



AMERICAN IDEALS

BOOK FIVE

FRANCES
NIMMO
GREENE

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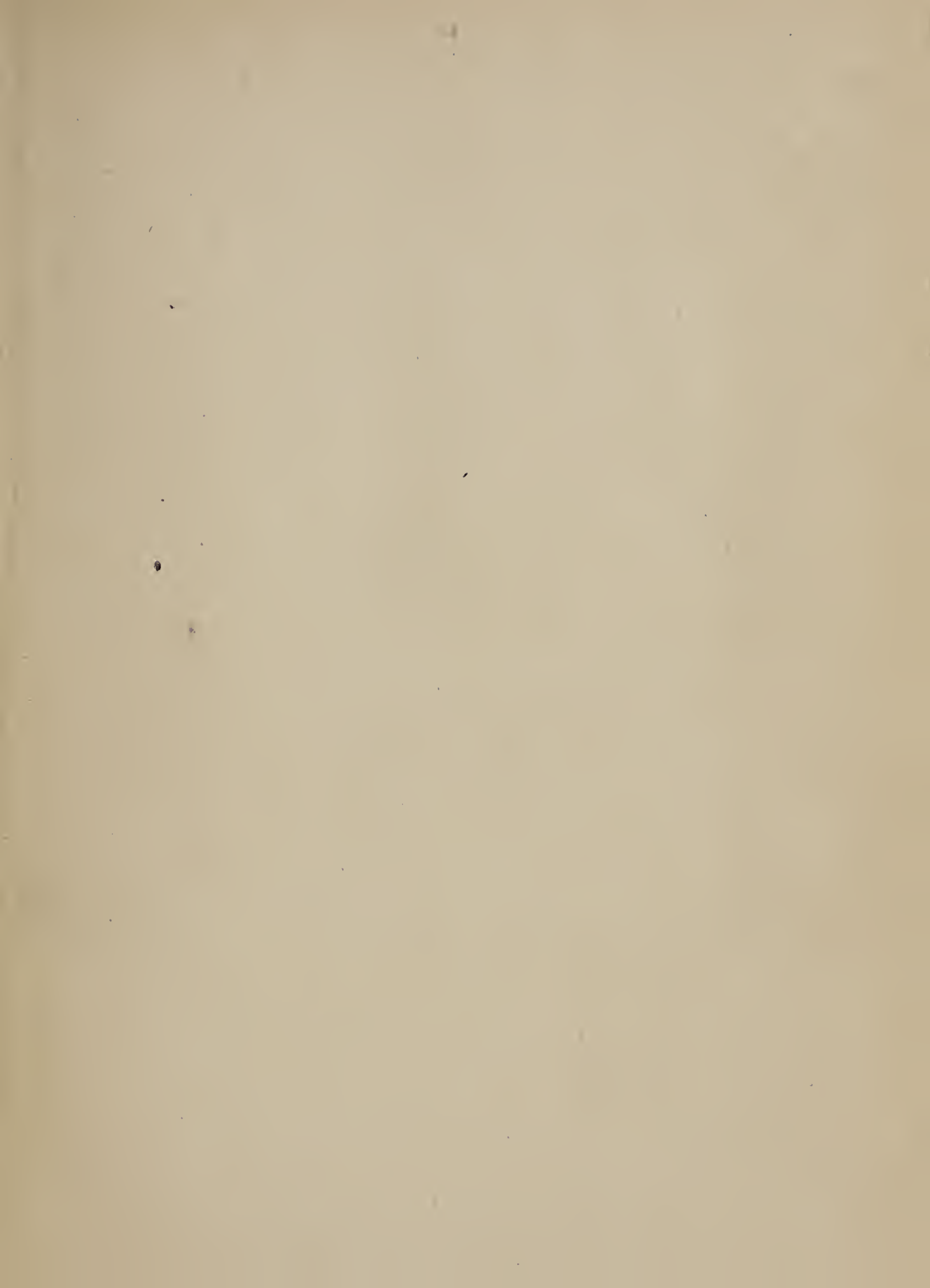
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I PLAYED LIKE THE OLD DRUM WAS FRENCHY AND LIT INTO IT
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AMERICAN IDEALS

A SERIES OF READERS FOR SCHOOLS

BY

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

AUTHOR OF "AMERICA FIRST," "MY COUNTRY'S VOICE," ETC.

ASSISTED BY

MAY HARRIS



BOOK FIVE



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AMERICA

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

She gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy dwells by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood.

.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.

Resolved, Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

Resolved, To live with all my might, while I do live.

Resolved, Never to do any thing out of Revenge.

—From “*The Resolutions of Jonathan Edwards.*”

AMERICAN IDEALS

A Hard Word Explained

What is an *ideal*?

An ideal is something believed in as right, true, beautiful—or otherwise perfect.

Now what are some of the ideals of the children of your grade?

Suppose one of your class should cheat at marbles—what would you others think of him? You would look at him reproachfully. You would say to each other that he did not “play fair.” You would have the feeling in your hearts that he should not have pushed his taw secretly to a better place. And you would not like him as well as before. Now that feeling for *fair play* which you have in your hearts is an *ideal*.

Suppose, again, that a girl should peep in her book during a test. She would not be honest, would she? You would say that she “cheated.” Then you yourselves would make up your minds *not* to cheat, and *honesty* would become one of your ideals.

And what if you were to hear a schoolmate tell the teacher an untruth? You children would be shocked, wouldn't you? That would show that *truth* is one of your ideals.

You know now what an ideal is—the appreciation of the beautiful, the perfect, *the right*, and the wish to have it.

Now it must not be thought that I am claiming the love of fair play or honesty or truthfulness for America only. These are ideals which belong to all advancing races.

There are, however, ideals of how best to live together, how best to govern, and how to treat other nations which are distinctly "American." These then are particularly what we mean when we speak of "American Ideals"—the subject of these readers.

The Two Great American Ideals

Our present ideals of living and of governing did not come, full-grown, with the men and women who settled this country.

The people who left the oppressive countries of Europe to make a home in what was then a land of wild beasts and cruel savages knew that they wanted something *better* than they had had. But they did not know exactly what that something *ought to be*—so they made many mistakes. Yet, in spite of mistakes, they continued to strive for the something better—then, something better still! And so, their *ideals* grew and grew, with the growth of the young nation.

Now don't be afraid that there will be anything new or strange or difficult to understand in this study. Already you are familiar with American ideals, or the most important of them, and already you believe in them.

