if we should, as there is every appearance that we shall, come to a total separation from Great Britain, France would be the power whose friendship it would be fittest for us to obtain and cultivate.” It is reported that France had intimated a willingness to aid the Americans if it could be done secretly.

In various forms the subject of independence was constantly bobbing up in the continental congress. Like Banquo's Ghost, it would not down. In the instructions to the commissioners to go into Canada, John Adams said:

"You are to declare, that it is our inclination that the people of Canada may set up such a form of government as will be most likely, in their judgment, to produce their happiness." Jay and others objected to this as it meant "independence;" but the sentence was adopted. Then, after a long debate, congress resolved, in April, to throw open the ports to the commerce of the world, "not subject to the King of Great Britain," and that "no slaves be imported into any of the thirteen United Colonies." This resolution abolished British custom-houses and completely swept away the colonial system. It was a most important step in the direction of absolute independence.

The people, the times and the will of heaven seemed to drive the continental congress to the act of independence. North Carolina first took positive action on the subject of independence. On the 22d of April, 1776, a provincial convention in that colony authorized its representatives in the continental congress to concur with others in other colonies in declaring independence. The people of Massachusetts did the same on the next day.

Those of Rhode Island and Virginia instructed their representatives to propose independence. Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, either instructed their delegates to ask for independence or hinted in that direction. At the close of May the Maryland convention positively forbade their delegates to vote for independence; but before June was over they were in accord with Virginia. Georgia, Delaware, and South Carolina took no official action in the matter and left their delegates to act as they pleased. Dr. Franklin's son, William Franklin, the last royal governor of New Jersey, had been arrested by order of the general congress and sent a prisoner of state to Connecticut.

The desire for independence had become a living principle of the continental congress, and that principle soon found courageous utterance. On the 10th of May, that body, on motion of John Adams resolved:

“ That it be recommended to the several assemblies and conventions of the united colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs hath hitherto been established, to adopt such a government as shall, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general.”

This was a cautious yet a bold step; but was not sufficiently comprehensive to form a basis of energetic action in favor of independence. Congress only needed some one courageous enough to take the initiatory steps, by offering an instrument which should sever the cord that bound the colonies to Great Britain. The man who did so, every one knew would be marked as an arch traitor and incur the undying resentment of the royal government. Nevertheless that person appeared. It was Richard Henry Lee of Virginia whose constituents had instructed him to "propose independence," and on June 7, 1776, he rose in his place in the hall of congress, a spacious room in the state-house at Philadelphia, which has ever since been known as Independence Hall, and in his clear, musical voice read aloud the following resolution:

"That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams instantly seconded the resolution. The names of the mover and seconder of the resolution were omitted in the records of the journal in order to screen Mr. Lee and Mr. Adams. Congress was held with closed doors, and all the members were sworn to secrecy. Action on the resolution was postponed until the next day, which

postponement was afterward extended to the 1st of July; and in order to avoid loss of time, "in case the resolution should be adopted, a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration to that effect." The committee was composed of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. Mr. Lee was not appointed on the committee, for he had been summoned home on account of the serious illness of his wife.

The committee fully discussed the Declaration, and when its topics were settled, the task of putting the whole in proper form was committed to the accomplished statesman, Thomas Jefferson. At the end of two days he submitted a draft which was unanimously adopted by the committee, after some slight verbal alteration by Adams and Franklin. Long and animated debates in congress followed its presentation, and several amendments were made. Among them was the striking out of a long paragraph in which the king of Great Britain, in the general indictment, was held responsible for the African slave-trade carried on by the colonies and the perpetuation of slavery here. The charge was not strictly truth, and a sacred regard for truth caused the clause to be omitted.

From the first it was evident that a majority of the colonies would vote for independence; but their

unanimous consent was particularly desirable. To secure this result, the friends of the measure bent every energy. The assemblies of Maryland and Pennsylvania at first refused to sanction it, and Georgia, South Carolina, and New York remained silent. The delegates from Maryland favored it, while those from Pennsylvania were divided. It was not until the 24th of June that the people of Pennsylvania, in a convention held at Philadelphia, consented to "concur in a vote of congress, declaring the united colonies free and independent states;" and by the unwearied exertions of Chase, Carroll and other delegates from Maryland, the convention of that province, on the 28th of June, recalled their former instructions and empowered their representatives to concur with the other colonies in a Declaration of Independence. Thus the most important obstacles in the way to unanimity were removed; and when a vote was taken in the committee of the whole house on Mr. Lee's resolution, on the 2d July, all the colonies excepting Pennsylvania and Delaware voted for it, four of the seven delegates from the former voting against it, and the two delegates who were present from Delaware being divided—Thomas McKean favoring it and George Read opposing it.

Now that the all-important resolution was adopted, it remained for final action on the Dec-

laration of Independence. The 2d and 3d of July were spent in warm discussions. News of the arrival of General Howe with a large army at Sandy Hook had been received by the congress and made a profound impression on that body. McKean, burning with desire to have Delaware speak in favor of independence, sent an express after Cæsar Rodney, the other delegate from that colony, who, he knew, was in favor of the measure. Rodney was eighty miles from Philadelphia, when he received the message, and he tarried only long enough to change his linen. Ten minutes later he was on a swift horse speeding day and night until he reached Philadelphia on July 4th, a short time before the final vote on the Declaration was taken. Read had changed his mind, and the vote of Delaware was secured. Robert Morris and John Dickinson of Pennsylvania were absent. The former was in favor, the latter was opposed to the measure. Of the other five Pennsylvania delegates present, Dr. Franklin, James Wilson, and John Morton were in favor of it, and Thomas Willing and Charles Humphreys opposed to it; so the vote of Pennsylvania was also secured. When the final vote was taken on that bright cool day, the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by the unanimous vote of the thirteen colonies, and Charles Thompson, the secretary of

congress, made the following modest record of the great event, in their journal :

“ Agreeably to the order of the day, the congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to take into their further consideration the Declaration ; and, after some time, the president resumed the chair, and Mr. Harrison reported that the committee had agreed to a Declaration, which they desired him to report. The Declaration being read was agreed to.”

In that Declaration, after reciting their reasons for making it, in a series of definite charges against the British monarch, the congress said :

“ We, therefore, the representatives of the United States, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intention, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states ; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved, and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right

do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

Thus, by their act, the continental congress gave birth to a nation. As it was necessary to have for use a token of national authority, on the afternoon of the same day the congress resolved:

"That Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a proper device for a seal for the United States of America."

The ringing of the bell known to-day as independence bell first gave notice to the populace that the Declaration of Independence had been adopted. It was signed on the same day by every member present who voted for it, "signing as it were with halts about their necks." As the voting in congress was by colonies, a majority of the members of that body could not bind any single colony. It was, therefore, necessary for the members to sign it, to show that a majority of the delegates of the several colonies present were in favor of it. Their signature, only, could be received as a proper authentication of the instrument. These signatures were attached to a copy on paper, and the instrument was ordered to be engrossed on parchment. This was done, and the copy on parchment was signed by fifty-four delegates on the 2d of August.

Two others afterward signed, one in September and the other later in the Autumn.

Immediately after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, it was printed and scattered broadcast with only the names of the president of the congress and secretary attached to it. This doubtless gave rise to the impression that only these two signed the document on the Fourth of July.

When Mr. Henry Brown at Rugby heard of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the continental congress, he drained a bowl of punch, shook his head knowingly and growled:

“What did the idiots do it for? The country is going to the dogs.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE HESSIAN.

KING GEORGE III., after the affairs at Lexington and Bunker Hill, began to appreciate the temper of the American people. War was inevitable, and the Americans were far more formidable than he at first supposed. That a fierce and bloody conflict was before him, he could no longer doubt, yet he never relented one whit of his determination to humble the Americans. He had not English troops sufficient to accomplish this, and decided to secure foreign aid.

The king first applied to the empress of Russia, whom he was disposed to regard as a semi-barbarian, sovereign of a barbarous nation, for the loan of her soldiers. As British gold would purchase everything, a ready compliance was anticipated. So much reliance was put in this demand, that Gibbon the historian, in October, 1775, wrote to a friend:

“When the Russians arrive, will you go and see their camp? We have great hopes of getting

a body of these barbarians. The ministers daily and hourly expect to hear that the business is concluded. The worst of it is, the Baltic will soon be frozen up, and it must be late next year before they can get to America."

A refusal was not dreamed of, yet it came. By the hand of her minister, Catharine, the half-barbarian sovereign, answered:

"I am just beginning to enjoy peace, and your majesty knows that my empire needs repose. It is also known what must be the condition of an army, though victorious, when it comes out of a long war in a murderous climate. There is an impropriety in employing so considerable a body in another hemisphere, under a power almost unknown to it, and almost deprived of all correspondence with its sovereign. My own confidence in my peace, which has cost me so great efforts to acquire, demands absolutely that I do not deprive myself so soon of so considerable a part of my forces. Affairs on the side of Sweden are but put to sleep, and those of Poland are not yet definitely terminated. Moreover, I should not be able to prevent from reflecting on the consequences which would result for our own dignity, for that of the two monarchies and the two nations, from this junction of our forces, simply to calm a rebellion which is not supported by any foreign power."

The angry king sputtered out his indignation in his irritable way :

“ She has not had the civility to answer me in her own hand, and has thrown out expressions that may be civil to a Russian ear, but certainly not to a more civilized one.”

Failing to procure soldiers from Russia, King George next applied to Holland for the loan of a brigade of troops, but again met with a refusal. The Deputies said :

“ A commercial State should avoid quarrels if possible,” and Van der Capellan, the greatest statesman of the Netherlands at this time, remarked, “ A republic should never assist in making war on a free people.” Unwilling, however, to offend England, the brigade was offered on the condition that it should not serve out of Europe. While these negotiations were going on, bargains were made by the British government with some of the less scrupulous German rulers for the hire of the required number of soldiers. By the close of 1775, the bargain was closed. The contracting parties were the reigning governors of Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Hanau, Brunswick, Anhalt, Anspach and Waldeck, and the king of Great Britain. The deal was one of the most unscrupulous in the annals of history. The poor Hessians had, themselves, no choice in the matter. Like so many

cattle they were sold and forced from their country to a foreign land where they found themselves with muskets in their hands, facing a foe and told to fight.

About seventeen thousand German troops, most of them well disciplined, were hired. Their masters were to receive for each soldier a bounty of twenty-two dollars and a half, besides a subsidy, the whole amounting to a large sum. The British government also agreed to make a restitution for all soldiers who might perish from contagious diseases while being transported in ships; in engagements, and during sieges; and they were all to take an oath of allegiance to the British monarch, without its interfering with their oaths of allegiance to their respective rulers. They were, according to the agreement, to constitute a corps made up of four battalions of grenadiers, each four companies; fifteen battalions of infantry of five companies each, and two companies of Yagers (riflemen), all to be well equipped with implements of war. The chief commanders of these troops were General Baron de Riedesel, General Baron Knyphausen, and General de Heister. The name of *Hessians* was given to them all, and, because they were mercenaries, they were particularly detested by the Americans. The employment of them was a disgrace to the British government, and the method

used in forcing many of them away from their homes was a crime against humanity. Laborers were seized in the fields, mechanics in the workshops and worshippers in the churches, and were hurried to the barracks without being allowed a parting embrace with their families. Knowing that it was the intention of recruiting officers to impress men, even King George, unscrupulous as he was, refused to commission them. He said:

“It, in plain English, makes me a kidnapper, which I cannot think a very honorable occupation.”

In fact, the African slave trade was humane in comparison to the brutal manner in which the unfortunate Hessians were torn from their homes; but without these troops the war would have been short; even with them the British were not successful. A part of them under Riedesel went to Canada in the Spring of 1776, to assist in driving the republicans out of that province. The remainder under De Heister and Knyphausen joined Howe at New York in the summer and saw their first service on Long Island.

* * * * *

In the winter of 1775 and 1776, there lived in Anhalt an honest young mechanic named August Steckel. He was about thirty years of age and was strong, brave and honorable. Every one who knew the modest young German pointed him out

as a model citizen, husband and father. His home was in the outskirts of the village, and from the rear door of his cottage could be seen in the dim distance the Harz Mountains, their peaks piercing the blue mists and looking like great barriers to a mysterious, unknown world.

Here the young German mechanic had spent his life. He cared little for the superstitious stories of Harz Mountains and the Black Forest. His life was a poem rather than a romance. With his handsome wife adoring him, his prattling babes at his knees, on his return from a day of arduous toil, what more could a husband ask? Their friend Joseph Jager came frequently to spend the evening and smoke a pipe with honest August. Every one who passed his humble home pointed to it with pride and said:

“There lives honest August Steckel.”

Frequently, when August and Joseph sat before the blazing fire in the former's cottage, they talked of that new land, away across the sea, where so many of all nations had gone to make homes. August had a brother there from whom he frequently received letters giving glowing accounts of the country. Although there had as yet been but little German emigration to America, August frequently had his day-dreams of spending the remainder of his life in a new land with Catharine

and his children. It was hard living in Anhalt. He worked early and late, but wages were small, and he lived in constant dread of conscription. He had served his prince a few months as a soldier in Flanders; but August loved peace more than war. He had no ambition save to be honest and possess the love of his family. He realized that he was living in a land of tyrants. From over the seas came whispers of a land in which the Bird of Liberty was pluming its wings, and he sometimes longed to go and assist its flight.

One evening, early in January, 1776, Catharine stood in the door of her happy, though humble little home, awaiting the return of her husband. The snow lay on the ground, and Harz Mountains, gray and weird in their fleecy coat, seemed to have lost half their terrors. Night was coming on apace; the cold wind from the mountains was blowing; but she did not mind it, for she was awaiting the return of August.

A man, travelling on foot, entered the little town. The few inhabitants who were at the moment at their windows or doors, regarded this traveller with a species of anxiety. It would be difficult to meet a wayfarer of more forbidding appearance. He was a man about forty years of age, in the full vigor of life. His low cap with a leather peak partly concealed his sunburned and

forbidding face. His clothes were of the coarsest and plainest sort, consisting of shirt, vest and blue woollen blouse. He had a neck-cloth, twisted like a rope, loose blue trousers, met at the knee by gray stockings, and wooden shoes were on his feet. A well-filled knapsack was on his back and a large knotty stick in his hand. His face was shaved smooth, and his prominent chin, peaked nose and thin lips gave to his face a sinister appearance.

No one knew him; he was evidently a stranger in the town. Everybody thought he came from the south; but no one was certain. He was not hungry, for he passed the inn with only a cursory glance toward it and came directly to the cottage of August Steckel, whose wife still stood in the door watching for her husband.

"August is late to-night," she murmured to herself, as she held her baby close to her breast.

She did not see the stranger until he was almost at the house; then she started to go in and close the door, when he called to her:

"Catharine Steckel, don't run from an old friend."

She paused and gazed at him in amazement, and then cried:

"Herman Yost!"

"Aye, Catharine, you have not forgotten me, I see."

"Why, how dared you return, since I told you I never wanted to see you again? Herman Yost, I am now a respectable wife; you must go away."

With a low chuckle, the new-comer gave a tug at the peak of his cap and said:

"No use for old lovers then?"

"Begone, before my husband comes."

The stranger took a small book and pencil from the pocket of his blouse, and asked:

"I have forgotten your husband's full name."

"It is August Steckel, and an honorable name it is, too."

The stranger wrote down the name with perfect coolness, and, while she was yet sounding the praises of her husband, he asked:

"What is his age?"

"Thirty-five; but what can that be to you?"

"He is healthy, robust, strong?"

"Strong enough to crack your skull if you do not depart before he returns."

Herman Yost only laughed at this, and having written all he chose concerning August Steckel, he turned about and went away, remarking:

"That is all I want!"

"What can he mean?" Catharine asked herself, while a shudder passed over her frame. Hugging her babe close to her breast she re-entered the house and, placing the child in its little bed, busied her-

self preparing the frugal meal for her husband, at the same time trying hard to shake off the dismal forebodings which seemed to possess her soul; but she could not wholly do so.

August returned, his honest face all aglow with pleasure as he kissed his children and wife, and said:

“Come, good frau, spread the cloth and let us eat, for an honest day’s toil demands an honest meal. The wind blows off the mountains to-night, and we shall have it cold.”

She spread the meal and they gathered round the board.

“What makes you so melancholy?” he asked.

“Do I seem melancholy?”

“Yes.”

She could not tell him that her old lover, her husband’s former rival and enemy, had been there. She knew August would be angry and would start forth in the night and shrieking storm to seek and chastise Herman. The wind from Harz Mountains had brought a snow-storm with it, and the flakes were falling thick and fast in eddying whirls about the houses.

Supper was over and the table cleared away. August sat in his accustomed corner, his babe on his knee and his eldest at his side, when there came a rap at the door. He knew that knock. It

was his dearest friend Joseph come to talk with him during the long winter evening. He bade him enter, and in a few moments the friends with well-filled pipes sat before the fire, chatting pleasantly, regardless of the wild tempest which howled about them.

"My friend August, there is a strange man in the village taking the names of able-bodied men," said Jager.

"Why does he do that?"

"No one can tell, unless it is to run a conscript."

"But we are at peace."

"Truly you speak, friend August, yet all the remainder of Europe is not. England is at war with her colonies in America."

"What have we to do with that?"

"Much, if what I hear be true."

"What have you heard?"

"That the king of England has made a compact with our prince, whereby Anhalt is to furnish a number of soldiers to go to America."

"And fight that people?"

"Yes."

"It cannot be; it cannot be!" said August. "My brother Jacob is there, and, were I not so poor, I would go to America and fight her battles, too. Our prince would not sell us as slaves in that way."

"Rumor says he has done so, and I half believe the fellow who is writing down so many names is a spy of the press gang. Have you seen him?"

"No."

"Then you are safe. His evil eye has been on me, and he has my name. He may report me to the press gang, and then I will be conscripted and sent to the war in America."

Catharine heard these words, and they went like daggers to her heart. She could not gaze on her poor husband sitting there imagining himself free, when she knew the agent had his name on the list. How could she tell him that he was deceived, that his enemy had come during his absence and from her own lips had obtained the information necessary to his conscription? She felt in her soul that she had betrayed the man she loved dearer than life to his enemies. For two days she kept the horrible secret. Her husband saw that something was wearing on his pretty wife, and he urged her to tell him what it was. Long she was silent, until she could withhold no more. As she began to tell the story of Herman Yost and his strange questions, they were interrupted by the beating of drums and sounds of martial music. Little Wilhelmien, their eldest, five-year-old boy, who stood at the window, danced with delight. Husband and wife went to the door and saw a considerable

body of soldiers marching hurriedly into the town. This was something rather uncommon, for they had had no soldiers in the city since August returned with his regiment.

Why was that company of yagers sent there?

"Never mind, Joseph will tell us all, when he comes." Joseph Jager was a sort of gossip gatherer for the entire village, and he never failed to bring with him all the news of the town. In due time he came.

"The soldiers have come," he said, as soon as he was seated in the snug corner and had lighted his pipe.

"Why did they come, Joseph?" August asked uneasily.

"I know not."

"Where are they from?"

"Some say Berlin; some say Hamburg."

"And you do not know why they are here?"

"In truth, I do not know."

"Will they remain long?"

"I know not how long will be their stay."

Then they smoked for a long time in silence. August asked where the soldiers were quartered, and Joseph answered:

"In the old barracks."

"I wish I was in America, where there are forests and lands to which one may fly and live in peace."

"Have you heard from your brother Jacob?"

"Not since last summer."

"Where was he then?"

"In a place called Massachusetts, and near a town named Lexington. They have strange names in that land of America. They name their countries, towns and rivers after the names given them by the barbarians, or at least many of them."

"When will you go to America, August?"

"When the war there is at an end."

"And Heaven knows when that will be. England and her colonies are at war, and it may be a long one."

"Perchance some compromise may be fixed up, and then we will go."

"The English are stubborn, and the colonists are English themselves, and equally stubborn."

"I would it were at an end."

The wind shrieked past the corners of the house, and whistled down the chimney.

"The night is growing bitter cold," said August, and, rising, he laid some more logs on the fire. They burned and crackled, while the flames roared up the wide black throat of the chimney. Catharine had tucked the eldest child warmly in its little bed, and was holding the baby closely folded to her breast.

"We will have a bitter cold night."

"You wouldn't care to be in Harz Mountains?" said Joseph, who, filling his pipe, settled down in the warmest corner to enjoy a long smoke.

"Indeed I would not."

"The wind is bitter keen among the mountains."

Then they sat and gazed into the glowing fire. There is nothing more conducive to pleasant reflections than a cheerful fire burning on a hearth. The glowing embers, the bright-colored flames make up a panorama of pictures which no artist can excel. Long years after August remembered that night, the blazing logs, the glowing coals and pictures.

He saw armies and banners. He heard the snapping of musketry and saw the sparkling shots and smoke. There were men on horseback and men on foot, plunging and charging, in thickest conflict. Strange scenes loomed up before him, and he caught a glimpse of foreign lands. Was he reading in the fire his own destiny? Suddenly a great stick of wood burned in twain and fell with a crash into the mass, changing it all in an instant. For a brief space of time all was utter chaos and then there emerged from the ruins two faces. He started up with a cry of wonder. The two profiles were his friend Joseph and himself.

"What is the matter, August?" asked both his wife and his friend.

"Did you not see them?"

"See what?" they asked.

"Our pictures."

"Where?"

"In the fire."

"You are mad, my friend," replied Joseph.

"You slept and were dreaming," said his wife.

"Perhaps I did, but it was all so real," answered the young husband. "While gazing into the pictures made by the fire I seemed to be reading a terrible future."

Ere any one had time to reply to his vagaries there came a loud rap at the door and a summons for admittance.

"Wife, who can that be? It is not common that we have visits at this hour," said the husband.

She had put the baby to sleep and, going to the door, opened it. To her horror, half a dozen soldiers with muskets and bayonets in their hands, led by an officer with drawn sword appeared. Catharine felt as if she would faint, for instinctively she knew it was the press gang come to take away her husband. The officer, without the least pretence to civility, said:

"This is the home of August Steckel?" and, before she could answer, pushed her aside and entered, followed by four men, leaving two standing just outside of the door on guard. August

and his friend rose to their feet, amazed at the impudence of the officer and soldiers.

"Are you August Steckel?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are the man we seek."

"What mean you?"

"You have been conscripted, and we have come to take you to your regiment."

At this Catharine gave utterance to a shriek of agony and cried:

"Oh, heaven, spare him, spare him, spare him! Do not take him from us! See these two helpless children. They will perish if he be taken from us."

The officer, with an effort to be a gentleman, answered:

"I am sorry for you, woman, but I have to obey the orders of my prince, and he must go."

She fell on her knees and wrung her hands, wept and implored in vain. The officer sternly informed her that he was only obeying the orders of superiors. Turning to Joseph, he added:

"And you, too, sir, are on the list; you are Joseph Jager; we were told we would find you here," and he laid his hand on the shoulder of August's friend, saying, "Don't resist!"

Resistance would have been folly. What could two unarmed men have done against seven armed soldiers, able to call a score more to their aid?

Despite petitions, prayers and remonstrances, they were handcuffed together and ordered to march.

“Give me time, oh, give me time to make some arrangements for my family!” pleaded August.

“What is your family to the prince? He must have soldiers—march!” commanded the officer. The wife sprang forward, flung her arms around her husband’s neck and implored them to kill her, rather than take from her the father of her helpless babes. She was rudely torn away, fell fainting on the floor, and the officer commanded a soldier behind the conscripts to prick them with his bayonet until they moved on. He did so, and thus they were driven from the house. The town was wild with excitement. Everywhere they beheld companions in misery being hurried down the street. From almost every house some wretched being was dragged to swell the throng of conscripts.

No time was given to say farewell. In many instances they were not even allowed to dress comfortably, but were hurried to the barracks, where they passed the night, and at dawn, without being permitted to bid friends and relatives adieu, were hurried away.

The army grew greater as they marched, August knew not whither. At the end of a few days

they came to a city of considerable size. He did not even inquire the name. Here, huddled together in miserable quarters, and poorly fed, they remained two weeks. No one was permitted to write home or receive letters. They were formed into companies and regiments, uniformed and given arms, and drilled. August's captain was his old enemy Herman Yost, promoted to this office for his services to the press gang.

At the end of two weeks they began a long march and came to a seaport town. Here they halted for another fortnight, which was passed in drilling and exercising in arms.

One poor youth who lived at a village but a half a league from the home of August Steckel, attempted to escape. He did evade the cordon of guards kept about the conscripted men and made his way to the hills, but was pursued and caught. He was brought back, tried for a deserter and sentenced to die. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, honest German youth of eighteen, who had never done an evil act in his life. He begged for his life, but military laws were inexorable. His prince wanted money and, to procure it, he sold his subjects. He had refused to be sold into slavery and a terrible example must be made of him. After his sentence, he begged the privilege of writing home to his widowed mother, but even this was denied

him. He was given but a few hours to live and as August was appointed to guard him, he gave him some parting messages for his mother. These words of a dying son he promised to deliver, if he should ever be permitted to return to his native Anhalt.

Next morning the youth was ordered out to die. With August he pleaded, "Stay with me until all is over?" August could not refuse, though he realized how terrible the ordeal would be. The victim, with his hands tied behind his back was led from his prison to a grove of trees beyond the town. A sergeant with four files of soldiers had the execution in charge. A chaplain prayed with the prisoner, who then sat on a rude coffin by the side of an open grave. His eyes were bandaged, and August bade him farewell. He stepped hurriedly aside and covered his face with his hands. Then came some sharp commands, a volley of musketry, a shriek of pain, and all was over. August still kept his face covered with his hands, until he heard some one shovelling the earth, and then started as if from a terrible dream, and hurried to his quarters.

He was so filled with horror and grief at that terrible execution, that he dreamed of it night after night. Fortunately he and Joseph were assigned to the same company, and they consoled each other

in the hope that all would yet come out right. One morning they were ordered on parade with knapsacks filled, and all their accoutrements. A great army, fully seventeen thousand strong, was on parade that day. Generals Baron de Riedesel, Baron Knyphausen and De Heister were in command of the troops. The order was given to march, and the troops wheeled into line and marched down to the docks where vessels were lying.

“Where are we going?” asked August.

No one knew. He was reprimanded for talking in ranks. They were taken aboard ships, and sailed away he knew not whither. So ignorant of the service they were to engage in were the Hessians that very many did not dream they were being sent to America, until the vessels were well on their way.

For months they were drifting on a shoreless ocean. The poor conscripts were sick at heart, and were glad when land was sighted, even though it should be a hostile shore. They saw before them low-lying coasts and, further inland, great forests.

“What country is this?” asked Joseph.

“It must be America.”

“Then your brother may be here.”

“He is in the other army, and we will be enemies.”

Thus the Hessians were brought to America as mercenaries, to fight men struggling for liberty. The story of August Steckel is only the story of many of those unfortunate men forced into the British service against their will.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONG ISLAND.

AFTER the evacuation of Boston by the British, there followed a period of inactivity. Mr. Brown went to Rugby, where over his bowl of punch he discussed "the late war," while Albert and his friends Simon and Jacob remained inactive in the camp. In May, their regiment received marching orders. Albert was now assigned to his father's regiment.

Washington left the city in charge of General Ward and made ready to take possession of New York. He travelled by way of Providence, Norwich and New London, on the way ordering troops to meet him at headquarters.

Colonel Stevens' regiment marched to New York soon after the departure of Washington. Reaching the city, they went into quarters near the Battery.

"I wonder what in tarnation they're goin' tew dew next?" Simon growled, as they lay in camp.

"We expect the British to make their next... attack here," said Stevens.

"Well, we are ready for 'em!" Simon declared.

"Vell, we yust are, mein frient," answered Jacob.

"Thar's a hull passel o' pizen Tories in this town, who ort tew be made tew eat dirt or stretch hemp," growled Simon Tapley. "I'm thinkin' we ort tew hang 'em. No sooner had General Washington got back from Philadelphia 'an' they tried tew pizen him."

"But the man who made the attempt will hang for it. He will never attempt to put poison in green peas again," said Joshua Stevens.

"Wonder what the continental congress is going to do?" asked Albert.

"Nothin'," growled Simon. "They hain't got no spunk, or they would be a-slappin' King George in the face."

"They pulled down his lead statue yesterday, and are melting it up into bullets to shoot at royalty."

"Hope we'll git a chance. I'm itchin' for another whack at 'em."

The young soldiers had not a great while to wait. The seat of war had been transferred from Massachusetts to New York, and the Island of Manhattan, with its passes to the Hudson, was put in position for defence. The city resembled a camp or battle-field; streets were barricaded; sen-

tinels were on duty, and no one passed from town to the country without the countersign. At beat of drum every citizen was domiciled and every soldier at his post, not to leave it till the call of the reveille.

The headquarters of the commander-in-chief were at what was afterward denominated Richmond Hill, familiar to New Yorkers as the country seat of Aaron Burr. The place was, at that time, quite in the country, though now far below the heart of the city.

The arrival of the British army at New York at once threw the whole city into a fever of excitement. There was no lack of military display. Down at the Hook was a formidable fleet; Staten Island was alive with British soldiery; King's Bridge, which united the Island of Manhattan with the main land, had been strongly fortified by the Americans, while every headland and projection bristled with armed men and cannon.

Alexander Hamilton, a youth of brilliant parts and an enthusiast for freedom, had already distinguished himself while in King's College. The president, Dr. Hooper, was an irritable man, a scholar, an aristocrat and, what was worse, a Tory. Hamilton headed a party, some two or three years before the period under consideration, composed of college boys, who one night marched out in silence

and spiked the guns upon the Bowling Green, and actually drove the president from the academic groves, about where Barclay Street now is, to seek shelter in the king's fleet.

Hamilton was a native of the West Indies, originally a merchant's clerk; but his tropical blood contemned the slow, dull mediocrity of a life of gain, and he longed early for an opportunity to distinguish himself. The passage of the Boston Port Bill threw the whole country into a ferment, and the opportunity for great achievements, for which so many pine, yet few realize, was opened before him. When the Declaration of Independence had been read to the people in Philadelphia, it is well known that the old provincial bell, upon which was inscribed, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," rang forth a peal such as had never greeted the ears of men since the "tongue of Roland," in Antwerp, heralded the birth of the Dutch Republic.

The possession of the city of New York and the Hudson River was of the utmost importance to either army. The river commanded the State, and, if once in the hands of the enemy, would afford them an easy passage for troops and provisions by the way of Canada, while at the same time the Americans would find themselves entirely

cut off from communication between the eastern and western sections.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 12th of July, two vessels, the *Phoenix* and *Rose*, the former of forty, the latter of twenty guns, were seen to detach themselves from the fleet at Staten Island and, with three tenders, make their way toward the city. Consternation spread through the town.

"The city is to be bombarded! The city is to be burned!" was the cry on every side.

"We are goin' tew have some fun," declared Simon, as he seized his musket and ran to join his company. Women and children hurried here and there; goods were packed and valuables stored away. The soldiers were under arms at once, and messengers hurried off to King's Bridge and the batteries on the Hudson to give the alarm. Soon the booming of artillery echoed far and wide along the shores.

A steady breeze and flooding tide pressed gallantly upon the oncoming foe, who, with canvas spread and bulwarks protected by bags of sand, presented a fine sight to the eye. The guns of the Battery opened upon them, followed by those of Paulus Hook, on the Jersey side, answered by broadsides from the enemy. Conscious of power, confident in wind and tide, impregnable behind their rampart of sand, the ships continued their

way up the Tappan Zee (or Sea), in the northern part of which they dropped anchor. The experiment was a success. They wished to obtain soundings and learn the position and number of the American fortifications, which they were now able to do with little difficulty. If their object had been to land troops, as had been surmised, they would have been prevented by the alertness of the Americans.

The Howes still hoped for a reconciliation with the colonies, but the hour had passed. A year ago it might have been effected, but after the signing of the Declaration of Independence it was impossible. A flag of truce was sent for the purpose of conferring with the "Rebel Chief," which was promptly responded to by a barge conveying Colonel Reed, the adjutant-general on the part of the Americans, who was duly instructed to receive no letters or communications from the enemy unless addressed to the "Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Republic." When Lieutenant Brown, the bearer of the flag, stated that he had a letter from Lord Howe to Mr. Washington, Colonel Reed promptly replied:

"I know of no such person in the American army."

The lieutenant then offered a letter addressed, "George Washington, Esq."

"I cannot receive such a letter," replied Colonel Reed, ordering the barge to push off. The perplexed officer then said:

"The letter is civil rather than military; Lord Howe regrets greatly that he had not arrived before matters reached the present crisis."

But Colonel Reed was cool and stood on his dignity. It was important to force the enemy to acknowledge the title of their commander-in-chief.

The boats at last parted, when Lieutenant Brown, putting his own boat about, pursued the Americans and asked:

"By what title does General—Mr. Washington expect to be addressed?"

"The position and title of General Washington are well known," answered Colonel Reed, "and Lord Howe will be at no loss as to the proper mode of address."

A few days later, the British adjutant-general, Colonel Patterson, asked for a personal interview with General Washington, which was granted.

The interview resulted in nothing. Washington insisted on being addressed by the title the continental congress had conferred upon him, which the British commander was careful not to recognize, for by so doing he would have to recognize the authority of the congress. Lord Howe really hoped to avert any further bloodshed; but the

colonists, after July 4th, 1776, would listen to nothing short of independence.

Many of the American soldiers were, like Albert, not yet grown. It has often been said that the battles of the Revolution were fought by mere boys, and it is most certain that a large proportion of those who served in the ranks were under twenty-one years of age. Albert's company was composed mostly of tall boys, whose characters were unformed, and to whom the example of sobriety, good order and integrity were of the utmost importance. Washington considered this with a truly fatherly feeling. The young man who had so tenderly cared for his step-children, borne with the folly of one and wept the premature death of the other, looked with a kindly eye upon these poor youths, exposed thus early to the corruptions of camp life. He remembered his own experience at sixteen, a surveyor in the wilderness, defeated at Du Quesne—defeated but not disheartened. He recalled the long marches through pathless woods, roaring rivers, his toils and perils by flood and field, and, remembering these—remembering the dauntless heart which had sustained him, it is no wonder that he exacted much from human daring, demanded much of manly hardihood and soldierly endurance. He had a right to expect these; but his heart was young to the day of

his death, and he could sympathize with the young.

The American camp, which might have degenerated into a scene of vice and debauchery, became, under the auspices of Washington, a school for the practice of virtue. Himself unspotted from the world, he demanded the practice of an almost austere virtue by those who surrounded him. The orderly book of the army bears ample witness to the purity inculcated by the great commander. It is full of the aspirations of the patriot and the piety of the Christian. He exhorted them to rise superior to sectional jealousies and petty animosities, adding:

“Let all distinctions of nations, countries and provinces thereof be lost in the generous consent, who will behave with the most courage against the enemy, and the most kindness and good humor toward each other.”

Again, we find the following, under date of August 3d, a month after the Declaration of Independence, when the army was in hourly expectation of an attack from a superior force, and both men and officers were under constant fatigue duty:

“That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general, in future, excuses them from fatigue

duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that *the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing*, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example, as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have but little hope of the blessings of Heaven on our arms, if *we insult it by our impiety and folly*. Added to this, it *is vice so mean and low*, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it." Truly this man Washington was not only a mighty man of battle, but a preacher of righteousness to the people.

The situation of the Americans was constantly growing more critical, and a great battle was almost hourly expected. Albert Stevens saw General Washington quite frequently at his father's quarters. Colonel Noah Stevens and the General had served together in the French and Indian wars, and were life-long friends. When introduced to the youth and informed that he was in the battle of Lexington and Concord, Washington said:

"You are a brave lad, and I hope the God of battles will preserve you to enjoy the liberties for which we struggle."

“General, what are we going to do with the British shipping in the Tappan Zee?” asked Colonel Stevens.

“General Putnam has been greatly worried about them, and with his son-in-law is arranging a chevaux-de-frise, consisting of four ships chained and connected by heavy timber, bristling with spikes, to be stretched across the river. This he thinks will prevent their ascending further.”

“Where do you think the enemy will strike first, general?”

“More than likely at Long Island, from present appearances.”

Colonel Stevens' regiment was quartered near the Battery, and early in August Albert saw the enemy conveying troops from Staten Island by means of boats to the shipping.

“Wonder ef they've got sick o' their bargain an' are goin' tew give it up,” remarked Simon.

“It vould seem so, py sure,” answered Jacob, who was also watching the scene.

On the 17th of August, Colonel Stevens' regiment was transferred to Brooklyn, where a considerable body of troops was already waiting.

Realizing the danger which menaced the city, Washington wrote to the New York convention, humanely urging the removal of the helpless inhabitants of the city to a place of greater safety.

It was impossible to tell where the enemy would strike. The vigilant Greene had personally inspected every rood of ground from Hell-Gate to the Narrows, and batteries bristled from the Wallabout to Gowanus Bay. A fort had been thrown up on Governor's Island, and entrenchments on Red Hook. Upon the highlands commanding a view of the country roads was a fort of no mean strength, known as Fort Greene.

Between these fortifications and the Narrows was a range of densely wooded hills stretching quite across the island. This country now forms a part of Brooklyn and Greenwood Cemetery. Across this natural defence extended three great thoroughfares, down to the villages lying upon the lower or southwestern part of the island. On the left of the works was the Bedford road, passing over Bedford hills to the town of Jamaica. A central road passed through this woody defile to Flatbush. A third was nearer the sea, by Gowanus Cove to Gravesend.

The positions were well chosen, and every hope promised to be realized, when General Greene, overcome by toil and exposure, was struck down by a severe fever. Washington, at this critical juncture, dispatched General Sullivan, who had just returned from the northern army, to take command. Greene hoped to recover in time to

assume command at Long Island before the enemy should strike at that point; but he was disappointed, and the veteran Putnam was sent to this most important field. Colonel Stevens' regiment was placed under Putnam in one of the most important positions. Most of his men had fought at Bunker Hill, and many participated in the Lexington and Concord affair.

On the 22d of August, just at daylight, Simon, who had been down toward Gravesend, came running back to camp for his gun. He reported that the British were landing some of their forces. The pickets in that direction opened a sharp fire, but after a skirmish were driven back, and the main army of the British soon landed; while at the same time the ships of war made their way up the harbor, as if to bombard the city of New York. Their measures were so well concerted, that the patriots were in doubt as to their final movements. Washington, on the New York side, hesitated whether to cross over to Long Island and leave New York city exposed or not. He placed too much confidence in Putnam's ability.

Colonel Stevens' regiment and two others were all that were left to oppose the landing of the army. As Colonel Noah Stevens galloped forward to reconnoitre, he saw that they had come to meet the main British army.

"We cannot hold them in check long," he remarked to one of his field officers.

The skirmishers were already engaging the enemy and fought nobly, but were compelled to fall back. The main line came up with the enemy and opened a fire on them, but they might as well have assaulted a wall of stone. The British beat them back. They retreated, burning the harvest fields and barns before them.

"Father, I don't like this," said a voice to Colonel Stevens, as he was galloping past a stone fence.

"Albert, what are you doing there?" the colonel asked, for he recognized his boy soldier behind the fence.

"I am nicking my flint, so it will fire," answered Albert. "My gun missed last time."

"Move on, you are in danger here."

The British advance was firing at the youth's head above the stone wall. Albert fixed his flint, fired and ran to join his companions. The retreat was orderly and the loss but slight.

For several days nothing effective took place. Slight skirmishes occurred between the advance guard of both armies. Reinforcements came down the river and from New Jersey and passed over to Brooklyn; but, being without tents, they suffered from the occasional falls of rain. There was a

great deal of sickness in the American camp. The soldiery being young could hardly be restrained from firing at everything that appeared in the shape of a man coming from the direction of the enemy. Simon Tapley in particular delighted to lie on the Flatbush road and shoot at every red-coat he saw. Washington's vigilant eye detected this proceeding, and he at once dispatched a strenuous letter to Putnam commanding this "unsoldierly conduct" to be stopped at once. He saw that an army composed mainly of mercenaries, with no interests in the results of battle, would be most likely to contain many hard-fighting soldiers willing to desert a bad cause for a good one, and that such deserters would be intimidated and prevented from leaving the British army from fear of these straggling shots of the young soldiers.

About the same time an address was prepared in German, and in various ways sent into the British camp, inviting these Hessians to join the American cause, and holding out a promise of land to both privates and officers who should enlist in the cause of freedom.

One evening, August and Joseph, the two conscripts from Anhalt, were sitting on the ground by their bivouac fire talking of their home far away, and of the loved ones from whom they had received no word since the night they were so

ruthlessly torn from them. As August remembered his wife and helpless children, his eyes grew moist with tears. His musket lay at his side, and from his cartouch box he took a package of tobacco he



TO HIS AMAZEMENT, HE DREW OUT A BIT OF YELLOW PAPER
PRINTED IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE.

had that day purchased from an old peddler woman. He broke open the package to light his pipe. To his amazement he drew out a bit of yellow paper on which was some printing in his native language. He read it and passed it to his comrade. It was one of Washington's circulars to the Hessians offering them lands and homes, if they would enlist

in the cause of freedom. They knew what it was to have a cruel monarch, and the look each gave the other was significant. Joseph was first to speak.

“Could we do it?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” August answered. “Herman Yost would like a pretext to kill us.”

Then they both gazed into the fire for a moment longer, then Joseph said:

“Let us kill him and go.”

August was silent.

Many Hessians did accept the terms and deserted to the American cause, and their descendants may still be found in the middle States.

The British had fifteen thousand men on Long Island, while the army of the Americans did not exceed five thousand. The Americans had thrown up breastworks across the line of hills overlooking the plain occupied by the royal troops at the several passes, and thus the two armies stood, till at early dawn, August 26th, when Simon, who had been prowling about in the direction of the enemy, came rushing into the camp, yelling:

“Wake up, boys! roll out o’ yer beds! the red-coats are on the march! Gawl darn me ef we don’t have a little exercise afore breakfast,” and Simon slung on his cartouch box and seized his gun. He was about to run toward the British and Hessians, when Colonel Stevens ordered him back.

From Simon it was ascertained that the enemy were in motion upon the road leading along the seashore to Gowanus Bay. Putnam was notified at once and sent a detachment to meet them. The Flatbush and Bedford roads also were well guarded, supposing of course these the only points of access known to the enemy; but a Tory who was well posted as to the south end of Long Island gave Howe all the information he needed, and acted as his guide in directing the troops. His descendants still live in Brooklyn. It had been the plan of Lord Howe to approach in three several divisions, and by thus dividing the American forces to secure victory, leaving at the same time an impression that he might cannonade New York simultaneously with his attack on Long Island.

Washington had for days been in the saddle almost constantly, studying all the conflicting movements of the enemy. He crossed several times to Brooklyn, encouraging the young soldiery by his noble presence and cheering words. Skirmishes upon Long Island were of very frequent occurrence; but nothing definite occurred till the 26th, when the plans of the enemy began to develop.

Ship after ship had landed troops upon the island at the Narrows. Flatbush had been put in a state of defence, marking the central point of the British army, under the command of De Heister,

commandant of the German mercenaries. Sir Henry Clinton with the right wing had marched to Flatlands, to the right and west of General De Heister, while the left wing, under General Grant, extended itself to the ferry at Gravesend. Thus the enemy had possession of the whole southeastern part of the island up to within three miles of the American lines.

When the sun went down on the 26th of August, the patriots were threatened by these several divisions, twenty thousand strong, mostly soldiers trained to war, accustomed to military rule, unscrupulous and unsympathizing, who could plunge their bayonets into whole battalions of patriots, without remorse or hesitation. The Americans were as one to four, compared with the enemy, young, unaccustomed to arms, poor in all the appliances of war, and strong only in their convictions of the justice of their cause. The right wing of the royal army had fallen back to the Flatlands, leaving De Heister in the centre confronting General Hurd, at Flatbush. This division of the enemy at Flatlands was composed of the very flower of the British army. Here were Lord Percy, who marched out with reinforcements to cover the royal retreat at the battle of Concord, Sir Henry Clinton, General Howe, who had evacuated Boston, and Lord Cornwallis, who had a destiny before him.

About nine in the evening, this finely appointed division commenced a silent march, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet through the woody coverts, from Flatlands to Jamaica. The Tory guide pointed out, and gave information that the Americans, thinking the danger more imminent on the seashore and at Flatbush, had left the Jamaica route unguarded. Passing over the marshes from Flatlands, the divisions reached Jamaica before daybreak and there learned that the Bedford pass was entirely open. This was a fatal mistake on the part of Putnam and proved his inability, brave and patriotic as he was, to handle a great army. Sir Henry Clinton immediately sent a body of light infantry to secure the pass, while the main wing halted until daybreak, when it could easily turn the left flank of the American army. Three hours after the march of the right wing of the royal army on the Jamaica road, General Grant moved with the left wing from Gravesend to Gowanus Cove, to meet the right wing of the Americans. Hearing this, Putnam instantly ordered out Colonel Stevens' regiment and another under Stirling, who in high spirits took the road to the Narrows. As the gentle morning twilight broadened into day, the enemy was discerned approaching in great numbers in handsome style on the level ground just below

Gowanus Cove. The Americans were posted on an elevation above the road flanked by a heavy wood, thus forming under the side of the hill in full front to the foe, who were dispersed along orchards, hedges and fences.

Just as the first rays of the rising sun began to gild the tree-tops, the rattling crash of musketry broke the peaceful silence. The dropping shots became steadier until the roar of conflict rang out on the morning air. For two hours both parties maintained their ground with great bravery, when the light troops of Great Britain were compelled to fall back to the main body.

"Licked 'em agin, hang 'em!" roared Simon, dancing with delight; but before he had ceased to rejoice, the roar of artillery gave notice of hot work done that summer morning. The whole woods were ablaze with naked flame, while the distant roar of cannon told that the centres of both armies were engaged in deadly contest. From the harbor, the British ships sent forth volumes of flame, leaving a doubt whether New York was not also being bombarded by the enemy. Ships were making their way up the harbor; all was horror and consternation in the city, and the heart of Washington was torn with anxiety. Crossing over to Brooklyn, where the voice of battle was for the time being the loudest, he reached the

camp in time to hear the din of war thundering along the Bedford road.

Through the mistake of Putnam, Sir Henry Clinton's plan had been successful. He had gained the left wing of the Americans, and they were on the point of being surrounded. De Heister and Grant heard the booming of cannon on their right and knew that the Bedford pass was gained, and the royal army was in the full tide of success. The battle, which had been rather desultory, was now prosecuted with a terrible vigor. Stirling's division fought with a desperate valor, but finding themselves opposed by a vastly superior force, and now hemmed in between two fires, they were obliged to surrender. General Sullivan, who opposed himself to De Heister's Hessians, no sooner heard the artillery upon his left than he was conscious of the danger of his post. Abandoning the redoubt, he descended to the plain, where he was met by the murderous fire of the British and driven back. On came the Hessians with fixed bayonets, and the Americans, now between two fires, fought with a desperate resolution. Trampled by the cavalry, bayoneted by the Hessians, the young soldiers, many of them mere boys, did prodigies in the way of valor. Rallying and fighting, some ran to the woods, where they were shot down without mercy, while a little band cut their way

through the lines of the enemy and, wounded, worn and exhausted, gained the American lines.

It was when the division of Stirling was surrounded and defeat was certain, that Albert found his father, slightly dazed from a bullet, standing by his dead horse.

"Father, let us run; we can get through to the American lines," said Albert.

"No, my son; I am an officer; it is not for me to leave my regiment."

"Can I go?"

"Yes, go, and may God spare you," said the father.

It was a gantlet of death his son had to run. With Simon on one side and Jacob Steckel on the other and a score more, they formed and dashed right upon a line of Hessians.

"Gawl darn 'em, give 'em steel!" roared Simon, driving his bayonet through a big Hessian.

The Americans had loaded guns and waited until they were right on the enemy before they fired, mowing a swath through the line.

"Hurrah for Bunker Hill!" roared Simon.

"Through here charge!" cried Albert.

The Hessians hastened to close up the gap, but too late. The Americans were nearly all through when their clashing points met. Jacob, whose bayonet was crimson, met a Hessian soldier face to

face. The soldier's cap had fallen off, and his long, black hair floated in the breeze. One look, one quick gasp, and he cried:

"August! August!"

Both Jacob and the Hessian dropped their guns and stood like statues.

"He is mad!" cried Albert and called to his companions to bring him on. They dragged Jacob by main force, and thus fought their way through to the lines of friends, where all sank exhausted on the ground. Jacob could not sleep. He seemed wandering in his mind and, pointing over at the enemy, said:

"He is there—he is there!"

Washington determined to take advantage of the darkness of night and a friendly fog to withdraw his troops from Long Island to New York. This was successfully done. A Tory woman sent her negro servant to Lord Howe to acquaint him with the action of the Americans. August Steckel was on sentry duty that night, and as the negro came up halted him.

"Missus send me to tell de commander dat the rebels am crossin' ober to New York."

August could not understand a word of English, and kept the negro until relieved. Perhaps had he known all, he would have done the same. When he was relieved, the negro was taken to

General Howe; but by that time the tired Americans were over safe on the New York side. While Howe was swearing like a trooper because the negro had not been sent to him sooner, August was shedding tears, as he and Joseph sat by their camp-fire.

“I saw him, Joseph. I know I saw him! We are enemies to slay each other.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE BROTHERS MEET.

ALBERT STEVENS felt his heart sink within him as he went aboard the boat which conveyed him from Brooklyn to New York on that dark night. His father's fate was really unknown. He had last seen him wounded on the field of battle. Though he had assured his son his wound was trifling, his face was covered with blood. Besides, Albert had a great dread of those merciless Hessians. They had ruthlessly driven their bayonets into his friends, and they might slay his father also.

Jacob was like one distracted. At times he wanted to return, and throw himself on the mercy of the enemy, that he might again behold that brother whom he loved.

Next day all was confusion. The troops were moved up above the city. Albert's regiment had, of course, lost its organization, for there were few of it left. He was attached to another and sent to Harlem Heights.

Here he was quartered with a few friends in an old house. Now came Albert's most trying ordeal, to write his mother of the defeat, and the capture of his father. War is cruel at best, and even the most humane officials do not take great pains to relieve the anxiety of families of their enemy. Albert performed his difficult task, sealed his letter and dispatched it to the anxious mother.

Simon had lost his humor, daring and bravado, since the defeat. Had Mr. Brown seen him now, he could not have complained of his talking too much. But Simon's disposition to gossip returned after a few days.

One evening he came to the room where Albert, slightly indisposed, reclined on a bunk, and said:

"Howe is tryin' to make peace agin. He has sent to congress a proposition for peace, and what do yew think congress did?"

"I don't know. I hope they will accept no humiliating terms."

"They won't. They have selected Dr. Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutlege a committee to wait on his lordship and talk with him. Now they'll see his lordship in a region that's at a white heat, afore they consent to anything short o' independence, unless I miss my tell."

Simon was correct. The committee met Lord Howe at the house of Colonel Billop, on the western

side of Staten Island, September 11th. The utmost courtesy was observed. Lord Howe told the committee that he could not recognize them as members of congress, but as private gentlemen; and that the independence of the colonies, lately declared, could not be considered for a moment.

"You may call us what you please," Dr. Franklin answered for the committee. "We are, nevertheless, the representatives of a free and independent people, and can entertain no proposition which does not recognize our independence."

The gulf between them could not be bridged, and the conference soon terminated. Howe was so anxious for a reconciliation that he accompanied the committee back to Amboy. Though he used every argument to persuade them, they shook their heads, and said:

"Too late—too late to consider our ever being subjects of King George III. We want independence and will have nothing less."

During the month of September, Albert heard so many murmurs of discontent among the soldiers that at times he thought the army on point of dissolution.

On the 14th of September, Simon said:

"Washington an' his officers held a council of war, an' we are goin' to move further up the island. I suspect we are goin' to give up New

York, for the British have already got it. I wish I could fire a thousand guns at once; I would go to town an' blow 'em out o' the water."

"Have you heard anything of my father, Simon?"

"No."

Little by little the American forces were driven up the Hudson, until at last they encamped on Harlem Plains. Albert had exhausted every means to learn something of his father, and as a last resort resolved to apply to the commander-in-chief in person; so while the American army lay at Harlem Plains he ventured one night to ask, at headquarters, for admission. The sentry would not allow him to pass until Albert sent a personal request to see the general. The sentry was ordered to admit the boy soldier. When Albert entered, he saw a large, powerful man in blue military coat, and boots, which met his sky-blue breeches at the knees. He was poring over a map. His sword, saddle and holsters were at his side. The kind face was grave and sad, and from the great heart there occasionally issued a deep-drawn sigh. So intent was he on the map before him, that he did not notice the young soldier, until he had stood for several moments with his hat in his hand. At last, raising his eyes, he said:

"Truly, I had forgotten you, my young friend. Now what can I do for you?"

With a military salute, the youth took a step forward and said:

"General, I have come to see you about my father."

"Where is he?"

"A prisoner—the British captured him at Long Island."

"What is his name?" asked the general, taking up a pen and marking on some blank paper.

"Colonel Stevens."

"Colonel Noah Stevens, my old friend in the Braddock campaign? I know you now, young man. Your father was captured at Long Island, and you have not heard from him?"

"No, I know not whether he is dead or living. I received a letter from my mother who implores me to learn his fate. I asked Captain Nathan Hale, who went into the British lines to enquire for my father."

Washington, sighing, answered:

"You will never see the captain again."

"Why, General?"

"He was detected by a Tory relative, seized and hung for a spy."

An ominous silence fell on the pair. After a few moments, the anxious son asked:

"Is there no way I can learn my father's fate?"

"Yes, I am endeavoring to arrange with General

Howe for a commission for the exchange of prisoners. Your father should have been paroled. If I send the commission, you shall accompany them."

"Into the British lines?" asked Albert.

"Certainly."

"General, have you forgotten the fate of Captain Hale?"

"I will provide you with papers which will prevent your being arrested for a spy. Go to your quarters, you will be sent for when the time comes and shall not be forgotten."

The American army continued to retreat slowly before the enemy. Forts Washington and Mifflin were constructed and arrangements made to prevent the British advancing on Albany. Albert was at Fort Mifflin, when one night an officer of the general's body-guard came for him. He was told that he was to go with some officers next day into the enemy's lines. Albert hardly understood his mission; but he knew he would have a chance to learn about his father.

Without arms, they set sail at dawn of day in a sloop, from the mast of which a white flag floated, and glided down the river. Albert was silent. His heart beat as they came alongside the big British war-ships.

An armed sloop came alongside and convoyed

them past the captured city. He saw the Battery lined with redcoats and their cannon mounted all along the shore. The streets were full of them. They sailed past Governor's Island, Paulus Hook and Brooklyn, and went to Perth Amboy.

After many formalities, they were permitted to land and marched up into town, which was even then of considerable size, having been the home of Governor Franklin at the outbreak of the war the year before.

Albert was impressed by the military display about him. The bristling cannons, the pyramids of balls, ammunition wagons and gun-carriages, all were enough to bewilder him. Then the army about him presented a spectacle as picturesque as it was terrible. Here was centred the flower and pick of the British army, English, Scotch and German. Here he saw a party of forty-second Highlanders, in national costume, and there a regiment of Hessians, their dress and arms a perfect contrast to the first. The slaves of Anspach and Waldeck were there—the first sombre as night, the second gaudy as noon. Here dashed by a party of the seventeenth dragoons, and there scampered a party of yagers. The trim, neat and graceful English grenadier, the careless and half-savage highlander, with his flowing robes and naked knees, and the immovable stiff German could hardly be taken for

parts of one army. Foraging parties were returning. Some soldiers were driving in a herd of cattle, while others were guarding wagons loaded with household furniture, instead of the hay and oats they had been sent for.

At the wharf, all was confusion and excitement. The landing of grenadiers and light infantry from the ships on their return from Long Island, the sounds of martial music, the sharp commands and constant tramp of soldiers kept up a continuous excitement and noise.

Albert lingered a moment at the wharf to gaze on the scene, while the commissioners passed on and entered a house set apart for the transaction of the business. When he turned to look for them they were gone. He was a little confused, when an officer approached him and asked:

“What are you doing here?”

“I came with the commissioners, sir, and while watching the troops, they left me.”

Albert's youth made a favorable impression on the Briton, who was a sad-faced man, with streaks of gray in his dark-brown hair.

“Are you with the rebel commission?”

“I am with the American commission, sir,” Albert answered with spirit.

“Oh, I stand corrected. Do they send children as commissioners?”

"I begged the general to let me come. I wanted to learn my father's fate."

"Who is your father?"

"Colonel Stevens."

"Stevens!" cried the Englishman. "Did he keep the Rugby Tavern near Lexington?"

"No, sir; it was his cousin who kept Rugby Tavern. My father was Colonel Noah Stevens and was captured with Lord Stirling and Sullivan. I escaped."

"Were you ever at Rugby?" asked the British officer, who seemed to take little interest in the military history of Albert or his father. "Do you know the child—the little girl who lives there?"

Albert started at this question and gazed more intently on the man before him. He now recognized him as the British captain, whom his aunt had prevented his shooting on the retreat of the enemy from Concord. The officer knew nothing of that little incident however, and Albert did not care to tell him.

"I know Estella Mead," he answered. "I know her well. I have known her since she was a baby."

At the name of Estella Mead, the officer turned away, pressed his hand over his heart and for a moment was silent. At last, seizing Albert's hand, he said:

"Come with me. I will see that no harm befalls you. I want to talk with you."

He led Albert to a tent where they were alone. There he asked him to tell all he knew of Estella. Albert did so. He told him how her mother had come to Rugby, presumably deserted and betrayed by a scoundrel, who was reported to be an English nobleman. That she died after giving birth to Estella, and that the child had grown into a bright, charming little girl, loved by all who knew her.

When he had finished, he glanced at the officer and saw tears trickling down his cheeks. Astonishment and curiosity overcame the youth's timidity, and Albert asked:

"Sir, what does this mean? Why do you weep? Is little Estella Mead aught to you? Who are you?"

"Don't ask me, boy. Though your political enemy, consider me your personal friend. When this war is over, I will explain all. Now what was your request?"

"I want to hear of my father, Colonel Noah Stevens, who was captured at the battle of Long Island."

"No doubt he is in one of those prison ships in the harbor; but I will ascertain, my lad, and let you know."

"How can you? Communication is closed."

“By some means I will send you a letter, never fear.”

Albert returned with the commission. They were detained three days at Paulus Hook (Jersey City), during which time the roar of cannon and crash of musketry were heard at Fort Washington. As soon as they were released, they learned that Fort Washington had been captured with two thousand men, but that the British had lost twelve hundred in the attack. This was on the 16th of November. On the 18th Fort Lee was evacuated.

The day after the evacuation, Albert and the commissioners joined Washington's army. What the result of that commission was, Albert never knew. General Sullivan was exchanged a short while after, and probably this was the result of the commission.

Early on the morning of the 28th of November, Albert was roused from a heavy slumber, and told by the corporal to prepare to march.

“We are going to break camp.”

That was all they knew, when they commenced the great retreat across New Jersey. The army was in motion shortly after sunrise. The air was clear and frosty; the pools by the roadside were skimmed with ice, and fields and fences were white with hoar frost. The deep sand in the road was damp with a frozen crust, and made the artillery

and baggage wagons move heavily; but before ten o'clock on that morning, they were out of sight of the camp, and still moving on.

Noon came, and still the army marched on with the characteristic slowness of an army. Occasionally a gun or wagon stuck in the mud and caused a halt. Shortly after noon there came galloping down the line a negro. He was peering into the faces of the soldiers as they trudged along.

At last he came to Albert Stevens and cried:

"Massa Albert, Massa Albert, a lettah for you!"

Albert looked up and cried:

"Salem, Salem, you here?"

"Yes, Massa, brung ye a lettah."

The young soldier stepped out of the line to get it, and then ran on to resume his place, while Salem galloped away. Albert supposed he had come from Boston, and that the letter was from his mother. He was surprised on opening it to find it in a strange hand. The missive was brief and as follows:

PERTH AMBOY, Nov. 20, 1776.

ALBERT STEVENS:

Your father is alive and almost recovered from slight wounds received on Long Island. He is at present confined in the prison ship *Jersey*.

Your friend,

W.

That brief missive filled his heart with joy. He forwarded it as soon as he could to his mother.

Cornwallis was in pursuit of Washington, and it seemed as if the patriot army must inevitably be crushed, for it was growing weaker at every step. The time of many enlisted men had expired, and they were leaving the ranks, so that by the last of November scarcely three thousand troops remained in the American army. Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, and Trenton were successively evacuated by the Americans and occupied by the enemy. Often the music of the pursuers could be heard by the rear guard of the Americans. Washington arrived at Trenton on the 8th of December and crossed the Delaware in boats.

Albert and Simon, who were in the last boat that crossed, saw the British advance come in sight. Washington was not discouraged amid all the vicissitudes of defeat and retreat.

He stated he would retire beyond the Delaware and, if still pursued, to the Alleghany Mountains. So long as there was a shadow of an army and congress held together, he would battle for the infant republic.

General Charles Lee, who had been ordered to join his superior with his force, dallied along behind some distance. The actions of Lee are strange and unaccountable. His best friends state that he

was ambitious and wished to act independent of Washington, to whose position he aspired. He was really little better than a traitor. Being a native of Wales, it is possible that he was, deep in his heart, in sympathy with Great Britain. Mr. Lossing describes him as an able and efficient officer, yet he never displayed even ordinary ability in the continental army. Lee was guilty of disobedience to the orders of his superiors, if he was not an actual traitor. He endeavored to induce General Heath, who was left in command at Peekskill, to let him have a detachment of one or two thousand men with which to operate; but Heath refused to disobey the orders of General Washington. As late as December 11th, the commander-in-chief urged Lee to join him. Two days later, while Lee's troops were at a place called Vealtown, and he was basking at the inn of Mrs. White, nearly three miles away, a party of British cavalry under Colonel Harcourt dashed suddenly on the inn and, swooping down on the foolish general, bore him away without giving him time to dress.

General Sullivan, who was taken prisoner at the battle on Long Island in August previous, had been exchanged and was now with Lee's division of the army. On the capture of Lee the command devolved on Sullivan, and he soon afterward crossed the Delaware and joined Washington.

On crossing the river, Washington took the precaution to secure every boat and bateau, so Cornwallis had no means of continuing immediate pursuit. As Philadelphia, the seat of continental government, was threatened, General Putnam was sent to defend it, and soon he had a considerable army in the city with artillery, arms and ammunition.

Winter was on the belligerents, and the British were beginning to think of going into winter quarters. General Howe, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, remained in New York, and the operations in New Jersey were under the control of General Cornwallis. The original design of Howe was not to pursue the enemy further than the Delaware; but Cornwallis urged the capture of Philadelphia, to which Howe assented. With all his vigilance and daring, the management of the British army in New Jersey displayed a wonderful lack of judgment and military sagacity on the part of Cornwallis. Instead of massing his forces and attacking suddenly as Napoleon would have done, his troops were divided into a chain of cantonments, extending from New Brunswick to the Delaware, and down the river to a point below. Small detachments were also stationed at Black Horse and Mount Holly. Washington's greatly diminished forces were increased by Lee's division

under Sullivan and the regiments from Ticonderoga, which united with him on December 21st, 1776.

The time had come for the master-stroke which was to change the whole current of events of the war for independence.

There were fifteen hundred Hessians and a troop of light horse under Colonel Rall at Trenton. Rall, having some fears for the safety of his slender command, applied to General Grant for reinforcements. That officer, partaking of the confidence of others, said to the messenger:

“Tell the Colonel he is safe. I would undertake to keep the peace in Jersey with a corporal’s guard.”

Albert’s company were encamped in a wood. The winter so far had been mild; but now dark, slate-colored clouds obscured the sky; the wind blew up cold, and the soldiers hovered about the camp-fires. Albert and his friends Simon and Jacob sat apart from the others. Joshua Stevens and his brother Levi were no longer with them. One was wounded at Long Island and discharged; the other fell at Fort Washington. The three patriots were sad and dispirited. Jacob had never seemed himself since the charge through the ranks of Hessians at Long Island. He had not mentioned his brother but once since. Then he said:

“If mine brudder August vas come from Yar-

many to bayonet me for fighdin for mine liperty, he vas mine brudder no more."

It was early morning. The soldiers had slept on the frozen ground wrapped in their blankets. At their feet had burned a fire which had been kindled frequently throughout the night. Albert yawned, shivered and, putting out his hand, said:

"It's snowing!"

"Yes, Albert, we are goin' tew have a spell o' winter. Dew you know what day this is?"

"No."

"This is Christmas."

"Last Christmas I was home," Albert said sadly. "Oh, what changes!"

"By zounds! I wish there was another change," growled Simon. "I'm tired o' all this retreatin' and retreatin'. I joined the army tew fight, not tew run."

At this moment a corporal came past and said:

"Young men, get your breakfast and prepare to march."

"Another retreat," grumbled Simon.

After breakfast the troops were paraded and camp broken. Once more they were on the march. During the day, frequent flakes of snow fell and toward night it changed to a storm of snow mingled with sleet. As night, drear and dark, gathered over the army, Simon whispered to his companions:

"Why are we goin tew the Delaware? By gosh, thar's M'Conky's Ferry!"

They were halted near the river and Albert saw General Washington ride by on his large white horse. He went down to the river and dismounted. Generals Sullivan and Greene and Colonel Knox were with him. Washington gazed on the turbid waters for a few moments and said:

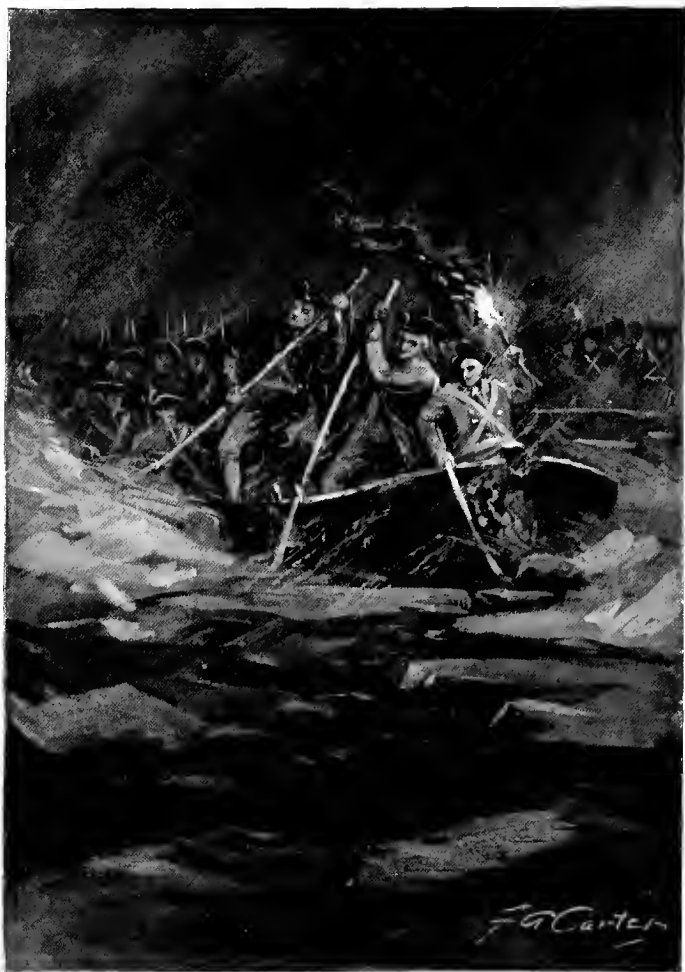
"The ice is running."

"Can we cross, General?" asked Sullivan.

"We must," answered the chief.

Albert now knew that some desperate plan was on foot. He was near enough to hear Washington add:

"The posts at Mount Holly, Burlington, Black Horse and Bordentown are to be attacked by the Pennsylvania militia under Generals Cadwallader and Ewing." Unknown to General Washington, Putnam, who had been made acquainted with the design of attacking Trenton, sent Colonel Griffin, with a body of one hundred and fifty militia, across from Philadelphia into New Jersey, to make a diversion in favor of the Trenton expedition. Griffin was instructed to proceed to Mount Holly, for the purpose of attracting the attention of Colonel Donop at Bordentown. His instructions were to retreat down the river as soon as the enemy offered battle and thus draw the detachment from Borden-



ALBERT, WITH A LIGHTED PINE KNOT, SAT IN THE BOW.

town after him. This movement was eminently successful, and Colonel Donop, who should have aided Rall, went off chasing after Griffin with two thousand men.

"I believe," Albert whispered to Simon, "that we are going over to attack the Hessians at Trenton."

"It's a good plan," Simon answered. "The Dutch will all be drunk on Christmas night, and we'll bag 'em like a covey o' quails."

About nine o'clock, the first boats were ready to receive passengers, and Albert and his two companions entered among the first. Soldiers, cannon and horses were crowded into the bateaux, and then began a terrible voyage. Simon and Jacob stood in the bow of the boat with long poles with which they pushed away the great floating masses of ice, which at times, despite their strength and skill, struck the boat and threatened to upset it.

Albert, with a lighted pine knot, sat in the bow throwing out a lurid glare on the water for several yards about the scene. The sleet and snow came down, and the night grew intensely cold. When the first division was landed, they went up to where there were some haystacks on the shore. They crouched here and waited for the others. All night long, until four in the morning, the troops were coming over through the ice, which

constantly increased in thickness. Albert lay down partially under the haystack and went to sleep. At four he was roused by Simon saying they were forming.

"Nice way to spend Christmas," growled Simon. "Yet if we can lick some o' them Britishers before we leave this country, I'll be kind o' glad we spent the day crossin' the river."

The snow-storm was still raging as the army took up the line of march for Trenton.

"It'll be daylight before we reach the town, then we'll have it lively," growled Simon.

"I am freezing," a poor fellow groaned, who had fallen in the water. His clothes were freezing to his body, and he and another froze to death. Washington separated his troops into two divisions, one to march by the lower, or river road, the other by the upper, or Pennington road. The distance to Trenton by each was about equal. Both divisions were ordered immediately on forcing the outguards to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form. Albert was with the division on the upper road, commanded by Washington, General Lord Stirling, Greene, Mercer and Stevens. Sullivan led the division along the river road.

To attack before daybreak, as was the original intention, was impossible; so the two divisions

pushed on, and both attacked the outposts at about the same time, and a brisk skirmish ensued. The pickets of the enemy fled, firing from behind houses while retreating to the main body into the town, closely pursued by the yelling Americans.

As Washington supposed, Colonel Rall and his German troops were still under the influence of the night's carousal after the Christmas holiday. On the morning of the battle, the convivial Hessians' colonel was at the house of Abraham Hunt, who traded with friend and foe. Hunt was sometimes suspected of being a Tory, but never of being a true Whig. He had invited Colonel Rall and others to a Christmas supper at his house. Cards and wine were introduced and the night was spent in uproarious hilarity. A negro servant was kept as a sort of porter and warden at the door. Just at dawn, a messenger came in haste with a note to Colonel Rall, sent by a Tory on the Pennington road, who had discovered the approach of the Americans. The negro refused the messenger admittance, saying:

“The gemmen can't be disturbed.”

Knowing the importance of the note, the bearer handed it to the negro and ordered him to take it to the colonel at once.

Excited by wine and about to “deal the cards” the colonel thrust the note in his pocket, and did

not look at the message, but continued his amusements which never abated until the roll of the American drums fell on his drowsy ears. The rattle of musketry, the rumble of heavy gun carriages, and tramp of war-horses high above the raging storm aroused his apprehensions, and by the time he could fly to his quarters and mount his horse, the Americans were driving his soldiers before them like chaff.

A part of Washington's division pushed down King (now Warren) Street, and a part down Queen (now Greene) Street. Sullivan's division entered by the mansions of Colonel Dickinson and Rutherford through Second and Front Streets. By this disposition of the patriot forces at the time of the attack, the enemy were hemmed in by the Assanpink or Assumpink (a considerable stream running through the town) on the south and the invading troops. At the head of King Street, Captain Forest opened a six gun battery which commanded the avenue. Captain William R. Washington and Lieutenant James Monroe, afterward president of the United States, perceiving that the enemy were endeavoring to form a battery in the same street, rushed forward with a small party, drove the artillery-men from their guns and captured two of the pieces, just as the gunners were about to fire.

Colonel Rall tried to form his men and advance, but being completely hemmed in, and his troops being panic-stricken, all was confusion. The Americans were pressing closer and closer and their deadly aim was thinning the Hessian ranks. At last a bullet struck and mortally wounded Colonel Rall, and he fell from his horse, pale and bleeding. His aids and a servant bore him to his quarters at the house of a Quaker named Stacey Potts. Lieutenant-Colonel Scheffer tried to rally the troops; but they fled in dismay down the Princeton road, where they were met by Colonel Hand with a party of Pennsylvania riflemen. Dismayed and disheartened they threw down their arms and surrendered.

The smoke of battle still hovered over the air, the groans of dying were yet heard, when an American soldier suddenly uttered a wild shriek:

“August—August—mein bruder!”

Leaving his place in the ranks, he rushed to a captive Hessian and threw his arms about his neck. The brothers had met.

CHAPTER X.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

AUGUST STECKEL, the conscripted Hessian, was a prisoner; but his brother was one of his captors. His friend Joseph Jäger was wounded by a bullet in the hip; but the wound was not mortal. Poor Jacob Steckel clung to his brother so fondly and shed such tears of joy, that he attracted the attention of the officers. Albert hastened to the commander-in-chief and told him in brief the story. Washington ordered that August be paroled. He remained with his brother. They went to the house where Joseph Jäger lay wounded, and the three talked over old scenes and times at Anhalt until war, battle, blood and death were forgotten.

Washington went to the house where the wounded Colonel Rall was lying, slowly bleeding his life away. He offered such words of consolation to the dying man as he could, and did all he could in his brief visit to soothe his last hours.

Washington knew that Cornwallis would soon be on his trail, so he prepared for another brilliant

stroke before retiring from New Jersey. All the wounded and prisoners were sent across the river, while he encumbered himself with as little baggage as possible.

Thus the eventful year of 1776 passed out. The last military stroke was in favor of the Americans. The British had gained but little. New York City and nearly all New Jersey were in their possession; but they had been expelled from Boston and lost about three hundred and fifty merchant vessels, captured during the year by American privateers.

The year 1777 opened auspiciously for the Americans. On the 2d of January, Washington, being apprised of the advance of Cornwallis with a considerable force to attack him, suddenly broke camp and slipped away to Princeton to fall on the British there. The morning of the 3d of January, 1777, was exceedingly clear, cold, and brilliant; everything was jewelled with hoar frost. As the Americans emerged from behind a grove of trees a little south of the Quaker meeting-house, their arms glittering in the bright sun, they were discovered by the seventeenth regiment of the enemy, then under march across the hill along the old Trenton road. Washington discovered the enemy at the same moment, and both armies prepared for a conflict. Mawhood, the British general, wheeled

both his regiments and recrossed the bridge just as Mercer, by a quick movement, reached it. Both parties, by rapid evolutions, endeavored to get possession of the high ground on the right toward Princeton and west of the house of William Clark. Mercer's command soon reached the house and orchard of Clark, a little east of the old turnpike, when, perceiving the British line approaching from the opposite side of the height, he pushed through the orchard to a hedge fence, from behind which his riflemen poured in a deadly volley. The enemy returned the fire, and charged bayonets on the Americans, who, being armed only with rifles, were compelled to fly. The enemy pursued them to the top of the snow-covered hill, where they discovered the American column of regulars and the Pennsylvania militia, commanded by Washington in person, advancing to the support of Mercer.

Mawhood retreated toward high ground in the rear, leaving his artillery in the hands of the Americans who were unable to take it away for lack of horses. The battle only lasted about one quarter of an hour, but it was terrible. Washington was exposed to the hottest fire. General Mercer's horse was shot under him, and while on foot endeavoring to rally his broken troops, he was knocked down by a blow from a British soldier's musket.

His rank was discovered, and the soldiers supposed he was Washington.

"The rebel general is taken!" several exclaimed rushing to the spot.

"Call for quarter, you d—d rebel!"

"I am no rebel!" retorted Mercer, indignantly, while half a dozen bayonets were at his breast; and, instead of asking for quarters, he determined to die fighting. He struck several blows with his sword, when a bayonet was plunged into his body, and he fainted and was left for dead. He was taken to the house of Thomas Clarke, where he died of his wound on the 12th of January.

The broken and routed seventeenth fled toward Trenton and hastened to join Cornwallis. Washington pushed on to Trenton, and in a ravine near the college he encountered the fifty-fifth regiment and put it to rout, sending it flying toward Brunswick, accompanied by the fortieth, which took little part in the action. Washington pressed on and captured a considerable number in a college.

The British loss in killed and wounded was about one hundred, and three hundred prisoners were taken. The Americans had suffered considerable loss in officers at Princeton. Greatest of all was the loss of General Mercer; but, taken as a whole, Washington had achieved a wonderful victory.

Viewed in all its varied aspects, Frederick the Great of Prussia declared the exploits of the Patriot and his handful of followers, between Christmas and the twelfth of January, were the most brilliant of any recorded in the annals of military achievements. At the very moment when his army appeared to be on the verge of dissolution, Washington struck a blow so powerful that it paralyzed the enemy. It broke up the British and Hessian cantonments upon the Delaware and made Cornwallis anxious to secure quarters nearer New York, under the protection of General Howe. It caused Howe to recall a brigade from Rhode Island to strengthen his force at New York, and it was not long before the British were driven near the seashores of New Jersey and held posts only at New Brunswick, Amboy and Paulus Hook (now Jersey City), for Washington with his army encamped at Morristown and sent out such harassing expeditions that both Briton and Hessian came to respect the courage and prowess of the Americans.