For instance, you believe that you have the right to attend the church of your choice. But do you know that

many brave first Americans had to *die* to win for you that right?

Suppose that you children were forming a club and wished to make certain rules by which the members should be governed. Then suppose some one—big enough to dictate—were to announce that Billy Brown should have the right to vote on the rules, but that Johnny Smith should not. You wouldn't like that, would you? Certainly Johnny Smith would not.

Many brave first Americans died to give you and Billy Brown and Johnny Smith equal rights in making the rules of American government—the laws which all must obey.

The right to believe in, attend, and support your own church is what we call “religious freedom.”

The right of every man to help make the laws which he must obey, we call “civil liberty.”

Religious freedom and *civil liberty* are the two great American Ideals. And nowhere is there a story so thrilling, so full of heroism, as that of the brave men who thought out these great ideals for America, and *died* to make them come true.

Wouldn't you like to follow that story step by step?

Oppression and a Way Out

Once upon a time, in the old countries of Europe, the people were not free.

To begin with, they were taught that the king had the “divine right” to rule them—in other words, that God

himself had given the king the right to rule. True, as time went on, some of the people—the powerful, the great, and the rich—were allowed some voice in the making of the laws. But the king, with his excuse of *divine right*, would set aside or even break these laws pretty much as he chose.

In that unhappy time, also, the few who were great or rich owned all the land; and as the king and the laws gave the landowner almost the power of life and death over his tenants, the poor and humble were reduced to a state of slavery.

Added to all this, the people were not free to attend the church which they loved, unless they happened to love the “Established Church.” Now the “established” church was the one chosen for the country by the king and the few powerful people close about him. When a church was so chosen and established, every man had to help support it whether he wished to do so or not.

I need not tell you that all this was very, very bad, and that the people, especially the poor, suffered much.

Then came the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus, and a little later the glad tidings, spreading everywhere, that a man might go out into that western wilderness and win for himself that which the cruel Old World denied to him.

Think of it!—that news!

Riches for the poor!

Land! Land, without a master attached to it! Land which a poor man might win for himself, till for himself, and leave to his children after him!

Not the divine right of *one man* to rule, but the divine right of every man *to help rule!*

And with freedom to worship God!

And so they came to America—those seekers after something better, the oppressed of many lands—to establish here a country which should be the answer to the heartache of the world.

THE MAIN THING

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN *

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed;
What for class or what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man;
Heirs of love and joy and woe,
Who is high, and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky and sea
Are for all humanity.
What care I for robe or stole?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown or what for crest
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope;
It is the brain and eye to see
One God and one humanity.

* From "Poems" by Robert Loveman. Copyright, 1897, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE PEOPLE WHO CAME TO AMERICA

The United States was settled mainly by the English, and the history of our thirteen original colonies is properly but a chapter out of English history. The colonists were merely Englishmen, who, having been at home denied rights which other Englishmen enjoyed, came over to find the larger freedom, the ideal of which they brought with them.

Naturally, the English language became the language of the new country. Naturally, also, the traditions of our people, their customs of living, their religious doctrines, were those brought with them from the "Mother Country," England.

It is true that in the beginning French, Swedes, Dutch, and Germans also made settlements in the New World, but these settlements quickly lost their national identity in the great English-speaking, English-thinking America.

It is likewise true that throughout the decades since that time, the oppressed, the freedom-hungry, of all lands have flocked to our shores, but these too have become, or are rapidly becoming, "American."

The Selective Process

You will hear men say that America was peopled by a "selective process," and at once the question will suggest itself to you: Selected for what qualities?

Why, if you were back in the sixteen hundreds, and it were given you to choose the inhabitants for a big new wilderness, what sort would *you* select?

Answer this question to each other before you read further.

And now for your answers:

First, you would choose men who could picture to themselves what wonderful things they *could* do in a brand-new country. "Men of vision," "dreamers," we call this type. Indeed, you would be obliged to have men of vision, because no other sort would listen to your "wild scheme."

But the inhabitants for your brand-new country must be not "dreamers" merely, but doers—those that achieve.

Now the first quality necessary to achievement is the *love of adventure*. This is the spirit that impels men to move on into untried fields. Christopher Columbus was adventurous, as so are Luther Burbank and Thomas Edison. The word "adventurous" has been misused by a good many people—don't let that prejudice you. The adventurous spirit is a big spirit, a brave spirit, an *original* spirit! It is above all the spirit of *the pioneer*.

Then you would want your men to be *ambitious*. It would be useless for you to explain your plan to men who were willing to "let well enough alone." The men you ought to choose would be men who *would not* let well enough alone, unless that well enough were "best."

And for your new country you would select brave men, strong, industrious men, would you not? Because only

brave men would undertake such an adventure, and only strong, industrious men would survive it.

You would select men of deep religious feeling, too—I know you would. Now how would you find such?

Remember we are “playing like” we are back in the early sixteen hundreds, and have the power to survey the field and make our choice. First, in Holland we find a little band of Puritan exiles who have been driven from their English homes because they wished to direct their steps daily by the Bible as they read it. They are brave, simple, true-hearted. Let’s take them. We need just such as they.

Now, let’s go back to England, the country from which these Puritans have fled, and see if there we cannot find others who are being persecuted because of their religious belief, and who would like to build new Temples of Faith in the western wilderness. Yes, here in English prisons are numbers of Friends—“Quakers” we call them. Have they committed sin, that they lie here? No, they, like the Puritans who fled to Holland, only wished to worship God in a very simple, humble way.

And see! Tied to that whipping-post yonder is a follower of the Roman Catholic faith. He is enduring those cruel lashings rather than renounce the church that he believes in with all his soul.

Now cross the English Channel—to France, you know. Here are *non-Catholics*, Huguenots, being persecuted for *their* faith.

Why not take all these persecuted ones—Puritans, Quakers, Catholics, Huguenots? Surely, if they can suffer for their beliefs, they must be men of deep feeling—must be heroically true!

So then, in choosing inhabitants for your new country, you would want “dreamers”—people of “vision,” and adventurous people, ambitious people, brave, strong, industrious, God-fearing people.

You would choose this kind. And such, indeed, were chosen. The *Dreamer* caught the vision, the *Spirit of Adventure* opened the way. *Ambition* poured in her hordes, of whom only the brave, the strong, and the industrious survived. *Religion* sent her martyrs of conflicting faiths to learn—then teach—that there is no conflict between men who truly worship.