The continental congress, which, at the approach of Cornwallis, had fled to Baltimore now returned to Philadelphia and resumed its session.

Before the end of January, Washington was practically in possession of New Jersey.

About the last of January, Washington, in the exercise of the discretion given him by congress,

issued a proclamation requiring all who had claimed British protection and professed fidelity to the crown, to take an oath of allegiance to the colonies, or withdraw within the British lines. The legislature of New Jersey, regarding the proclamation as a violation of State supremacy—a doctrine that was a constant menace to the life of the nation down to the civil war, censured the commander-in-chief. A class of republicans, from the first hour of the nation's birth, seemed afflicted with the nightmare of centralization. Happily only a very few of the older people are to-day so affected.

The British, early in 1777, the third year of the war, began to plan a vigorous campaign—a campaign which in one season should crush out the rebellion. Reinforcements to the number of more than thirty-five hundred were procured from the German princes, and these, with a considerable force, were sent to strengthen Howe below the highlands and Burgoyne in Canada. Governor Tryon was employed in embodying the American Tories into military battalions, under Brigadier-Generals Oliver De Lancy of New York, and Cortlandt Skinner of New Jersey. Many French Canadians joined the British forces on the Canadian frontier; and under special instructions of Germain, the colonial secretary, which he had received from the king, bands of Indian savages were en-

gaged to fight the republicans, the most of them under the general command of Joseph Brant, a Mohawk chief, a brother-in-law of Sir William Johnson, and who had been educated by the white people.

It seems almost incredible that a Christian prince should scheme to rouse the ruthless savages against the helpless women and children of the frontier; but historians have recorded the fact that Brant, in many instances, was far more humane than some of the British and Tory officers.

The acts of personal cruelty on part of the British and Tories roused the resentment of the people. On the 22d of May, Colonel Meigs crossed Long Island Sound from Guilford, Connecticut, with one hundred and seventy men in whale-boats, and at two o'clock in the morning of the 23d attacked a British provision-post at Sag Harbor, at the east end of Long Island. They burned a dozen vessels, also the stores and their contents, made ninety men prisoners, and with these reached Guilford the next day at a little past noon without losing a man.

A still bolder exploit was performed at Rhode Island. General Prescott, a petty tyrant, who was detested by the people, was in command of the British troops there and made his headquarters at the farm-house of a Friend a few miles from Newport. It was near the shore of Narra-

gansett Bay. Many of the inhabitants had earnestly desired his removal, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barton of Providence resolved to attempt the perilous task of capturing him. With a few picked men, he crossed the bay from Warwick Point, in four whale-boats, passed unobserved through the British guard-boats with muffled oars on a warm night (the 10th of July) and landed near the general's headquarters without discovery. The colonel and a part of his men walked silently up to the house, seized a sentry and threatened him with death if he made any outcry. Having secured the sentry, they entered the house where the owner sat reading. To Barton's inquiry for the general's room, he pointed up the stairs. Barton went upstairs, followed by four of his men and a powerful negro, to Prescott's room. While hesitating how to enter, the negro made a battering-ram of his head and burst the door open, and the soldiers rushed in before the confused general could leap out of bed. He was made prisoner, dressed and hurried away.

Meanwhile, Albert Stevens, Simon Tapley and Jacob Steckel were with Washington at Morristown. The spring of 1777 was mild and beautiful. The New Jersey forests were brilliant with foliage and wild flowers. Birds sang as merrily in the trees as if all the world had been at peace.

Frequent scouting parties were sent out from Morristown to harass the enemy. Jacob Steckel's brother August was still in the American camp, and had serious thoughts of joining the American army. Joseph Jager had recovered from his wound and, like many other conscripted Hessians, decided to fight for the American cause.

On May 15th, 1777, Albert Stevens and Simon Tapley met with an adventure, which at first threatened to prove serious. They joined a scouting party sent out to harass some Tories foraging in the neighborhood. They were armed with rifles and pistols and were mounted on swift horses.

Ten miles from camp, they came upon a party of Tories convoying three wagons loaded with almost every conceivable kind of household furniture taken from the patriots in the neighborhood. A skirmish ensued in which the Tories were scattered and the furniture recaptured. The little patriot band had scarce started to return with the captured booty, when a party of British dragoons and mounted infantry suddenly appeared on the scene. The Americans were outnumbered and compelled to fly. Albert and Simon were separated from the others, and dashed along the road hotly pursued by a party of troopers.

"Simon, if our horses are not swift, the chances are that we will be captured," said Albert.

The young Yankee, who was an expert horseman as well as marksman, wheeled in his saddle without slackening his speed and fired at his pursuers. Then he placed the breech of his rifle on his left foot and proceeded to load as he galloped. This operation with a muzzle-loading gun was no easy task; but practice had made him perfect. As they were speeding along the road descending a hill, Albert's horse stumbled in a ditch and lamed his left fore-leg, so his speed was greatly slackened. Half a score of troopers were pressing in their rear, and their situation became perilous.

"Get all the speed yew kin out o' him, Albert, and by zounds, I'll cover your retreat!"

Simon gradually fell behind, menacing the foe with his deadly rifle, while Albert galloped down the slope across a ravine and over the hill beyond as rapidly as his lame horse could carry him. Simon jogged slowly along, casting an occasional glance behind at the foe, who were warily approaching. Simon crossed the ravine, wheeled around and fired, wounding one of the advancing troopers so severely that two of his companions had to help him dismount and carry him to a farm-house near.

About half-way up the hill, Simon came to a halt and, dismounting, began to reload his gun, keeping his horse between himself and the enemy,

who had halted for consultation. It was nearly noon and a scene of peace and quiet lay all about the young patriot. On his right was a farm with a rail fence between him and the field. A farmer was ploughing in the field, and a pig was rooting among the leaves close by the fence. Simon had halted just to the left of the road near the woods which extended for several miles on the left to a creek. Albert had disappeared over the hill, and Simon determined to hold the enemy as long as possible, for his own horse being fleet, he could easily escape when he tried.

Having reloaded his gun, he waited for the enemy to approach within range. The pig grunted with satisfaction among the leaves, and the birds twittered in the bushes on his left, while Simon waited patiently for the enemy. His heart beat violently as he contemplated seven men opposed to him.

Simon was silent but deadly. His dry humor which made him the life of camp and field was hushed. His large blue eyes were flashing with fire and determination.

The council of war was at last over and the Britons began operations. They dismounted leaving the horses with two, and the remainder began to ascend the hill, taking advantage of every tree, stump and stone which afforded the slightest shel-

ter. They knew the deadly effect of Simon's aim and dreaded it.

Suddenly from behind a stump there came a little puff of smoke, and a carbine ball whizzed



**HIS HEART BEAT VIOLENTLY AS HE CONTEMPLATED SEVEN
MEN OPPOSED TO HIM.**

across the road and struck the ground so near the pig as to scatter the leaves, sand and gravel over the porker, causing him to utter a squeal, whisk his tail and run away as fast as his short legs could carry his fat body. Another puff from behind a

dead tree down the hill, still another from a stone, followed by two reports and the balls clipped the leaves from the bushes above Simon's head. The farmer in the field heard the shots and stopped his oxen to gaze on the exciting scene. The troopers pressed closer, and Simon cocked his gun. He aimed first at one and then at another, and each in turn sought cover from the ugly rifle. The object of the patriot was to keep the Britons at bay as long as possible, that Albert might have a chance to escape. With the barrel of his rifle resting on the pommel of his saddle he aimed at each head as it in turn appeared from behind the brush or stone until they had almost flanked him, when he fired wounding one in the shoulder and, mounting his horse, galloped away over the hill pursued by the bullets of the enemy. Simon soon met with a surprise. He had not gone a fourth of a mile, when he suddenly ran into a party of Britons, who had already captured Albert. Resistance was useless, and he surrendered. They were taken to a house where a considerable number of the enemy were assembled, and were kept until night.

When it was quite dark, an officer in command came to the room in which the prisoners were confined and said to Albert:

"You are Albert Stevens from Lexington, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, and are you not the officer who so kindly sent me information of my father?"

"I am," he answered. "Your father is still on board the prison-ship and is as well as a prisoner can be. Have you heard from little Estella at Rugby?"

"I have not."

"Who is this man with you?" he asked.

"I am the chap wot came so near threshin' the ground with yew at Rugby," Simon answered. "Don't yew remember comin' in a coach an' six and examinin' me and writin' down every word I said?"

The officer, who recalled the scene, asked:

"What is your name?"

"Simon Tapley, and as true a Yankee as ever shot a redcoat."

The officer turned about and walked away, leaving the patriots alone. An hour later the British hurriedly decamped, leaving Albert and his companion at the house in charge of three troopers. These held a hurried consultation, then a non-commissioned officer came to the prisoners and said:

"I am directed to release you without parole. Your horses are in the barn. You are at liberty."

The three troopers mounted their horses and galloped away, leaving the Americans puzzled at

their own liberation. There was a mystery about their release which was not explained till years after. Albert and Simon found their horses in the barn, and made their way as rapidly as they could to Morristown.

A few days after their return, Washington broke up his cantonments at Morristown and shifted his camp to Middlebrook, within ten miles of Brunswick. His whole force fit for duty was now about seven thousand three hundred men, nearly all from the States south of the Hudson. There were forty-three regiments, forming ten brigades commanded by Brigadiers Muhlenberg, Woodon, Woodford, Scott, Smallwood, DeBarre, Wayne, DeHaas, Conway, and Maxwell.

On the 31st of May, reports were brought to camp that a fleet of a hundred sail had left New York and stood out to sea. Whither bound and how freighted was unknown. If they carried troops, their destination might be Delaware Bay and Philadelphia. Washington knew that Sir William Howe had been reinforced by troops from Germany, and Howe had transferred his headquarters to Brunswick.

Washington ordered Putnam to send down some of the continental troops at Peekskill. Arnold had, at this critical juncture, been put in command of Philadelphia, a post which he had been

induced to accept, although the question of rank had not been adjusted to his satisfaction. Warlike news came from the north, where Burgoyne, with a strong army of British and Hessians, threatened an invasion. General Schuyler, an able officer in whom Washington implicitly relied, still had command of the northern army, and was collecting as large a force as possible to oppose Burgoyne.

Some historians have called this the darkest period of the revolutionary war; but the darkness was not without rays of light. Patrick Henry's prophecy that the "God of hosts would raise up friends to fight their battles," was about to be verified. Across the sea in the old countries the news was spread that thirteen colonies were struggling with a tyrant. The appeal went to hearts that beat with human kindness and to souls noble and grand. The appeal reached such souls as Kosciusko, Steuben, Pulaski, De Kalb and the immortal Lafayette.

At a dinner, Lafayette, then scarcely more than a youth, heard of the struggle of the American colonies for freedom, and resolved at once to risk his life and fortune for them. He was a marquis and very wealthy, but his nobility of soul, his fervent enthusiasm, made him a lover of liberty. He fitted out a ship at his own expense and, accompanied by Baron de Kalb, sailed for America,

after having several narrow escapes from arrest and confinement. His departure created a great sensation, not only in France, but in England. Gibbon the historian, in a letter from London, dated April 12, 1777, says:

“ We talked chiefly of the Marquis de Lafayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, worth 130,000 livres a year, the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston’s yacht and is gone to join the Americans.”

The voyage across the sea was long and stormy, but they effected a landing in the night near Georgetown, South Carolina, where they were hospitably received as soon as known and were entertained by Major Huger, who, on the 25th of April, conveyed them to Charleston, where they were received with enthusiasm. The sensation produced by Lafayette’s arrival in this country was much greater than that produced in Europe by his departure. It was one of the most prominent and important circumstances in our revolutionary contest; and, as has often been said by one who bore no small part in its trials for success, “ none but those who were then alive can believe what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population almost disheartened by a long series of disasters.” Well it might, for it taught them that in the first rank of nobility in

Europe, men could still be found who not only took a deep interest in their struggle for liberty, but were willing to share their sufferings; that their desperate and obscure struggle for freedom in a remote corner of the world, found supporters among those whose natural and powerful allies were of a splendid despotism; that they were objects of a regard and interest throughout the world. From Charleston, Lafayette journeyed to Philadelphia, where congress was still in session. At first he was somewhat coolly received; but when it was known that he wished to volunteer to serve without pay in defence of liberty, congress expressed its high sense of the value of his personal worth by the following resolution:

“Whereas the Marquis de Lafayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections, and at his own expenses come over to offer his services to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause: *Resolved*, that his services be accepted, and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connection, he have the rank and commission of major-general in the army of the United States.”

His commission was dated July 31st, 1777, when he was only nineteen years and eleven months old.

Washington heard of the arrival of Lafayette, and as he was called to Philadelphia regarding the military defence of the city, he soon had the satisfaction of meeting him. It was at a public dinner where Washington first met the illustrious foreigner. He saw a youth not yet twenty years of age, tall, commanding and dignified.



MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

“I knew him before I was introduced to him,” he declared. When the company was about to break up, Washington took young Lafayette aside and said: “I want to thank you for leaving your country, home and friends to come and fight our battles. Such unselfish devotion to the cause of a struggling people can only emanate from a truly noble heart. I hope you will become one of our military family, and I trust you will make my headquarters your home.”

The personal acquaintance thus commenced soon ripened into an intimacy that was never for a moment interrupted. The private correspondence of Washington shows that he not only felt for Lafayette the warmest affection, but that he entertained the highest opinion of his military talent, personal probity and general prudence and energy.

CHAPTER XI.

BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN.

WHILE Washington was trying to protect Philadelphia from the armies of Howe and Cornwallis, Burgoyne was endeavoring to carry out the plan of the campaign in the north. He went to England in the autumn of 1776, and arrived in May, 1777, at Quebec, bearing the commission of lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the British forces in Canada. In June he gathered about seven thousand men at St. John's, on the Sorel, for an invasion of the province of New York. His force was composed of British and German regulars, Canadians and Indians. The Germans were under command of Major-General Baron de Riedesel, and Burgoyne's chief lieutenants were Major-General Phillips and Brigadier-General Fraser.

On the 20th of June, at dawn of day, Burgoyne began his march of invasion. The wives of many of the officers accompanied their husbands, for the British anticipated only a pleasant journey to New

York. The whole army shared in the ardor and hopes of its chiefs. Not a doubt was entertained of an approaching triumph. Thus prepared, General Burgoyne proceeded to encamp near the little river Bouquet, upon the west bank of Lake Champlain, at no great distance north of Crown Point. Here having addressed his army in a speech calculated to excite their highest ardor, and issued a proclamation warning the Americans against any attempt to resist his progress, upon pain of savage fury, devastation, famine and kindred calamities, he moved upon Crown Point, whence soon after he proceeded with all his force to invest Ticonderoga.

This fortress at the time was under command of General St. Clair. Believing his garrison, only three thousand men, one third of whom were militia, inadequate to resist the attack of so formidable a force as was approaching, St. Clair ordered that the fort be evacuated, and his army retreated, after having burned or destroyed everything which might prove important to the invading foe.

The night of July 5th was appointed for the evacuation. The British army was near, and great caution was exercised, in order to effect their retreat in safety. General St. Clair led the vanguard, and Colonel Francis the rear. Orders were passed for the soldiers to march in silence. St.

Clair drew out the vanguard at two in the morning. Francis with the rear left at four. The baggage, furniture, military stores and provisions had been embarked on board of two hundred bateaux and five armed galleys. The general rendezvous was appointed at Skenesborough, the bateaux proceeding up Wood Creek, and the main army taking its route by way of Castleton.

Under the animating prospects of effecting their retreat in safety, the army and bateaux were proceeding on their respective routes, when a house on Mount Independence suddenly and most unaccountably took fire. The flames burst forth almost in an instant, lighting up all the country far around and revealing, to the surprise of the royalists, the retreating patriots.

Orders were issued for immediate pursuit, and General Fraser, at the head of a strong detachment of grenadiers and light troops, proceeded by land along the right bank of Wood Creek. General Riedesel rapidly followed with his Germans, to aid him if required, while Burgoyne embarked on board of several vessels and gave chase by water.

By three in the afternoon, the van of the British squadron, composed of gunboats, came up with and attacked the American galleys, near Skenesborough Falls. In the mean time, three regiments which had been landed at South Bay ascended and

passed a mountain with great expedition, in order to turn the Americans above Wood Creek, to destroy their works at the falls of Skenesborough, and to cut off their retreat to Fort Anne; but the Americans eluded this stroke by the rapidity of their flight. The British frigates having joined the van, the galleys, already hard pressed by the gunboats, were completely overpowered. Two of them surrendered, and three were blown up. The Americans now despaired, and, having set fire to their works, mills and bateaux, and otherwise destroyed what they were unable to burn, they escaped as well as they could up Wood Creek, without halting till they reached Fort Anne. Their loss was considerable; for the bateaux were loaded with baggage, provisions and ammunition necessary to their sustenance and military operations. The corps which had set out by land was in no better situation. The vanguard, conducted by St. Clair, had arrived at Castleton, thirty miles distant from Ticonderoga and twelve miles from Skenesborough; the rear, commanded by Colonels Francis and Warner, had rested the night of the sixth at Hubbardston, six miles below Castleton toward Ticonderoga.

At five o'clock on the morning of the seventh, the English column, under General Fraser, made its appearance. The Americans were strongly

posted, and were disposed to defend themselves. Fraser, though inferior in point of numbers, had great confidence in the valor of his troops. He also expected every moment to be joined by General Riedesel; and being apprehensive that the enemy might escape if he delayed, he ordered the attack immediately. The battle was long and sanguinary. The Americans, being commanded by valiant officers, behaved with great firmness; but the English displayed an equal obstinacy. After several shocks, with alternate success, the latter began to fall back in disorder; but their leaders rallied them anew and led them to a furious charge with the bayonet. The Americans were shaken by its impetuosity. At this critical moment, General Riedesel arrived at the head of his column, composed of light troops and some grenadiers, and the tide of battle was immediately turned. The Americans, overpowered by numbers, fled on all sides, leaving their brave commander with many other officers and over two hundred soldiers dead on the field. About the same number, besides Colonel Hale and seventeen officers of inferior rank, were made prisoners. Above six hundred were supposed to be wounded, many of whom, deprived of all succor, perished miserably in the woods. The loss of the royal troops, in dead and wounded, amounted to a little over one hundred and eighty.

On receiving intelligence of the foregoing disaster, St. Clair proceeded by a circuitous route to Fort Edward, in order to strengthen General Schuyler, in anticipation of an attack upon that fortress. With the accessions thus made, the troops at Fort Edward amounted to but little more than four thousand, including the militia. The losses of the Americans had been great, and were severely felt. No less than one hundred and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, besides a great quantity of stores, baggage and provisions, particularly flour, had either fallen into the hands of the enemy, or been destroyed. Added to these losses, a general panic had seized upon the inhabitants, especially on account of the Indians attached to the British army, and against whose merciless and savage spirit there was felt to be no security.

While Burgoyne was detained at Skenesborough, General Schuyler was actively engaged in increasing his means of defence. Trenches were opened and the roads leading to the fort were in every possible way obstructed. The patriots felled great trees which it took time and labor to remove. The militia from various quarters were summoned to the American standard, and artillery and stores were forwarded from various points. At last General Burgoyne moved toward Fort Edward; but such were the obstacles which impeded his

movements, that he did not reach the banks of the Hudson, near the fort, until the 30th of July.

Schuyler, convinced that all his efforts would not render that post defensible against such a formidable force as was approaching, abandoned it and retired lower down to Stillwater, where intrenchments were thrown up.

General Burgoyne unexpectedly found himself destitute of provisions, and he was until the 15th of August engaged in procuring means for the support of the army, which they were obliged to bring from Ticonderoga at great expense and labor. Burgoyne's great mistake was in the attempt to reduce Fort Edward. Had he made his way from Skenesborough to Albany, he might have secured that important place before the Americans could rally.

While posted at Fort Edward, Burgoyne learned that a large store of live cattle, corn and other necessaries belonging to the Americans had been deposited at Bennington, a village in Vermont, about twenty miles from the Hudson. Impelled by necessity, as well as by the desire of adding to his military fame, he resolved to attempt their seizure. The accomplishment of the plan he entrusted to Colonel Baum, a German officer of great bravery and well versed in this sort of partisan warfare.

Accordingly, with a force of five hundred men and two light field-pieces, Baum set forth in proud anticipation of success. The roads, however, were so heavy, that the detachment was fatally retarded. The intelligence of their approach preceded them in time to allow Colonel Stark, a brave, active man, who was in command at Bennington with a corps of New Hampshire militia, to assemble a considerable reinforcement of Green Mountain boys from the neighboring towns. Before Baum made his appearance, the number of Americans had swelled to about two thousand. On learning the numbers of the enemy, Baum dispatched an express to Colonel Breyman, who had been detached to support him if necessary, to urge his march. In the mean while, Baum took post on the banks of the Walloon Creek to await the arrival of his auxiliaries.

Stark, however, was not disposed to accommodate his foe by any such delay, and on the 15th of August the Americans came in sight of the enemy. A minister who had come with a part of his flock to strike a blow for his country was impatient at delay; but Stark comforted him with the promise, that, if the next day were clear, he should have fighting enough.

When the sun rose on the sixteenth, Stark concerted with his officers the plan for the day. See-

ing small bands of men in shirt-sleeves and carrying fowling-pieces without bayonets steal up behind his camp, Baum mistook them for friendly country people placing themselves where he could protect them; and so five hundred men under Nichols and Herrick united in his rear. While his attention was arrested by a feint, two hundred more posted themselves on his right, and Stark, with two or three hundred, took the front. As they advanced to the attack, about three o'clock, Colonel Stark cried:

“See, men! There are the redcoats! We must beat to-day, or Molly Stark's a widow!”

Baum, who had at first supposed them to be loyalists, was surprised when they poured in a deadly fire from all sides. His men were soon broken and in confusion; but he rallied them, and for a time made a brave resistance. At last, by an impetuous charge, the Americans drove them from the field.

The fortune of the day had already been decided, when Colonel Breyman appeared. He was, in fact, perfectly ignorant of the engagement and fate of his pioneers. What was his consternation, on reaching the entrenchments of Baum, to find, instead of friends, enemies ready to give him battle. Notwithstanding his troops were fatigued, he determined to renew the conflict, and did so for a while with apparent success, for a part of the Americans

were bent on plunder; but the clash of arms recalled them to the scene, and the British were soon routed, leaving their baggage and one thousand muskets in the hands of the Americans. The loss of the British in the two engagements was about two hundred killed and five hundred wounded and prisoners. The loss of the Americans did not much exceed one hundred.

The exploit of Bennington redounded not only to the credit of Stark and his home troops, but to the good of the country at large. It was the beginning of a series of disasters which culminated in the overthrow of Burgoyne. Meanwhile, General Gates, whose ambition exceeded his patriotism, was appointed by congress to supersede General Schuyler. There was a party in congress headed by John Adams in opposition to Washington. It was the ardent desire of Adams to have Gates supersede the commander. Schuyler was an intimate friend of Washington, and a blow at one was a blow at the other. Gates aspired to be commander-in-chief, and it was thought that this would give him an excellent opportunity to make his fame as a military genius.

Already the fortunes of Burgoyne were on the decline. Schuyler had effected his fortifications at Stillwater and was prepared to crush the enemy when Gates came.

Meanwhile, General Burgoyne continued in his camp on the left bank of the Hudson, where he used the most unremitting industry and perseverance in bringing stores and provisions forward from Fort George. Having at length, by strenuous efforts, obtained about thirty days' provisions, he resolved to pass the river with his army, in order to engage the enemy and force a passage to Albany. As a swell of water, occasioned by great rains, had carried away his bridge of rafts, he threw another bridge of boats across the river at the same place. Toward the middle of September, he crossed with his army to the right bank of the Hudson and encamped on the heights and in the plain of Saratoga, Gates being then in the neighborhood of Stillwater about three miles below. Thus the two armies were brought face to face and a battle was momentarily expected.

Burgoyne advanced to a point very near the American lines; and on the morning of the 19th he moved his army in three columns to offer battle. The left wing, with the immense train of artillery, under command of General Phillips and Riedesel, kept upon the plain near the river. The centre, composed largely of Germans, extended to a range of hills that were touched by the American left, and was led by Burgoyne in person. Upon these hills, Fraser and Breyman, with grenadiers and

infantry, were posted, with intention of outflanking the republicans. The front and flank of the invading army were covered by the Canadians, Indians and Tories. The active Arnold, with about fifteen hundred men, had kept the British for days in suspense by his repeated assaults.

Gates, lacking the personal courage and skill of a good commander, resolved to act on the defensive within his own lines. Arnold, who, whatever may be said of him, was brave as a lion, had been urging Gates all morning to send out a detachment and give the enemy battle; but he gave no order and evinced no disposition to fight. Even when, at eleven o'clock, the boom of cannon awoke the echoes of the hills, which was Burgoyne's signal for a general advance of his army, Gates seemed almost indifferent. His officers became very impatient as the enemy drew nearer. Arnold was as restive as a hound in a leash. He was finally permitted to order out Morgan with his riflemen and Dearborn with infantry, to attack the Canadians, and Indians who were swarming upon the hills in advance of Burgoyne's right. The Indians and Canadians were driven back and Morgan's riflemen pursued them so vigorously that they became scattered and weakened. The Canadians and Indians being reinforced by a party of Tories drove them back. For a moment it seemed as if the famous

Virginia riflemen were lost; but Morgan sounded his shrill whistle, and they rallied around him, with the Massachusetts and New Hampshire troops, and after a short fight checked the advance of the enemy.

In the mean while, Burgoyne, by a rapid movement, attempted to fall heavily on the left and centre of the Americans, while Fraser, on the extreme right, made a quick movement to turn the American left. The vigilant Arnold, with equal celerity of movement, attempted to turn the British right at the same time. He might have succeeded had not Gates denied him reinforcements, and done everything in his power to restrain him. Masked by the thick woods, neither party could know much about the doings of the other, and they suddenly and unexpectedly met in a ravine, west of Freeman's farm at which Burgoyne had halted. There they fought desperately for awhile. Arnold was forced back, when Fraser, by a quick movement, called up some German troops from Burgoyne's centre to his aid. Arnold rallied his men, and with the assistance of New England troops under Brooks, Dearborn, Scammel, Cilley and Hull, he smote the enemy so lustily that their line began to waver and fall into confusion. General Phillips, from his position below the heights, heard the din of battle resounding through the

woods and hurried over the hills with fresh troops and some artillery, followed by a portion of the Germans under Riedesel, and appeared upon the ground when victory seemed about to rest with the Americans. Still the battle raged. The ranks of the British were fearfully thinning, when Riedesel made a furious attack on the flank of the Americans with cannon and musketry, which compelled them to give way. The Germans saved the British army from ruin.

It was now the middle of the afternoon on that bright September day; after a brief lull the battle raged with renewed vigor. Burgoyne, after cannonading the Americans and receiving no response, ordered a bayonet charge. Column after column of British troops moved over the gently rolling ground toward the American lines. As they came forward at a charge, the silent enemy sprang forward like tigers from a covert and assailed the British so furiously, with ball and bayonet, that they recoiled, and were pushed back. At that time Arnold was at the headquarters, seated on a large black charger, imploring Gates in vain for reinforcements. When he heard the battle raging with no decisive results, he could no longer brook delay. Turning his horse's head toward the storm, he cried:

“I'll soon put an end to it!” and went off at a

gallop, followed by an officer whom Gates sent after him to order him back; but, fortunately, the subaltern could not overtake the impetuous Arnold. Gates was foolishly jealous of Arnold and would rather have suffered defeat than that he should have won laurels. But for Arnold, there is no doubt that Burgoyne would have reached Albany victorious, for Gates was too incompetent and cowardly to repel him. The jealous Gates, angry because the army praised Arnold, did not mention his name, nor that of the gallant Morgan, in his official report of the battle. The generals of an army are their own historians and never fail to do themselves ample credit. Many a soldier of the rank smiles when he reads the official reports of the officer. Arnold keenly felt the ill treatment of General Gates, and there can be no doubt that brooding on his neglect and misuseage finally induced him to betray a country which seemed to forget him. The battle raged for three hours after Arnold's arrival on the field of action. The British were repulsed, shattered and dispirited. They had lost about six hundred men, while the American losses were not more than half as many. Arnold urged Gates to attack him next morning, September 20th, 1777; but Gates would not consent. Burgoyne withdrew to a point two miles from the American lines and cast up entrenchments, hourly

hoping for reinforcements from Sir Henry Clinton. He was in a desperate condition. Some encouragement from Clinton did revive his hopes. Clinton made a diversion up the Hudson, but it failed to effect any favorable result for Burgoyne. They burned Kingston, Rhinebeck and the Livingston Manor and frightened some Dutch farmers almost out of their wits; but the news of Burgoyne's surrender caused them to retreat.

On the 4th of October, Burgoyne and his officers held a council of war, in which there was a division of opinion; but it resulted in a decision to fight. On the seventh, they issued liquors and rations for four days and moved on the Americans' left. Gates, angry at Arnold's impertinence, had deprived him of command. In any other than a patriot army battling for liberty, this would have resulted in defeat, for Arnold was popular among the rank and file.

Gates could have crushed the weak invaders at a blow; but he chose his usual dilatory way of fighting, and the action never began in earnest until half-past three o'clock. As Burgoyne was about to advance, he was astounded at the thunder of cannon on his left and the crack and rattle of rifles and muskets on his right. Poor had advanced stealthily up the slope on which the troops of Ackland and Williams were posted, and in per-

fect silence pressed on through the thick wood toward the batteries of the latter. When they were discovered, the enemy opened a heavy storm of musket-balls and grape-shot upon the Americans. Though they clipped the leaves and branches over the heads of the patriots, scarce a shot struck one of the Americans, who poured in a galling fire on the enemy, and a fierce conflict ensued. The Americans rushed up to the very mouths of the cannon and struggled hand-to-hand with the enemy for victory among the carriages of the field-pieces. One cannon was taken and retaken five times. The gun was at last captured by the Americans and turned on the enemy.

Meanwhile Morgan assailed Fraser's flanking corps in advance of the British right with such a tempest of rifle-balls, that they were driven back to their lines. With the speed of the gale, Morgan wheeled and fell upon the British right with such appalling force and impetuosity that their ranks were quickly broken and thrown into confusion. It was followed by an onslaught in front by Major Dearborn, with fresh troops, when the British broke and fled. They were soon rallied and formed by Earl Balcarras. The centre, composed chiefly of Germans, maintained its position.

All the while, Arnold, stripped of authority to issue a single order in the fight, had heard the roar

of battle as a leashed hound would the sound of his master's horn. The impetuous, quarrelsome, insubordinate brigadier, thirsting for glory and fired by patriotism stood chafing with impatience and irritation, a chained spectator of the battle. At last, when he could no longer restrain himself, he sprang upon the back of his big black charger and dashed once more at full speed into the field of action. Gates sent Major Armstrong to order him back. Arnold saw the subaltern in chase and, divining his errand, put spurs to his horse and left him far behind. Placing himself at the head of the three regiments of Learned's brigade, who received their old commander with deafening cheers, he led them against the British centre, with the desperation of a madman. He rushed into the thickest of the fight, or rode along the lines with rapid and erratic movements, brandishing his sword over his head and delivering his orders everywhere in person. For half an hour Armstrong followed him; but Arnold's course was so varied and perilous that he gave up the chase.

The Germans bravely resisted the assault of Arnold's troops; but when he dashed among them at the head of his men, they broke and fled in dismay. The battle was general all along their lines. Arnold and Morgan were the ruling spirits of the Americans, while Fraser was the spirit of

inspiration among the British. Arnold saw this and, dashing up to Morgan's side, said:

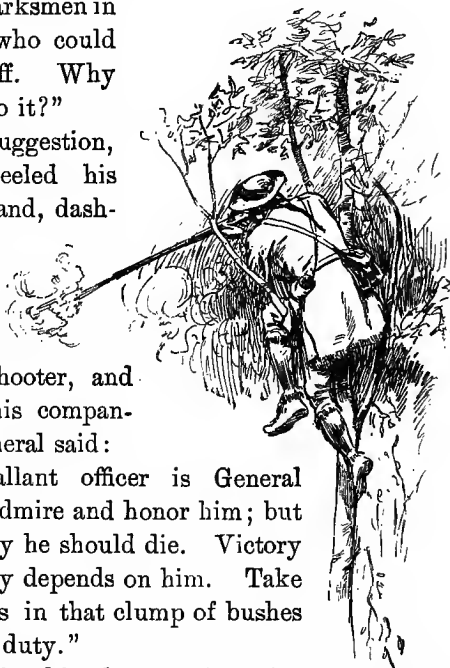
"General Fraser stands between us and victory. You have marksmen in your corps who could pick him off. Why don't they do it?"

At this suggestion, Morgan wheeled his horse about and, dashing back to where stood Timothy Murphy, an Irish sharpshooter, and a dozen of his companions, the general said:

"That gallant officer is General Fraser. I admire and honor him; but it is necessary he should die. Victory for the enemy depends on him. Take your stations in that clump of bushes and do your duty."

"I will bring him down in five minutes," Tim Murphy answered.

He climbed into a sapling and, with his unerring double-barrelled rifle, waited until General Fraser next came riding down the line,



HE CLIMBED
INTO A SAP-
LING.

when a bullet from his gun mortally wounded the gallant officer.

His fall produced a panic from which the British never fully rallied. The battle was lost, and they retreated, but were followed up, and, on the 17th of October, all that was left of the brilliant army of Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates, the man least deserving the honor of victory.

He remained in his camp during the battle, and good authority has stated that he was intoxicated. There can be no doubt that Gates was both cowardly and incompetent.

CHAPTER XII.

BRANDYWINE.

ALBERT STEVENS and Simon Tapley were still with Washington's army. They had been assigned to a new regiment. Since their last adventure near Morristown, they had been content to let the cavalry do the scouting duty, while they remained in camp.

"I don't like this way o' doin', Albert," growled Simon. "This runnin' all about the country from Dan to Beersheba. Why don't they come on and fight?"

"Well, Simon, I think you will have your desire gratified," Albert answered. "I heard that Howe had entered the Delaware and landed his army. They are coming to Philadelphia."

"Zounds! they will get enough of it afore they reach the town," answered Simon.

The British had landed from the Chesapeake, at the head of Elk River, as was known to all the army. Washington had come out of Philadelphia to meet the enemy and defend the national capital.

"We will have marching orders in less than twenty-four hours," declared Albert.

"Why?"

"I heard one of Washington's aids talking with our colonel. The old general means fight."

"Egad, I hope he will! But, Albert, what will they do with Jake's brother August, and Joseph Jager, if they catch 'em? They have joined our army, and if the British capture 'em, won't they hang 'em?"

"They will never permit themselves to be captured."

"Well, there are two sour-kraut eaters who'll do Johnny Bull more harm than good by coming over."

"I hope so."

The above conversation was on the 2d of September. On the morning of the third, they were ordered into line at dawn of day, with three days' rations and forty rounds of cartridges.

"That looks as if we were goin' to have a spell o' work," remarked Simon.

"There is Jake, his brother and Joe Jager."

"How kin them Dutch fight with us, when they won't understand a word the captain says?"

"They will do as we do."

The roll was called and talking ceased. The division of Maxwell wheeled into the road and

marched toward Pencander. All day they were on the march or in line. Near sunset, they were drawn up in an ambuscade.

Albert said :

“ Simon, I hear drums. ”

“ You'd be deaf if you didn't. ”

“ They are coming. ”

“ I am sartain on it, an', gawl darn 'em, I'll give 'em one clap o' thunder. ”

Silence was commanded, and they waited the advance of the enemy. The head of the column soon appeared, and a terrible skirmish ensued. The British artillery drove them from their position with a loss of forty killed and wounded.

The Americans retreated, much to the disgust of Simon, who declared if Mr. Brown of Rugby heard of this scandalous conduct on his part, he would make him the butt of ridicule.

Albert's regiment fell back to the west bank of Brandywine Creek where they went into camp. For several days there was constant skirmishing in front, as is always the case when two armies are approaching. The soldiers had grown accustomed to this, and Albert, at his camp-fire at night, wrote a letter to his mother and another to Estella at Rugby, while the pickets' shots could be heard across the creek. Among other things he wrote to his mother, he stated :

“Father is still on board the old *Jersey* prison-ship. I wish you could see him. I have heard many terrible stories of that horrible prison. They say thousands of people are penned up in its walls, and that the living are hardly able to bury the dead. The cruelty of their jailers must be terrible. I do not know that the British would let you through the lines, or that you could get to see father, but I wish you would try.

“I told you in my last letter how strangely Jake Steckel met his brother at Trenton. August Steckel and another captured Hessian have joined our company and make excellent soldiers. I again met that mysterious British officer who is so interested in Stella. I believe there is some mystery between him and Simon, as well as between him and Stella. This war is full of strange mystery. Pray for me. Even as I write, I can hear the guns of the enemy. A terrible conflict is liable to ensue at any moment.”

This letter was written on the 10th of September, and at midnight a post boy carried it from the camp. Albert lay down, wrapped in his blanket, at the root of an old oak tree, and soon fell asleep.

The night was more quiet than usual. After midnight not another shot was fired by the pickets; but at early dawn Simon awoke Albert by seizing his shoulder and shaking him.

“Git up, Albert. By zounds, we're goin' tew have a frolic afore the day is over, or I don't know what I'm talkin' about.”

Albert rose and found the entire camp in a bustle. The confusion of buckling on belts and arranging straps, examining flints and loading guns, or testing the points of bayonets both excited and bewildered the new recruits. Nothing visible caused this turmoil and hasty preparation. There never was a calmer morn than September 11th, 1777. The light blue clouds like ringlets rolled about the heavens. The sky seemed but a sea of gold, while the orange peep of early dawn was like the blush on a lady's cheek. The sunbeams dancing on the water might remind one of a sleeping infant, and where the glittering dew appeared, it was beauty smiling through her tears. All nature seemed at peace.

Only those long lines of armed warriors indicated war and death.

Suddenly a horseman dashed down the ranks on a fiery steed.

“That's Count Pulaski, the young Pole who has joined us,” said Albert to Simon, “and yonder is Marquis de Lafayette.”

“Who are Pulaski and Lafayette? I'd rather see a redcoat now, for my finger is just a-itchin' tew pull a trigger.”

“Never fear, you will soon have a chance,” remarked a soldier in the rear rank.

At this moment they saw the signal rise. They heard the thunder of artillery, and the command was given to march.

At daybreak, on the morning of September 11th, 1777, Cornwallis, with one column of the British army, moved along the Lancaster road, which for several miles ran nearly parallel with the Brandywine. General Howe was also with this division. Knyphausen and his command moved forward at nine o'clock. From behind the walls of the graveyard of the Kennit meeting-house, and also behind houses, trees and clumps of bushes, parties of militia kept up an annoying fire upon the advancing enemy. Knyphausen, however, pushed forward to Chad's Ford.

Albert, who was with Maxwell's division, saw a horseman dashing down the hill, his voice sounding like a trumpet.

“Fly to the ford! oh, fly!” he shouted with every breath. In a few moments, Maxwell's line was advancing and took a position where he met the advance sent by Knyphausen about ten o'clock, and a severe engagement ensued. Maxwell retreated to the verge of the stream, where he was reinforced. Turning on his pursuers, he made a furious charge. Unable to cope with Maxwell in

open battle, without bringing a larger force into action, Knyphausen sent a detachment through the woods to make an attack upon his flank. Perceiving this movement, Maxwell retreated across the stream, leaving the whole west bank of the Brandywine in possession of the enemy. The German general now brought forward his artillery, and for some time there was an artillery duel between his cannoneers and Proctor. Howe had instructed Knyphausen to merely attract the attention of the Americans by feigned efforts to cross the ford, until Cornwallis should cross above and gain the right and rear of the patriots. When this was accomplished, he was to push across Chad's Ford, and the two divisions of the royal army would make a simultaneous attack. Captains Porterfield and Waggoner, having secured a footing on the western side, General Maxwell recrossed the stream with a considerable force, drove the enemy from the ground, killed about thirty of them, and seized a quantity of entrenching tools, with which they were constructing a battery; but Knyphausen, sending an overwhelming force against the Americans, drove them over to the east side of the river.

The right wing of the Americans was commanded by General Sullivan, who was ordered to guard the fords as high up as Buffington's, just above the forks of Brandywine. He sent scouting parties

out in various directions and was soon informed first that the enemy were marching to Trimble's, then to Taylor's and Jeffries' Ford. These reports were forwarded to Washington, who had ordered an advance, when there came a denial that there was an enemy approaching either ford.

While Washington was thus kept in suspense, Cornwallis advanced and gained his coveted position. Washington had actually sent an order to Sullivan to cross at the ford above and attack Cornwallis, while he should pass over and assail Knyphausen. Cornwallis, having made a wide circuit, crossed the Brandywine far up the stream, and was upon the hill near the Birmingham meeting-house, not far from Sullivan's right, before that officer was aware of his approach. Sullivan was amazed at the sudden appearance of the foe; but, sending a messenger notifying Washington of his danger, he boldly advanced against the enemy. Before he could form his troops in lines of battle, the rested Britons attacked him, and a terrible conflict ensued. For a while it was doubtful, but finally the right wing of the Americans, commanded by General De Barre, gave way; then the left under Sullivan. The centre, commanded by Stirling, remained for a while firm, when it, too, gave way and fled in confusion. Lafayette, who was with this corps, fighting on foot as a volunteer,

was badly wounded in the leg and taken from the field.

On receiving intelligence of the approach of the British, Washington, with Greene's division of Virginians and Pennsylvanians, pushed forward to the support of Sullivan, leaving General Wayne at Chad's Ford to oppose the passage of Knyp-hausen. When the first cannon-peals from the Birmingham meeting-house rolled over the country, Greene pressed forward to the support of the right wing. His first brigade, under General Weedon, took the lead, and so rapid was their march, that they traveled four miles in forty minutes. Between Dilworth and the meeting-house they met the flying Americans, closely pursued by the British. Greene, by a skilful movement, opened his ranks and received the flying fugitives, then closing them again, he covered their retreat and checked the enemy by a vigorous fire of musketry, artillery and a charge with the bayonet.

Never in the annals of war has there been a more skilful movement made than was that of General Greene.* It has been said by eye-wit-

* The author's grandfather, Abraham Musick, was a young soldier under Stirling at the battle of Brandywine. The following is his account handed down as family tradition: "As the enemy advanced on us, we were told to bring on the engagement and that support would soon come. I loaded my musket and fired at the enemy, who

nesses that his lines were as well dressed as if on parade and not a soldier shrunk or left his ranks while they advanced a line of bristling steel on the enemy. At a narrow defile about a mile from the meeting-house, in the direction of Chester, flanked on either side by woods, he changed his front, faced the enemy, and kept them at bay while the retreating party rested and formed in his rear. Greene defended this pass with great skill and bravery until twilight, when the pursuers encamped for the night. In this defence the brigades of Weedon and Muhlenberg were greatly distinguished, particularly the tenth Virginia regiment, under Colonel Stevens, and a Pennsylvania regiment, under Colonel Stewart.

The plan of the enemy was to attack the Americans front and rear at the same time, by Cornwallis

continued to advance, until I discovered that my cartridges were almost exhausted. I did not hear any order to retreat. In fact, there was so much noise I could not hear anything, and my whole attention was given to the enemy in front. At last, glancing on my left, I discovered that every man there had run, and that the enemy were about to get behind me. Then I turned and ran as fast as I could. I had not gone far before I met our regulars coming, their lines in perfect order, and bayonets fixed. They parted for me to pass through, closed and advanced. I ran to the top of a hill and paused to look back, and oh! such a scene as met my eyes! I can compare it to nothing save a red blaze of cornstalks. Muskets and cannon were blazing and the soldiers plunging their bayonets into the redcoats."

gaining the right flank of the patriots, and Knyphausen crossing the Brandywine at Chad's Ford. The firing of heavy guns on the American right was to be the signal for the German general to ford the stream. When the firing commenced at the Birmingham meeting-house, Knyphausen observed the departure of Greene's division and the consequent weakening of the defence of the passage of the river. He immediately made a proper disposition of his troops for crossing. Wayne was on the alert, and the moment Knyphausen's forces moved forward, he opened upon him a heavy fire of artillery from his intrenchments and the battery near Chad's house. Although in no condition to oppose nearly half the British army, he stood firm at first, and gallantly confronted the heavy and steadily progressing columns; but, on receiving intelligence of the defeat of Sullivan at Birmingham meeting-house, and discovering that a considerable force of the enemy, who had penetrated the woods, were coming out upon his flank, Wayne ordered a retreat. This was accomplished in great disorder, leaving the artillery and munitions of war in the hands of Knyphausen. They retreated in broken columns and confused fragments behind the division of General Greene, then gallantly defending the pass near Dilworth, and joined the other defeated troops. The approach of night

ended the whole conflict. The Americans retreated to Chester that night, where they rendezvoused, and next day marched toward Philadelphia and encamped near Germantown. General Armstrong, who was stationed at Pyle's Ford, had no opportunity to engage in the action. The British remained on the field near Dilworth, Howe taking up his quarters at Gilpin's a few miles from Chad's Ford.

Washington has been severely criticised for risking a battle at Brandywine with a force so inferior to the enemy. The effective force of the British was not less than seventeen thousand, while the Americans did not exceed eleven thousand men, many of whom were raw militia, who had never before been under fire. Washington was aware of the expectations of congress and the whole country, and wisely considered that a defeat in battle would be less depressing on the minds of the soldiers and the people, than permitting the enemy to march without opposition to the capture of Philadelphia, then the political metropolis of America. Influenced by these considerations, he resolved to fight the enemy; and had not conflicting intelligence perplexed and thwarted him in his plans, very probably he would have won a signal victory. The result was disastrous to the Americans. Their loss in killed and wounded was something near twelve hundred.

Congress was not dispirited over the defeat. Expecting to be again compelled to fly from Philadelphia, they reinvested Washington with a portion of the power with which they had clothed him nine months before. They authorized him to direct General Putnam to send him fifteen hundred troops from the Hudson highlands and to summon continentals and militia from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. Washington himself was not dispirited. After allowing his troops one day's rest, he recrossed the Schuylkill and offered Howe battle. He met the enemy on the Lancaster road, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, and was about to engage them, when a storm of lightning, wind and rain prevented anything but sharp skirmishing. The rain fell in torrents all night, and before dawn Howe withdrew and pushed on toward Philadelphia. Perceiving this, Washington crossed the Schuylkill at Parker's Ford, hoping to confront Howe at the crossing of the river below; but the British eluded the Americans by a deceptive movement and, crossing the Schuylkill between Morristown and Valley Forge, pushed on to Philadelphia and took possession of the city. Howe stationed the main division of his army at Germantown, and Washington encamped near Skippack Creek, about twenty miles from Philadelphia.

During the night's retreat, General Wayne was attacked at the Paoli Tavern by General Grey with a strong detachment, and in the desperate fight that ensued in the darkness lost nearly three hundred men, his cannon and small arms.

As usual, the friends of Gates in congress blamed Washington for these losses and for his later movements. Again John Adams, whose fault-finding pen was seldom idle, wrote concerning his crossing to the eastern side of the Schuylkill:

"It is a very injudicious manœuvre. If he had sent one brigade of his regular troops to have headed the militia, he might have cut to pieces Howe's army in attempting to cross any of the fords. Howe will not attempt it. He will wait for his fleet in the Delaware River. O Heaven, grant us one great soul! One leading mind would extricate the best cause from that ruin which seems to await it."

Heaven had granted that great soul; but Adams, like other short-sighted mortals, did not know it. We seldom know a great man when we see him. In fact, we seldom appreciate a great mind until it has passed away from earth. It usually requires a future age to discover the greatness of the present. Those who saw Washington, a plain, dignified, but unassuming man, did not dream that he was the master mind of America. Man is but a grown-

up child and prefers the bright, tin toy to the golden nugget. When Howe crossed the Schuylkill and took possession of Philadelphia, congress again fled from the city. After being seated a few hours at Lancaster, they crossed the Susquehanna River to York, putting that stream between themselves and the enemy. They remained there until the British evacuated Philadelphia the following summer.

After the battle of Brandywine, Lord Howe took his ships around to the mouth of the Delaware, to co-operate with his brother in the attempt to capture Philadelphia. In the river were found many obstructions in the form of *chevaux-de-frise* (sunken crates of stone with heavy spears of timber pointed with iron to pierce the vessels). There were two forts near to protect them, Fort Mercer on the Jersey shore, and Fort Mifflin on Mud Island, near the mouth of the Schuylkill. Although General Howe was in possession of Philadelphia an open water communication was essential.

While General Howe of the army was attempting to co-operate with him, Washington determined to attack the British at Germantown.

During the night of October 3, 1777, the American army made a forced march of fourteen miles to Germantown. They tried to reach Chestnut Hill before daylight; but the roughness of the roads

prevented, and it was near sunrise when they emerged from the woods on that eminence. The whole country was enveloped in thick fog. They were unperceived until the British outposts were surprised and fell back before a storm of grape and musket balls. The cannon startled Cornwallis at Philadelphia. Howe was roused from peaceful slumbers and, mounting his horse, dashed out to meet his flying battalions. He hastened to his camp, and formed his troops for action. Musgrave sent a part of his regiment to support the retreating battalions and, with six companies, took refuge in Chew's strong-house, barricaded it and made of it a castle. From upper windows he delivered such fearful volleys of musketry upon Weedon's brigade in pursuit of the fugitives as to check them. Maxwell's artillerists brought cannon to bear upon the building, but its strong walls resisted the heavy round shot. An attempt to burn it proved unavailing. The Americans became confused in the fog and frequently fired on each other. For a short time a severe battle raged in the very heart of Germantown; but the Americans retreated with a loss of six hundred men killed, wounded and missing, while the loss of the enemy was fully eight hundred.

On the 22d of October an abortive attempt was made to capture Fort Mercer, which was com-

manded by Colonel Greene. Next day an attack was made by the war-ships *Augusta* and *Merlin* on Fort Mifflin; but both vessels were destroyed in the attack.

It now being known that Burgoyne had surrendered, the public thought it the duty of Gates to send a part of his army to assist Washington in reducing Howe to Burgoyne's condition; but this patriotic course might thwart the ambitious schemes of the commander in the north and his friends, who seemed willing to have the sun of Washington's renown eclipsed by disaster, that Gates' more feeble orb might appear to be the brighter luminary. Washington directed Gates to forward heavy reinforcements immediately; but the latter, under false pretences, held them back. Amazed at this positive disobedience, so nearly resembling the treason of Lee, the commander-in-chief sent his ever trusty aid, Colonel Alexander Hamilton, to acquaint Gates in person with the urgent necessity of immediately forwarding troops.

Still Gates hesitated. Hamilton discovered the reason, and he used such plain language toward the conspirator that Gates, startled, sent large reinforcements down the Hudson immediately. Hamilton followed soon afterward, and was amazed to find these troops detained by General Putnam below the Highlands. At the instigation of Gates,

the veteran, believing he might win personal glory by the expulsion of the British from New York City, had actually advanced with his army as far down as White Plains, on the foolish errand. The average-American, who is inclined to respect and honor the name of "Old Put," pauses at this part of our country's history and shakes his head in doubt. Acting on the advice of Governor Clinton, Hamilton spoke authoritatively in the name of Washington and arrested the wild expedition.

These delays, however, were fatal to the well-laid plans of Washington for capturing or expelling the British army. At the same time the Gates faction in congress had caused legislation in that body which was calculated to dishonor the commander-in-chief and restrain his military operations. They forbade him to detach more than twenty-five hundred men from the northern army without first consulting General Gates and Governor Clinton, thus making him subservient to his inferiors in rank. The Adamses, Gerry of Massachusetts and Marchant of Rhode Island actually voted for a resolution forbidding Washington to detach any troops from that department excepting by consent of Gates and Clinton. Congress also ordered Gates to "regain the forts and passes on the Hudson," which Washington had already deprived the British of by pressing Howe so closely that he ordered Sir

Clinton to abandon them and send reinforcements to the Delaware. This afforded Gates an excuse for keeping back the troops which had been sent down the Hudson.

Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin were both captured after long sieges and the loss of many lives. The American troops in New Jersey crossed over and joined Washington at Whitemarsh.

Winter was on, and the American army was ill prepared for cold weather. Many of the soldiers had nothing but summer clothing, and many were actually barefooted.

Albert Stevens and his friends Simon, August, Jacob and Joe Jager were better provided with clothing. Albert's mother had sent him shoes, stockings and clothes, and Simon and the Germans were not scrupulous about taking the clothes from the Britons who fell under their rifles in the many skirmishes. Simon wore a British colonel's trousers and the coat and boots of a Hessian major.

"Zounds! d' yew think I'd freeze when there is such pickin' in the neighborhood?" he said to Albert, who offered him some rebuke about robbing the slain.

The winter of 1777 came early and tarried long. December was ushered in by violent snow-storms. On the 4th of December, Albert and Simon were sitting under three boards, which they had placed

slanting on a pole between two forks. A small fire burned under this mean shelter. The snow was falling, and the night was intensely cold. A bleak north wind whistled among the trees. The American army under the commander-in-chief did not exceed seven thousand men.

Suddenly, above the roaring storm, the shivering soldiers heard the sharp rattle of musketry. A man came galloping down the camp crying:

“Fall in line!”

“By gosh, here’s a fight!” Simon cried, and he snatched his gun with his benumbed hands and began to load.

Albert, though almost frozen, followed his example. It was not long before great columns of red-coats were advancing.

Washington, mounted on his great white horse, galloped down the line uttering cheering words to his half-frozen soldiers.

A volley of musket-balls, the roar of cannon and hiss of grape-shot.

“Forward!” cried an officer.

Albert’s line advanced, and they were into it. Darkness—tempest—the wild battle,—certainly nothing could be more terrible. In places they came to hand-to-hand struggles almost without realizing it. One of their earthworks was taken, the cannon seized, but only for an instant, and then

with wild shouts the Americans charged the enemy and drove them back.

It was in this terrible charge that Simon suddenly uttered a sharp cry and began to sink. "Gawl darn 'em, comrade, I am gone!" he cried.

Albert paused and half stooped to raise the bleeding soldier from the ground, when he felt a sharp pain in his side. He grew faint and sick—the world seemed swimming about him, and he sank bleeding and senseless in the snow

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HORRORS OF VALLEY FORGE.

VALLEY FORGE! What patriot has not heard of that fated spot? On that terrible altar, how many brave patriots were sacrificed to the cause of liberty the world will never know. The march, the battle, the charge and death were nothing compared to the freezing and starving at Valley Forge.

It was December 11th, 1777, seven days after the fight at Edge Hill, in which the British were repulsed, that the march began. Albert Stevens recovered consciousness soon after the fight and found himself in a wagon which formed a sort of temporary hospital. He was very weak from loss of blood, and his garments were frozen before his wounds could be dressed. On the day they broke camp his fainting soul was revived by having Simon placed at his side. Simon's wound was less severe than Albert's, and the surgeon who examined them said both might recover.

Albert was weak, feverish and fretful. When he slept his dreams were terrible. Plenty of straw

had been placed in the covered wagon and four more wounded men were placed in the wagon with them.

"Where are we goin'?" Simon asked, raising himself on his elbow so as to look out from under the wagon sheet.

"To Valley Forge!" was the answer.

Never, perhaps, did human eyes gaze on such a scene of misery. There was a regiment of old continentals, their thin rags flapping about in the breeze. Simon saw two men marching barefooted in the snow and actually leaving crimson footprints behind. He saw a man without a coat, wearing a horse-blanket wrapped about him.

One poor fellow hobbled along with a crutch. A miserable half-starved dog was following the army. All were cold, shivering and freezing.

It was bitter cold. The sky had become obscured, and a thick, frozen mist filled the air, penetrating the light garments of the Americans, which stiffened and froze upon their benumbed limbs. Soon after they started, a sharp north wind began to blow, and it grew colder and colder. The air felt spare and hard to breathe, and the very vapor the soldiers exhaled froze on their lips and hung in ever-increasing icicles from their beards.

At noon, as by a last effort, the sun struggled

through the mist a moment, cast its pale rays upon the long columns of wretched, shivering men, and then disappeared as if never to shine again upon those assembled thousands. Darker and darker grew the clouds, spreading in one even and solid mass from horizon to horizon, like a leaden vault under which swept the wind in frozen blasts, moaning through the dismal forests and rattling the dead leaves on the sleety ground. The snow began to fall. Faster and faster it fell, driven into the faces of the shivering Americans by the storm, blinding their sight and making the gloomy darkness still darker. Thicker, thicker it fell, effacing every sign of the faintly traced roads which crossed the country, confusing and hiding all objects, and spreading as an immense winding-sheet over the face of the earth, while the dark sky hung as a pall above. On the right, on the left, on every side were the even, snowy ground and the narrow horizon of ever-falling snow. All sound was hushed. Even the heavy tread of advancing thousands fell noiselessly in the soft yielding mass, and the immense columns, half hidden under the thick shroud which settled upon them, seemed as an atom lost in immensity.

Still they marched on, and on, pressing close together for support and shelter from the blasting wind, and following the heads of their columns,

going they knew not whither. On, on, sometimes wading through the deep drift, sometimes stumbling in some hidden ditch or ravine, or slipping on the snow-covered ice—on, on, ever on.

One poor fellow, whose stiffened limbs and tottering form had given warning of exhaustion, slipped and fell and was unable to rise. A comrade but little better than himself ran to his aid, and tried to lift him, when both stumbled and fell together. There they struggled in the snow until both perished. These martyrs and this suffering were for the liberties we now enjoy.

Night came—a dark and blustery night—with ever-thickening snow. No word was given to halt, and each column staggered on at random heading toward Valley Forge.

Albert Stevens lay in the wagon too faint and weak even to gaze out on the terrible scene. Simon was at his side. Another man, who had been groaning on the opposite side of Albert, suddenly became silent.

“Simon, he is very still,” the young soldier said.

Simon, who was the least wounded of any, raised on his elbow and, bending over Albert, felt of the stranger’s face and cried:

“Egad, he’s dead!”

“Dead!” gasped Albert, and he felt a terrible

chill at his heart. He tried to speak; but weakness and horror overcame him and he fainted.

"By zounds, I thought yew had passed away!" These were the first words Albert heard. He felt too weak to move or speak, but half opening his heavy eyes, he saw bending over him the honest face of his friend Simon, all abeam with joy.

"Here, take a suck," he added, applying the neck of a bottle to his lips. "Drink away, there is plenty of it, they say." It was rich old peach and ran as life through his almost empty veins.

"Where are we?" murmured Albert faintly.

"Why, on mother earth, egad!" answered Simon, striking the ground with his foot. "With a bed o' straw, like a hoss, and roof made of a broken wagon cover. There, take another drink and wake up."

"And the storm—and Valley Forge?"

"We've got both," and Simon pointed from under the low roof on which the snow was falling. Beyond was a horrible darkness, broken occasionally by a faint glow of light here and there, where a party of soldiers were attempting to build a bivouac fire in the raging storm. Several of these desperate half-frozen men had built prodigious bonfires, which lighted up the multitudes in the valley, here rushing forward in regular column, there pitching tents and kindling bivouac fires;

then, again, in disordered gangs, lying, sitting, standing, in all the imaginable postures; some dead, some wounded, some in search of their friends or separated from their regiments in the darkness and storm; and here and there, long trains of artillery and baggage wagons pouring into the valley, and ambulance wagons hurrying here and there loaded with the wounded.

"How did we get here, Simon?" Albert asked.
"Where is our wagon?"

"They pitched you out for dead to make room for the rest, and as I still felt a flutter at your heart, I stayed with you. Come, shall we play the dead, or try to get in that wagon, and be hauled to some house?" he added pointing to an approaching wagon.

"Get in," Albert faintly answered, trying to sit up. Simon hailed the wagon, and in a few moments they were seated on the straw, and hurried off with the remainder of the wounded.

They were taken to an old church standing on a bleak hill, which was to serve as a temporary hospital. It was a large, square, prison-like building, half fortified, and partly in ruins. The wagon in which Albert and his companion lay forced its way into the large churchyard, already encumbered with all kinds of vehicles, and stopped before the great front door. Here a warm altercation took

place between the officer who had the wounded in charge, and some one at the door, whom they heard exclaim :

“It’s impossible! I tell you, impossible; we already have two hundred wounded in the house; we have no beds; no surgeons; go further!”

Still their conductor insisted, and the wagon remained obstructing the way. The dissension suddenly ceased. A new voice was heard uttering a few orders; a head peeped in upon the wounded, and the new-comer, who was Dr. James Thacher, as kind a man as ever lived, said :

“Take these poor fellows out to the chapel.”

“Hold tight to me and don’t let them separate us,” Albert whispered to Simon. At that moment he was seized by the feet and shoulders and an effort made to lift him out.

“What the d—l is he clinging to?” growled a voice.

“We are comrades; don’t separate us!” entreated Albert, still clinging to his friend.

“Well, well, we’ll try; only let go,” said a gruff but kind voice; then added, “There, some of you catch hold of the other, and keep close behind us.” They hurried them through a square vestibule, then suddenly turned into a room. For a moment the glare of light dazzled them. The air was oppressively warm, and was filled with the

sickening smell of curdling and putrefying blood and matter. The powerful disinfectants which now render a crowded hospital pure and healthful were, a hundred years ago, unknown. It was a long, narrow room, with high vaulted ceiling and an altar, or pulpit, at the further end. The floor was thickly strewn with straw, and on the straw, lying side by side in compact rows, with just space enough at the head and foot for the surgeons to circulate, were the wounded. Their bearers paused looking round for some vacant space to set them down.

“I fear that we can’t put you side by side, comrades,” said the same man who had already addressed Albert, and whom, by his uniform, he knew to be a corporal of a Virginia regiment. “Set this one down here,” added he, speaking to his men, “and the other forward.”

They laid Albert down, and he caught a last glimpse of poor Simon’s sad face as they bore them away. “Good-by!” said he in a tone which went to Albert’s heart. The poor boy had borne up bravely through all his trials, but at this he broke down and wept. Then his head began to turn; there was a hum in his ears, and he felt very faint. He must have lost consciousness for a moment, for the next he knew, the kind, round face of the corporal was looking down upon him, and he heard a voice say:

"It seems to be on his mind, and I don't like to deny the poor boy's last whim; come, lift him." The motion aroused Albert.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing; we have found room for you near your friend, be quiet."

"Is he much worse?" murmured Albert, with a painful, indistinct sense of the words he had just heard. The corporal made no answer, but gave a sad, significant look to one of his men, and in a moment Albert was by the side of Simon.

"How dew you feel?" asked Simon, raising himself and looking anxiously into Albert's pale face.

"Sleepy," answered Albert, reassured by his friend's looks and voice. "What's the matter?" and his eyes half closed.

"Come, keep up; open your eyes," said Simon. "There's the surgeon."

Albert looked up and saw, as through a haze, the tall, slight figure of the surgeon-major, surrounded by his staff, approaching where they lay. He moved slowly, sometimes stopping and bending to the right or left to take a closer look at some wound and give some instructions to his assistants. The very sight made Albert shudder. This was the fourth time since he was wounded that he had fallen into new hands, and had to go

through the cruel operation of having his wound probed.

"For heaven's sake," murmured Albert, "don't let them torment me!" but much the assistant minded him.

"Here, Major," he called, pointing toward Albert.

Albert evidently looked pretty low, for no sooner did the major see him, than he left his neighbors to the care of his assistants and stepped forward and bent over the youth.

"What's the matter with this man?" he asked.

"Nothing, Major," he stammered, "a scratch here."

But it was all to no purpose. In a moment he had his side exposed, and in went his cruel probe to the very bottom of the raw, quivering wound. "Weakness from loss of blood," said he rising. "You'll be up in a week." Then, turning to one of his aids, he added:

"Bind up that wound and a dose of No. 4," and passed on to the next.

"It's nothing, Doctor," said Albert's neighbor, rising half up, and speaking in a rather weak but clear voice. "I feel almost well; see to those that need you."

He was a tall, handsome young fellow, almost a boy, with the epaulets of a lieutenant, and two

medals on his breast. From his uniform, it was evident that he was a member of a Virginia regiment.

"Where is it, lieutenant?" asked the inexorable surgeon, with a quick look into the handsome young face.

"Here," answered the young man, baring his arm. The major gave one look at the trifling wound; then, sliding his hand down to the wrist, he said: "You must keep quiet, young man, and try to be calm." He gave some orders to one of his assistants and passed on.

Just then Albert's eyes chanced to meet the young lieutenant's, and the latter smilingly remarked, "I would not have got off quite so well, if he had known of the little leaden bullet I have here," and he pressed his hand to his side. "Zounds! the brigands, they almost tore the life out of me, trying to cut it out."

Soon the dose of No. 4 produced the due effect, and Albert slept long and soundly.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly in through the tall, narrow windows. Simon still lay dozing on his left, and on his right sat the young cavalry officer, supported in the arms of a friend who had just entered. It was their voices that awoke Albert.

"I heard that you had been brought here, and

rode right up," said the new-comer, looking earnestly at his friend. "I scarcely hoped to find you so strong. When was the shot taken out?"

"Hang the shot!" exclaimed the young man, in a weak, excited voice. "When did you leave our regiment?"

"On the march to Valley Forge," answered the visitor, looking with some anxiety into the flushed and excited face. "But you suffer?"

"Not in the least; I almost feel as if I could walk; shall I try?" and he made an effort as if to rise.

"No, Ernest, no! for heaven's sake, be quiet!" cried the other, "or I'll leave you at once, without letting you have the news I bring—upon my word I will."

"News! come, out with it."

"Yes, good news; I dashed off in front to meet you first."

"I am promoted?" and his eye kindled.

"Of course you are, Captain Drummond."

"Captain! I captain before you!" exclaimed the young man, seizing his friend's hand; "I am too young, Robert, I am too young."

"Bah! the Hessians and British didn't think so the other day; but I bring you something more," added he, drawing a letter from his breast. "There has been a courier from Virginia, and you are one of the happy few."

"Oh, Robert, give it to me!" He made a grasp at the letter and, holding it up to the light in his trembling hand, gazed at the superscription, written in a slight, rather unsteady feminine hand, and murmured:

"Mother! oh, it is from mother!"

The seal was broken eagerly, and yet with reverence, the letter opened, and from its folds there fell two small locks of women's hair, one light brown, the other much darker and streaked with silver-gray. The blood rose burning to Ernest's pale cheek, as he clasped the cherished treasures in his poor, fevered hand, and he murmured: "Emily! Mother!"

Again and again, the eager eye ran over the closely written pages which came from home. At last he stopped, folded the letter up slowly, replacing the two locks of hair in it, with a tender, almost religious care, and then lay back exhausted in his friend's arms.

"They are all well, Robert, all well, thank God, and I feel so happy." He paused for some moments and then resumed, "They received my last letter and write in good spirits, but"—and his voice faltered—"dear mother's hair was black when I left, and now——" his voice broke, and he covered his face with his hands, then exclaimed, "Oh, Robert, if mother knew I was here—poor mother!"

Robert spoke encouragingly of their return to Virginia, of his mother's joy and of the glory he had won.

"They say that, now that Philadelphia has been captured by the British we shall soon march back to Virginia. This is my first campaign, Robert, and it will be my last. I never was made for a soldier. I shall go home; yes, thank God, I shall go home."

Oh, the joy, the light in that young face, as he dwelt on the word *home, home!*

"*You go home! you not made for a soldier! Come, come, Ernest.*"

"No, Robert, no; of myself I never would have left home, never would have caused my poor mother tears in her old age. She had striven long and hard, Robert, to keep me at home, but Emily is a soldier's child, and one day, as the volunteers were parading in our town, I saw a look in her eye which set my soul on fire; I felt that I must go; nothing could hold me then, and I did go."

"And well it was for you, Captain Ernest Drummond. A Captain at twenty; who knows but at twenty-five——"

"I have been fortunate, Robert, more so than many a better man; and success is a great joy at the time—but all that blood——" and he seemed to shudder. "In action one has no time for thought,

the shouts, the roar, the smoke and smell of powder confuse and madden you; but after, when it's all over—you smile, Robert—well, it's as I tell you; I was never born for a soldier," and there was an expression of horror, almost of dread, in his face.

Just then the surgeon approached. He took Ernest's hand, and gazed long and earnestly into his eyes:

"You have been talking too much and getting excited," he said. "How long has this gentleman been here?" Then turning sharply on Robert, he said, almost angrily:

"You might have known better, sir. Look at that young man's eyes. Your staying here was against the rules and against common sense!" and without even noticing the other's angry look, he turned his back upon him.

"Major," said Ernest Drummond, slowly, "I deceived you last night; this scratch is not my only wound."

The surgeon almost stamped his foot. "If you were well, sir, I would tell you what I think of your conduct. What is it—a shot?"

"I was wrong," said the young man, laying his hand on his side; "yes, it is a shot, here."

"You trifled with what was not yours to trifle with—your life."

Nothing more was spoken. Albert watched the

surgeon's face as he probed and examined the wound—the anxious searching look, first as if in dreadful doubt, and then the dark cloud settling on his brow.

Ernest bore the operation of probing without a groan, without a quiver, then asked:

“ Doctor, do you feel it?”

“ Yes.”

“ Are you going to cut it out?”

The surgeon looked anxiously in his face, and plunging his probe to the very depth of the wound, asked:

“ Do I hurt you?”

Not a nerve moved as he answered:

“ No.”

Slowly the surgeon withdrew his instrument from the wound. Albert saw his features contract and his mouth close as if to repress the emotions which struggled within. He looked down, but did not speak. Again the question was asked:

“ Are you going to cut it out, major?”

He shook his head.

“ Not now—when?”

There was no answer.

“ Can it remain?” There was a quiver of awakening doubt in the voice, and he added, “ It does not pain me, not in the least. I have scarcely felt it since yesterday morning.” Just then there was

a broken, stifled sob behind him. He turned. Robert's face was buried in his hands, and his frame was trembling with emotion.

Ernest turned to the surgeon. His face was very pale now; but there was scarcely a quiver in his voice as he said, "Doctor, tell me the truth, the whole truth—must I die?"

The surgeon was silent.

"But I feel no pain—I have felt better ever since yesterday."

"It is always so, when——"

"When what? I have a right to know."

"When mortification sets in."

Ernest's eyes fell. For some moments he was silent, and then he asked, "When will it be?"

"To-night—before morning."

"Thank you," and he buried his face in his hands, then again raised his head and asked: "If you had known last night, could I have lived?"

"No; it was too late."

There was an expression of relief in his face. Again he said, "Thank you," and shook hands with the surgeon, who left him with his friend.

Albert's wound was then being dressed, and he could not follow their conversation. He heard the words "paper—letter—five o'clock," and then Robert rose, vainly struggling to repress the torrent of his grief, and walked slowly away.

Soon writing materials were brought, and Ernest Drummond began to write. Again and again he commenced and traced a few trembling lines, then paused, tore up the sheet and began anew. So, with many a long interval, he strove, sometimes apparently bowed down with emotion, sometimes throwing himself back exhausted and lying quite still, with his eyes closed and his face buried in his hands, perhaps unconscious, perhaps in thought. Then again he would rouse up and, with a nervous, fevered hand, resume his task.

At last two letters were written. He folded, but did not seal them; then, as if relieved of an immense weight, he threw himself down, and seemed to sleep.

For nearly two hours Albert lay there, close by his side, and listened to that slow, oppressed breathing, and thought of the sleeper, and of the two letters, and of those who were to read them far, far away. Then he, too, fell into a half doze and knew no more, until suddenly young Drummond sprang up, almost to his feet. His limbs trembled, his features were convulsed, and incoherent words broke from his lips:

“No! no!—that old man!—no!—that blood on his brain!—no, never!” He checked himself, looked round in a bewildered way, then sank back on his couch of straw. His eyes met Albert’s.

"I startled you," he said, with a ghastly smile, while his face was still convulsed with horror.

"Only for a moment," Albert answered.

"I had a dreadful dream. Thank God, perhaps it will be the last!" He looked at his watch and then murmured, "Nearly five, Robert will soon come."

Ten minutes more, and his friend was by his side. Ernest was quite calm now, and there was a smile on his face as he welcomed his friend. "Come, Robert, be firm for my sake. I am quite resigned now, and, I trust, quite ready." His friend took his hand, but did not speak. "Have you my commission?"

"Yes, here it is," said Robert, the words choking in his throat.

Ernest took it and glanced it over with a smile. "In the old ninth—well, it matters little now." He folded the paper slowly and laid it on his knee. Then he took his two letters.

"Get me scissors."

Robert brought them to him. He cut a lock of his hair, put half in each letter and, handing one to his friend, said:

"This is for my mother, Robert. See her and tell her that I died as a man, that I died happy, trusting in God and thinking of her." Then he slowly detached two medals from his breast, gave

them a last look, wrapped them in the captain's brevet and added:

"Hand these to Emily." His voice faltered, but he went on, "It was for her sake I prized them so much—give them to her with this letter, and tell her I loved her and was true to the last." He paused, seeming to collect his thoughts.

"These papers you will burn," pointing to the crumpled and half-written letters. "This watch you will keep for my sake; and this," laying his thin, wasted hand on the letter from his mother, "you will leave on my heart." Again he paused, gasping for breath, for he was rapidly growing weaker, then added, "That's all—yes, I think that's all. Oh, how I long for rest!" He fell back on his pallet and lay for nearly an hour, seeming to sleep; then again he started up in a paroxysm similar to the first, only not quite so violent, crying out in terror:

"That blood!—that blood on his hair!—no! no!" Then he turned to his friend and said imploringly: "Don't let me sleep! Oh! how hard, how terrible it is to die!" and for several minutes he tossed and raved, uttering incoherent words, among which always recurred, "That old man!—that blood upon my hands! no! no!" Then suddenly he cried, in a wild, hysterical manner:

"It was when I was shot—I sprang over the

wall, and there, alone, leaning upon a gun, with his men lying in heaps at his feet I found him—he was unarmed—his head was bare, and his long white locks flying in the breeze—he asked no quarter—death was in my side and rage in my heart—I saw but blood—I cut him down, and we fell side by side. There he lay, gazing full in my face—the old man—the blood flowed from his frightful wound, and down his face, and through his long, white hair. Oh, murderer!—murderer!—I am a murderer!” and the unfortunate young man fell back in a swoon.

Albert, horrified, lost consciousness, and next morning when he awoke, the place was occupied by a stranger. Poor Ernest Drummond had passed away.

The horrors of Valley Forge have never been told and never can be. The miserable death of Ernest Drummond is but one out of hundreds which Valley Forge furnished. The cold, the hunger, the wounds, the freezing, sickness and misery endured by those who were fighting for liberties and rights, in these days of ease and peace seem fabulous. Valley Forge was really the turning point in the Revolution. Out of great tribulation there issued forth an army of veterans more firm in their resolution, and invincible. From Valley Forge came an army that always conquered

when there was anything like equality in numbers.

Washington set the men to work, as soon as the storm was over, at cutting trees and building huts and barracks. At last, quarters better than earth and sky were prepared, and, as the winter advanced, they were more comfortable. The forests furnished abundant fuel, and, when rations were low, foraging parties were sent for provisions. These often met with parties of the enemy, and severe battles were fought.

Never did the glorious character of the immortal Washington shine forth in greater splendor than in the midst of the horrors of 1777 and 1778. He visited the miserable hospitals, where the dead and dying lay. He cheered the poor, sick soldiers, and often his eyes were dimmed with tears at the sufferings of others.

Albert Stevens and Simon never forgot his visit to them, while they lay wounded in the old church. His kind, fatherly face seemed to cheer them and do them more good than all the nostrums which the doctors gave them. He sat a long while at Albert's side and held his thin, pale hand in his own and talked of that father enduring the horrors of old *Jersey* prison ship. He had so much to say of the gallant and noble colonel.

"You will soon be well, Albert," the commander

whispered, "and I will see that the son of my old friend is not forgotten."

A few days later Albert received a lieutenant's commission.

While at Valley Forge, there occurred that episode in American history known as "Conway's Cabal," a conspiracy to ruin the reputation of Washington and to make Gates the commander-in-chief of the armies. The conspirators labored in secret, by means of forged and anonymous letters and slanderous reports, to weaken the public confidence in Washington as a leader. Failing to effect their object by these means (for he was every day rising higher in public esteem), it was determined to abridge his influence and extend that of Gates, by creating a new board of war, with the latter as president. This was effected late in November, 1777. The board was invested with large powers and, by delegated authority, assumed the control of military affairs, which properly belonged to the province of the commander-in-chief. Congress intended to make Gates the master-spirit of the war, for, by a resolution, that body instructed their president to inform the general of his appointment to an office, "upon the right execution of which, the success of the American cause does eminently depend," and that it was the "intention of congress to continue his rank as major-general

in the army, and that he officiate at the board, or in the field, as occasion may require." His partisans in congress hastened to assure him that he would soon be virtually commander-in-chief.

About the middle of October, Washington wrote a letter to Richard Henry Lee, in which he spoke plainly concerning Brigadier-General Conway, a French officer of Irish lineage, who, it was rumored, was about to be appointed by the congress a major-general in the continental army. In his letter, the general stated :

"It will be as unfortunate a measure as ever was adopted. I may add, and I think with truth, that it will give a fatal blow to the existence of the army. Upon so interesting a subject I must speak plainly. The duty I owe my country, the ardent desire I have to promote its true interests, and justice to individuals require this of me. General Conway's merit, then, as an officer and his importance in the army, exist more in his own imagination than in reality; for it is a maxim with him to leave no service untold, nor to want anything which is to be obtained by importunity. His promotion to major-general could not but prove disastrous, from the fact that he is the youngest brigadier in the army, and his exaltation over all the eldest would create dangerous dissatisfaction. In a word the service is so difficult, and every

necessary so expensive, that almost all of our officers are tired out. Do not, therefore, afford them good pretexts for retiring. No day passes over my head without applications for leave to resign. Within the last six days, I am certain twenty commissions at least have been tendered to me. I have undergone more than most men are aware of, to harmonize so many discordant parts; but it will be impossible for me to be of any further service, if such insuperable difficulties are thrown in my way."