And so were they “selected”—the fittest of the Old World—to build a New. What a beginning for a newer, better, happier world! What a *beginning*!

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAILORS

BY WALLACE RICE

“The first American sailors,” spoken of in the following poem by Wallace Rice were but Englishmen, engaged in the twofold task of extending British territory and crippling the hated “Don,” the Spaniard. To their adventurous spirits is due the “leagues and leagues, and reach on reach” of our English-speaking America of to-day.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first mentioned, made valuable explorations along the coast of Newfoundland. One night, in a storm, his flag-ship went down. His last words were a message of courage called across the stormy waters to the men of his other vessel: "Cheer up! We are as near heaven by sea as by land!"

Sir Francis Drake, the greatest seaman of his age, with a fleet of five little vessels carried his fight against the Don right into the Spanish Main, making himself a terror in the West Indies and along the South American coast. Spain had forbidden the ships of all other nations to enter the Pacific Ocean, but nothing daunted by the Don, the bold Sir Francis rounded South America and sailed northward through the forbidden waters, as far as the coast of what is now Oregon. This he claimed for England.

It was chiefly Sir Walter Raleigh's influence which led the English to plant colonies in America, and he himself fitted out the first two expeditions that were sent. As Rear-Admiral in the British navy, he was the inspiration of several bold adventures to the New World, and himself took part in an expedition to South America.

Sir Richard Grenville brought the first English colonists to America, and explored the Virginia coast. He had many an encounter with the Don, in the last of which—with his little ship *The Revenge*—he gave battle to a Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels. He did not "beat his fifty-three," but died, a hero, in seriously crippling their power.

Sir John Hawkins also carried England's quarrel against

the Spaniard right into Spanish waters—aye, and into the very coast towns of Spanish America.

Five fearless knights of the first renown
 In Elizabeth's array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—
 American sailors they;
 Who went to the West,
 For they all knew best
 Where the silver was gray
 As a moonlight night
 And the gold as bright
 As a midsummer day—
 A-sailing away
 Through the salt sea-spray,
 The first American sailors.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he was *one*
And Devon was heaven to him;
He loved the sea as he loved the sun
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,
He roughed and routed their braggart band,
And God was with him on sea as on land.
Newfoundland knew him and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech.

For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From near the Equator away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Francis Drake, and he was *two*
And Devon was heaven to him;
He loved in his heart the waters blue
And he hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,
The Armada met him and fled—afear'd,
Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;
Oregon knew him and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From California away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Walter Raleigh, he was *three*
And Devon was heaven to him;
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea—
He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
He hated him up to the brim!
He settled full many a Spanish score;
Full many's the banner his bullets tore

On English, American, Spanish shore;
Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From Guiana northward to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Richard Grenville, he was *four*
And Devon was heaven to him;
He loved the waves and their windy roar
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with his *Revenge* beat his fifty-three;
Virginia knew him and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

And Sir John Hawkins he was *five*
And Devon was heaven to him;
He worshipped the water while he was alive

And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He chased him over the Spanish Main,
And scoffed and defied the navies of Spain—
Her cities he ravished again and again;
The Gulf it knew him and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Rio Grande away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;
And still in the West,
Is their valor blest,
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wracks hue
And the spoundrift's white,
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea-spray
Upon American sailors.

THE AXE

BY ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
What doth thy bold voice promise me?

I promise thee all joyous things
That furnish forth the lives of kings!

For every silver ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow!

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
Tell wider prophecies to me.

When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift his head.

His crown the very Heavens shall smite,
Aeons shall build him in his might!

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree;
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy!

VIRGINIA AND THE IDEAL OF CIVIL LIBERTY

On the morning of the thirteenth day of May, 1607, the American continent when the sun rose belonged absolutely to Spain. When the sun set, could the eyes of men have read the future, they would have seen that it belonged to England.

—THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

This little sketch is more a study of the reasons behind the planting of the Southern colonies than it is a history of the first settlement of Englishmen in America.

The Virginians were the favored colonists of America—the younger sons of England's hope. They came to the New World chartered by the crown, and followed by the eager interest of the ruling classes of the Mother Country.

At the beginning of our story Spain was the greatest ruling power in the world, and the Roman Catholic Church—the church of Spain—was the ruling church.

Next to Spain in power, and very jealous of her, was England. And the Protestant "Church of England" was bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholic Church. It seems strange, doesn't it?—to us who can now build Catholic and Protestant churches side by side and love and respect the work of both—I say it seems strange to us to read of those fierce old church quarrels. But then, this all happened before America had developed for the world the ideal of religious freedom.

Now Catholic Spain had already planted strong colonies in America when Sir Philip Sidney, the great Prot-

estant knight, and Sir Walter Raleigh, the chivalrous, became very much concerned for fear that Catholic Spain would spread her church influence and her power over all the newly discovered continent of America.

These two Protestant knights, then, loving the established "Church of England" quite as passionately as the Spanish loved the "Church of Rome," went to their Queen, Elizabeth, and begged that she plant Protestant English colonies in America which might grow and wax strong against the Catholic power of Spain. And Queen Elizabeth consented.

The desire to spread the Protestant religion, then, was one of the causes behind the planting of the colonies of Virginia.

Another such cause was England's ambition for wealth—of which America was supposed to hold untold stores.

Still another was the Englishman's dream of power—of an all-overshadowing Empire in the West.

By the English law of primogeniture—which means first birth—the oldest son of a family inherited the title, if there was a title to inherit, and along with the title the family estate. Other older sons were given commissions in the army or the navy, political offices, or "livings" in the established church, while the younger sons were generally left to shift pretty much for themselves.

The new land promised to the younger son that prominence, power, and breadth of estate which the English law assured to his older brother.

But the new land held out her gift-laden hands not to the younger sons of ruling families only. To the poor, almost serf-like, tenant who had never dared to dream of owning an acre of English land she promised a foothold on God's green earth for himself and his children after him.

The first two Virginia colonies failed, history tells us, the first returning discouraged to England, and the second disappearing from off the face of the earth.

By the time the good Queen Elizabeth was succeeded by the tyrannous James the First, there arose another strong reason why Englishmen should settle in the New World. King James, consumed by the idea that he was "divinely appointed" to rule England, proceeded to do so with the hand of a despot. And Englishmen came shortly to see the generous rights which they had enjoyed under former rulers trampled in the dust.