When Conway learned of Washington's opposition to his promotion, his malice knew no bounds. His tongue and pen were given up to the slander of his chief and for the promotion of Gates. Strange as it may seem, Conway induced quite a following to his belief. The opposition to Washington was strong, and the malice and hatred of some followed him to his grave. Conway wrote to Gates:

"Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it."

Colonel Joseph Reed wrote to Gates:

"This army, notwithstanding the efforts of our amiable chief, has, as yet, gathered no laurels."

Mr. Lovel of Massachusetts, among other things, wrote to Gates:

“ . . . How different your conduct and your fortune! This army will be totally lost, unless you come down and collect the virtuous band who wish to fight under your banner. We want you in different places. We want you most near Germantown (in Washington's place). Good God, what a situation we are in! How different from what might have been justly expected!”

Dr. Benjamin Rush, in an anonymous letter to Patrick Henry, after declaring that the army at Valley Forge had no general at its head, said:

“ A Gates, a Lee, or a Conway would in a few weeks render them an irresistible body of men. Some of the contents of this letter ought to be made public, in order to awaken, enlighten and alarm our country.”

Henry sent the letter to Washington. Conway refused to apologize to Washington. The incensed brigadier offered his resignation. The Gates faction in congress soon procured his appointment to the office of inspector-general, with the rank of major-general, and made him independent of the commander-in-chief. Though it was the intention to spur Washington to a resignation, yet the beloved patriot bore all with patience. From the snows and horrors of Valley Forge, he wrote:

“ My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me. They know the delicacy of my situation,

and that motives of policy deprive me of the defence I might otherwise make against these insidious attacks. They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets which it is of the utmost moment to conceal."

As yet, though the Declaration of Independence had been made, the colonies were not a firm, stable government, and lacked the proper heads, which caused much of the trouble with the officers of the army. Congress did everything, and congress was divided. The *Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union* adopted November 15th, 1777, giving to the confederacy the title of the *United States of America*, gave but a weak government at best. The States were jealous of each other, and their confederation, but a rope of sand, was liable to tumble to pieces; yet each State dreaded centralization of power and a federal government. Late in the winter, Baron Steuben came to Valley Forge and proceeded to properly drill and discipline the troops. The soldiers were now better clothed and fed and were thoroughly drilled. The baron inspected every musket and bayonet and expressed his approval or disapprobation of their condition. The result of his work was soon evident. The soldiers became veterans. Valley Forge had hardened them, and they were filled with the glory of

their just cause. They needed only discipline to be invincible.

While Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Howe as commander-in-chief of the British army in America, was weakening the mental and physical faculties of his troops by dissipation and such silly amusements as the *Mischianza*, the patriot army at Valley Forge was every day gathering strength out of misery.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONMOUTH.

WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham and friend of America, still hoped for reconciliation. He heard the groans from Valley Forge and the prison ships; and in parliament, while still hoping for reconciliation, he said:

“ You cannot—I venture to say it—you cannot conquer America. What is your present condition there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and have suffered much. . . . You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; file and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and

their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!”

The British army at Philadelphia had spent a winter in the splendid quarters, comfortable and in the indulgence of every pleasure dear to regular officers. They got up an entertainment which they called the *Mischianza*, and the foolish pageant had just ended, when orders came to Philadelphia for the troops to evacuate that city, and for the fleet to leave the Delaware River. The French monarch had as good as declared war against England, and the British government saw the danger that threatened their land and naval forces, should a French fleet blockade the Delaware, a circumstance which speedily occurred. At the middle of April, Admiral the Count D'Estaing, a major-general in the French service, sailed from Toulon with twelve ships-of-the-line and three frigates and, after a rough voyage of ninety days, anchored in the Delaware. Fortunately for Lord Howe's fleet, it had left those waters a few days before and was safely anchored in the broad bay, off the mouth of the Raritan River. The order for the evacuation of Philadelphia and its execution produced widespread consternation and distress in that city, lately so

gay with scarlet uniforms, martial music and banners, dashing young officers and a brilliant display of the pastimes of half-barbarous nations five hundred years before. About three thousand of the most tenderly-reared of the inhabitants left their homes, their property and their cherished associations and fled for refuge from the indignation of their whig neighbors, whom they had outraged in many ways.

Meanwhile, the condition at Valley Forge, of Washington's army, which the British despised and ridiculed in plays by amateur performances in a theatre in Philadelphia, was greatly improved in every respect. By the middle of May there were fifteen thousand troops fit for duty. Congress had just ratified a treaty with France and so gave great encouragement to the American people. The warmth of the approaching summer diffused physical comfort, life and vigor throughout the camp; and the fact, when known, that the British had been ordered to leave Philadelphia and the adjacent waters, inspired the soldiers with joy and hope.

Before the opening of the campaign, congress ordered an oath of allegiance to be administered to all the officers of the army at Valley Forge. On May 12th, 1778, it was administered by the commander-in-chief to the general officers. In so doing, several of them placed their hands on the

Bible at the same time, and so took the oath jointly. When Washington began to pronounce the oath, General Charles Lee, who had been exchanged for General Prescott, captured on Rhode Island, withdrew his hand.

"I demand an explanation for your strange conduct," said Washington.

"As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him; but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales."

His odd reply produced a smile; but in the light of to-day one may clearly see the reason. Lee was then playing a desperate game of treason, and probably had some conscientious scruples about taking an oath which he intended to violate; but he finally did take the oath.

Albert Stevens and Simon Tapley were fully recovered by the first of May and rejoined their regiment. Their German friends, Jacob and August Steckel and Joseph Jager, warmly welcomed them back once more.

"Ve need you so ver much," said Jacob. "Mine brudder and mineself, ve go out and ve shoots um and ve sticks um mit de bayonet efery day, und dey was goin' to leave Philadelphia."

"How do you know, Jacob?" asked Albert.

"I vos in der city mit mine brudder."

"What!"

"Yah, dot vos zo. Vile you vos sick mit de hospital, mine brudder und mineself, und mineself und mine brudder, ve go to dot place near Yarmon Town, and ve see two Hessians, vot rides horse-back. Ve take 'em, and ve put on their clothes, and ve rides into Philadelphia."

"Why, Jake, that was a great risk!"

"Yah, dot vos so."

"What did you do with the two Hessians you captured?"

"Yah—py sheemany, ve dakes 'em to de wood, und ve hangs 'um."

"Jake, that was horrible!"

"Yah, py sheemany, dot vas so. Und den ve goes into Philadelphia, and ve be taken for Hessians, und ven de British speak mit us, ve not know vot dey vas dalking about, und ve keep silent. Den ve hear sometimes dem dalking and dey say dey vas goin' oud of de city. Yust as ve vas comin' out mit de town, ve meets mit Captain Herman Yost, vot pe mine brudder's enemy, und he know him."

"How did you escape?" asked Albert.

"Den dar vas zome shootin', und ve shoots two redcoats und Herman Yost deat und rides away."

"Jake, do you know if you had been captured you would have been hanged?"

"Yah, dot vas zo, py sheemany!" the German answered coolly and carelessly.

Albert entered on his duties as lieutenant of the company. Though promoted to the rank of a commissioned officer, he did not forget his old friends. He and Simon were often together and talked over home scenes and Lexington. Albert learned a secret which he had never even suspected. Simon was in love with Mary Stevens of Lexington. They were betrothed, and the garrulous Yankee hoped to live to the end of the war, that he might make Mary his wife. He had supported one of her brothers from the field when wounded and carried the dead body of another from the cannon's mouth.

Simon was patriotic, but not ambitious. He was illiterate and never held the position of an officer; but he was possessed of a world of common sense and keen judgment. When alone, he and Albert were on an equality; when with others, like a good soldier, he respected his friend's rank.

On the evening of the 17th of June, Albert's regiment, which had been attached to Maxwell's brigade, received marching orders.

"I don't keer how soon we meet 'em agin," Simon declared. "I'm on my feet agin, an' I'll gin 'em another clap o' thunder afore I give up."

"Simon, you are not going to give up at all, are you?"

"No; but I do wish I was back for one night at Rugby Tavern, where I could hear Mr. Brown talk politics over his bowl o' punch."

"Those good old days will come no more," said Albert. "I often dream of dear old Rugby with its quaint gables and strange, old-fashioned chimneys, its diamond-paned windows, with the sweet face of little Stella looking out at me."

"What are you talkin' about?" cried a coarse female voice, and, turning about, Albert saw a stout, young, red-headed, freckle-faced woman, whose strong Hibernian features, more than her dialect, indicated her nativity. She was bare-headed and had a bucket of water in her hand. "What are you talkin' about home for, leftenant? This be no time to think of home, when the Britishers be leavin' Philadelphia."

"Thank you, Molly," Albert answered. "If we all had our wives and sisters with us, perhaps we would not think much of home; but few women are suited to the army as you are."

"True ye speaks, leftenant. I'd like to see the man az can ram home a charge or swab a gun better as meself, ef I do say it; but I must be goin', for it's soon we'll all be on the march after the red-coats, I'm thinkin'."

The stout Irish woman, who was none other than the famous Molly Pitcher, went away to her husband with the bucket of water. Albert's regiment formed and marched away. Camp at Valley Forge, where there had been so much of sorrow and misery, was broken. Many a gallant hero still sleeps in the fated valley.

On the 18th of June, Clinton, with about seventeen thousand men, left Philadelphia and crossed the Delaware. Washington sent Arnold, whose wound kept him from active duty, with a detachment to occupy Philadelphia. The remainder of the American army crossed the Delaware above Trenton and pursued the retreating British.

Lee, who had been restored to command, was the oldest major-general, and his baleful influence was soon felt. He was in the advance and began plotting to ruin the army. Arnold was no greater traitor than Lee, who endeavored to thwart every measure that promised success. He so persistently opposed all interference with Clinton's march across New Jersey, that even the soldiers began to doubt his patriotism to their cause. When, at last, he was requested to lead the advance in an attack on the enemy, he at first declined.

"I cannot accept the honor," he said. "The plan is defective and will surely fail." He had a habit of grumbling with the inferior officers and

often declared, "We have no head to this army. The plans are miserably laid and are sure to fail. Nothing could evince poorer management than the plans of attack. We shall be defeated and the army destroyed."

Such counsel was not calculated to inspire the subalterns with confidence. By some means his constant predictions of failure spread through the ranks, and Simon Tapley sagely remarked:

"Wall, if we are not defeated, it won't be the fault o' General Lee."

Clinton had intended to march to New Brunswick and there embark his army on the Raritan; but, finding Washington in his path, he turned, at Allentown, toward Monmouth Court-House, with a determination to make his way to Sandy Hook and thence by water to New York. Washington, following him on a parallel line, prepared to strike him whenever a good opportunity should offer; while Clinton wished to avoid battle if possible, for he was heavily encumbered with baggage-wagons and a host of camp followers, making a line of march about twelve miles long. On the evening of the 27th of June, he encamped near Monmouth Court-House, where Washington resolved to strike him when he should move the next morning, for it was important to prevent his gaining the advantageous position of Middletown Heights.

Washington ordered Lee, who was in command of the advanced corps, to consult with his general officers and form a plan of attack. Lafayette, Wayne and Maxwell were his brigadiers, and, when Lee met with them, he refused to arrange a plan or give any order. The morning of the 28th, a hot and severe Sabbath, dawned, and Washington ordered Lee to fall on the enemy's rear.

Albert Stevens knew an attack was expected, and as the superior officers of the company were on the sick list the command devolved on him. He had his men in line at early dawn, and they took their place in the regiment. There they stood while the sun climbed into the sky. Simon took off his hat, wiped his face and said:

“ We're goin' tew have a scorchin' hot day.”

The soldiers were drawn up at the side of the road in the shade of some large oak trees. Everybody wondered why they received no orders to move. Lee was so dilatory he gave the enemy time to prepare for battle. At last the order to advance came and Albert discovered that there was no concert of action. Lafayette, Wayne and Maxwell, who suspected Lee, sent a messenger to request the presence of Washington immediately.

As Albert's brigade was advancing over the hill toward the enemy, they heard the roar of battle suddenly burst forth on their left. Wayne's bri-

gade had attacked with great vigor. Every soldier suddenly felt that they would have a chance to humble and crush the proud Britons; but before Maxwell's lines came into action, an order came to fall back. The same order was given to Lafayette. This was too much for Simon Tapley. He had fed himself on the hopes that he would have a chance to take vengeance on the enemy, and the order to retreat was heartrending. His natural disposition now asserted itself, and he cried:

"It's gawl darned mean to disappoint a feller, when he is about to lick the British!"

Albert saw General Lee quite close to his company at this moment. Lafayette had just galloped up to him on a horse reeking with sweat and asked permission to gain the rear of a division of the enemy. To this, Lee sternly answered:

"Sir, you do not know British soldiers. We cannot stand against them. We shall certainly be driven back at first, and we must be cautious."

The marquis replied:

"It may be so, general; but British soldiers have been beaten, and they may be again. At any rate, I am disposed to make the trial."

Lee yielded a little at first, even ordered him to fall on the enemy's flank; but he weakened Wayne's support and then ordered all to fall back, so a general retreat began.

Across the hill, along a road, over a fence, Albert and his company went. The cheers of the victorious British in their rear were galling to the patriots. By this time the sun was full up in the sky. Simon's prophecy that it was going to be a scorching hot day was fulfilled. It was so intensely hot, that the soldiers, who were now routed and fled before the enemy, panted for breath, while the perspiration streamed from their faces. Many died of sunstroke.

"What in thunder are we runnin' fur?" roared Simon. "We can lick 'em! We can beat 'em!"

Thousands of others were uttering the same cry; but what can the poor rank and file soldier do against his commander? He is a machine and must be a slave to the stern dictates of discipline.

Occasionally a whizzing cannon-ball, or a shrieking shell accelerated the movements of the Americans. Ranks were broken and the army had become little better than a mob. The victory which had been promised in the morning had been changed to rout.

Suddenly Simon, who had been loading and firing as he ran, looked before him and cried:

"Look who comes! There's a white hoss, and *Old George* is on him!"

A dozen horsemen came spurring at full speed across the plain. Albert, who had stopped to

slake his thirst at a brooklet, rose just as they galloped up to the retreating columns. The foremost was mounted on a large white horse, his blue dress coat was unbuttoned, the lace and ruffles soiled with dust, his yellow vest grim and gray. Waving his sword above his head, he was shouting:

“Halt! halt! what means this disorderly retreat? Reinforcements are coming! About face, and at them!” He raved, he stormed, and uttered his words so rapidly, that the soldiers could not understand what he said. Lee, who was at the head of the retreat, looked quite crestfallen. Simon, who was near the enraged General Washington, suddenly cried:

“There—there! by jemany, the general swore! I heard him cuss, and I’m darned ef I blame him!”

The British lines were seen advancing steadily over the broken ground. Washington galloped down toward them, and, for a moment, it seemed as if he was going to hurl himself against them. He snapped his pistol and, wheeling his horse about, ordered a battery of two guns to take post on an eminence and open on the enemy. It did so, and the advance was checked. In fact, the appearance of Washington electrified the whole army. His name thrilled every soldier, and the companies and regiments began to form of themselves. Washington, dashing up to Lee, exclaimed:

"Sir, I desire to know what is the reason, and whence came this disorder and confusion?"

To which Lee sharply retorted:

"You know the attack was contrary to my advice and opinion."

"You should not have undertaken the command unless you intended to carry it through," replied Washington.

Washington was a wonder. He was everywhere at the same moment, bringing order out of confusion. The soldiers wildly cheered, and Simon, mounting a broken wall, took off his hat and, waving it in the air, shouted:

"Now we'll beat 'em! Huzza for General Washington! By zounds, he's the man, ef he did cuss!"

"Get down, Simon!" cried Albert.

Simon obeyed. He had hardly taken his place in the ranks, when a heavy cannon-shot struck the very part of the wall on which he had stood and knocked it down. Everywhere ranks were re-forming, batteries were taking positions, and Wayne's brigade was soon hotly engaged. Oswald's battery kept up such a continuous fire of balls, shell, grape and canister that the enemy were thrown into confusion. While the British grenadiers were pouring their destructive volleys upon the broken ranks of the Americans, the voice of Washington seemed omnipotent with the inspiration of

courage. It was a voice of faith to the despairing soldiers. Fearlessly he rode, bareheaded, in the face of the storm of lead and iron hail, and gave his orders with consummate coolness. The whole patriot army, which half an hour before seemed on the verge of destruction, panic-stricken and without order, was soon drawn up in battle array, prepared to meet the enemy, with a bold and well-arranged front. When this was effected, Washington rode back to Lee, and, pointing to the rallied troops, said:

“Will you, sir, command in that place?”

“I will,” Lee answered.

“Then,” said Washington, “I expect you to check the enemy immediately.”

“Your command shall be obeyed,” Lee replied, “and I will not be first to leave the field.”

Back to the main army Washington then flew to arrange the order of battle.

The conflict now grew desperate; when once a retreating army makes a stand and resolves to hold it, it becomes ten times more stubborn and difficult to rout than at first.

Albert's company had taken a position near a fence and was partially protected by a grove of trees. From this point they poured in withering volleys on the enemy, which caused the heads of their columns to reel. Suddenly a battery came

thundering up and took position on the left of the company. A woman was sitting on one of the gun-carriages, her head bare, and her fiery red hair gleaming in the sunlight. She leaped off as the gun came to a halt and cried:

"Now, boys, swing her about and give 'em the divil!"

"It's Molly Pitcher," said Simon, as he rammed a charge into his gun.

She was covered with dust, her neck bare and sun-browned, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and her face streaked with perspiration and dirt.

"Molly, we want water," said her husband, who seized the rammer and drove the swab into the gun.

"I'll bring it to yez," she cried, seizing a bucket and running down the hill to a spring. The whistling balls and shrieking shells which flew about her head, clipping off the leaves and shivering the branches, were unheeded by this stout young camp follower. She was not over twenty-two years of age, a native of the Emerald Isle, and brave as any man. Albert's company was detached to support the battery to which Molly belonged. About it the battle raged fiercest, for they were often compelled to defend it with the bayonet.

Molly Pitcher had been to the spring for a bucket of water and was hastening up the hill, the perspi-

ration standing out in great beads from her forehead and trickling down her sun-browned face. She saw her husband, who stepped forward to swab the gun, stagger back and fall. She ran to him and cried:

"They have murdered him! They have murdered him!"

"That is the fifth man killed at this gun," said the captain. "Withdraw the piece."

"Why?" cried Molly.

"There is no one to man it."

"I will man it," she cried. Then, with a glance at her husband, who lay bleeding at her feet, she added: "I will avenge him! I will avenge him!"

She seized the rammer, swabbed the gun and rammed home the charge. The cannon was sighted and fired. Thus she stood at her post throughout the terrible battle. Men were struck so close to her that the blood actually spurting on her face. At last swabbing material was exhausted. She took off her apron. That did not last long, and her skirts followed; all went to feed the rapacious maw of that murderous gun. Still the dark mouth demanded more and the flannel blouse and shirt of the artillerist who assisted her went also to feed the dark throat of the gun.*

*The above account is partly from the story handed down by the author's grandfather.



SHE SEIZED THE RAMMER AND SWABBED THE GUN.

It was in one of the many charges that day, that Albert's regiment drove a large force of British behind a stone wall. The young lieutenant leaped the wall and gave chase to an officer who had commanded the British. The officer fled into a thicket, stumbled over a stone and fell. In a moment he leaped at him with drawn sword. Three Britons with fixed bayonets sprang between him and the officer.

"Hold on, Albert! hold on, lieutenant! by zounds, I'll fix 'im!" cried Simon. The officer had regained his feet by this time. He had lost his hat, was panting with exertion and scarce able to speak. One glimpse of that face, and Albert recognized him as the Briton of Rugby Tavern. Seizing Simon's bayonet, he cried:

"Hold! don't strike that man!"

The officer, panting, said:

"It's you—is it—I did not know it was——"

"This is the man Aunt Anne told me not to harm for Stella's sake, and he must not be harmed."

"Oh, yas, I know him. He is the consarned redcoat that I walloped at Rugby Tavern, the flunkey as knocked down Stella's mother an' caused her death. Plague take him, I'd like tew run this bayonet clear through him."

The officer, having partially regained his breath, said:

"Simon Tapley, you, least of all men, ought to harm me."

Albert was mystified and amazed at the strange remark. The tide of battle was rolling that way, and there was no time to waste.

"Go!" he cried to the officer and the three valiant men who had determined to die with him. "Fly for your lives!" They disappeared among some bushes, and in a moment Albert and Simon were with their regiment.

The young lieutenant was astonished to find the sun setting.

It was almost dark; twilight was spreading her sober gray mantle over the scene. It was so dark that the flash of fire could be seen from their muskets. The enemy had fallen back everywhere, and, in an hour longer, there is no doubt that the British army would have been put to utter rout.

When night came, the Americans encamped in sight of the British, expecting to renew the conflict at daylight; but when morning came, lo! the Britons were gone. They had stolen away during the night and hurried to New York.*

* General Lee was tried for insubordination and disobedience and suspended for a year. He never after served in the American army and died in poverty and obscurity in Philadelphia, October 2, 1782.

CHAPTER XV.

WYOMING AND CHERRY VALLEY.

AFTER the first shock of war along the old Concord road, Rugby Tavern was at peace. The tap-room was still a favorite resort for Mr. Brown and those of his friends who had not gone off with the army, for Mr. Brown's army experience ended with the evacuation of Boston. Almost any evening, Brown, Buker, Niles and others could be seen in the tap-room with bowls of punch, discussing military movements and the new political changes the country was undergoing.

"We are losing some of our best blood," Mr. Brown declared, "and some pesky poor blood too."

"That man Washington, who fit the Hessians at Trenton last winter, is going to bring us out all right," declared Mr. Niles.

"I don't know. I believe we'd better have Gates at the head. John Adams says so, and whatever John Adams says is so," declared Mr. Brown.

"But congress is in such a wrangle," put in Mr. Buker. "They can't agree on nothin'!"

"That's so! I tell you, the country is goin' to the dogs," avowed Mr. Brown, bringing his fist down upon the table with a force that made the punch bowls dance.

Mr. Buker, lighting his pipe, smoked a few moments in silence, while his eyes were upturned to the blackened rafters. At last he said:

"Did you hear tell as how Jean is goin' away?"

"Goin' away!" everybody asked in amazement.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Why it seems that he had a father, a Mr. George Stevens, who was English born, but had lived most of his life in Acadia, until he was banished by the British. Well, this George Stevens and Elmer Stevens had a father named Robert Stevens, who got monstrous rich from a old feller way back a hundred years ago named Sir Albert St. Croix givin' him a fortune he had made as a pirate. St. Croix was a sailor and a pirate; but he took a fancy to Jean's grandfather and gave him everything he had, which was millions and millions o' treasure. Well, Robert had only two sons, George an' Elmer, and he left it to 'em; but they and their family managed to run through with a good deal of it. Jean's father bought him two or three thousand acres o' land in a place called the Wyoming valley in Pennsylvania. He

says he has heard there is an opening there to do right well, and he's goin'."

Every one was amazed at this, and Jean was called in and interrogated. Was he going? Yes, he was going; he was even then making arrangements to go by a circuitous route, so as to avoid the British, to inspect his inheritance. When would he start? Within two days at most.

Jean assured his customers, however, that he had made arrangements for Rugby Tavern to continue open. He was going on a tour of inspection, and, even if he went with his family to Wyoming valley, he would not close the tavern. At the appointed time, he took his departure, and when the Rugby Club assembled as usual, they found a tall, lean, awkward boy ready to attend to their wants.

It was the fifth day since Jean's departure, and Mr. Brown, who had imbibed rather freely, had risen to a point of order and was haranguing the other members on the evils of the day as seen by John Adams.

"Why, my friends, look at Washington!" he declared, "look at 'im! What is he? I repeat, what is he?" and here Mr. Brown made an indescribable gesture with his right arm, which Niles called "killing a snake." He was cheered by the anti-Washington faction of the club; but the others were silent. The anti-Washington faction

was strongest in the club, and the cries of "Hear! hear!" encouraged Mr. Brown to proceed. "Fame is dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame is the desire o' some weak souls." This was a drive at Mr. Dugger, an old bachelor, who had been accused of writing verses about the widow Prime. As Dugger was a Washingtonian the thrust had much malice in it. "Some like military fame and expect to gain it by running before the enemy, by bein' chased from Long Island to Philadelphia." (Cheers and cries of "Correct!") "Is that the way to fight?" (Cheers and loud cries of "No!") "Who but a Gates can gather up our scattered, routed forces and—and—and——" Mr. Brown paused to think up the right word. He would have given a sixpence then for a consolidation, a cementation, organization, or some big, high-sounding term; but he could not think of a suitable term, and he had to be content with something more commonplace. However, he gave out the thought that Gates would rally the scattered continentals about him and lead them on to victory. (Vehement cheering.) Then the enthusiastic Mr. Brown mounted a stool and, gracefully waving his right hand in the air, while he whipped his left under the tails of his coat, poured out a torrent of abuse on General Washington and his admirers. (Cheers and cries of "Good!")

Mr. Dugger rose to a point of order and asked if the speaker alluded to him. (Cries of "Order!" "Sit down!" "Yes!" "Go on!")

Mr. Brown had no idea of stopping. He waited a moment for the indignation and effects of his punch to partially subside, and then, with a downward sawing of the air with his hand, he burst forth with that ever-memorable sentence, which was never forgotten by the Rugbyites:

"I say, gentlemen—I declare—I repeat—I—I—I—I—I—I recapitulate—I—I—I—that is, if there is one soul so small as to conceive a—a—a—an admiration for General Washington, let him—that is—let him—I repeat, let him——" How this famous sentence would have concluded, the world will never know; for, at this moment, Mr. Brown, in the overflow of his enthusiasm, got too near the edge of his stool. It tipped over, he lost his balance and fell with a crash to the floor. His friends sprang forward and assisted him to rise. Fortunately he was not much injured. The tall, lean boy had just entered to learn the cause of the disturbance, when a stranger arrived at the door. He dismounted from his horse and, tossing the rein over a post, entered.

The honorable Mr. Brown had scarcely time to recover from the confusion which followed his mishap, when the stranger, a man somewhat past

middle age, with hair well streaked with gray, entered. The appearance of the stranger of course put an end to the discussion on the part of the Rugbyites. Strangers were uncommon in these troublesome days, for but few travelled.

"Is this Rugby Tavern?" he asked on entering.

"It is," declared Mr. Brown, panting frantically to regain the breath which had been jolted from his body. The stranger sat down before the fireplace, in which a few sticks were feebly burning, for it was yet early spring, and Rugby kept fires of evenings. He did not remove his hat or gray cloak, but sat silently gazing into the glowing embers.

"Where do you come from?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Below."

"New York?"

The stranger shook his head and, after a moment's silence, asked:

"Is Jean Baptiste Stevens in?"

"No," answered Mr. Brown. "He went five days ago to Wyoming valley."

The stranger started. "Why has he gone there?" he asked. "Has he taken his family?"

No; his family still remained at Rugby. Could the stranger see Mrs. Stevens? His business was of the utmost importance. No one knew, he might ask. The tall, lean boy took a note to Adrienne

which the stranger had hastily pencilled. She consented to receive him in her own apartment. The traveller entered with his hat in his hand and, bowing, stood meekly before the lady of Rugby. She rose and, closing the door, asked:

“Why have you returned?”

“Because I could not stay away, madame. You know—you must know me.”

“I have seen you before. Once I saved your life; but should it be known you are here, I could not prevent your being hung for a spy.”

“I am no spy, I swear it,” he answered quickly. “It is purely a personal matter that brings me here, as Heaven is my witness. I have a strong attraction—you know, perhaps, what it is.”

For a moment Adrienne gazed in silence on the face, which bore marks of sadness. His eyes could not meet hers, and they dropped to the floor.

“You betrayed the dearest friend of my childhood,” she began. “You killed her, but she died in my arms blessing your name and with a prayer for your forgiveness on her lips——”

“Oh, no more—pray no more, good woman! God pity me, the most miserable of men!” he interrupted, sinking into the chair and burying his face in his hands. Adrienne had a kind heart, and a tear of pity stole down each cheek. After a few moments, he raised his head and asked:

"Can I see the child?"

"Would you do her harm?"

"Heaven knows I would not!"

Adrienne went to another apartment and returned with a beautiful girl about fourteen years of age. It was Albert's little friend Estella. The stranger arose, took a step toward her and gasped:

"Her very image! My punishment is greater than I can bear!" Then he again covered his face with his hands. After a moment, he regained his self-possession and, seizing the wondering child in his arms, said:

"Stella—little Stella, don't think me a bad man! I have been very wicked; but now I am changed, oh, so changed!"

"Who are you?" she asked, her eyes round with wonder.

"Have you not told her?" he appealed to Mrs. Stevens.

"No."

"She will learn in due time. I hope when you have heard all and know how I have suffered, you will forgive me." Imprinting a kiss on the cheek of the astonished child, he turned to Mrs. Stevens and asked:

"Do you really go to the valley of the Wyoming?"

"In a few weeks we will."

He paused and leaned against the mantel for a few moments.

“There is danger there. If the Indians should



“HER VERY IMAGE!”

rise up against the whites, it would be terrible; but I may be near to help you.”

The mysterious stranger that same night took his departure. A few weeks later, Jean Baptiste Stevens returned filled with enthusiasm for the new country in the Wyoming valley. It was peaceful and quiet, and no one could believe that the war, which raged all about it, would ever reach that peaceful vale.

Appearances, however, are deceitful. Scarce had Jean Stevens, his wife and little Stella become settled in their new home, when a thrill of dread convulsed all the valley. The Tories and Indians were threatening it with destruction. British agents were inciting the Indians to an uprising. The British agent for colonial affairs had sent scalping knives to the savages. Among the Tory leaders in northern and western New York were John Butler and his son Walter N. Butler, who were far more cruel to the whigs than the savages. John Butler was a colonel in the British service; and, in the spring of 1778, he induced the Seneca warriors in western New York to consent to follow him into Pennsylvania. He had been joined by a party of Tories from the Wyoming valley, who gave him a correct account of that region; and, on the last day of June, he appeared at the head of the plain with more than a thousand Tories and Indians. They captured the uppermost fort, and Butler made the fortified house of

Wintermoot, a Tory of the valley, his headquarters. The whole military to oppose the invasion was composed of a small company of regulars and a few militia. When the alarm was given, the whole population flew to arms. Grandfathers, sons and boys and even women seized weapons and joined the soldiery. Colonel Zebulon Butler, an officer of the continental army, happened to be at home, and, by common consent, he was made commander-in-chief. Fort Forty, a short distance above Wilkes Barre, was the place of general rendezvous, and in it were gathered the women and children of the valley. Zebulon Butler, some historians have asserted, was a cousin of the Tory John Butler; but the statement is incorrect. A careful research has proven that he was not a relative of John Butler at all.

As stated, Jean Baptiste was scarcely located in the valley, when the alarming intelligence came of the invasion by Butler. With his wife and adopted daughter, Jean fled to Fort Forty, where a motley group of soldiers greeted them. An old cannon was mounted on the east redoubt, and they saw near it a boy, not over thirteen, with a gun much longer than himself, talking with a woman, who had a cartouch box slung over her shoulder and a musket in her hand. An old grandfather sat on a box with his rifle at his side. There were

a few soldiers and some militia; but, taken altogether, they were feeble defenders.

Jean, of course, was enrolled in one of the companies. He had always been a man of peace and knew so little of war that he could scarcely handle a musket. He actually had to be taught to load and fire.

On the 3d of July, Colonel Zebulon Butler determined to surprise the invaders at Wintermoot's. The vigilant leader of the motley host, informed of the movement, was ready to receive the assailants. The Tories formed the left wing of the invaders resting on the river. The Indians, led by Gi-en-gwa-tah, a Seneca chief, composed the right, that extended to a swamp at the foot of the mountain. They were first struck by the patriots, and a general battle ensued. It raged vehemently for half an hour; when, just as the enemy were giving way, some one cried:

“Retreat! fly for your lives!”

The raw soldiers, who had done such excellent service, were now thrown into confusion. A panic followed.

Jean Stevens, who had fought with great valor and rendered effective service, fled with the others. No sooner had the flight began than there sprang up on every side hideously painted savages, whose fierce war screeches seemed to freeze the blood.

The air was full of flying bullets and missiles, and men fell on every side.

They pursued the fugitives, and their flight was lined with dead bodies. In less than an hour after the battle had begun, two hundred and twenty-five scalps had been taken by the Indians and Tories. The yells of the victorious Indians reached Fort Forty. Colonel Butler reached Wilkes Barre in safety. Jean Stevens fled toward Fort Forty.

He was pursued by a tall, powerful Indian who had almost overtaken him. The Fort was only a hundred paces ahead; but he saw that the savage must inevitably overhaul him. He resorted to a strategy which saved him. Suddenly dropping on his hands and knees, the Indian, unable to slacken his speed, tumbled right over him and fell sprawling on the ground, alighting on his head. The Indian was stunned and, before he could rise, Jean brained him with his gun and gained the fort.

Here all was confusion. But few were as lucky as he. Colonel Dennison, who had just arrived, prepared to defend the women and children as best he could. All night long, the valley was ablaze with burning houses and blazing camp-fires. The Indians spent the night in the diabolical pastime of torturing white prisoners to death.

"What will we do, Jean? What will become of us?" asked his wife.

"We can die," he answered.

"Yes, but it is so horrible to be murdered by the Indians."

There were many Tory acquaintances among the enemy. Each of these had some old grudge to satisfy. Fortunately for Jean, he had not been long enough in the valley to have any acquaintances, consequently there were no personal enemies.

"What are you going to do, colonel?" Jean asked Colonel Dennison.

"I fear we cannot successfully resist," the colonel answered.

"Would you dare surrender?"

"There are white men like ourselves among them. They command, and we may expect mercy."

"Mercy from the Indians?"

"Not Indians, but whites."

Somehow, Jean felt his heart sink within him at the thought of surrender. The night was a night of horror. All through the night they could hear the wild hoots and yells of savages, mingled with the shrieks of some victim. Occasionally, from the woods, a poor fellow was started up by some prowling band of savages from his hiding-

place. Then came the wild yells, the flashes and shots and shrieks of agony.

One by one, the victims were hunted, killed and scalped. A terrible silence had fallen on the scene when morning came.

When day dawned, a party of Tories was seen advancing with a flag of truce. They came to the gate of the fort and demanded its surrender. The colonel asked what terms they would receive.

"Your lives and personal property shall be spared," said the officer with the flag.

"On that solemn assurance, we will consider the subject."

The Colonel then turned to consult with some of the principal men in the fort.

"I don't care for their assurances," said a middle-aged man. "I have no confidence in any promise the Tories make."

Resistance, however, was useless. To rouse the anger of the Indians would be sure to bring destruction on the heads of all when the fort should be taken. So, hoping for mercy, they surrendered. John Butler, the white fiend who led the Tories, signed the articles of capitulation and, in a few hours, quitted the valley, leaving the whites in the hands of the Indians. They turned upon the helpless captives and made the plains an absolute desolation. Scarcely a house was left uncon-

sumed; not a cornfield that was not destroyed; and every life in the power of the Indians taken. The inhabitants, who had fled during the previous night, were slaughtered, or narrowly escaped. Many of them perished in the great swamps on the Pocono Mountains, ever since known as "The Shades of Death." It is not our intention to detail the horrors of Wyoming. Those dark incidents reflect not only on the character of the detestable Tories, but the king and ministry of England. Lord George Germain, the British secretary for the colonies, praised the savages for their "prowess and humanity," and resolved to direct a succession of similar raids upon the frontiers, and even to devastate older settlements. A member of the bench of bishops in the house of lords revealed the fact, in a speech, that there was an article in the extraordinaries of the army for scalping knives.

Settlements in the Mohawk and Schoharie were also great sufferers from Indian and Tory raids, during 1778. The Johnsons were anxious to recover their property and influence in the Mohawk country, and Brant, their natural ally by blood relationship and interest joined them. Their spies and scouts were out in every direction. At a point on the upper waters of the Susquehannah, Brant organized scalping parties and sent them out

to attack border settlements. They swooped down upon isolated families and small hamlets, sweeping them out of existence. Springfield and Cobblekill were destroyed. In July, a severe skirmish occurred on the upper waters of the Cobblekill, between five hundred Indians and a few militia and regulars. These marauders kept the dwellers in that region in continual alarm all the summer and autumn of 1778, and, finally, at near the middle of November, during a heavy storm of sleet, a band of Indians and Tories under Brant and Walter N. Butler, a nefarious scoundrel and murderer, fell upon Cherry Valley and murdered, plundered and destroyed without stint. Butler was the arch-fiend on the occasion and would listen to no appeals from Brant for mercy for their victims. Thirty-two of the inhabitants, mostly women and children, were murdered with sixteen soldiers of the Garrison. About forty men, women and children were led away captives, marching down the valley that night through the cold storm, huddled together, half-naked, with no shelter but the leafless trees and no resting-place save the wet ground.

In the western wilderness, Major George Rogers Clarke, an active young Virginian, then living in Kentucky was doing excellent work in the Territory of Indiana and Ohio. His men were all

frontiersmen, unerring shots with the rifle and skilled in all the arts of Indian warfare. He reached Vincennes and, after a siege of fourteen hours, Colonel Hamilton, the British commandant, and his garrison surrendered.

We have wandered too far already from our subject. Let us now return to the Wyoming valley, where we left Jean Stevens, his wife and Estella at the time of the surrender.

Jean had no faith in Butler's respecting the terms of the surrender.

"He will break it in an hour," he said to his wife.

Once more she asked the question, "What shall we do?"

"We must fly!"

"How can we?"

"Take the first opportunity that offers," said Jean. "Watch and wait!"

The fort surrendered and, when the people were marched out, Jean said to Adrienne and Estella:

"Keep close to me."

They were taken out on the plain near the fort.

The Indians could be seen scattering in every direction over the valley. The houses were soon in flames. Little Estella, who stood trembling at Jean's side, whispered:

"Our house is burning."

"Yes, child, we have no home now."

"What will we do?"

"We are all prisoners. I cannot tell what they will do with us."

Speechless with terror, the child clung to his arm. Butler and some of his officers, after holding a conference with the Indians, mounted their horses and galloped away.

"Adrienne," whispered Jean, "do you see them going away?"

"Yes, what does it mean?"

"It means we will all be dead in an hour."

"God have mercy on my soul."

Jean's usually sluggish faculties were active now. They were to the north and east of the main party. Not more than a fourth of a mile away was a heavy body of timber. If they could reach that, they might be safe.

"Adrienne, can you run?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes."

"Do you see that wood?"

"I do."

"If we can reach it, we are safe."

"Let us try."

"At the right moment we will," he answered.

Then he spoke a few hurried words to Estella. Others saw the coveted wood and, fearing the final result, resolved to try to break away and run to it.

They had not long to wait for the signal to fly. A wild whoop rose from the west end of the line. A chorus of shrieks rose on the air.

"Let go o' her, you red devil!" he heard a man shout.

There followed shrieks, blows and groans and a scene too sickening to describe. Then Jean cried:

"Run! run for your lives!"

The three took to their heels and ran toward the woods. An Indian suddenly started up before them; but Jean knocked him senseless with a stone, seized his gun and cried:

"Fly for your lives!"

Three Indian warriors left the scene of murder to follow; but Jean pointed the gun first at one and then at another, causing each in turn to fall back. In this way, they gained the wood. They fled all day and at night crept into a hollow tree.

Next morning, they started toward the mountains and fell in with seven others. They travelled slowly that day, for Estella's feet were bruised and sore. Jean was carrying her on his back, when they were suddenly attacked near the great swamp where so many perished. In the flight along a narrow edge which wound around the base of a hill, Jean fell, and the little maid rolled down

the mountain side among some bushes, where she was captured by the Indians, while Jean, his wife and a few others miraculously escaped.

Jean and Adrienne returned to Rugby; but poor little Estella's fate was to them unknown.

The child was frightened almost to death. The party which captured her were seven in number, four Indians and three Tories. She was taken to the valley about nine miles above Fort Forty, and there among some trees the Tories and Indians encamped for the night.

Some jerked venison meat was given to the prisoner for supper, and she lay down on a blanket which a young warrior gave her for a bed. Despite the horrors she had recently witnessed, fatigue and loss of sleep overcame her, and she was soon unconscious. She had not slept long, when she was suddenly awakened by the loud, angry voices of men quarrelling, and she started up to find a dozen mounted British soldiers surrounding the camp.

"I have ridden day and night from Monmouth to save her," said one whose voice sounded strangely familiar. "Yield her up peacefully, or we will slay you to a man."

The officer held a holster pistol in his hand, and was very stern. The Indians and Tories yielded

without a struggle, and then the man, dismounting, came to the prisoner. There was a kind fatherly smile on his face, as he said:

“Little one, you are saved!”

By the aid of the camp-fire, Estella recognized him as the stranger she had met at Rugby.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR ARTHUR AT CAMDEN.

AFTER the capture of Burgoyne and the defeat of the British at Monmouth, the war shifted to the south, though there was some fighting and skirmishing in all the States. General Sullivan besieged the English in Newport, August 15, 1778. Count D'Estaing, who was to have supported him, having suffered severe loss in an engagement with the English fleet, withdrew to Boston for repairs, and Sullivan retired. The British left their works to attack him, but were repulsed. On December 29th, the British took Savannah and in 1779 they overran Georgia and part of South Carolina. On March 3, 1779, an American force under Ashe was surprised by Prevost's brigade and lost 1,600 men. The campaign opened early in the year, and during March the British arms were in the main successful.

On March 2d, Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson River, surrendered to the British. Norfolk and Portsmouth were taken and partially burned by

the British. Stony Point on the Hudson was evacuated by the Americans and immediately occupied by the British on the tenth. On the 12th of March, the English forces met their first repulse. Prevost made an attempt on Charleston, but failed.

For several weeks, there was a lull in hostilities. There were plenty of insignificant skirmishes, but no serious conflict.

On June 6, 1779, an event transpired calculated to fill Americans with hope. Spain declared war against Great Britain. Although Spain was not positively friendly to the United States, and did not become her ally, as did France, yet this declaration of war gave the English government another enemy against whom they must direct their armies. On the twentieth of this month, General Lincoln of the American army attacked General Prevost, at Stone River, and, although he was repulsed, Prevost was so severely handled, that he retired from Georgia.

On the 4th of July, Governor Tryon made a descent on Connecticut, destroyed the shipping at New Haven, and burned Fairfield, Norwalk and Greenwich. While he was continuing his terrible work, General Wayne, one dark night, effected a complete surprise at Stony Point. He killed sixty of the enemy, made five hundred and fifty prison-

ers, with a loss not exceeding one hundred. This and other stirring events near New York recalled Tryon from Connecticut and put an end to his ravages in that State.

It was during Tryon's raid, that General Putnam had his most thrilling adventure. Putnam was at Greenwich on the borders of the Connecticut. His scouts discovered the enemy, and on the morning of the 26th he had his little band drawn up in line of battle, with a two-gun battery to meet them. When he perceived their overwhelming numbers, Putnam ordered a retreat, which became a rout. The soldiers fled to the adjacent swamps, while the general, putting spurs to his horse, sped toward Stamford, pursued by several British dragoons. Near a meeting-house was a very steep hill, around the brow of which the road swept in a broad curve. Up the acclivity, some stone steps had been constructed to allow the people beyond a nearer way to the meeting-house. When Putnam reached the turn in the road at the brow of the hill, the dragoons were so near that he was compelled to either dash down the declivity or surrender. He did the former and, pursuing a zigzag course, thundered down the dangerous steps, while pistol balls of the dragoons whizzed past his head, he flinging back curses and defiance. This is regarded as one of the most romantic episodes in history.

July 19th, Major Lee ("Light-horse Harry") captured the British garrison at Paulus Hook, New Jersey, killing thirty and capturing one hundred and sixty.



**PUTNAM THUNDERED DOWN THE
DANGEROUS STEPS.**

The massacre in the Wyoming and Cherry valleys had excited the indignation of Washington, and General Sullivan was sent with an army, August 29, 1780, to punish the Indians and Tories. Near Elmira, in New York State, he met them and, after a severe battle, utterly defeated and routed them. The Senecas, Cuyugas and Mohawks were the greatest sufferers. More than forty of their towns were destroyed. This expedition was for a long time known as the "Crusade in the Forest."

The historian must not forget to make mention

of some of the naval exploits of this period. Chief among the American naval officers was Paul Jones, whom the English regarded more as a terrible pirate than an officer of any government. Paul Jones was a second Francis Drake, and "singed the beard of the king" by entering his own waters and harbors, capturing prizes and destroying ships by scores. He was born of humble parentage at Arbigland, Scotland, near the mouth of the river Nith, July 6, 1747. His real name was John Paul, the name Jones being added in later life for some reason. His career of furious sea-fights would form a thrilling narrative, but they are too bloody to be enjoyable. On September 24, 1779, he engaged seven English vessels off the coast of Scotland and captured two of them. He was our commodore; but as his feats have nothing to do with this story, we will pass them hurriedly by.

The saddest and most disastrous event of the entire year was the combined assault of the French and American forces on Savannah. Had the advice of Colonel Laurens been taken and the attack made in time, the city might have been taken; but too long time was given the Britons to fortify. With hosts of runaway negroes, the British proceeded to entrench themselves, and day and night while Count D'Estaing waited for the English to make up their minds what they would do, the

work went on. The crack of whips and yell of negroes being lashed to their work could be heard in the French and American camp. When the assault was made, the French and Americans were repulsed with a loss of one thousand men. Among the slain was Count Pulaski, the gallant Pole. Sergeant Jasper the hero of Fort Moultrie also received his death wound here.

The year 1780 opened with still more vigorous efforts in the south. The war department of Great Britain seemed to feel that this point of America was more vulnerable than the north. They still held New York, and sent a large force in January to capture Charleston, South Carolina, and overrun that State. On February 11, 1780, the British troops landed on St. John's Island, and the fleet blockaded Charleston. On May 6th, Fort Moultrie, being invested by sea and land, surrendered. General Lincoln, in command at Charleston, finding supplies cut off and knowing he could not successfully resist, surrendered the city. Colonel Tarleton, on the 29th of May, surprised the Americans at Waxhaws under Buford, utterly defeated them and cruelly murdered the soldiers. Andrew Jackson, then but a boy, witnessed the fight and massacre. South Carolina was now practically a royal province, for all opposition for the present was overcome.

Not a ray of light dawned on the cause of the infant republic until June. On the 23d of that month, Generals Clinton and Knyphausen with six thousand British and Hessians advanced to Springfield and burned the town. General Greene, with fifteen hundred men, met them and, after a sharp fight, he checked the advance of the enemy, and they retired to Staten Island. From this time on, the cause of America grew brighter. Count de Rochambeau, with a fleet and six thousand French troops, arrived at Newport, R. I., and proceeded to blockade the British, on the 10th of July. August 6th, the same year, Colonel Sumter made a splendid fight at Hanging Rock, South Carolina, and would have won a victory had not his men stopped to plunder the enemies.

To aid the southern patriots, Washington had sent the Baron de Kalb, with Maryland and Delaware troops, to help Lincoln at Charleston. He was a brave, but slow-moving French officer, sixty years of age, commissioned by congress, in September, 1777, a major-general. He was still in Virginia raising a force to go to the aid of Lincoln, when news of the surrender of Charleston reached him. He did not reach North Carolina until late in June. Washington desired to have General Greene succeed Lincoln as commander in the South; but congress, yielding to the im-

portunities of the friends of Gates, procured his appointment to that difficult position. He was authorized to act independently and report directly to congress. The gratified commander joined De Kalb on the 25th of July.

The prospect to a military man was anything but flattering. The patriots were disheartened by an unbroken series of reverses. The army was poorly equipped and provided for, without money, the climate unhealthy. Yet the boastful Gates, about whom there shone a halo of false glory as the conqueror of Burgoyne, saw nothing but an easy victory before him. What were Cornwallis and Rawdon to a man of his genius?

Among the troops who had been transferred from the northern to the southern field was Albert Stevens' regiment. After the battle of Monmouth, they had for a long time been inactive, then came an order for the regiment to go to Philadelphia.

While lying here, Albert got a leave of absence and went to his home in Boston. There he learned of the removal of Jean Stevens to the Wyoming, the massacre and the loss of Estella. Jean and his wife had, after many thrilling adventures and untold sufferings, escaped and returned to Rugby, determined to spend their lives there. Albert paid them a visit, and almost his first question was about Estella. The good people sadly shook their heads.

"What was her fate?" he asked.

"Alas, I know not!" Jean answered.

"Was she slain?"

"No doubt she was," he answered. "Or, perchance, worse, a captive."

"If she be a captive—if she lives, I will rescue her," Albert declared.

One day, while at home in Boston, a ship landed at the long wharf. It was soon learned that it brought paroled prisoners from the British lines. Albert Stevens went down to the wharf and stood gazing at the wretched, weak, emaciated creatures, clothed in rags, as they feebly came from the ship.

One tall man, whose sallow face was almost hidden by matted iron-gray beard, came ashore. His tottering, feeble gait denoted fever and famine.

"Don't you know me?" he asked Albert, in a voice scarce above a whisper.

"No."

"What—Albert!"

"Father! my God! can it be you?" cried the boy.

"Yes."

In a moment the son had the wretched-looking being in his arms, while tears fell on his tattered, miserable clothing. People stopped to gaze on the prisoner.

One of the most brutal acts of the British during

the war of the revolution was the confinement of the poor prisoners in the old *Jersey* prison ship. According to Colonel Stevens' statement to his son, there were as many as one thousand crowded into the old hulk at one time.

"Often have I awakened at morning to find the man who slept next me dead. One night I particularly remember a poor fellow named Scott lay at my side. He had the fatal fever which swept off so many. For two or three days he was delirious, but on this evening he became rational.

" 'I am going to die this very night,' he said in a faint whisper. Then he lay a long time silent. At last he whispered, 'Oh, mother and Grace, if I could only see you before I go; but no—no—all is darkness.' He ceased speaking, and I supposed him asleep. I tried to put my hand on his wrist, but I was chained to the wall. Next morning he was dead.

"When I first became an inmate of this abode of suffering, despair and death, there were about four hundred prisoners on board; but in a short time they amounted to twelve hundred, and, in proportion to our numbers, the mortality increased.

"All the most deadly diseases were pressed into the service of the King of Terrors; but his prime ministers were dysentery, small-pox and yellow fever. There were two hospital ships near to the

old *Jersey*; but these were soon so crowded with the sick, that they could receive no more. The consequence was that the diseased and the healthy were mingled together in the main ship. In a short time, we had two hundred or more sick and dying, lodged in the forepart of the lower gun-deck, where all the prisoners were confined at night. Utter derangement was a common symptom of yellow fever, and to increase the horror of the darkness that shrouded us (for we were allowed no light between decks), the voice of warning could be heard:

“ ‘Take heed to yourselves! There is a madman stalking through the ship with a knife in his hand!’ Sometimes a sick man would become deranged in the night and, attempting to rise in the darkness, would stumble over the bodies which everywhere covered the deck, until some one would rise, grapple with him, trip him up and lay him flat on his back on the deck. While so many were sick with raging fever, there was a loud cry for water; but none could be had, except on the upper deck, and but one was allowed to ascend at a time. The suffering, then, from the rage of thirst during the night was very great; nor was it at all times safe to attempt to go up. Provoked by the continual cry for leave to ascend, when there was already one on deck, the sentry would push them back

with his bayonet. By one of these thrusts, which was more spiteful and violent than common, I had a narrow escape with my life. In the morning, the hatches were thrown open, and we were allowed to ascend, all at once, and remain on the upper deck during the day. The first object that met our view in the morning was an appalling spectacle—a boat loaded with dead bodies, on the way to the Long Island shore, where they were slightly covered with sand. I used sometimes to stand and count the number of times the shovel was filled with sand to cover the dead body; and certain I am that a few high tides, or torrents of rain, must have disinterred them.”

Why need to prolong Colonel Stevens' story of the horrors of the old prison ship? It was one of the dread evils of war, and the full narration of it would only engender hatred and thoughts that were better forgotten. Colonel Stevens came home a mere shadow of his former self.

Albert's leave of absence expired, and he boarded a sloop-of-war and sailed to Philadelphia. Here he joined his regiment, which marched south as an escort of General Horatio Gates, who was going to accomplish such wonders in the new field. Albert was quickly disgusted with his boasting, and was not long in deciding that he was a coarse, drunken, overrated, conceited man.

Simon Tapley declared:

"Ef he ain't a coward, I don't know one. I bet he runs at first fight."

"But he captured Burgoyne."

"Don't believe he did. He got the name; but if all were known, you'd find Schuyler had Burgoyne down and tied, when Gates came up, and then I suspect Arnold and Morgan did the rest."

They joined De Kalb. The brave old Frenchman, with his hair streaked with gray, was a kind, fatherly man, and Albert was delighted when his regiment was placed under his special command.

"Albert, we've got a general as won't run," declared Simon.

"You mean the Baron de Kalb?"

"Yes."

"He is a brave man."

"He will make Cornwallis wish he was in England."

"Lee did not think so," Albert answered.

It was reported that while Gates was on his way from the northern states, while passing through Fredericksburg, he met General Charles Lee, who asked him where he was going.

"Why, to take Cornwallis," Gates answered.

"I am afraid," quoth Lee, "you will find him a tough piece of English beef."

"Tough, sir," replied Gates; "tough! then,

begad, I'll tender him. I'll make piloo of him, sir, in three hours after I set eyes upon him."

"Aye? will you indeed?" returned Lee. "Well, then send for me, and I will go and help you to eat him."

Gates smiled his supercilious smile, and, bidding Lee adieu, rode off. Lee bawled after him, "Take care, Gates! take care; or your northern laurels will degenerate into southern willows."

Meanwhile the British under Rawdon were lying at Camden. When it was discovered that a gathering storm was about to burst on the royal troops, Cornwallis was hastened to join him.

There lived three miles from Camden a widow named Stevens. Her husband had perished early in the conflict for freedom. He was a descendant of the same branch of the Stevens family that Albert was, though the relationship was so far removed that it could hardly be traced. The widow Stevens was noted for her kindness and charity.

The day Cornwallis joined Rawdon, on the 14th of August, the same day Gates reached Clermont, Mrs. Stevens was at her beautiful country mansion built in the elegance of old southern homes. Her plantations were large and slaves many.

She was sitting on the great piazza talking with a slave, who had just been to Camden.

"Golly, Missus, dar am gwine to be a awful

battle soon. General Lawd Rawdon am at Camden, an' General Lawd Cawnwallis, him am comin' already. Den de 'Mericans am comin' down to fight 'em. Dey say we am all gwine to be killed, an' I specks it am so, Missus."

The doleful prophecy of the negro was cut short by the roll of carriage wheels. He turned and saw a carriage driven furiously up to the front gate.

"Some one is coming, Cato."

"Yes, Missus."

"Go and see who it is."

As Cato ambled away toward the gate, the door of the carriage was thrown open, and an English officer sprang out. He assisted a girl about fifteen years of age to alight. The bright uniform and epaulets of the officer indicated that he held some high rank. Mrs. Stevens rose from her chair on the piazza, astounded at the appearance of the officer and child.

"Does Mrs. Stevens live in that mansion?" asked the officer of Cato.

"Yes, Massa, dat am her; dat am her," he answered, pointing to the widow on the piazza.

Without another word, the officer came direct to the lady, leading the child by the hand.

"Mrs. Stevens, I have been recommended to come to you," said the officer with a bow, "and

leave this child until the trouble which threatens our army is over."

"You are a British officer!" said the widow.

"True, and you are a Whig; but from what I have heard of you, I have no hesitancy in leaving this child, who is dearer to me than any other being on earth, with you."

"You are tired, you have travelled a long distance, come in," said the widow. They accompanied her to the old-fashioned kitchen, where the hospitable table was spread with an excellent repast for the foe of her country. When they had dined, the officer asked: "I can leave her with you?"

The child raised her eyes to the widow. She was a beautiful maiden. "I cannot refuse shelter even to an enemy," said Mrs. Stevens, "and much less would I refuse hospitality to this child."

The officer, who seemed greatly agitated, went to the piazza. Turning to the widow who had followed him, he said in a low voice—husky with emotion:

"Madam, you know that war is uncertain. A crisis is coming, I may survive it, and I may not. She is very dear to me. I am of a wealthy and aristocratic old English family. I entrust her to you. Should I never return, she will be your reward; should I survive, you shall be liberally paid."

"I ask no pay," the widow answered. "I will do my duty, and God will reward me!"

Then the major, for such was his rank, spoke a few words aside with the maiden, pressed a kiss on the face of the affrighted girl, and hurried away.

"Is he your father?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

The child shook her head and began to weep.

Gates was boasting of his coming victory over Rawdon, and was preparing to advance to the attack. He foolishly weakened his force on the 27th of July by ordering Marion and Horry with their forces to hasten on to the Santee River and destroy every scow, boat or canoe, that would assist an Englishman in his flight to Charleston. Marion was a warm friend of General Baron de Kalb, and he and Horry hastened to assure the Baron of their regret at parting with him.

"It is with equal regret, my dear sirs, that I part with you," the Baron answered, with a sigh, "because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more."

"I hope for better things," Marion answered.

"Oh, no, it is impossible," he answered. "War is a kind of game and has its fixed rules, whereby, when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. To-

morrow, it seems, the die is to be cast, and, in my judgment, without—the least chance on our side. The militia will, I suppose, as usual, play the *back game*, that is, get out of the scrape as fast as their legs can carry them; but that, you know, won't do for me. I am an old soldier and cannot run; and I believe I have with me some brave fellows, who will stand by me to the last. So that, when you hear of our battle, you will probably hear that your old friend De Kalb is at rest."

General Francis Marion, like Washington, was one of the most tender-hearted men living, and when he and Horry bade De Kalb farewell, Marion's eyes were full of tears, and he could not speak. De Kalb, taking his hand in his own, with a firm tone and animated look, said:

"No, no, gentlemen; no emotion for me, but rather congratulation. I am happy. To die is the unreversible decree of Him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet his decree without dismay! This, thank God, is my case. The happiness of man is my wish. That happiness I deem inconsistent with *slavery*, and to avert so great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow at any odds whatever."

As Marion rode off, he exclaimed: "Oh, what a difference does education make between man and man! Enlightened by her sacred ray, see here is

the native of a distant country, come to fight for our liberty and happiness, while many of our people, for *lack of education*, are actually aiding the British to heap chains and curses upon themselves and children."

It was on the morning of August 15th, 1780, that Marion and Horry left the army in a good position, at Rugeley's mills, twelve miles from Camden. At ten o'clock that night, Gates determined on a brilliant stroke and gave orders to march to surprise the enemy. The British had at the same time commenced their march to surprise the Americans. About two o'clock in the morning the advance of both armies met and a sharp fire of musketry broke the silence. Each army halted as if by mutual consent, willing to leave the matter to be decided by daylight.

A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised Gates to fall back to Rugeley's Mills, where they could occupy more advantageous grounds. Gates not only rejected the wise plan of De Kalb, but made some allusions to the cowardice that prompted it, to which the aged general responded:

"Well, sir, a few hours, perhaps, will let us see who are the brave."

Colonel Peter Horry, one of the few officers of the Revolution who wielded the pen, made a very

strong hint that Gates was intoxicated on that night; and his boastful manner more resembles the reckless bravado of a drunken ruffian than the daring of a bold, but careful officer.

"I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow?" remarked one of the officers, as, in the dark, they sat on their sleepy horses waiting for the day.

"Dine, sir!" replied the confident Gates, "why at Camden, sir, to be sure. Begad! I would not give a pinch of snuff, sir, to be insured a beefsteak to-morrow in Camden, and Lord Cornwallis at my table."

There was an ominous silence until the gray dawn began to streak the eastern horizon, and then the frightened militia began to discover reddening all over like crimson the long extended lines of the British army. At first, faint whispers ran along the American lines:

"There they are! They are forming! They come!"

With rolling drums and thundering cannon, the British advanced. The American artillery answered the fire, and for a brief interval the woods were ablaze with flame. The militia, under Colonels Williams and Stevens, advanced to the attack. They had been given bayonets only the day before and told to rely mainly on them, but, when it came to use them, they knew not how. When

the veterans of the British army, led by Webster, made a charge, the militia broke and fled in the utmost precipitation, Gates wheeled his horse about and started after them.

"Where are you going?" Albert heard De Kalb ask.

"To bring the rascals back."

That was the last seen of Gates on the Camden battle-field. The cowardly, worthless, drunken reprobate never halted until he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Horry says, "I remember it was the common talk in those days, that he killed three horses in his flight." This is the man Adams would have supersede Washington.

The brave old De Kalb was left with a handful of continentals to try the fortune of the day. Never did Spartans fight more bravely. Though outnumbered almost three to one, they sustained the combined attack of the enemy for more than one hour. With equal fury, cannon and muskets were used on both sides, until contending legions were mixed and intermingled. Then abandoning the slower and uncertain mode of slaughter, "with rage-blackened faces and fiery eyeballs, they plunge forward on each other, to the swifter vengeance of the bayonet.* Far and wide the woods resound

* Weems' "Marion," page 105.

with the clang of steel, while the red, reeking weapons, like stings of infernal serpents, are seen piercing the bodies of the combatants. Some, on receiving the fatal stab, let drop their useless arms, and, with dying fingers, clasped the hostile steel that's cold in their bowels. Others, faintly crying out, 'O God, I am slain!' sink pale, quivering to the ground, while the vital current gushed in hissing streams from their bursted bosoms. Officers, as well as men, now mingle in the uproaring strife, and, snatching the weapons of the slain, swell the horrid carnage. Glorifying in his continentals, the brave De Kalb towers before them, like a pillar of fire. His burning face is like a red star, guiding their destructive course; his voice, as the horn that kindles the young pack in the chase of blood. A British grenadier, of giant size, rushes on him with a fixed bayonet. De Kalb parries the furious blow and plunges his sword into the Briton's breast; then, seizing his fallen arms, he deals death around him on the crowding foe. Loud rise the shouts of the Americans; but louder still the shouts of the more numerous enemy. The battle burns anew along the fierce conflicting line. There, the distant Cornwallis pushes on his fresh regiments, like red clouds, bursting in thunder on the Americans; and here, condensing his diminished legions De Kalb still maintains the unequal contest; but, alas! what

can valor do against equal valor, aided by such fearful odds? The sons of freedom bleed on every side. With grief, their gallant leader marks the fall of his heroes, soon himself to fall. For, as with a face all inflamed in the fight, he bends forward animating his men, he receives *eleven wounds*. Fainting with loss of blood, he falls to the ground. Several brave men, Britons and Americans, were killed over him, as they furiously strove to destroy or to defend. In the midst of the clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Monsieur Du Buyson, ran to him and, stretching his arms over the fallen hero, called out:

“‘Save the Baron de Kalb!’ The British officers interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

“It has been said that Lord Cornwallis was so struck with the bravery of De Kalb, that he generously superintended, while his wounds were dressed, by his own surgeons. It has also been said, that he appointed him to be buried with the honors of war. British officers have been often known to do such noble deeds; but that Lord Cornwallis was capable of acting so honorably, is doubtful.

“De Kalb died as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty, for, being kindly condoled with by a British officer for his *misfortune*, he replied,

'I thank you sir, for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I have always prayed for,— the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man.'

"His last moments were spent in dictating a letter to a friend concerning his continentals, of whom he said, he had no words that could sufficiently express his love and his admiration of their valor. He survived the action but a few hours and was buried in the plains of Camden, near which his last battle was fought."

Albert Stevens and his badly decimated company were fighting near the gallant De Kalb when that hero fell. They were cut off from the others and formed a hollow square to cut their way through, when they found themselves surrounded by a cordon of British bayonets and were forced to surrender.

Again Albert and Simon were prisoners of war. Albert had little to fear for himself or Simon; but August Steckel and Joe Jager were captives. Should it be known they were deserting Hessians, no doubt they would be hung; but Jake, his brother and German friend seemed perfectly unconcerned. They lit their pipes and smoked in silence.

Albert and a part of his company were taken to an old deserted plantation in the plain of Camden

where they were confined. Here the youthful officer learned that the American loss was about one thousand killed, wounded and prisoners, while the British loss was not half as many.

When night came, Albert wrapped himself in a military cloak and, sitting in a corner of the great, empty old house, prepared to sleep as best he could, with the horrible recollections of recent events on his mind. At last his eyes closed, overcome with fatigue, and he slept the refreshing sleep of youth and innocence.

Albert's slumber was blessed after such horrors. He and Estella were roaming the sunny hills about Lexington hand in hand, children as they had been.

A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and one of his guards said:

"Wake up!"

Albert opened his eyes.

"Come with me."

He rose to his feet and followed the British soldier to another room. A pair of candles were burning on the mantel, and he saw a British officer with iron-gray hair sitting at a table. The room was partially furnished. In one corner was a tall Dutch clock, which marked the hour of two.

"Sit down," said the officer pointing to a vacant chair. Then he asked the sentry to retire, which

he did, closing the door after him. When they were alone, he turned to Albert and said:

"I presume you are Lieutenant Albert Stevens."

"I am, and, if I mistake not, you are the officer, whom I have before met."

"I am. I have sent for you to offer you your liberty."

"On parole?"

"No; absolute freedom. I cannot offer a parole under the circumstances; but a man escaping before the captives have been numbered will not be missed. You and the man Simon can go across the field to the wood and swamp beyond. Marion and Sumter are in the country, and you will find the woods alive with Whigs; you can go."

"Major," said Albert, for by his uniform he discovered his rank, "I thank you for your kindness; but you must let three more escape before we can consent."

"Why?"

Albert could not tell why, for he feared the Hessians would be hung; but he urged the officer to permit the three Germans to go with them.

"You ask too much," said he, "I can release two; but I dare not five."

"I am sorry to say that neither Simon Tapley nor myself will accept your kind offer."

The major was amazed, irritated and angry.

He sent for Simon and laid the matter before him; but Simon was as stubborn and determined as Albert, and declared:

“Ef the leftenant stays, I’ll stay, too, ef I hang for it.”

The major rose and walked the floor for a few moments, and then said:

“You are hard on me, yes, you are very hard on me; but—but I must consent. You can all go.”

In less than an hour the five patriots found themselves in the forest bordering on the swamp making their way toward the Santee. They were unarmed and on foot, but Simon and Jake, who were excellent foragers, brought in food for the five, and one night they did not scruple to borrow horses without leave from a rich old Tory. Mounting, the five rode with all speed to the Santee river, hoping there to find Marion or Sumter.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRAITOR.

THE chronicler of events in American history at this point reaches the darkest period in the struggle for independence. The world has always been willing to put up with the foibles of a brave man, so long as he is true to his trust; but no age nor race has ever been known to bear with a traitor, no matter what his good qualities might have been in the past. Benedict Arnold is the one person whom time has not yet forgiven. As the ages roll on, the Americans come to have a kindlier feeling for the Hessians, they even have more respect for Cornwallis and Rawdon, and the cruel and blood-thirsty Tarleton is covered with a mantle of charity; but for Benedict Arnold, no pen has yet been found bold enough to indite a line in his defence, and no voice has dared to utter a word that might wipe away the stain which forever blackens his name and posterity. All his good actions are lost sight of in the magnitude of his unpardonable offence.

Yet there were causes which led to Arnold's

treason. They may not be regarded as palliating circumstances; but he had his wrongs, and his treason partook as much of revenge as a desire for gain. In February, 1777, Congress appointed five additional major-generals. According to the usual practice in reference to promotions, Arnold would have been entitled to this honor; but those promoted were all his juniors, and one of them, General Lincoln, was taken from the militia. To one like Arnold, ambitious of military glory, such a neglect could not be otherwise than deeply wounding. In anticipation of his mortified feelings, Washington addressed a kind and soothing letter to him, virtually expressing his disapproval of the course of procedure and advising Arnold to demean himself with the dignity of a soldier, in the hope that justice would soon be done to him and others, who were similarly neglected.

The Gates and Conway faction in congress headed by John Adams, carried the war against Washington so bitterly, that their vengeance fell even on his friends. Such was true in the case of General Schuyler, and no doubt the supposed friendship of Washington for Arnold caused his neglect by congress, for a soldier as dashing as Arnold had hosts of friends in the army and among the people. Washington addressed a letter of inquiry to his friends in congress in regard to

Arnold's neglect. To this came the answer, that, as each State claimed a number of general officers, proportioned to the troops it furnished, and as Connecticut already had two, there existed no vacancy for another. There was at least plausibility



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

in the reason; but it seems not to have satisfied Washington; much less could it be expected to satisfy so sensitive and ambitious a man as Arnold. This disappointment was probably among the causes which soured the mind of the latter, and laid the foundation of those corrodings of the heart, which, in after times, led to the

utter ruin of his reputation and came so near to effecting the ruin of his country.

This, however, was by no means the only ground of Arnold's complaint. Construing the neglect of congress an implied censure of his military conduct in past times—and perhaps the inference was not entirely without foundation—Arnold resolved to demand of congress an examination into his conduct. With this object in view, he proceeded to headquarters to solicit of Washington permission to proceed to Philadelphia.

It was at this time that the infamous General Tryon was laying waste to Connecticut with a force of British and Tories numbering about two thousand. Arnold heard of this invasion, and, for the time, honorably foregoing the object of his journey, and roused by that high military spirit, which in no small degree characterized him, he immediately turned his course northward, for the purpose of aiding in repelling the foe.

A militia force of five hundred had been hastily collected by Generals Wooster and Silliman. These, together with about one hundred continental troops, Arnold overtook near Reading, on their march toward Danbury. At Bethel, information was obtained that the town had been fired and the public stores destroyed. Next morning, the forces were divided, General Wooster with two hundred men falling in the rear of the enemy, while Arnold and Silliman, with the remainder increased to five hundred, by a rapid march took post at Ridgefield.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, General Wooster overtook the enemy and gallantly assailed them.

"Come on; my boys! never mind such random shots!" he cried.

At this instant a ball pierced his side and he fell dying from his horse.

Arnold, with the others, having gained the north

end of the long street at Ridgefield, barricaded the road with carts and wagons, logs and hay and whatsoever could be put in it to resist the force.

The enemy at three o'clock in the afternoon appeared and made a furious attack. The Americans, finding that they were going to be flanked, fled. Arnold was the last man to quit the field. He was still at the barricade, when some British and Tories climbed upon the rocks, and a whole platoon fired at him and killed his horse. The animal fell on his foot, and he tried in vain to extricate himself.

Perceiving the leader prostrate and the Americans flying, a Tory named Coon, from New Fairfield, rushed toward the general with fixed bayonet. He saw a prospective capture and chance for promotion before him.

"Surrender! You are my prisoner!" cried the Tory.

Arnold, who in the mean while had succeeded in liberating his foot, leaped to his feet with a pistol in his hand:

"Not yet," he answered, firing at the head of Coon. The Tory dropped his musket, sank to his knees and rolled over on his face, a bullet through his brain. Arnold bounded away to a thick swamp, followed by volleys of bullets. He rallied the Americans and continued to annoy the enemy

in their progress. Being reinforced next day, he hung upon their flanks and rear, throughout the whole march to their ships, attacking them at every assailable point. In a skirmish near Campo, just before the British embarked, his horse was shot through the neck.

The heroic conduct of Arnold—perilling his life as a volunteer, even while smarting under a sense of wrong—was duly appreciated wherever his exploits were told. Congress, sensible of the merit of the achievement, immediately promoted him to the rank of Major-General; but, instead of antedating his commission, that he might take rank with those who had been raised above him, they left him still subordinate to them. This was as unfortunate as it was inconsistent. Arnold felt the neglect with a deep sensibility, and imagined that he saw in it an undeniable proof that the charge of ingratitude which he had brought against his country was well founded.

His complaints were referred to the board of war, and the charges of his accusers examined. The board declared that they were satisfied with the character and conduct of General Arnold, and their report was confirmed by congress. They even presented him with a fine horse, richly caparisoned, in token of their appreciation of his gallant conduct in resisting the British and Tories

under Tryon. Had they added to this an equality of rank with the generals who had been elevated over his head, Arnold would have been satisfied; but his personal enemies neglected this duty, and Arnold was more chagrined than flattered, more soured than pacified.

Added to this, Arnold was mortified and exasperated that his accounts were not fully and promptly allowed by a committee appointed to audit them. This they could not justly do without much qualification, for Arnold lacked the neatness and accuracy of a good business man. They were numerous and large, many debts incurred were without authority, and vouchers were wanting. The consequence was a general suspicion that Arnold intended to enrich himself, or gratify his personal extravagance at public expense. Many an officer has since been cashiered for a similar offence. He bitterly felt his treatment by Gates at Stillwater. An investigation into Arnold's conduct resulted in a reprimand. Washington, on whom this duty fell, made the reprimand as light as possible, and yet it fell heavy on the excitable spirit of Arnold. A burning for revenge rankled in his bosom, and he nursed his wrath and resentment, until, by degrees, he had worked himself up to a pitch of frenzy and resolved to betray his country.

After being wounded at Stillwater, he was assigned duty at Philadelphia. Here he became enamoured of Miss Shippen, the daughter of Mr. Edward Shippen, a man of distinguished rank and influence. His love was returned and they were married, the wedding being one of the most notable events of the season. As it may interest some of our readers to know how a bride and groom of a hundred years ago looked, we will pause to give a description of Lady and General Arnold.

The lady's locks were combed upward over an immense cushion, which sat like an incubus on her head, plastered with pomatum and then sprinkled over with white powder. The height of this tower was nearly, if not quite, a foot, with a single white rosebud lying on top. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and distended at the top by an ample loop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes and heels with two or three inches elevation, inclosed her small feet and glittered with spangles as the little pedal members peeped out from beneath her skirts.

The general's hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet behind his head. His coat was a sky blue, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, tied at the knee with blue ribbons; white silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue; lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his genteel appearance.

Mrs. Arnold's father was a leading loyalist, and she was intimately acquainted with Sir William Howe, Major Andre, and other British officers. This alliance brought Arnold into the society of persons in sympathy with the royal cause, who were ready to foster his prejudices and justify his complaints.

How and when he matured his dark plan no one knows; but it seems to have been evolved from his own breast rather than suggested by another. His wife, according to history, seems to have known nothing of it.

To accomplish his plan, it was necessary that he should be appointed to the command of West Point, the fortress Wayne had captured on the Hudson. With consummate art he accomplished

his purpose, making a tool of his best friend Washington, whom he designed to betray. He represented that his wound unfitted him for active duty and that he desired a post to guard. The duty was assigned him.

The general's wife had been corresponding with Major Andre before and after her marriage. Acquainted with this correspondence Arnold took the opportunity presented by it to address, unknown to his wife, letters to Sir Henry Clinton, through Andre, over the signature of *Gustavus*, and Andre replied under the assumed name of *John Anderson*. This correspondence had been carried on for months before Arnold's appointment to West Point. For a time Clinton was at a loss to imagine the real character behind the curtain; but at last, he became convinced that it could be no other than Arnold himself. Hitherto, that general had treated *Gustavus* with cautious indifference; but no sooner was Arnold promoted to the command of West Point, than Clinton was ready to enter into negotiations with him for the surrender of that fortress into the hands of the British, and at almost any price Arnold might name.

A personal interview between Arnold and Andre was necessary; but it was late in September before it could be obtained. Washington, accompanied by Lafayette and Hamilton, crossed the Hudson at

Verplanck's Point (where he was joined by Arnold), on his way to Hartford to have his first personal conference with Rochambeau. They were at Arnold's headquarters on the 18th of September and Arnold ascertained the time when they might be expected at West Point, on their return, and resolved to bring the plot to a point ready for the final act before then. He immediately informed Clinton, and urged him to send Andre up the river to the British war sloop the *Vulture* lying just above Teller's Point (now Croton's), to which a boat with a flag of truce had been sent to convey the major to a selected place of meeting. Between midnight and dawn, Clinton embarked troops on the Hudson pretending they were for the Chesapeake. These he intended to lead in person against the Highland Forts.

The morning of the 20th, Andre left Dobb's Ferry for the *Vulture*; and on the second night of his arrival, the flag appeared, borne by Joshua Smith, a resident of Haverstraw. Clinton had been very careful to instruct Andre not to change his dress nor take any papers with him; so with a long surtout over his regimentals, he went ashore, and met Arnold in the bushes at the foot of Torn Mountain, near Haverstraw, by the light of the waning moon. Dawn was approaching before the interview was ended, and the conspirators mounted

horses provided by Arnold and rode to the house of Smith before daybreak.

At sunrise, some American artillery was brought to bear upon the *Vulture* and, after a few shots, she was compelled to hoist anchor and drop down the river out of sight.

The conference at the Smith house lasted several hours. It was agreed that Arnold should so distribute his forces as to render West Point an easy capture, and as Sir Henry Clinton ascended the river, was to only make a show of resistance, and surrender the post in time for the commander to fall upon and capture the commander-in-chief.

Andre, with Arnold's written statement of the conditions of the Highland forts in his boot, and a pass for John Anderson from Arnold in his pocket, "to the White Plains and beyond," changed his scarlet coat for one of Mr. Smith's, and set out on horseback to return. He crossed the river at King's Ferry and set out at dawn for the east side of the Hudson.