Then rose the Patriot Party of England—a party designed to save, if possible, the cherished rights of British subjects. And this party at once flung all its power into the scheme to colonize America, and thus establish "a more free home for liberty-loving Englishmen."

And thus did the desire for the preservation of civil liberty become one of the causes for the settlement of the first permanent English colony in America—Jamestown, Virginia.

One of the things which the young student of history must remember is that the English settlers who came

over here had no idea of making *another* and a *different* country. What they really did in Virginia was to transplant into the virgin soil of America "a little bit of England." The Established Church of England was established in Virginia, and by people who loved and preferred it. English laws and English customs were transplanted also, and since the settlers who came were proud of being Englishmen, these too were perfectly acceptable to them. The old cry, "For Church and King!" was wont to rouse the Virginian even as it roused his brother Englishman across the seas.

But Virginia was to be "a more free home for liberty-loving Englishmen!" And *that's where the trouble started.*

The charter under which the colonists sailed provided that the laws for the colony were to be made by a resident council whose members were chosen in England by the company which had sent out the colony—the London Company. It also reserved to the King the right to change any laws made by this Council whenever it should please him to do so.

There must have been something in the atmosphere of the new land which was keenly stimulating to the spirits of men, for only two years later we find these Virginians and their friends clamoring for "more rights." In answer to this, the King gave them another charter (1609) in which he gave the control of the colony *to the company which had sent them out.* So far, so good, but the Virginians were still ruled from England.

Then the settlers took in a few more deep breaths of the stimulating air of America, and with the aid of the Patriot Party called for more rights still! This call was answered by still another charter—that of 1612.

This charter has been called the “Magna Charta of American rights,” not because its terms granted self-government to Americans, but because by its terms the King authorized the London Company to grant to the people of Virginia leave to exercise every political power belonging to the people of England, *whenever it should please that company to do so*. It did not please the London Company to grant self-government to Virginia until seven years afterwards.

The year 1619 was the real birthday of civil liberty in America, for in that year was established in Virginia the “House of Burgesses,” the first law-making body in America to which the representatives were elected by the people.

From that moment the fight for American liberty was on. And the right of these first Americans to make laws for themselves was never yielded up, not even to a jealously repentant king.

“In 1624 the Virginia Assembly (the House of Burgesses) passed a law providing that no taxes should be levied or applied in Virginia without the consent of the Virginia Assembly. And this was the ground on which, one hundred and fifty years later, the American Revolution was based.”

POCAHONTAS, THE SNOWFEATHER PRINCESS

BY MAY HARRIS

The little Indian village was stirring early that April morning three hundred years ago. News had come up the river to the Indian Chief, Powhatan, that a party of his braves were returning to the village with an Englishman whom they had taken prisoner.

Smoke curled from the wigwams where the squaws were cooking breakfast, and from one of them a little girl came dancing out, her black hair in two plaits woven with strings of tiny shells. Many rows of beads were around her neck, and she wore a beautiful coat of white feathers made from the breasts of sea-gulls. At her heels followed a tiny baby bear, so fat that it often tumbled over as it ran. The little girl was as brown as a berry. Her name was "Pocahontas," which means in the Indian language, "bright stream between two hills."

And she was always in a hurry—there were so many things a little girl wanted to do! She could swim, she could paddle— Why should not a girl do the things boys did? Her mother, who called her "Matoaka," meaning "Little Snowfeather," told her not to climb trees, not to run races, not to play ball! And these were all things that little Pocahontas wanted to do!

But she never wished to hunt, or to see things killed.

She had saved her little pet bear from some boys who were about to kill it, with a stamp of her foot, and the cry:

“It is mine! I am Pocahontas, Powhatan’s daughter, and you shall not kill it!”

On this bright morning, her quick, moccasined feet soon took her to the Council ground where already her father, the great Powhatan, was sitting grim and silent, with his warriors around him.

Pocahontas stopped when she saw the circle of braves, and watched them for a moment with her brown finger at her lips. The great men were busy, but she wished to ask her father for a canoe, like her brother’s, and she was in a hurry.

As she crept up behind her father, she saw that old Opachisco, her uncle, had streaks of war-paint on his face, and that his hand was on the tomahawk at his belt.

The little girl began to tremble, and taking up her baby bear, held it close in her arms. She was very still, for children were not allowed to come to such meetings. Glancing back uneasily, Pocahontas now saw her mother and the other women come out of the wigwams and stand silent with their faces toward the path from the forest. The eyes of the little Snowfeather Princess followed theirs.

From along that forest path, in the early sunlight, came a small party of warriors, moving swiftly and softly, tomahawks in hand; and they were leading a captive—such a remarkable captive, with his face all *white!* The



THE CAPTURE OF JOHN SMITH BY THE INDIANS

man was taller than the Indians. He had bright yellow hair and beard, and though he was a prisoner and bound, he held his head high, and his eyes were steady and fearless. Pocahontas had never before seen anybody but people of her own dark race, so she thought this man's white face and fair hair very strange and wonderful.

As she stood now and watched them come, she heard old Opachisco grunt low to her father:

“Kill him—at once! He will bring trouble. He is a great leader.”

Powhatan nodded.

Pocahontas stood very still and listened while they asked the white man some questions. He said he was an Englishman; that he was a friend; and that his name was “John Smith.”

Powhatan listened with his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand. Once, he looked up, and his gaze met the prisoner's. The look between them was long and straight, but the Indian's eyes were the first to fall. The fact that his eyes had been compelled to fall first angered Powhatan, and he made a sign to two of his braves who came forward, stone-headed clubs in hand. Powhatan gave an order and the white stranger was placed between the men with the clubs.

Pocahontas knew these men, and hated them. Once before, she had seen them kill a man—an Indian of another tribe. And only a few weeks past, they had killed the mother of her little pet bear.

She saw the cruel-faced men waiting for her father's signal to strike. And just then, John Smith—looking about him as for the last time—let his brave glance rest in hers. His eyes were the color of the heavens, and were very, very kind.

Powhatan lifted his hand and gave the signal.



THE POWHATAN OAK

But Pocahontas was too quick for him. Dropping her pet, she was beside the white stranger like a flash of light, with her arms outstretched between him and the executioners.

“No — No — No!” she begged. “Don’t kill him! Don’t kill him!”

Powhatan turned to the mother of Pocahontas and told her to take the child away. But Pocahontas clung to John Smith and her hands were like steel.

Indian children are taught not to cry, and Pocahontas never screamed when she was afraid or angry, as some white

children do. But when she was frightened, her little body would grow rigid, and a look of terrible pain would come into her eyes, as if she were dying.