The major reached the vicinity of Tarrytown, sixteen miles above the strong British post at King's bridge, and was riding in fancied security up the gentle hill from Sleepy Hollow. So far, everything had gone well. The secret was known to no patriot. He even thought of the glory his exploit would win, and of the fair maiden in old

England to whom he was betrothed. Suddenly the horse he was riding pricked up its ears and shied a little, which called his attention to three young men seated under a large tree playing cards. They were John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, three young militia-men, who belonged to a party of seven sent into the neighborhood to capture "cowboys," or British cattle thieves, or arrest any suspicious characters on the highway.

Paulding, on seeing Andre, seized his rifle, cocked it and sprang into the road, his companions following his example. They wore no uniform and it was utterly impossible to tell whether they were Tories or militia. Andre supposed they were either the former or "cowboys," and said:

"Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party."

Those apparently ignorant country boys were too shrewd for the cunning major, and Paulding cautiously asked:

"Which party?"

"The lower party."

Paulding, designing to mislead him still further, answered:

"We do."

Andre then feeling that he was safe at last among friends, and that the horrors of this terrible adventure were over, joyfully declared:

"Gentlemen, I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and hope you will not detain me a minute. Here, you can see by my watch that I am an officer," and he exhibited an excellent gold watch on which was engraved the Lion, Unicorn, and Crown.

"Dismount," said Paulding, sternly, "you have made a mistake," and he levelled his rifle at the major's head.

"My God! I must do something to get along!" groaned Andre, and he showed them Arnold's pass, adding, "Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping will detain the general's business."

"Where are you going?" asked Paulding.

"To Dobb's Ferry to meet a person there from whom I expect important intelligence for Arnold."

Paulding shook his head inexorably. A few moments before, Arnold's pass might have sufficed; but it would not now. The major had dismounted and stood timidly holding his horse's rein. Paulding courteously said:

"I hope you'll not be offended; we do not intend to take anything from you! There are many bad people on the road, and you, perhaps, are one of them. Have you any letters?"

"No."

They took him into the bushes and searched

him. Andre was dressed in a blue surtout, a claret-colored body-coat trimmed with lace; nankeen waistcoat and breeches; flannel underclothes, round hat, thread stockings, and boots. They stripped him to his shirt, but found no papers on him, and were about to let him go, when David Williams suggested that he might have something in his boots. He was commanded to take them off, an order which he reluctantly obeyed, and the tell-tale papers of Arnold were found between his stockings and feet.

"This is a spy!" cried Paulding, poring over the papers. Andre offered them his watch and all the money about his person and to send them a large amount if they would let him go.

"Not for ten thousand guineas," said Paulding; and the three young men conducted their prisoner to Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson at North Castle. Jameson was stupid enough to determine to send the prisoner to Arnold; but Major Tallmadge next in rank remonstrated so warmly that he consented to confine the captive until he should receive orders from Arnold or Washington. He was so foolish however as to write a letter to Arnold informing him of the arrest of the prisoner.

That night the prisoner wrote to Washington, frankly announcing his name and rank, and giving a truthful account of the whole affair. He gave

the letter to Tallmadge to read, who was astonished to find the captive was Major Andre, adjutant-general of the British army. He was finally taken to the headquarters of the army at Tappan.

Meanwhile, Washington was on his return from Hartford. On the morning of September 25th, 1780, he and his attendants left Fishkill before dawn and rode on with speed toward the Robinson house to breakfast with General and Mrs. Arnold.

When near there, General Washington said to his companions:

“I want to turn down a lane here to look at a battery on the brink of the river. Go to the house and inform the general of my arrival. I will soon join you.”

They went on, and while at the table before Washington's arrival, a messenger entered with a letter for General Arnold. It was the mischievous letter from Jameson, which told him of Andre's arrest. Arnold's presence of mind did not forsake him. He rose coolly, with a smile, saying:

“Gentlemen, you must excuse me, for business of importance demands my presence at West Point immediately.”

He ran to his wife's chamber, and sent for her. There he briefly told her all—told her in hurried words how his name was blasted and his life depended on his reaching the British lines.

Horror-stricken, the poor young creature swooned and sank helpless upon the floor. Arnold dared not call for help; but kissing, with lips blasted by words of guilt and treason, his boy then sweetly sleeping, he rushed from the room, mounted a horse belonging to one of his guests and hastened to the river along a byway yet known as *Arnold's Path*.

There he found his barge and six oarsmen, and, leaping in, he bade them push out into the middle of the river and pull for Teller's Point, offering them liberal bribes if they used all speed. Arnold, the brave and daring patriot, was a pitiful coward now. Treason, disgrace and guilt always make one a coward. He reached the *Vulture*, where he turned over his faithful oarsmen as prisoners and went to New York, where Sir Henry Clinton ordered the oarsmen to be released. Arnold received a commission as colonel in the British army but he was detested even by the British. From this time on, Arnold seemed to become a fiend incarnate. His hatred of Americans was fearful, and wherever he went, he left blackened ruins behind him.

Washington arrived at Robinson's house just after Arnold had left it; but no one save the horror-stricken wife knew of the flight of the traitor. Supposing he was at West Point, Wash-

ington crossed over the river and did not return until noon. On his return he was met near the landing-place by Alexander Hamilton, into whose hand the messenger had placed the proofs of Arnold's treason—the papers taken from Andre's boots, and the major's letter to Washington.

The commander-in-chief was stunned by the blow. The poor wife of a man whom he had loved and admired was in a precarious condition—his friend a traitor, flying to the enemy,—it all seemed like a terrible dream, and, as General Washington pressed his hand to his brow, he groaned:

“Oh, God! can it be true?”

But his duty was clear. Friendship and sympathy could not swerve him from the path. He made every effort to capture the traitor and, when Andre was tried and convicted of being a spy, offered to exchange him for Arnold; but this Sir Henry Clinton would not do. Major Andre was tried by fourteen general officers, most of them foreigners, and convicted as a spy. He was hanged as such. Sentimentalists have made much over the trial and execution of Andre. His excellent family, his education, and the exalted position he held in the army, they think should have saved him; but Andre was captured in the American lines with papers and plans of important works,

and if ever there was a spy he was one. His education, birth and family should have kept him from entering into the business of a spy. If the law condemns a spy to death, he should have suffered the penalty of the law even though he had been the Prince of Wales, whose life is no dearer to him than the poorest peasant over whom he rules. Too much is thought of the lives of the rich and great, and not enough of the poor and lowly. A hundred common soldiers may be hung and not a murmur be heard.

Again critics, filled with fulsome adulation and praise of Andre, blame Washington for not respecting his wish to have him shot instead of hung. Military laws are inexorable. Military law said that the spy should be hung; but there was no law for shooting him. To hang was lawful; to shoot would have been murder.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

ALBERT STEVENS and his friends had a wild ride through the woods and swamps of South Carolina. They were often discovered by parties of Tories; then there was a rapid flight, a shower of balls, and for hours they lay hidden in the jungles and swamps. One morning they came to the Santee, where could be seen a number of men destroying the scows and boats of the rice-growers. These were Marion's men sent by the foolish Gates to prevent the British retreat. They had just destroyed a scow, and were putting a finishing touch to a boat, when an elderly gentleman, evidently a rice planter, came galloping down to the river under whip and spur, yelling at the top of his lungs:

"Hold! hold! for God's sake, hold!" Then, dashing up with his face aflame with rage and indignation, his eyes starting from their sockets, as he contemplated the ruin done to his boats, he roared out, "Why, what—what—what are you about here?"

"We are only t-t-t-trying to k-k-kidnap the British, uncle," one stammered.

"Kidnap the d—l!" thundered the planter. Looking about and seeing how completely they had shivered his fine new boat and scow, he ripped out again. "Well! here is a pretty spot of work! a pretty spot of work! A brand new scow and boat, that cost me, only last Spring, three hundred dollars, every farthing of it! and here now all cut to smash! ruined! not worth a chew of tobacco! Why! did mortal flesh ever see the like of this? Breaking up our boats! Why! how are we to harvest our rice?"

"U-u-u-uncle, you b-b-better think less about harvesting your rice and m-m-more of catching the muskrats!" answered the stuttering young man, whom Albert rightly guessed was a relative of the angry planter.

The old planter, evidently overflowing with rage and astonishment, exclaimed:

"Why, certainly the d—l is in the young man! catch the British! Why, have you not heard that the British are carrying everything before them; have broke up our army, cut the regulars to pieces, scattered the militia, and chased General Gates to Jericho, and to the d—l for what I care?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed a man whom Albert recognized as General Marion,

"Nay, it is past praying for," returned the elderly gentleman, whom they afterward learned was Colonel E. Horry, a rich planter and the uncle of the stuttering young man, who was none other than Peter Horry, a partisan officer and author, who afterward became a brigadier general. The old man continued, "If you had any interest in Heaven you ought to have made your prayer sooner. It is too late now."

"Great God!" groaned Marion; "and so our army is lost?"

"Yes," continued the planter; "lost, 'as sure as a gun; and that is not all; for De Kalb is killed, Sumter surprised and cut to pieces, and Charleston is illuminated every night for joy."

Marion, Horry and the few provincials about them were silent. The planter looked about over their men, about thirty in number, armed only with rifles and pistols, and asked:

"Where are your troops?"

"These are all we have," Marion answered. With a whistle the old man exclaimed:

"Mad!—mad!—the young fellows are mad as March hares! Well, I'll tell you what, you may go about on the river, chopping the planters' boats at this rate; but I wouldn't be in your coats or your jackets, though they were stiff with gold."

"What do you mean?" Marion asked.

"Why, I mean that, if you are not all of you knocked on the head in three hours, it will be a wonder."

"Aye! W-w-w-what makes you think so, uncle?" asked Peter Horry.

"You know my old waiting-man Tom, don't you?" answered the planter.

"T-t-to be sure I do. I have known T-T-Tom ever since I was a boy, and I should be confounded sorry to hear Tom prophesy any harm of me; for I have always taken him to be a very true man of his word."

"Yes, I'll warrant him," said the planter; "for, though Tom is a negro and as black as old Nick, I would as soon take Tom's word as that of any white man in Carolina. Well, Tom, you know, has a wife at Mr. Grant's, as rank a Tory as we have hereabouts. On coming home this morning, he shook his head and said he was mighty 'fraid you and Colonel Marion were in a bad box; for he got it from one of the black waiters in the house, who overheard the talk, that there are three companies of Tories now moulding their bullets and making ready to cut you off."

Albert at this juncture discovered himself and his friends to Marion and was welcomed. He was fresh from the scene of disaster and gave Marion

sufficient information to confirm all the planter had told.

“That drunken egotist was not fit to command the army of the South,” declared Marion.

But they were in peril. Already preparations were being made to cut them off. They retired to the swamp, where for days they lived on roots and wild fruit. Albert and his friends were thus thrown into the company of the famous Swamp Fox. A few days later Marion struck his first blow. With but thirty men, he suddenly dashed upon a party of British, ninety in number, killed three and released two hundred prisoners captured at Camden. Marion, almost alone, held the field from the 16th of August to October; but British and Tory cruelty roused the people of South Carolina, and the closing event of the year 1780 was the signal victory at King's Mountain. Cornwallis marched his army to Charlotte, in North Carolina, early in September, and from that point sent out detachments to execute his cruel orders. While Tarleton and his legions were operating eastward of the Catawba, Major Patrick Ferguson was sent to embody the Tories among the mountains west of the Broad River. Many profligate and unworthy men joined his standard, and at the beginning of October he encamped among the gravelly, wooded hills of King's Mountain, about

two miles south of the North Carolina border. The patriots west of the Alleghany ranges had suffered but little as yet from the British, and they determined not to do so. They lived independent lives. Their mines furnished their own lead. From their saltpetre beds they made their own powder, and every man was a hunter and crack shot with the rifle. Shooting matches were their chief amusements, and when they heard that Ferguson was advancing, they determined to stop him. Nine hundred of their best horsemen rode all one moonlight night and, on the afternoon of the next day, came near Ferguson's camp, now swelled to over eleven hundred and mostly Tories. The Whigs were organized in regiments under Colonels Shelby, Sevier, Campbell, Cleveland, McDowell and Williams, and were chiefly Virginians and North Carolinians.

The Whigs dismounted and, forming themselves in four columns, advanced to within a quarter of a mile of Ferguson's camp, without being discovered. Shelby and Campbell's command, forming the right and left centres of the force, pushed up the hill and made the first attack. The British flew to arms and charged with bayonets; but the rifles continued cracking incessantly, and the ground was quickly strewn with dead and dying. Those backwoods marksmen seldom missed.

Flanking parties fell on Ferguson's left and rear and drove him into a hollow, where he fell dead from a rifle-bullet on the border of a clear mountain brook. The British and Tories now surrendered. Their entire loss was eleven hundred and five, of whom four hundred and fifty-six were killed or wounded. The Americans lost twenty-eight killed and sixty wounded.

This was the last important conflict of the year and was calculated to rouse the hopes of the patriots.

The year 1780 closed with alternating hope and despair. King's Mountain was to Cornwallis what Bennington was to Burgoyne, the beginning of the end. He was forced to abandon a good part of North Carolina, while Marion, with whom Albert and his friends still remained, made foray after foray against the enemy and became the dread of the British.

Albert was with Marion on Snow's Island, when the British officer came to the haunt of the Swamp Fox concerning the exchange of prisoners. When they sat down to the meal of roasted sweet potatoes, he heard the officer say:

"Surely, general, this cannot be your ordinary fare?"

"I suppose," replied Marion, "it is not equal to the British officers' style of dining."

"No, indeed," quoth the officer, "and this, I imagine, is one of your accidental Lent dinners, a sort of a banyan. In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better?"

"Rather worse," answered Marion; "for often we don't get enough of this."

"Heavens!" rejoined the officer. "But, probably, what you lose in *meal* you make up in *malt*. Though stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay?"

"Not a cent, sir," Marion answered, "not a cent."

"Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box. I don't see, general, how you can stand it."

"Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile of self-approbation, "these things depend on feeling."

The Englishman thought it would not be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life, when it was all fighting and no pay and no provisions but potatoes. To this, Marion answered:

"Why, sir, the heart is all; and, when that is much interested a man can do anything. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years; but let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' service, than young Jacob did.

Well, now, this is exactly my case. I am in love; and my sweetheart is Liberty. Be that heavenly nymph my companion, and these wilds and woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches; nor his host of excisemen and tax-gatherers insulting and robbing me; but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign, gloriously preserving my national dignity and pursuing my true happiness, planting my vineyards and eating their luscious fruits, sowing my fields and reaping the golden grain, and seeing millions of brothers all around me, equally free and happy as myself, this, sir, is what I long for."

The officer was so affected by the brief lecture from Marion, that he declared he could not fight men engaged in such a cause, and he threw up his commission and retired from the service.

Among the acquaintances Albert found among General Marion's men, was that of Sergeant MacDonald, of whom reference was made in Chapter IV. The redheaded Scotchman soon became very fond of the young lieutenant, especially when he learned that he had served under the glorious General Washington.

"Zounds, my friend, you have led a wild life, as well as I!" said MacDonald, when he heard

Albert tell of his father and the unknown fate of Estella Mead.

While Marion was encamped in the neighborhood of Georgetown, he one day ordered Captain Withers to take MacDonald, with four volunteers, and go to the enemies' lines to see what they were doing. Albert Stevens and Simon Tapley with August Steckel and his brother Jake comprised the other four. They had approached to within a mile of the town, when the six young madcaps met an old Tory, a sort of a half-witted fellow, whom neither side regarded as dangerous, and who therefore was suffered to go whither he pleased. He had been to town and was going home in his old cart. The old man knew Withers very well, and as soon as he was near enough to recognize him, he bawled out:

"God's mercy, Master Withers! why, where are you going this course?"

"Going, old daddy! why to the devil, perhaps," answered Withers with a laugh.

"Well, faith! that's like enough, captain," said the old man, "especially if you keep on this tack much longer; but, before you go any further, suppose you take a pull with me of this," holding up a stout tickler of brandy. "Mayhap you may not get such good liquor as this where you are going."

He could not have offered the madcaps anything more agreeable.

"With all my heart, daddy," answered Withers, and he turned up the tickler, took a good big dram and passed it to MacDonald, who also drank, and "Tom drank it, and Dick drank it, and Harry drank it, and so they all drank it." And they talked and drank dram after dram, until the tickler was drained to the bottom. The brandy flew to their heads and began to work wonders, and each man felt himself a host. MacDonald, with his face as red as a comet, reined up Selim and, drawing his claymore, began to pitch and prance about, cutting and slashing the empty air, as if he had a score of enemies before him, and ever and anon roaring out:

"Huzzah, boys! charge!" while the others, reining up their horses, flourished their swords.

"Where the plague are you going to charge?" asked the old Tory.

"Why, into Georgetown, right off!" they roared, flourishing their sabres over their heads.

"Well, you had better have a care, boys, how you charge there, for I'll be blamed if you don't get yourselves into business pretty quick. The town is chuck full of redcoats."

"Redcoats!" roared Withers, Simon and MacDonald. "Redcoats! egad, that's just what we

want. Charge, boys! charge! Huzzah—the redcoats be d—d!”

Then, clapping spurs to their steeds, off went these six young madcaps, huzzahing and flourishing their swords and charging at full tilt, into a British garrison town of three hundred men. They were all just drunk enough to be totally reckless of consequences, save Albert who had not touched a drop of the brandy, though he was as daring as any.

The enemy supposed the yelling and shouting horsemen the advance of Marion's whole force and flew with all speed to their redoubt; the long roll sounded, and they loaded their guns. There were several redcoats on the street, and seven of these were overtaken and cut down by the troopers; MacDonald and Simon Tapley slaying two each. One of the slain was a sergeant-major, a stout and greasy fellow, who strove hard to waddle away with his bacon; but Selim was too quick for him, and MacDonald, with a back-handed stroke of his claymore, sent him rolling in the dust, his skull cleft in twain.

Having cleared the streets, the young troopers galloped up to the house of a Whig, asked the news and called for some cider.

Albert Stevens, who had been as completely carried away by the exciting event as his half-tipsy

companions, suddenly turned his eyes to the window of a Tory's house and saw a face looking at him. One glance, then a shout of amazement and joy escaped his lips.

The victim of Wyoming had materialized in sunny Carolina, and he cried:

"Stella! Stella! alive, thank God!"

The report of a musket and whiz of a ball did not deter him. He dashed toward the house.

The British, having discovered that they had been put to flight by but half a dozen Americans, had begun to rally and were firing shots from behind houses at them, though keeping at a respectful distance.

"Come, boys, fly!" said Withers, sobered by the firing.

"Stella, is it you?" cried Albert, riding as near to the house as he could for a stone fence.

The maid extended her head and shoulders from the upper window of the house and cried:

"Fly! fly for your life! Don't you see the British returning?"

"Yes, gawl darn 'em, come on!" said Simon.

"Zounds, lieutenant, are you mad?" cried MacDonald.

Albert dismounted and was about to scale the wall, when MacDonald dexterously brought Selim alongside the young man and, bending over in

the saddle, wound one strong arm about his waist and, with a defiant shout at the enemy, galloped away, carrying the frantic Albert with him, while Simon brought up the rear leading his horse. A hundred shots were fired at them; but not a man was touched.

This mad frolic mortified the British commandant at Georgetown more than a defeat would have done.

“That half a dozen young rebels should thus dash in among us in open daylight,” he said, “and fall to cutting and slashing the king’s troops at this rate, and after all to gallop away without the least harm to hair or hide! ’Tis high time we turn our bayonets into pitchforks and go to foddering the cows!”

On October 30th, 1780, General Nathaniel Greene was appointed to succeed Gates in command of the troops in the southern States. Congress, seeing the folly of making the southern department independent, gave Greene all the power which they had conferred upon their favorite, but “subject to the control of the commander-in-chief.” This unity of the military forces had a most salutary effect. Leaving Steuben in command in Virginia to forward troops, Greene hastened to Charlotte.

The year of 1780 closed with the lamp of liberty burning steady and bright. There was much dis-

satisfaction among the troops and among the people of the South, who felt that they were being abandoned to the ravages of the British. Had Cornwallis used milder means and become a pacifier instead of a cruel tyrant, it is probable that, under the circumstances, he could have held the South two or three years longer, as only a few brave hearts like Marion and Sumter, loyal to liberty, were making any defence against the hordes of Britons and Tories. Fortunately for the cause of the North American Republic, Cornwallis had not the disposition or judgment to reconcile. He was a soldier, not a ruler or a diplomat. He was naturally cruel and knew no means but oppression for ruling. Submission by oppression only, was his motto.

In January, 1781, the complaints of the Pennsylvania troops rose to a mutiny. General Wayne, who was a great favorite among his men, tried to quell it. The troops determined to march to Philadelphia in a body to demand of congress the just pay due them. Wayne drew his pistol and galloped before the angry soldiers threatening them; but, finding it impossible to quell the mutiny, he decided to go with them to congress and demand their right. Through the wisdom and moderation of Washington and Wayne, the matter was adjusted satisfactorily. Sir Henry Clinton sent an

agent among the mutineers, with promises of pay and bounty if they would enlist under the banner of King George III.; but the mutineers were patriotic. They seized the agent and turned him over to be hung for a spy. Early in this year, Arnold the traitor began to display his evil designs against the Americans. He landed in Virginia, in January, 1781, and laid waste to the country. His hatred seemed to know no bounds, and his savage disposition burst in all its fury on the weak and helpless. His brilliant career, however, was at an end. He was despised by all men, and no respectable British officer would associate with him. He asked a young American whom he had captured:

“What would the Americans do with me, if they should capture me?”

“We would bury your leg wounded at Bemis Heights with the honors of war, and hang the rest of your body.”

General Greene was no sooner in the South, than he prepared, with his characteristic energy, to pursue and fight the enemy as occasion might require. He arranged his army in two divisions and, with the main force, took post at Cheraw, east of the Pedee River, and sent General Daniel Morgan, the hero of Saratoga, with about a thousand men to occupy the country near the junction

of the Broad and Pacolet rivers in western South Carolina. Cornwallis, who was preparing for another invasion into North Carolina, suddenly found himself placed between two foes. Unwilling to leave Morgan in his rear, he sent Tarleton to capture or disperse his troops. Morgan fell back before the superior force of the enemy, crossing rivers and small streams and wading through tangled marshes, to Thicketty Mountains in Spartansburg District near the North Carolina line, where he halted at a place called *The Cowpens*, so called because owners of cattle "rounded them up" there to salt and brand them. Morgan was encamped on a plain covered by a pine forest, and was there overtaken by Tarleton. Like a brave soldier, he determined to fight. He arranged about four hundred of his best men in line of battle on a bit of rising ground. The Maryland light infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel John Eager Howard composed the centre, and Virginia riflemen formed the wings. Eighty dragoons, led by Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington, were placed out of sight as a reserve, and about four hundred Carolinians and Georgians under Pickens were in the advance to defend the approaches to the camp. North Carolina and Georgia sharpshooters acted as skirmishers on each flank.

At eight o'clock on the morning of January 17,

1781, Tarleton, with his entire force of eleven hundred foot and horse, furiously assailed the Americans. Morgan, by a skilful movement, feigned a retreat, when the impetuosity of the enemy broke their own ranks. Quick as thought he wheeled about and attacked them so vigorously that the British wavered. At this moment Howard charged the British lines so furiously with the bayonet, that he broke their ranks and sent them flying in confusion. Then Colonel William Washington's cavalry came thundering down like an avalanche on the British cavalry. The enemy was completely routed and fled, pursued for twenty miles by the victorious Americans.

In the flight, Washington singled out Tarleton and, pressing spurs, pursued him so furiously, that he got far in advance of the main body of his dragoons, when Tarleton and two of his aids, at the head of the troop of the 17th regiment of dragoons, turned upon him. An officer on Tarleton's right raised his sword to strike the impetuous Washington, when a sergeant of cavalry fired his holster and wounded the assailant's sword arm. An officer on Tarleton's left was about to strike at the same moment, when Washington's little bugler, who had kept close behind his beloved colonel, too small to wield a sword, wounded the assailant with a pistol-ball. All the while Tarleton and Washington

were engaged in a terrible sabre combat. The most thrilling hand-to-hand combat is a sabre-fight on horseback. The sabre of Washington cut two of the fingers from Tarleton's right hand. He dropped his sabre, fired his pistol at Washington, wounding him in the knee and, wheeling his horse about, escaped.

When Cornwallis and his army were at Halifax, on their way to Virginia, Tarleton was at the house of an American. In the presence of Mrs. Wilie Jones, Tarleton, in alluding to Colonel Washington, spoke of him as an illiterate fellow, hardly able to write his name.

"Ah! Colonel," said Mrs. Wilie Jones, "you ought to know better, for you bear on your person proof that he knows very well *how to make his mark.*"

At another time, Tarleton, who was speaking sarcastically of Colonel Washington in the presence of Mrs. Ashe, said with a sneer:

"I would be happy to see Colonel Washington." Mrs. Ashe instantly replied:

"If you had looked behind you, Colonel Tarleton, at the battle of the Cowpens, you would have enjoyed that pleasure."

Tarleton was so enraged at this keen retort, that he would have struck the lady, had he not been restrained by a superior officer.

In the battle of the Cowpens, the British lost

about six hundred men with all their baggage and artillery, and the Americans lost but eighty.

Greene made an aggressive campaign from the first. He assembled all the forces, militia and regulars he could command and prepared to strike the enemy at as early a date as possible. On February 15th, 1781, he engaged Cornwallis at Guilford Court House. For a long time, the two generals skirmished, feeling for each other's strength, and then came to a close engagement with cannon and musketry. Greene's troops were mostly raw militia, who broke and fled; but the retreat was conducted in so masterly a way by the American officers, that it could not be called a rout. The Americans lost four hundred men in the engagement and Cornwallis five hundred. It was admitted in parliament that, with so heavy a loss, Cornwallis' victory was too dearly bought. The British were more wary after this, though their depredating bands of Tories killed stock, robbed and murdered indiscriminately.

On April 25th, Greene attacked Lord Rawdon at Hobkirk's Hill. The Americans were driven from the field with a loss of about two hundred and fifty. The enemy lost about as many.

May 10th, Lord Rawdon evacuated Camden, South Carolina, and, between that and the 21st, Marion and Sumter captured several small British



ENCOUNTER BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND TARLETON.

posts, killing and capturing more than eight hundred men. General Pickens captured Augusta, Georgia, while Lafayette was making many successful moves on the military checker-board in Virginia. With an inferior force, he held the enemy in check, though avoiding a battle.

At sea, the American vessels were eminently successful. The American frigate *Alliance* captured two British sloops of war.

On July 6th, Cornwallis, after a sharp skirmish with Lafayette, at Jamestown, retired to Portsmouth, Virginia. The British troops under Cornwallis and Arnold had in three months destroyed ten millions of dollars' worth of property. Cornwallis remained at Portsmouth until about the 1st of August, when he took post with eight thousand men at Yorktown, which he proceeded to fortify, in order to make his last grand stand.

Meanwhile, the characters of our story were operating in the South alternately with Marion, Sumter and Light-Horse Harry Lee. They were with Marion and Lee when they besieged Fort Motte on the Congaree.

Since the dash into Georgetown, Albert had not seen nor heard of Estella Mead, and he sometimes thought he must have been mistaken, or mad. Was that face but a vision of his disordered brain, or did she live?

Fort Motte was the elegant home of Rebecca Motte on the Congaree River. She was an ardent Whig, and the British drove her from her house and proceeded to fortify it with an embankment all around it. There were one hundred and sixty-five men in the fort when Marion and Lee, with only one cannon, a six-pounder, laid siege to it. Marion told the widow that they must burn her house in order to drive the British out.

“Good! good! do it if you can, burn the house if they won’t surrender!” she said.

Marion asked Lee if he had an archer in his command who could handle a bow and arrow. He had. A bow and arrow was brought. The first bow was too weak, but the widow sent her daughter to bring an East India bow presented to Mrs. Motte’s brother, Miles Brewtan, by an East India sea-captain.

Nathan Savage, the archer, was as good a shot as any Indian. They fastened turpentine torches, —tow and cotton dipped in turpentine—and set them blazing, when Nathan discharged them like comets at the house. They stuck in the roof, which soon ignited. When the British ran out to extinguish the fire, the sharpshooters and cannon drove them back, and they soon surrendered.

Albert was with Sumter, when Emily Geiger rode away from Greene’s camp to carry a letter to

Sumter. On her perilous ride, she was arrested in the forest by Peter Simon and another Tory. They took Emily to a house, where she was searched by a woman and her daughter; but being left a few moments alone, Emily ate Greene's letter piece by piece. Her captors were very civil to her, and Peter Simon, the youngest of them, offered to escort her to her friends when they found nothing suspicious about her; but she thanked him and went on to Sumter's camp, where Albert Stevens heard her tell her thrilling adventure and deliver Greene's message verbally. She told Albert that at the house of one of the Tories she had seen a young maid fifteen or sixteen years of age, whose description so nearly resembled Estella that he began to hope again that it was not a dream.

Emily Geiger, after the war, became the neighbor and friend of her captors. Her daughter married the son of Peter Simon, the tall, bashful Tory who captured Emily for a spy.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SWORD OF CORNWALLIS.

ALBERT STEVENS, Simon and the three Germans were still with Marion when he joined Greene early in September. Greene resolved to attack the combined forces of Stewart and Cruger, who, abandoning Fort Ninety-six, had fled eastward to Eutaw Springs, near the Santee.

It was now September, 1781. Early in the month, Arnold had been ravaging Connecticut, capturing forts Trumbull and Griswold and burning New London. This was the only considerable operation in the North.

On the 8th of September, Greene came upon the army of Stewart and Cruger at Eutaw Springs, almost before they knew it. At eight o'clock, heavy skirmishing began, and soon the battle raged. It was in the wild charge, when the victorious Americans were sweeping through the camp, that Albert, in the lead, saw a British officer assisting a young maiden into a carriage. Carnage reigned all about them, and he was amazed to find a maid

of fifteen or sixteen thus exposed. The maiden, recognizing him, cried:

“ Albert—fly!”

“ Estella! Estella!” he joyfully shouted, making frantic efforts to leap toward her.

A dozen soldiers with fixed bayonets sprang between him and the carriage; but what were those bristling points of steel to him? His flashing sabre flew right and left, and they swayed like wind-riven reeds beneath his tremendous strokes. A bayonet, loosed from its muzzle, spun humming point down into the earth, and the soldier raised the stock of his musket and felled the young captain.

“ Drive on! drive for life,” cried the British officer to the driver, as he sprang into the carriage with the half-fainting girl in his arms, and closed the door. The carriage rolled away. The tide of battle swept on, and Simon and MacDonald picked up the insensible Albert and bent all their energies to restoring him, while nearly all the soldiers scattered over the camp in search of plunder.

Albert Stevens had just begun to show signs of recovering, when suddenly the air resounded with wild cheers, and the British, pouring in a withering volley, charged right into their ranks, sweeping everything before them. Albert was carried away and hurried to the rear. The Americans

retreated, leaving the enemy in possession of the field; but the British sustained a loss of about eight hundred, and during the night, destroying their extra arms, they stole away.

Albert was not seriously injured by the blow from the musket, and next morning was fully recovered. He set off at once with Simon in pursuit of the carriage.

They easily traced the vehicle. It did not follow the retreating army, but went directly across to Virginia.

In the vicinity of Jamestown they learned that a man and young lady had come there in a coach and sailed in a sloop during the night for Yorktown on the York River. His informant was an old negro man, who concluded with:

“Now, Massa, I kin show ye wha’ dat saim carriage am, wot brung de general an’ gal.”

“Let me see it,” said Albert.

The negro took him to the stable of an old public house on the banks of a river and showed him a carriage. It was the same in which he had seen Estella borne away.

Albert Stevens was sorely puzzled. Estella Mead was supposed to have perished in the Wyoming massacre; but she had strangely appeared in the South, first at Georgetown, then in the British camp at Eutaw Springs. Where had she been all

these months and years? Who was that officer whom he saw placing her in the carriage and hastening her away? His back was toward him and he had not a glimpse of his face.

Albert in his perplexity appealed to Simon, but the Yankee shook his head and said:

“Consarn my pictur’ ef I kin see through it, any way, only yer befuddled,—kinder mixed up in your brain like.”

“No, Simon, I saw her. I not only saw her but heard her; she called me by name and bade me fly.”

“Well, by zounds! it’s all a mixed-up affair and I give it up,” declared Simon.

While in the neighborhood, Albert visited the ruins of old Jamestown, which marks the site of the first permanent English settlement in Virginia. It is a place of historic interest to every American. It was of special interest to Albert Stevens, for his noble ancestor Philip Stevens had come here in 1607 to lay the foundation of a nation which he was now fighting to free.

He had only time to glance at the solitary ruin of the old church and few gravestones, all that was left after Bacon’s rebellion, and then with Simon he hastened on to Yorktown.

It was Lafayette who first conceived the brilliant stroke of hemming up Cornwallis at Yorktown and

making him a captive. Washington was contemplating an attack on Clinton in New York; but Clinton had been reinforced by three thousand troops from England, and as De Grasse, the French officer on whom Washington depended to aid him in besieging New York, could not be induced to leave the West Indies, he turned his attention to Virginia. He learned however that De Grasse would sail for the Chesapeake at the close of August with a powerful naval armament and more than three thousand troops. When Washington had made ample preparations for marching into Virginia, to prevent any interference from Sir Henry Clinton he wrote deceptive letters to be intercepted, by which the British general was made to believe that his enemy still contemplated an attack upon New York. So satisfied was he that such was Washington's designs, that for nearly ten days after the allied armies had crossed the Hudson (August 23d and 24th) and were marching through New Jersey, he believed the movement was only a feint to cover a sudden descent upon the city in overwhelming force. He was not convinced until the 2d of September that Washington was massing his forces against Cornwallis.

The allied armies encamped at Chester in Pennsylvania on the 5th of September. Here Washing-

ton received the joyful news that De Grasse with his ships and land forces had entered Chesapeake Bay. De Grasse had moored the most of his vessels in Lynn Haven Bay, barred the York River against reinforcements for Cornwallis, and landed three thousand troops, under the Marquis de St. Simon, on the peninsula, near old Jamestown. De Barras had sailed from Newport with a fleet conveying ten transports laden with ordnance for the siege of Yorktown.

Clinton tried by threatening New Jersey and the forts on the Hudson Highlands to recall Washington from Cornwallis. He even sent Arnold to fresh and more terrible depredations; but Washington was too clear-headed to be recalled. He saw a chance to end the war at one brilliant stroke, and he resolved to do it at once. Cornwallis saw with no little alarm the allied armies of America and France slowly but surely environing him. On the 17th of September, realizing that he was caught in a trap, he appealed to Clinton for help. "This place is in no state of defence," he wrote. "If you cannot relieve me very soon, you must be prepared for the worst." The last division of the allied armies reached Williamsburg on the 25th of September, and three days later marched about twelve thousand strong to begin the siege of Yorktown, twelve miles distant, driving in the British

outposts on the way. Taking possession of entrenchments, they advanced to protect the diggers and builders of redoubts.

It was the 26th day of September, when Albert and Simon reached Williamsburg. Here a great surprise was in store for them. Albert's father, Colonel Noah Stevens, having regained his health, had been restored to his rank. He had brought along many recruits with him. There were Mr. Brown, of Rugby fame, Mr. Niles, Mr. Nathan Buker, Mr. Jonathan Stevens and his son, who had been wounded at Long Island; Mr. Dugger and others.

Even Mr. Jean Stevens was a member of the regiment. Simon declared:

"By zounds, it dew seem as if all Rugby has turned out to finish up this seven years' frolic!"

"Right ye are, Simon," declared Mr. Brown, who had grown a little more plethoric. "Right ye are; all Rugby has turned out. I was in at the beginnin' and I'm goin' tew see the end. You know I was at Bunker Hill and Lexington."

"Yes, I saw you at Bunker Hill jist as the British bayonets began to glisten over the ram-parts," remarked Simon with a sly wink at Albert.

"Sit down, Simon, you talk too much!" cried Mr. Brown, striking the ground firmly with his musket. It was evident that Mr. Brown did not

care to discuss the manner in which he had taken his departure from Bunker Hill.

Albert told his father and Jean Stevens that Estella Mead still lived, that he had seen her twice and had traced her to the York River.

“You must be mad, Albert!”

“I am not; I saw her first in Georgetown, and next in the very heat of battle at Eutaw Springs. My eyes were not deceived. She called me by name.”

“Who was she with?”

“A British officer.”

“Do you know him?”

“I did not see his face, his back was to me.”

Jean Stevens was both delighted and distressed at the intelligence. If it were Estella, why was she there? How had she escaped from the massacre at Wyoming?

The matter was still unsettled in their minds, when the advance began. They slowly drove the Britons from redoubt to redoubt. Tarleton and his legion once sallied out, but were driven back by Lauzun's cavalry, who took Tarleton's horse and came near capturing its owner. In the besieging line, the French troops occupied the left, the West India troops of St. Simon on the extreme flank. The Americans were on the right, and the French artillery, with the quarters of the two

commanders, occupied the centre. The American artillery under General Knox were on the right. De Grasse remained in Lynn Haven Bay to beat off any British fleet that might attempt to relieve Cornwallis.

During the night of the 6th of October, the heavy ordnance had been brought from the vessels, and trenches were begun at a distance of six hundred yards from the British works. It was a dark and stormy night, and the Americans were unperceived until the first parallel was completed. On the afternoon of the 9th, several batteries and redoubts were completed, and a general discharge of heavy guns was begun by the Americans on the right. All night long cannon thundered, and the roar of artillery was increased early next morning when the French on the left opened several batteries. At evening, October 10th, the French hurled red-hot cannon-balls at the British vessels in the river. The *Charon*, a 44-gun ship, and three heavy transports were consumed. The whole night was a scene of terrible grandeur. The blazing ships, the parabolas of screaming fire, the bursting shells in mid-air, with the blinding flash and deafening roar of cannon, all contributed to make up a scene as terrible as it was grand.

All night long, Albert Stevens, from the nearest redoubt, watched the enemies' camp, often sighing:

“She is there!—she is there and exposed to those fearful shells.”

On the next night, the 11th of October, the Americans and French began a second parallel within three hundred yards of the English out-works. They were not discovered until daylight, when the heavy guns of the enemy were brought to bear upon them and began to scatter the dirt, sand and gravel in every direction. Simon, who was at work on the second parallel, declared it reminded him of Bunker Hill. It took several days to complete this second parallel. Two redoubts which commanded the trenches were breached by the cannon-balls of the Americans, and on the 14th it was determined to carry them by storm. The one on the right, near the York River, was garrisoned by forty-five men; the one on the left was manned by about one hundred and twenty men. The capture of the former was entrusted to Americans led by Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton, and that of the latter to French grenadiers led by Count Deuxponts.

Albert volunteered to accompany the French. It was a cold, damp autumnal day with a mist or fine rain driving in their faces, and almost extinguishing the bivouac fires, which smoked and fizzed upon the muddy ground.

At the roll of drums which was the signal for

the assaulting forces to fall in line, Albert staggered to his feet and gazed around upon the thousands of poor shivering wretches, who rubbed and stretched their benumbed limbs, and shook their damp clothes which clung to their shivering forms. All about him was a scene of animation. Long lines of earthworks stretched away on every side. The river, the enemies' works, the heavy cannon booming like signal guns of death, the volumes of smoke which hung heavy in the air added to the striking scene.

Another roll of drums, and the men began falling into lines. Then there was a stir toward the headquarters, and George Washington himself accompanied by Rochambeau, surrounded by their staffs, dashed along the line, kindling a flame of enthusiasm, causing the whole mass to quiver with an electric thrill, and the vast plain to ring with a spontaneous shout which spread and swelled, and rolled from hill to hill until the very sky seemed to rend with the shout. And then, amid it all, scores of cannon thundered forth the signal peal, and Count Deuxponts rushed to the head of their line calling out:

"En avant!"

On they went through the dense smoke which obscured the plain, those behind pressing eagerly forward on the men before them. Albert, who

was about the centre, could see nothing but the quickly receding forests of bayonets vanishing in the smoke. All were silent with emotion and suspense, except when a stray shot came tearing through their ranks, marking its bloody path with groans and shrieks of agony, or when the shouts and cries of those who fought and fell in the van rose even above the roar of artillery, causing the Frenchmen to start and some exclamation of anxious excitement to escape from their panting breasts.

On they dashed, forced onward by the resistless crowd behind, as the waves of a raging sea swept before the storm—the cries, the groans, the deafening roar grew louder and approached; bullets and shells came crashing thicker and thicker through their ranks, strewing the gory ground with mutilated forms, who writhed and shrieked and clung in despair to the cruel feet which trampled them to death. They closed their eyes to their imploring gaze, shouted to drown their cries, rushed on, on, blindly, madly on, over the struggling mass.

Then came a pause, then a dash forward and wild cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" Suddenly there was an explosion, so terrible as to check Albert's breath and upset all power of thought. The ground seemed to tremble and rock; he felt con-

scious of being swept rapidly forward, as if by a raging resistless wave, he saw men hurled struggling to the ground, and was forced over the quivering mass. He now saw the breastworks and grenadiers in scarlet uniforms bending with lowered bayonets over their entrenchments; then came another convulsion, which swept him back in a sheet of flame, and with another surging swell he was swept over the crumbling works, he felt a heavy mass struggling on the point of his bayonet; then he knew no more for an hour, when he waked up to learn that both redoubts were taken.

Cornwallis was in a desperate situation. He was environed by a superior force, and his works were crumbling. He knew that when the second parallel of the besiegers was completed, his post would be untenable. He resolved to make an effort to escape by abandoning his baggage and sick, crossing the river with his troops to Gloucester, cutting up or dispersing the allies who were imprisoning the British garrison there, and by rapid marches gaining the forks of the Rappahannock and Potomac, and, forcing his way through Maryland and Pennsylvania, to join Clinton in New York. Boats for the voyage across the river were prepared; but the plan was frustrated by a furious storm of wind and rain and only a few troops were ferried over. These were afterward



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN.

brought back. The Earl Cornwallis lost hope. The bombardment of his lines was very severe and destructive, and on the 17th he proposed to surrender. The following day Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens and Viscount de Noailles, as commissioners on the part of the allies, met Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas and Major Ross of the British army and drafted terms of a capitulation. The terms were similar to those demanded of Lincoln at Charleston. All the troops were to be prisoners of war, and all public property was to be surrendered. All slaves and plunder found in the possession of the British might be reclaimed by their owners; otherwise private property was to be respected.

The Tories were to be abandoned to the mercies of their countrymen. These were the general conditions of the surrender; but Cornwallis, by the packet which carried the dispatches to Clinton, managed to send away persons who were most obnoxious to the Americans.

“Late in the afternoon of the 19th of October, 1781, the surrender of Cornwallis and his army took place. The allied troops were drawn up in two columns. Washington on his white charger was at the head of the Americans, and Rochambeau on a powerful bay horse at the head of the French columns. A vast concourse of people

from the surrounding country were spectators of the impressive scene. Cornwallis, feigning sickness, sent General O'Hara with his sword as his representative. That officer led the vanquished troops out of their entrenchments with their colors cased and marched them between the victorious columns. When he arrived at their head, he approached Washington to hand him the earl's sword; but the commander-in-chief directed him to General Lincoln as his representative. It was a proud moment for Lincoln. Only the year before, he had been compelled to make a humiliating surrender to the British troops at Charleston. He led the subdued army to the field where they were to lay down their arms, and there received from O'Hara the sword of Cornwallis, which he politely returned, to be given back to the earl. The standards, twenty-eight in number, were given up, and the royal army laid down their arms.

“The whole number of troops surrendered was about seven thousand. To these must be added two thousand sailors, eighteen hundred negroes, and fifteen hundred Tories, making the total number of prisoners over twelve thousand. Besides these, the British lost in killed, wounded and missing during the siege, about five hundred and fifty men; the loss of the Americans was about three hundred. The spoils of the victory were nearly

eight thousand muskets, seventy-five brass and one hundred and sixty iron cannon and a large quantity of munitions of war and stores. To accomplish this great victory, the French had provided thirty-seven ships-of-the-line and seven thousand troops, of which five thousand five hundred were regulars." *

Albert Stevens had partially recovered from his wound received in carrying the redoubt, and was on the field with the thousands of others to witness the scene. Simon Tapley, Colonel Noah Stevens, Mr. Brown, Niles, Buker and others from Lexington, who had witnessed the opening scene of the great seven-years drama, were present to witness the closing act. As the long lines of thousands of redcoats knelt to lay down their arms, Simon remarked:

"Gineral Cornwallis ain't Gineral Cornwallis any more. Gineral Washington has shelled all the corn off o' him, and now he's Gineral Corn-cob."

"Oh, Simon, you talk too much!" exclaimed a voice behind the Yankee, and looking in the direction of the sound, he beheld the plethoric face of Mr. Brown. Despite the solemnity of the impressive scene, broad smiles appeared on all faces of

* Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," vol. ii., page 524.

those near-by and some of the younger men could not repress a titter.

Albert saw a familiar face among the British officers. It was the major who had befriended him. As soon as an opportunity was afforded he went to the major, took his hand and said:

"I am glad to know, major, that you are not wounded or slain; but this is no time for congratulations."

"No, not for me. We are defeated, and this will end the war. Now that it is all over, I don't know that I am sorry you are the victors. You have nobly earned your independence."

"Major, pardon me for speaking of personal matters. Do you know aught of Stella Mead?"

"Yes."

"Is she well—safe?"

"She is."

"I suspected you were her abductor——"

"You are mistaken, young man; I was her savior. I am the last man on earth to harm a hair of that child's head."

"Major, I have long ago guessed your secret, and, believe me when I say, I pity as well as blame you. Will you give up Stella to me? Will you let her return to Rugby? We all love her so much."

"I will bring her myself. As I remarked, this

surrender will end the war. The fine bubble which King George and Lord North have blown has bursted in a shower of ruin on their own heads. Believe me, Estella is safe, and as soon as I am paroled, if permitted to remain in America, I shall resign my commission and bring her to Rugby, where I hope to see you all. Is the young man Simon Tapley living?"

"He is."

"Will he return to Rugby?"

"Certainly."

"I will meet you all there."

"One word, Major. When did she leave Yorktown?"

"On that stormy night Cornwallis attempted to escape. Adieu, my best friend, until we meet at Rugby."

Then he shook Albert's hand, and they parted.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

BEFORE going to the reunion of friends at Rugby, where strange developments and explained mysteries await the reader, it will be better to take a brief view of the history of the country, which has become a component part of this story.

The British major was correct in his prediction that Cornwallis' surrender had put an end to the war. The glorious news was received with loud acclamations of joy all over the land. A courier hastened to Philadelphia with the intelligence. When congress received the joyful news, instead of adjourning to some liquor saloon to celebrate the great event, they went as a body to the Dutch Lutheran Church, "and returned thanks to Almighty God for crowning the allied armies of the United States and France with success."

In England, the news was received with great depression. Lord North opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the apartment a few minutes:

“ Oh God, it is all over ! ”

The stubborn king was amazed and greatly disturbed; but he soon recovered his calmness and wrote, in view of propositions in the parliament to give up the contest:

“ No difficulties can get me to consent to the getting of peace at the expense of a separation from America. ”

But the opposition in parliament now pressed measures for peace more vigorously, and on the 20th of March, 1782, Lord North, who, under the inspiration of the king, had misled the nation for twelve years, retired from the office, and he and his fellow-ministers were succeeded by the friends of peace. The stubborn king held out for a while longer, but was compelled to yield to the inexorable logic of events. Parliament forced him to give his sanction to ending the war at once; and early in May, Sir Guy Carleton arrived in New York bearing propositions for reconciliation.

Washington, on leaving Yorktown, hastened to the bedside of his stepson Mr. Custis, who was dying of camp fever at Eltham. He was dead when the general reached the house. Washington adopted his children, Eleanor Parke and George Washington Parke Custis, the former but three years, the latter but six months old.

There was some skirmishing, but no regular bat-

tle after the capture of Yorktown. There was a skirmish at Combahee Ferry between the Americans and British, in which the Americans were successful. In this skirmish, Colonel John Laurens was slain. His blood was almost the last spilled in the struggle for independence. The last life sacrifice was that of Captain Wilmot, who was killed in a skirmish at Stono Ferry, in September following.

One by one, the British were giving up their strongholds in the South. Hostilities were suspended pending the actions of the peace committees. On July 11th, 1782, Savannah was evacuated and all Georgia abandoned by the British. On the 14th of December following, Charleston was evacuated.

Congress appointed John Adams of Massachusetts, John Jay of New York, Dr. Franklin of Pennsylvania and Henry Laurens of South Carolina, in September, 1782, to make peace with England. This committee met Mr. Oswald in Paris without the knowledge of the French government. This was in violation of the spirit of the terms of alliance, by which it was understood (and the commissioners had been so instructed) that no treaty should be signed by either party to the alliance without the knowledge of the other. This afterward caused trouble with France, and a feeling of

coolness has existed ever since. The American commissioners have been censured for bad faith with their French allies; but outside of Lafayette, De Kalb and a few others, who acted on their own account, the support of France was from selfish motives. The Americans wanted independence, and to remain allies of France might have made them in time subjects of that country. It is quite evident that Dr. Franklin's wisdom and forethought was brought to bear upon all these questions before he acted.

There was internal trouble in the army, which the wisdom and popularity of Washington quelled. New York was the last place evacuated. November 25th, 1783, was the day fixed for the evacuation. As the British army retired, Washington entered the city from Harlem. Mrs. Day, a stout Whig, early on the morning of the 25th, ran up an American flag. A British officer, William Cunningham, the infamous provost marshal of the army, swore that the rebel rag should not float while he was in the city, and he attempted to tear it down. Mrs. Day assaulted him with her scrub-broom, knocking off his hat and wig and beating him from the premises. Her flag was not lowered. This has been humorously called, "The last battle of the Revolution."

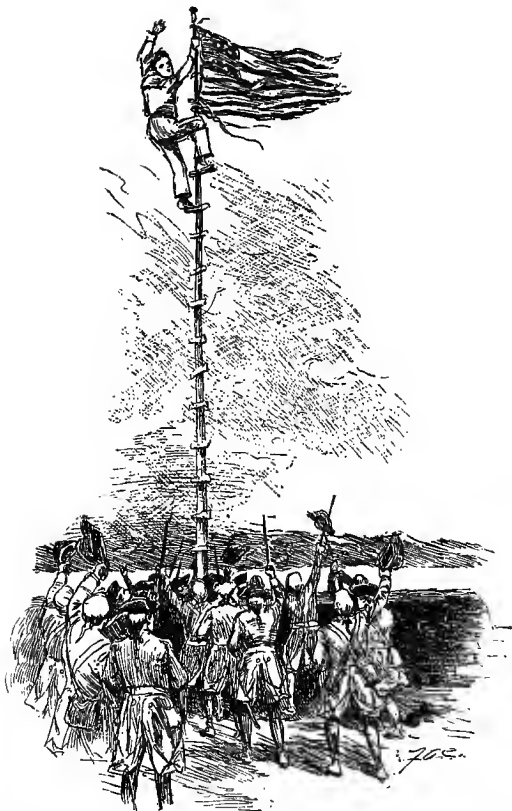
Before the British left Fort George on the Bat-

tery, they nailed their colors to the top of the flag-staff, knocked off the cleats, and "slushed" the pole from top to bottom to prevent its being climbed. When Knox took possession of the fort, a sailor boy of sixteen, named John Van Arsdale, climbed the flag-staff by nailing on cleats, tore down the British flag, and, in the presence of the shouting multitude and cheering soldiers, unfurled from the top of the staff the American stars and stripes, so the British sailed away with American colors flying.*

The Americans were in possession of their country, but as yet they had no stable form of government. The articles of confederation were a partnership of States, not a government. Some wanted a monarchy with Washington on the throne; but this he declined. The army was disbanded, and Washington resigned his commission to congress, took a tender farewell of his officers and soldiers and retired to his much-neglected estates at Mount Vernon on the Potomac.

The Americans were free, but not independent.

* Ninety-nine years later, November 25th, 1882, the author saw David Van Arsdale, the youngest son of John Van Arsdale, then an aged man, run up the American flag at the ninety-ninth celebration of Evacuation Day in New York. He was to repeat this at the Centennial Evacuation Day, 1883, but died a few weeks before that event.



THE BRITISH SAILED AWAY WITH AMERICAN COLORS FLYING.

As yet, they were only a few petty governments, although their seal claimed them to be an "E Pluribus Unum." The States were jealous of their

rights and opposed a centralized power. The Federalists, led by Washington, saw in the doctrine of State sovereignty, so ardently advanced by some, future disasters—disasters which did overtake us in 1861. The weakness of the Confederation League was apparent to many of the wisest statesmen of that time. A convention of which George Washington was president was called at Philadelphia to draft a constitution. The discussions on the constitution at the framing of it, involved many of the serious political questions of the day. Questions of commerce, of the rights of States, the questions of slavery, industries, and tariff were all involved, and there were many able speeches made and articles written, from which statesmen to this day draw their inspiration. Although the convention met in May, 1787, it was not until September, that the constitution began to assume shape. At last, after much acrimonious debate, the document was reported by the convention and, after some changes, was submitted to the people to be adopted by States. The delegates of that convention were men of tried patriotism, and the event has proved their wise and discriminating foresight. The system of government they planned is their most eloquent eulogy. The severe tests to which the expansion of the nation and the conflicts of sections and interests have sub-

jected it have served only the more fully to reveal how perfectly they comprehended the principles of a republican government, and their singular skill in arrangement. They combined the utmost vigor with the greatest security of rights. They themselves were not aware how profound was the wisdom, how complete the adaptation of its provisions. They signed it with many misgivings, on September 17th, 1787, after four months' diligent labor. It was then presented to the people for ratification. They were cautious and prudent in those days, and could not appreciate, as we do now, the great value of the work which had been accomplished. Time was required to bring out its excellences and show how few and comparatively unimportant were its defects. It was examined with careful attention and finally adopted as follows:

By convention of Delaware—December 7th, 1787.

By convention of Pennsylvania—December 12th, 1787.

By convention of New Jersey—December 18th, 1787.

By convention of Georgia—January 2d, 1788.

By convention of Connecticut—January 9th, 1788.

By convention of Massachusetts—February 6th, 1788.

By convention of Maryland—April 28th, 1788.

By convention of South Carolina—May 3d, 1788.

By convention of New Hampshire—June 21st, 1788.

By convention of Virginia—June 26th, 1788.

By convention of New York—July 26th, 1788.

By convention of North Carolina—November 21st, 1789.

By convention of Rhode Island—May 29th, 1790.

Washington, having refused a throne, was unanimously elected first president of the United States. Although the new government went into effect on the 4th of March, he was not, owing to the delays of congress, inaugurated until September 30, 1789. His administration of two terms was marked with more wisdom than any that has succeeded it. Early in the history of the nation, by treaties with the Indians, large cessions of land were obtained, which were sold to emigrants wishing homes, causing a large outpouring of people into the country west of the Alleghanies.

The finances of the country were very low. The total population of the country, when it first entered on its career as an independent nation, was, exclusive of the Indians, 3,929,827. Of this number, 757,365 persons were of African descent,

697,879 being born slaves. The number of Indians was at that time unknown. The first tariff measures were the levying of duties on certain articles imported into the United States until 1796, also the imposing of higher duties on foreign than on "American bottoms" (American vessels). Washington was his own successor. His eight years of administration were stormy. A new national planet was cooling down, and the boiling and hissing of discontents was continuous.

The Indians on the frontier became annoying to the settlers and General Wayne was sent with a force to subdue them. They were utterly defeated and humbled. All the departments of the government were fully established and in running order before Washington retired.

He was tendered a third term, but declined and retired to his country seat at Mount Vernon. Washington is the only president who has declined a third term, though the rule he established has never been and never will be broken, so long as true patriotism inspires the American people.

During Adams' administration, a war cloud suddenly swept over the horizon of the young republic. Preparations for war against France were made, and Washington was commissioned commander-in-chief of the American armies. The infant republic had neither army or navy, and be-

fore one could be properly organized everything was adjusted.

A nation was thus formed and started on a career of prosperity at the dawn of the 19th century, which has been the astonishment and dread of the old monarchies of Europe. The eighteenth century carried out with it the greatest of great men of the New World. On December 13th, 1799, Washington was exposed to a storm of sleet and took cold. At three o'clock in the morning of the 14th, he awoke and found himself a victim of a severe attack of membranous croup. At dawn, the family physician, Dr. Craik, was summoned. As he grew worse during the day, two other physicians were called in consultation; but it was evident that the beloved patriot could not last many hours. Toward evening he said to Dr. Craik:

“Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long.” Relatives were sent for, but did not arrive in time to hear his last words. At six o'clock in the evening he said to his secretary Mr. Lear, as the latter raised him up in bed: “I feel myself going; I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.” Four hours later he tried to speak to Mr. Lear several times but

failed. At last he murmured, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and don't let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." Unable to speak, Mr. Lear bowed his head. Washington whispered, "Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Lear.

"'Tis well," said the dying hero. These were the last words of our glorious Washington. A few more gasps for breath, and his soul, as spotless as a saint's, had quitted the frail tenement of clay and winged its flight to the portals of everlasting glory, while the weeping widow murmured:

"Is he gone? 'Tis well; all's now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

Sons of Columbia, have you ever made that pilgrimage which every freedom-loving American should make to Mount Vernon? If you have not, though you be a citizen of Maine or California, if you can afford to do so, make that pilgrimage, and see the dear old home of our beloved patriot on the Potomac. Stand in the dear old room where he died, look out on the noble river, gaze upon the bed where he breathed his last, and then say with him, "'Tis well." You will leave that sacred spot of liberty with your patriotism renewed, and a clearer and deeper conviction of the duties of an

American citizen. The contentions of small brawling politicians and party fealty will pass away and, like Patrick Henry of old, you will be proud to exclaim: "I am an American."

John Adams was elected as a Federalist. The Federal and Republican parties were the first parties of the new republic. The Federal party believed in a strong, centralized power. The Republicans, honestly fearing a tendency toward monarchy, wished to limit the powers of the federal government, especially that they might not infringe on the rights of the States which made up the nation. Thomas Jefferson was the great leader of the Republicans (now Democratic party), as was Hamilton the leader of the Federalists.

In 1790, a permanent location of the seat of national government was decided upon at the head of sloop navigation on the Potomac River, within a territory ten miles square lying on each side of the river, ceded by Maryland and Virginia and named, in honor of the discoverer of America, "The District of Columbia." In 1791, the capital of the United States, the city of Washington, was laid out by a French engineer, and work was commenced a few years later on the capitol building; but the eighteenth century was not destined to see the seat of government removed from Philadelphia. Not until the year 1800 was this done.

Having traced the history of the great republic down to the very dawn of the nineteenth century, before closing this volume, let us invite the reader once more to Rugby Tavern.

The old house withstood the ravages of the long, seven-years war remarkably well. There were three bullet-marks in the front gable, shots fired by enraged Britons on their retreat from Concord. The old house was a trifle grayer, and the rafters a bit blacker with age, otherwise, there was but little change since the night on which the Rugby Club was disturbed by the appearance of the coach with King George's agents.

A bleak December wind was whirling the snow about the quaint old gables. The pigeons were gone to their roosts in the barn. A roaring fire crackled and sparkled in the great fireplace, and Albert Stevens, Mr. Brown, Mr. Buker, Mr. Niles, Mr. Stevens, Colonel Noah Stevens, Simon Tapley, Jake and his brother and many more friends introduced in the beginning of this story were assembled in the tap-room.

Everybody seemed happy. Jake was happy, because August's wife and children would come by the next ship to make their home in America. Jean Stevens was happy, for he was assured that his foster daughter was well and would soon be with them, after years of mysterious absence. Al-

bert was happy, because he would soon see Estella again, and Simon was happy, because Miss Mary Stevens of Lexington had promised to become his wife. Mr. Brown was happy to be at Rugby once more, and all were happy that the war was over and independence gained.

"Now, my friends," said Mr. Brown, sipping his punch, "it occurs to me that, after all, the war never would have been put down but for the Rugby Club." Here Mr. Brown took another sip and looked very important. "Whether future generations will admit it or not, I cannot say; but Rugby bore the brunt in this war. Who first discussed these vital questions? Was it the continental congress? Was it in the legislature?" Here he stopped long enough to take another sip of punch. "Who did it, I say?"

"You drank more punch over it than anybody else," said Simon.

"Sit down, Simon, you talk too much!" cried Mr. Brown, his brow growing dark. "If it hadn't been for me denouncing the Stamp Act and Boston Port Bill as I did, where would we be? Yes, sir, I'd like to know where we would be?" and Mr. Brown brought his fist down with an emphatic whack on his knees, as he exclaimed, "The country would have gone to the dogs!"

"You need have no fear of it going to the dogs

now, Mr. Brown," put in Albert. "General Washington will soon be at the head of affairs as our first president, and then we will all be safe."

"I don't know," and Mr. Brown shook his head ruefully. "I never took much stock in that fellow Washington. John Adams is the man to save the country, just as Gates did at Bemis Heights."

"Yes, Gates saved himself at Camden, for I was there," put in Simon.

"Simon, I tell you, you talk too much."

At this moment, the tall boy who acted as a general porter at the tavern came in, accompanied by a gust of wind which threatened to put out every light in the room, and having gained his breath, he cried:

"The kerridge hez come!"

All was confusion. In a moment everybody was on his feet, and everybody ran out. Mr. Brown forgot to drain his bowl and went bare-headed into the storm. He did not really understand what impulse forced him out, where everybody was talking. Mrs. Adrienne Stevens was among them. The door of the carriage was opened and a young woman about eighteen leaped to the ground. Then there was confusion. Shrieks of joy, embraces, sobs and tears of happiness, such as only mark the reuniting of long separated loved ones.

High above all the tumult and storm, the voice of Simon was heard crying:

“By zounds, Albert’s got his sweetheart!”

“Simon, you talk too much!” declared Mr. Brown, and the happy group, laughing, crying and talking went into the house. Estella was almost smothered with caresses and bewildered with questions. Where had she been all these years? How had she escaped the massacre at the Wyoming Valley? Of course all the questions were answered, and a strange, wild story of adventures she had to tell.

Major Whimple or Sir Arthur Whimple, was as the reader has probably surmised, Estella’s father. In Nova Scotia he met her mother, a beautiful French girl. Sir Arthur confessed that he was a wild, reckless young man, and that he set about deceiving the fair Acadian maid into a pretended marriage; but, as is sometimes the case in pretended marriages, this turned out to be a real one. Sir Arthur’s friend, who was to furnish a false priest, procured a genuine clergyman of the Church of England, and when Sir Arthur, who had excellent matrimonial prospects in England, learned that he had been tricked into a real marriage with the French maiden, his rage knew no bounds. He deserted her and went to England, where he was selected as one of the king’s

agents. In his confession to Albert and his father, he said:

"I never felt the pangs of remorse until after I hurled my poor wife from me on that night. I never knew she had a child, until I saw Stella on the day we marched to Concord. Since then I have suffered the torments of the damned." Then he told how he had rescued her from the Indians, how he had taken her with him to the South and had ever kept her near him during the war.

"The happiness of my daughter shall be my aim in all the future," the major declared. "I am no longer an Englishman. America is my adopted land."

They all forgave the man whose early life had been no worse than many other young English lords. One day the major called on Mr. Jonathan Stevens at his farm-house and asked:

"I have been told that you reared Simon Tapley."

"Yes, sir, I brought him from Salem when but a child."

"Do you know his parents?"

"Ann Tapley was his mother."

"And his father?"

"No one knew him. Some scamp of an English sailor, I believe, whose vessel was anchored in Salem."

"Did her father keep the Sea Lion near the old wharf?"

"Yes, he did. I never knew much about old Joe Tapley. He was a drunken fellow, and Ann was a bold maid. Simon is not one bit like her, save as brave as a lion."

"Not like her! Are not his features exact models of his mother?"

"Yes, yes; but his morals."

"Were Ann's morals bad?"

"Well, she was never married, though she claimed to be."

"Mr. Stevens, she believed she was," said the major in deep humiliation. "I must make another humiliating confession. It was I who deceived poor Ann Tapley. She was another of my victims."

"Great heaven! then Simon is——".

"My son."

"And Stella's half-brother."

"Yes."

An awkward silence followed. The major repeated that he had led a wild life. His parents were rich, and he, being an only child, was spoiled. He had early in life been a midshipman on board an English warship, and while at Salem formed the acquaintance of Ann Tapley, a poor, ignorant girl, not beautiful, but attractive by her quaint

expressions and wit. He deceived her into a false marriage and deserted her.

"Does Simon know this?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"No, sir."

"Do you wish him to know it?"

The major shook his head.

"Let him believe his father was an honest sailor lost at sea," he answered, "and not such a miserable wretch as I."

If Simon Tapley ever knew his true parentage, he never told any one. Next year he married Mary Stevens and moved to the Ohio Valley, which was rapidly filling up with emigrants.

In January, 1782, Albert Stevens and Estella Whimple were married in the old Rugby Tavern. Albert passed three or four years in Boston and then removed to the great West, which was attracting so much immigration. While still living at Boston, Jake and his Hessian brother, August, with his wife and children, came to see them, and Albert was quite sure he had never seen a happier family than these honest Germans.

Rugby Tavern has long since fallen into ruins. The old elm tree near it still remains, while the descendants of the people who met there are to-day scattered all over this great Republic.

THE END.

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CHRONOLOGY.

- 1764.** ST. LOUIS, MO., settled by the French.
WEST FLORIDA extended to the mouth of the Yazoo,
—June 6.
ENGLISH DEBT vastly increased by French and Indian War.
- 1765.** STAMP ACT passed by Parliament,—March 22.
- 1766.** STAMP ACT REPEALED,—March 19.
- 1767.** BILL IMPOSING A TAX on glass, paper, etc., passed,
—June 29.
- 1770.** THE BOSTON MASSACRE,—March 5.
ALL DUTIES except on tea repealed by Parliament,
—April 12.
- 1773.** "BOSTON TEA PARTY,"—Three cargoes of tea destroyed,—Dec. 16.
- 1774.** BOSTON PORT BILL enacted,—March 25.
GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS' REBELLION, led by Ethan Allen.
FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS met at Philadelphia,
—Sept. 5.
DECLARATION OF RIGHTS passed by Congress,—Oct. 14.
- 1775.** BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MASS.,—First blood of the Revolution,—April 19.
ALLEN AND ARNOLD CAPTURE TICONDEROGA, N. Y.,
—May 10.
CONTINENTAL CONGRESS met at Philadelphia,—
May 10.
AMERICANS CAPTURE CROWN POINT, N. Y.,—May 12.

- A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE at Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, N.C.,—May 20. (This is known in history as the “Mecklenburg Declaration.”)
- HOWE, CLINTON, AND BURGOYNE arrived at Boston, —May 25.
- WASHINGTON elected commander-in-chief,—June 15.
- BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL,—Death of Gen. Joseph Warren,—June 17.
- MONTREAL surrendered to Montgomery,—Nov. 12.
- BATTLE OF QUEBEC,—Death of Montgomery,—Dec. 31.
- 1776.** NORFOLK destroyed by Lord Dunmore,—Jan. 1.
- BOSTON EVACUATED by British troops,—March 18.
- RESOLUTION OF INDEPENDENCE offered by Richard Henry Lee,—June 7.
- CLINTON attacked Col. Moultrie at Sullivan’s Island, South Carolina,—June 28.
- DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE at Philadelphia,—July 4. (Thomas Jefferson supposed to be the author.)
- BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, N. Y., Putnam against Howe,—Aug. 27.
- NEW YORK CITY ABANDONED by the Americans,—Sept. 15.
- BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS,—Americans defeated,—Oct. 28.
- FORT WASHINGTON captured by General Howe,—Nov. 16.
- FORT LEE captured by Cornwallis,—Nov. 20.
- WASHINGTON’S RETREAT through New Jersey,—December.
- GENERAL LEE captured in New York by British scouts,—Dec. 13.
- BATTLE OF TRENTON, N. J.,—Washington captures 1,000 Hessians,—Dec. 26.

- 1777.** BATTLE OF PRINCETON, N. J.,—Cornwallis lost 1,000 men,—Jan. 3.
- TRYON'S FIRST EXPEDITION against Connecticut,—Danbury, Conn., burned,—April.
- BATTLE OF RIDGEFIELD, CONN.,—Arnold's bravery, Wooster's death,—April 27.
- MEIGS' EXPEDITION against the British at Sag Harbor, Long Island,—May 23.
- NATIONAL FLAG with thirteen stars and stripes adopted by Congress,—June 4.
- LAFAYETTE, DE KALB and party arrive at Georgetown, S. C.,—June 15.
- TICONDEROGA abandoned by the Americans,—July 6.
- BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON, VT.,—Americans defeated,—July 7.
- FORT SCHUYLER besieged by St. Leger,—August.
- BATTLE OF ORISKANY, N. Y.,—Death of Gen. Herkimer,—Aug. 6.
- BATTLE OF BENNINGTON, VT.,—Americans successful,—Aug. 16.
- BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE or Chad's Ford, Pa.,—Washington and Howe,—Sept. 11.
- FIRST BATTLE OF STILLWATER or Bemis' Heights,—Sept. 19.
- BATTLE OF PAOLI, PA.,—Midnight defeat of Wayne,—Sept. 21.
- PHILADELPHIA entered by British under Howe,—Sept. 26.
- BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN, PA.,—Washington lost 1,000 men,—Oct. 4.
- FORTS CLINTON AND MONTGOMERY, posts in New York Highlands, captured,—Oct. 6.
- SECOND BATTLE OF STILLWATER, OR SARATOGA,—American victory,—Oct. 7.
- SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE to Gates, near Saratoga, N. Y.,—Oct. 17.

- HESSIANS REPULSED AT FT. MERCER, N. J.,—Oct. 22.
- ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION adopted by Congress, —Nov. 15.
- FORT MIFFLIN abandoned by Americans, —Nov. 16.
- VALLEY FORGE, PA.,—American army encamped at, —Dec. 19.
- 1778.** INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES acknowledged by France, —Jan. 16.
- TREATY OF ALLIANCE with France signed at Paris, —Feb. 6.
- OHIO SETTLED AT MARIETTA by a colony under Rufus Putnam, —April 7.
- BRITISH PEACE COMMISSION arrived at Philadelphia, —May 31.
- PHILADELPHIA EVACUATED by Clinton, successor of Howe, —June 18.
- BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, N. J.,—Clinton retreated to New York, —June 28.
- WYOMING MASSACRE, PA., by Tories and Indians, —July 3.
- ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION adopted by Congress, —July 9.
- BATTLE OF RHODE ISLAND near Quaker Hill, —Aug. 29.
- CHERRY VALLEY MASSACRE, N. Y., by Butler and Brandt, —Nov. 11.
- BATTLE OF SAVANNAH, —City captured by the British, —Dec. 29.
- 1779.** SUNBURY CAPTURED by the British, —last American post in Georgia, —Jan. 6.
- BATTLE OF KETTLE CREEK, GA., —Defeat and death of Col. Boyd (British), —Feb. 14.
- BATTLE OF BRIER CREEK, GA., —Prevost defeated Ashe, —March 3.
- STONY POINT AND VERPLANCK'S POINT, N. Y., captured by the British, —June 1.

- SPAIN DECLARED WAR AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN,—
June 16.
- STONE FERRY, S. C., Americans repulsed,—June 20.
- TRYON'S EXPEDITION against Connecticut,—New
Haven plundered,—July.
- STONY POINT, N. Y., captured by Wayne,—July
16.
- BATTLE OF PENOBSCOT, Me.,—Americans defeated
by British fleet,—July 25.
- BRITISH SURPRISED at Paulus Hook (now Jersey
City) by Lee,—Aug. 19.
- SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION against the Indians in New
York,—August.
- BATTLE OF CHEMUNG CREEK, near Elmira, N. Y.,
—Aug. 29.
- SAVANNAH BESIEGED by French and Indians,—
September and October.
- JOHN PAUL JONES captured two frigates off the
northeastern coast of England,—Sept. 23.
- D'ESTAING AND LINCOLN repulsed at Savannah, Ga.,
—Oct. 9.
- 1780.** CLINTON AND ARBUTHNOT besieged Charleston, S. C.,
—March 19.
- BATTLE OF MONK'S CORNER, S. C.,—Tarleton de-
feated Americans,—April 14.
- SURRENDER OF CHARLESTON, S. C., to British by
Lincoln,—May 12.
- TARLETON massacred 400 Americans at the Wax-
haws, S. C.,—May 29.
- BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD, N. J.,—Knyphausen and
Greene,—June 23.
- ADMIRAL DE TERNAY AND ROCHAMBEAU arrived at
Newport, R. I., with 6,000 men,—July 10.
- BATTLE OF ROCKY MOUNT, S. C.,—American re-
pulse,—July 30.
- BATTLE OF HANGING ROCK, S. C.,—Sumter de-
feated by British,—Aug. 6.

- BATTLE OF CAMDEN, ON SANDERS CREEK,—Gates lost 1,000 men,—Aug. 16.
- BATTLE OF FISHING CREEK, S. C.,—Sumter defeated by Tarleton,—Aug. 18.
- ARNOLD attempted to betray West Point to Clinton,—Sept. 22.
- ANDRÉ hung as a spy at Tappan, N. Y.,—Oct. 2.
- BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, N. C.,—British defeated, Ferguson killed,—Oct. 7.
- BATTLE OF FISHDAM FORD, S. C.,—Sumter defeated British,—Nov. 12.
- BATTLE OF BLACKSTOCKS, S. C.,—Sumter defeated Tarleton,—Nov. 20.
- 1781.** REVOLT OF AMERICAN TROOPS AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.,—Jan. 1.
- BATTLE OF COWPENS,—Tarleton defeated by Morgan,—Jan. 17.
- ARNOLD'S DEPREDATIONS AT RICHMOND and other points in Virginia,—January.
- RETREAT OF MORGAN and Greene through North Carolina and Virginia pursued by Cornwallis,—Feb. 3-14.
- RATIFICATION OF THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION by the States announced,—March 1.
- NEW YORK CESSION to the General Government of territory between Lake Erie and the Cumberland Mountains,—March 1.
- BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE, N. C.,—March 15.
- BATTLE OF HOBKIRK HILL,—Greene defeated by Rawdon,—April 25.
- BATTLE OF FORT NINETY-SIX,—Greene repulsed,—June 18.
- COL. ISAAC HAYNE hung by the British at Charleston, S. C.,—Aug. 4.
- ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO CONNECTICUT, to divert attention of Washington.

- BATTLE OF FORT GRISWOLD,—New London, Conn.,
burned by Arnold,—Sept. 6.
- BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS, S. C.,—Greene closed
the campaign in the Carolinas.
- SIEGE OF YORKTOWN by Washington and Count de
Grasse,—October.
- SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS at Yorktown, Va., with
7,000 men,—Oct. 19.
- 1782.** PRELIMINARY ARTICLES OF PEACE signed at Paris,
—Nov. 30.
- 1783.** FLORIDA re-ceded to Spain by Great Britain,—Jan.
20.
- CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES proclaimed by the
American army,—April 11.
- DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE signed at Paris,—
Sept. 3.
- WASHINGTON RESIGNED his commission at An-
napolis, Md.,—Dec. 23.
- FITCH UNSUCCESSFULLY APPLIED STEAM to naviga-
tion on the Hudson (he predicted its use in the
future).
- 1784.** VIRGINIA CESSION of territory to the General Gov-
ernment,—March 1.
- VIRGINIA RESERVE between Little Miami and
Scioto Rivers.
- 1786.** SHAY'S REBELLION in Massachusetts,—War debt
troubles.
- 1787.** TERRITORY NORTHWEST OF THE OHIO River formed
by Congress,—July 23.
- CONSTITUTION AGREED upon by convention at
Philadelphia,—Sept. 17.
- 1788.** CONSTITUTION RATIFIED by requisite number of
States.
- 1789.** FIRST CONGRESS UNDER CONSTITUTION met at New
York,—March 4.
- WASHINGTON INAUGURATED PRESIDENT,—April 30.
- 1790.** NORTH CAROLINA cession of territory,—Feb. 25.

- TERRITORY SOUTH OF OHIO formed,—May 26.
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA located and bounded,—July 16.
- HARMER DEFEATED by Little Turtle at Maumee Ford, now Fort Wayne, Ind.,—Oct. 22.
- FIRST TEN AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION proclaimed in force,—Dec. 15.
- 1791.** VERMONT admitted in the Union,—March 4.
 UNITED STATES BANK established in Philadelphia,—Feb. 25.
 ST. CLAIR DEFEATED by the Indians in Ohio,—Nov. 4.
- 1792.** KENTUCKY admitted to the Union,—June 1.
- 1793.** WASHINGTON began second term as President,—March 4.
- 1794.** WAYNE'S CAMPAIGN against Indians in Ohio.
 WHISKEY INSURRECTION in Pennsylvania.
 JAY'S TREATY WITH GREAT BRITAIN, London,—Nov. 19.
- 1795.** WAYNE'S TREATY WITH INDIANS in Ohio,—Aug. 3.
 TREATY OF PEACE WITH ALGIERS,—Nov. 28.
- 1796.** TENNESSEE admitted to the Union,—June 1.
- 1797.** JOHN ADAMS inaugurated President,—March 4.
- 1798.** ELEVENTH AMENDMENT to Constitution declared in force,—Jan. 8.
 MISSISSIPPI TERRITORY formed,—April 7.
 WASHINGTON ACCEPTED AN APPOINTMENT as General-in-chief,—July 13.
- 1799.** WASHINGTON DIED at Mount Vernon, Va., aged 67 years,—Dec. 14.

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