The old Medicine-Man of the tribe had told Powhatan she must be gently treated always, for she was not strong. Powhatan now remembered this, and signed to the slayers to wait. He called Pocahontas to come to him.

But she only shook her head and clung to the Englishman.

“You will kill him! You will kill him!” she said.

Powhatan rose and went toward the little group. He was fierce and cruel, but he loved his little daughter very dearly.

“Listen, Matoacha,” he said gently, “I will not kill him. The Englishman shall live.”

Pocahontas drew in her breath in a deep sob. Still holding John Smith fast with one hand, she held out the other to her father—a living link of friendship between the red man and the white.

The little bear came sniffing at John Smith’s feet, but Pocahontas looked up at the Englishman with a smile which showed all her white teeth.

“He won’t hurt you,” she said in her Indian language, which he seemed not to understand. “He’s just a baby bear!”

Pocahontas, as the little Princess Snowfeather was always called by the English, kept her father and his people friendly to the white men, and so saved the colony of

Virginia. In time Powhatan grew very fond of Captain Smith, who gave him the things he most desired—"a house, a grindstone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, with much copper and many beads." The great chimney of the house Smith built for the Indian chief stood for many years, having only recently fallen.

As for the dear little Indian girl, she grew up to be a good woman, and married an Englishman named Rolfe. Pocahontas went with Rolfe to live in England, where she spent the rest of her life. But always, we know, she loved her old playmates and friends, and ever remembered Virginia with its beautiful forests and rivers. Her grandchildren's grandchildren are living in this country now.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

BY FELICIA BROWNE HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam:
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

THE PURITANS AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

“They sought a faith's pure shrine!”

Religious liberty and civil liberty are the two great American ideals. It becomes the patriotic duty of every boy and girl of our country, therefore, to learn the true history of each of these first principles of Americanism.

The old struggle for religious freedom had its first victory in the planting of the New England colony of Plymouth.

Before the English had begun to settle in America, much dissatisfaction had spread within the “Established Church” of England itself. Quite a number of the members had begun to object to certain church methods—as indeed they had good cause to—declaring that these methods should be “purified.”

The King and the great majority of the people resented this, and religious strife was the result. The “Puritans,”

as these objectors came to be called, at length withdrew from the Church of England and began to hold meetings by themselves. As this was *against the law*, they soon became the object of bitter persecution.

In time these persecuted Puritans escaped to Holland, a country then offering liberty of conscience to all *Protestants*. In Holland they enjoyed freedom of conscience, indeed, but soon they found their young people adopting the language and the customs of the Dutch. So it was time for the weary Pilgrims to move on again, if they were to perpetuate their English customs and mother tongue in their children.

But which way to go?

Stories had already come back to them of the successful settlement in the New World of the Jamestown colony. In that western wilderness there should be room for many more. This then was a way out! True, it led into a land of wild beasts and wilder men, but to fail to take this way out meant that they must give up either their race customs and language, or their freedom to worship God.

And so a little group of Pilgrims—one hundred and two in number—shipped on the now famous *Mayflower* for the land which was to become in time the refuge of many another band of earth's oppressed.

But one must go to history for all of the touching story.

Now, these Pilgrims were not given a charter of rights and protections by the King as were the more favored settlers of Jamestown, Virginia. The best that their sovereign

would do for them was to hint that if they would only be gone out of his sight and give him no further trouble, he would gladly wash his hands of them.

And so, disowned by their King, banished from their country, and with no wealth in the world but their pitifully scant household goods and their rough tools for rough work, they came to America.

And it seemed that the very elements were against them, for a storm drove their little ship far north of the pleasant land near Jamestown—upon which they had intended to settle—to the “wild New England shore.” Here, amid the snows of early winter, they began a struggle for existence against the most terrible odds which the history of pioneering has ever recorded. No American child should fail to read and study the history of that struggle in detail—of how heroically those old Puritans worked, how fiercely they fought, and how bravely they suffered and died, or suffered and triumphed.

The Pilgrims were self-exiled because they wished to worship God according to their own conscience. They were deeply religious, and sincerely believed that their way of serving God was the very best way. For the right to so worship God they had given up kindred, home, country. They asked of the measureless wilderness only a small spot for their very own, but this spot they guarded jealously from the people of other creeds. So, as time went on, they refused a foothold in their Puritan colonies to people of any other faith.



PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM CHURCH

They were deeply religious and sincerely believed that their way of serving God was the best way

Thus it was not a *perfect* religious liberty—that which the old Puritans first established in America—but it was a long step in the right direction. And in the years since that time their children's children have builded a perfect freedom of conscience.

So much is said of the religious zeal of the Puritan Pil-

grims to America that we are apt to overlook some of their other contributions to American ideals. And yet it is a fact that they brought with them to the New World an ideal of justice, of equality, and of obedience to law.

While at anchor in Massachusetts Bay, and before their weary feet had yet touched the soil of their promised land, the Pilgrims on the little *Mayflower* drew up a compact of government which was well-nigh ideal.

In quaint phrases they set down the doctrine which they were afterwards to seal with their blood:

“In ye name of God. Amen. We doe by these presents solemnly & mutuallly in ye presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine our selves together into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes as shall be thought most meete & convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.”

Just and equal laws with due submission and obedience!
Such then, was the civil doctrine preached by the original Puritans; and upon *this* doctrine not their children nor their children's children have been able to improve.

Resolved, Always to do that, which I shall wish I had done when I see others do it.

Let there be something of benevolence, in all that I speak.

—From “*The Resolutions of Jonathan Edwards.*”

LITTLE PURITAN

BY ETHEL PARTON *

Call the roll of the long ago,
Boys and girls of our brisk to-day;
Faintly still to harkening ears
Floats an echo across the years
Of other children's play.

Think of the boys and girls who bore
The quaint old pious "names of grace":
Weighted down with those wondrous names,
Strange that they still could play at games
And laugh and leap and race!

Calm *Consider* and placid *Peace*
With smiling *Silence* shy and sweet,
Mercy and *Love* and *Charity*,
Obedience and *Humility*,
Meek, *Modest*, and *Discreet*,

Frank-eyed *Righteous* and blithe *Rejoice*,
Dimpled *Plenty* and pale *Decline*,
Welcome and *Thankful*, *Gift*, their mate,
Eager *Willing* and sober *Wait*,
Repine-not and *Resign*,

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Young folk, catch your breath and laugh
(As, honoring still, you may)
At the good, grave folk of the long ago
Who named their innocent babies so,
And be thankful for to-day!

THE CHILDREN OF THE PILGRIMS

When you read of the Pilgrims who came over from England in the good ship *Mayflower* and began to build the settlement of Plymouth, I know you wonder about their children. *Were* there children on the *Mayflower*? And did they like the new country to which they came? Were they afraid of the Indians and the other wild things of that vast pine-dark forest? Did they go to school? And did they have their playtimes and their games?

There were thirty-nine boys and girls on the *Mayflower*, many of whom were quite small. Indeed, there was a baby born during the voyage. This little Pilgrim was called "Oceanus," and if there *is* anything in a name, he must have been a stormy little soul, and kept things pretty much upset.

Important to relate also, there were three dogs on the *Mayflower*. One is not afraid of misstating history when one adds that these three dogs furnished much of the children's entertainment on the voyage.

The children on the *Mayflower* did not have nice, tempting hot things to eat, and they had no tables at which to

sit for meals. The little cooking that was attempted on shipboard was done over a fire built in the middle of a large box of sand. Here the women made soup in a huge kettle, and the children broiled their bacon on the points of long forks held to the fire. For the most part, they ate—from their hands—hard dry biscuits, salt beef, smoked herring, and cheese—things which had been prepared at home for the two months' voyage.

The small ship was badly overcrowded, so there was little space for playing. Also the Puritans believed that children should be seen and not heard. At night the children, with the others, slept on tiny little shelf-berths, from which they must have tumbled many a time.

One night a fearful wind came and lashed the sea into a fury. The lightning lit the storm-clouds, and the thunders rolled along the deep. The waves would lift the frail little ship mountain high one moment and the next would dash it headlong into a valley of raging waters.

But the Puritans, who had asked their God to deliver them from persecution, called upon Him now to still the tempest. And though at one time a great beam cracked and all seemed lost, they succeeded with much effort in repairing the break—and, after a time, quiet came upon the waters.

Yes, the children of the Puritans were very much afraid of the Indians when they first saw them—nearly as much afraid of them as they were of the bears and wildcats and wolves that sometimes came up to their very cabin-doors.

They made friends, however, with some of the Indians, who taught them many strange and interesting facts about their new forest home. It was through their savage friends that they first came to love the firefly—that weird little sparker, so like a fairy thing! And it was the Indians, too, who convinced them that what they took for a winged flower was only another American bird, that “hummed” with its wings. From the kind Red children the little Pilgrims learned to call up the wild turkey. And with them for guides, they found in the first rosy footprints of Spring the trailing arbutus—the flower that one must gather only upon one’s knees, because it was a gift of the Great Spirit.

You may well believe that the Pilgrim children played their part in the building of the New World. When their fathers felled the great trees of the forest, the young sons did their share in sawing the big logs into boards, and in building the boards into houses. Young lads were taught to hunt and to fish, and when the Indians grew hostile, stood, musket in hand, to defend their mothers and sisters.

The girls helped their mothers with the washing and cooking. The cooking was done in the huge fireplaces, and the girls soon became expert in making pone-bread and porridge from the strange new grain which the Indians were raising, and which we now call Indian corn. They also learned to roast meat by suspending it before the fire by a twisted cord upon which it slowly revolved.

Girls learned also to knit and to sew and, when they grew to be big girls, to spin thread and weave it into cloth,



THE COOKING WAS DONE IN THE HUGE FIREPLACES.



GIRLS LEARNED TO SPIN THREAD AND WEAVE IT INTO CLOTH

and to make soap and candles. It was a hard experience that, but its fruits were golden, for it wrought into the American character habits of thrift and industry and a respect for work.

Yes, the young Pilgrims went to school. And because their schools were taught by women, they were called "dame-schools." As the children would study or recite their lessons, the dame who taught them would go straight on with her cooking or sewing.

The first text that the children studied was the "Horn Book." This was simply a large piece of flattened horn upon which had been pasted a sheet of paper containing the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer. Later they had the famous "New England Primer."

They did not have much time for games, but those they did play were like some of those you play now—hopscotch, blind man's buff, and "Oats, wheat, beans, and barley grow." Of course the little girls had dolls—queer bits of wood with daubs of paint for mouth and eyes—but they loved them just as you love your beautiful dolls to-day.

The boys had their knives and kites. By and by, they learned of the friendly Indians how to hunt and fish, and where to find berries and nuts and partridge nests. Also the Red Men taught them to make from the skin of the deer, Indian shoes called "moccasins."

A great many of the children had names taken from the Bible and from "Pilgrim's Progress"—Sarah, Ruth, Judith, and Mercy, Faith, Charity, Hope, and Patience, for the girls; David, Jonathan, Samuel, Ichabod, and Ezekiel, for the boys.

On Sunday all the children went early to the "meeting-house," as their church was then called. The men carried their guns for fear of hostile Indians. They would trudge along the road thus armed, wearing big hats with high, pointed crowns, while the women and the children followed after. At the church door stood a man beating a drum, for they had no church bell to call them together.

The sermon was often *four hours long*, and the children had not only to keep awake, but to be as still as mice, for a man stood in the back of the church, watching them. This man held in his hand a pole with a knob on one end, and a squirrel tail on the other. If a child laughed or spoke aloud, he was tapped on the head with the knob; if he went to sleep, his face was brushed with the squirrel tail!

One of the important things taught these first boys and girls of America was respect for character. They were not impatient with their elders—these first American children. They obeyed good Elder Brewster as the Law and the Gospel. And they followed at the heels of Captain Miles Standish, agape at his clanking armor, and worshipful of the courage that they knew to be his. They saw brave Edward Winslow go out alone to meet sixty fierce savages, and every child in Plymouth was thenceforth braver for having seen.

They saw the grown people, under the leadership of John Carver and William Bradford, undertake heroic toil without a murmur, and face danger and sometimes Death with a smile. And they—those first children of America—stood up straight and smiled!

RENEWING WATERS

BY FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

It was a fearful night, that on which the young Huguenot girl Mimi Videau cowered by herself in a little cabin in the wild woods of colonial South Carolina. Outside, the wind and the primeval forest were battling for mastery. Orange Creek, grown bold and turbulent, was storming its way to a river already at flood, while the inky blackness flung out above announced "no quarter" in the battle of the elements.

What a night to be out in! And Mimi shuddered as she thought of the father who had been called out in that storm to the bed of a dying parishioner.

She was alone—utterly alone.

"*Non, ma chérie,*"* her father had said to her fears, at parting, "what enemy foot could find its way through the forest and the pathless dark?—The Indian is the friend of the French, remember."

Mimi did remember. No, she was not afraid of the wild men of the forest—but——

Here she looked fearfully around the low room. The pine-pole beds hid under them no sinister thing—she had seen to that before her father left her there alone. The old Saintongeaise chest brought overseas from beautiful France—*that* would shelter no enemy to the house of Videau. For

* No, my dear.

the rest, there was nothing in the room behind which—*Anything*—might hide. It remained to test again the bolts of the one window and to inspect the stout oak bar which, reaching from iron bracket to iron bracket, effectually held shut the heavy door. Nothing could enter there while that bar remained in its sockets.

Reassured, the young girl returned to the fire and flung on several pine-knots. In a few moments the flames were roaring up the wide stone chimney, lighting every crack and crevice of the big room. Inside it was safe, *safe*—no doubt of that.

Mimi returned to her task of making the cabin-room cosy and comfortable for the traveller through the night. Upon the hearth she had placed a pot of coffee, and this was now steaming temptingly—a good hot cup is always gratifying to the rain-soaked and weary. Next, she shoved a long low settle in front of the fire, and threw upon it a great buffalo-skin—a tribute from a young Indian hunter.

Yes, inside it was safe and cosy—but— What was *that*?—What enemy foot could find its way—? The girl stood still, the hand of Fear suddenly closing upon her throat.

The foot of the enemy had once crossed the threshold of Videau. Mimi remembered—she was always to remember.

It happened in the old country.

When the fourteenth Louis was on the throne of France, persecution of the Protestants — Huguenots — suddenly flamed up again; and so cruel, so dire was it, that thou-

sands and thousands fled before it to the land of America. To Boston, New York, Maryland, and Quaker Pennsylvania they came in numbers, but South Carolina received by far the greatest number. The motherless Mimi and her father, a pastor of the Huguenot Church, were of those who found refuge on the banks of the Cooper river in the Southern colony, making in time a little settlement which they called the "Parish of St. Denis" for the patron saint of their still beloved France.

But even in the generous New World, in which they had found the religious freedom sought, Mimi was never to forget, for the fire of persecution had scarred her young soul. Night after night she lived over again in her imagination that flight from sword and torch. And always was there—demoniac, triumphant amid the red ruin—the face of the enemy—the face of the treacherous neighbor, Jean Dutarque! Night after night Mimi remembered. Day after day she told herself that she would never forgive!

What was *that*?

Nay, nay, protested Reason, that was only the warring Wind and Forest.

But hark!—*Footsteps*?—strange footsteps in the pathless dark?—It could not *be*!—What demon something put that note of human anguish in the wind?

And now, now, something heavy leaned against the oak-barred door. It was true, it was *real*! Something was there—outside—at the door!

And then a knock—timid at first, at length insistent.

“Open!” cried a voice in Mimi’s native tongue, “open, I pray you, for I am sore bestead.”

With a strong effort Mimi approached the door. “Who is it?” she demanded. “*What* is it?”

“I am lost in the wilderness and nigh unto death,” the answering voice brought out with seeming effort. “Have mercy!”

Unbar to that which had come through the night? Impossible! But, oh, if only that note of human anguish could be stilled!

And now in that fainting voice again—“Open, *in the name of God!*”

At that, the girl straightened, and a something stronger than fear triumphed in her young eyes. Huguenot doors opened at the name of God. One moment of unwilling drawing back, and then the young Huguenot laid hold of the defending bar and, lifting it from its iron brackets, flung open the door to what the night had brought.

The figure of a man staggered in and leaned heavily against the wall, while the frightened girl hastened to shut out the sweeping rain.

“You are ill, monsieur,” she exclaimed turning, “ill and so wet, so cold! Let me help you to the fire.”

In a few moments she had the half-fainting stranger seated upon the settle before the glowing hearth.

“This wet cloak, monsieur, must come off,” she exclaimed. And she quickly slipped it from around him, and

drew up about his shoulders instead the great warm buffalo-skin. "You are far from—from—" She was eager and curious to know from whence.

"The mouth of the river," answered the stranger. "We were scuttled by pirates off your coast down there, and——"

The girl gasped. "You did not—*walk the plank*, monsieur?"

"Yes," said the man between painful fits of coughing, "and was washed up to stagger for days in the wilderness. The sea is a cruel jester."

With a little cry of sympathy, the girl quickly poured out a cup of steaming coffee from the pot on the hearth.

"This will stimulate and warm you, monsieur," she said, proffering the cup to the stranger.

Instinctive courtesy momentarily conquered the weakness of his frame and brought the trembling man to his feet to receive the draft, while one ghost-thin hand removed from his head the large shading hat.

They looked into each other's faces, and the girl recoiled with a scream—"Dutarque!"

"Mimi!" exclaimed the man, evidently looking closely at her now for the first time, "Mimi!" The next moment he crumpled in a heap upon the settle.

Day after day had Mimi dreamed of this—of this, the hour when her enemy should grovel at her feet for the help that she meant to refuse. Day after day had she in imagination stood over and spurned him, while she heaped upon

his head reproaches for the sins that she would *not* forgive. Now, now, she only stood dumb with the friendly cup shaking in her hand—dumb before her hour of revenge!

He was an old man—old and gray, and ill with something that had left him but a shadow. And now, he was covering his face with his ghostly hands.

“In the name of God,” something whispered to the pounding heart of the girl. In answer, she knelt down beside him, and gently taking away his shadow hands, placed the cup to his lips.

The old eyes looked into hers for one moment of startled surprise, and then he drained the cup that she held him—drained it as the perishing drink.

Then came a tense moment for them both, but the things that were due to be said between them suddenly fled before expression, and instead:

“This—this cup,” the man said with a heart-breaking attempt at courtliness, “this cup might have—satisfied—” His voice trailed off and his glance left her for a something far away. “Poor De Leon!” he whispered presently.

Mimi was too young to recognize the mists gathering in his eyes, but instinct prompted her to recall him from pain, and she took her seat on a stool beside him and said eagerly:

“Oh, but, monsieur, the Chevalier De Leon *found* the Fountain of Youth!”

Sharply recalled, the man looked hungrily in her face.

“My father says that *America* is the Fountain of Youth,” she explained eagerly. And kindling under the idea, she hurried on, forgetting to note the influence of her words on the man before her. “It was last Sabbath morning that he took it for his text. And he told the people— Oh, I wish I could say it as he said it, monsieur, but I have not his gift of beautiful speech— . But this is a little of it:

“ ‘America is the land of young hopes, young opportunity, young ideals’— I have said that much over and over again to myself to learn it by heart. And this too—‘the man who drinks *worthily* of her Fountain finds his old limiting traditions, his old hates dropping away under the renewing magic of the waters.’ ”

“His old ‘hates,’ Mimi?” The quaking voice was passionately eager.

The girl stopped short, brought to herself by a sudden, sharp remembrance. It was *Jean Dutarque* that lay there appealing! She turned abruptly away, and sat for some moments staring in the fire. Flames! Rolling smoke and flames and—persecution!

And now the old voice was speaking:

“Catholics suffered the torch in England, Mimi,” it urged.

The girl started slightly, her brown eyes widening at a new understanding of a familiar fact.

“Yes,” she said presently, “and America received and sheltered them—those fleeing Catholics—even as she has sheltered us.”

“Forgive,” whispered the old voice beside her.

“If one drinks worthily of her Fountain,” Memory whispered. And all suddenly the girl realized that she too must drink and worthily—that she too must forget and forgive—must forego persecution—or be false to the land of the renewing waters. Two bright tears rolled down her cheeks.

“I’ll try, monsieur,” she said softly.

A sharp little sound caused her to turn to him. The man was now feeling about the floor as if in search of something dropped.

Mimi’s glance caught a small shining object on the floor, and she stooped to recover for him—a *Crucifix*!

For one unworthy moment the young Huguenot drew back, but the spirit of the New Land conquered, and she raised the symbol reverently and placed it between his unsteady hands.

A knock sounded upon the door—her father’s knock. Mimi sprang to admit him, while a great wave of relief swept over her.

“Father,” she whispered, indicating the heap upon the settle, “what *do* you think?— It is Monsieur Dutarque, and he is very, very ill!”

Suppressing an exclamation, the father approached softly, followed by Mimi.

On the settle lay the wreck of a man, with one hand grasping a Crucifix, and the other fallen away. The head had dropped to one side at a curious angle. All that was not dust of Jean Dutarque had gone elsewhere.

“I helped him the best I could, father,” whispered Mimi, after that first long pause in the presence of Death.

“You have done worthily,” said the father. And from that moment the old hate which the Huguenot girl had carried in her heart dropped away, and she faced a future which she was now worthy to help build.

ROBIN REDBREAST

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Good-by, good-by to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun:

Our Thrushes now are silent,
Our Swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;

The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough,
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And wellaway! my Robin,
For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the Mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;

The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in Winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

Our cheerful, red-breasted robin belongs to the large thrush family, and is the best known and best loved of all his tribe. He is found all over the United States, for he is a great traveller. In the summer he lives in the Eastern

and Middle States. In the winter he flies from the ice and snow of the North to the South, where he stays until spring comes again.

I am sure you know how he looks—with his wise, black head held perkily above his slate-colored back and wings, his throat streaked with lighter feathers, and his breast a lovely red. He never walks about like some birds you know. Like all the thrush family, he prefers to get around by hopping. But sometimes, as he feeds on the lawn, you will see him running as fast as his little feet will carry him, and you wonder what sudden thought has excited him.

The robins fly back to their home in the Northern States when spring melts the snow and brings the apple-blossoms. Apple-trees are favorite nesting-places for them, and when the pink and white blooms cover the trees, a robin's nest, built on a low, swinging branch, and filled with lovely blue eggs, is a very charming sight.

The robin, like all the thrushes, sings well, but if you want to hear him at his best you will have to get up very early, for his singing is sweetest in the early dawn. Through the day he is very busy getting food for himself and his little robins. As he hops about he is finding caterpillars and worms, and in this way he is a great friend to farmers.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

One Version of an Old Legend

BY MAY HARRIS

Long ago, a party of Indians were journeying from one hunting-ground to another, as was their way in those days.

It was a cold and dreary winter, and food was scarce. The streams were covered in ice, the birds had vanished, and the forest animals were in their secret places of hiding. The Indians were very tired, and the children, fastened on their mothers' backs, were hungry and cold.

It was very still in the forest. The cold and ice had sent the earth to sleep, and the sun shone faint and pale in the sky. At length, the Indians, having lost hope, built a fire of twigs, and sat about it in a circle with their gloomy gaze bent on the ground.

The oldest Medicine-Man of the tribe, whose hair was as white as the snow on the ground, rose to his feet and spoke to them. He was old—very old—he said, and never had he seen the world so cold and hard. Manitou, the Great Father, was angry. His breath had frozen the ground, had made the waters to harden, and the green of the trees and grass to wither away. There was one thing only that they had not tried—a sacrifice to Manitou. They must choose one of their number and give him to the Great Father Spirit.

The Indians listened, and thought his words were wise.

All of them rose, and throwing back their heads, sang a low wailing chant to Manitou.

The Medicine-Man said that it was well. In the morning they would draw lots and offer the sacrifice.

The Indians slept, and waking at dawn saw a strange sight. The Medicine-Man was being led away into the deep forest by a young maiden. She looked back, and they saw that she was beautiful, and that her smile was as the sunshine.

They sprang up to follow, and called to the old Medicine-Man to wait. But he did not look back, and soon they could see only the maiden of the floating hair and swift-moving feet.

They rushed after her, calling aloud, but she only smiled and waved her hands, going faster and faster. And they found as they followed, that the footprints she left had melted the snow.

One of the young Indian braves outran the others, yet even he could not overtake the maiden, who could run faster than a fawn. But he followed her footprints, and in the very last one he saw suddenly a rosy gleam of flowers. He fell on his knees to gather the tiny blooms, and their delicious fragrance seemed to him the breath of the maiden who had led him on.

As he rose to his feet, he heard the far-off, faint singing of the birds, and he knew that the maiden whom he had followed was Spring. He knew too that the trailing arbutus blossoms in his hands were her sweetest flowers,

and that they could only grow where her feet had touched and blessed the earth.

The Indians have gone from us, but when we go into the woods in early spring, and find the dear pink flowers of the arbutus, we remember the old legend, and think of the rosy footprints of the beautiful maiden as she led the Indians from frost and snow to the sunlight of spring.

THE MAIZE

BY PHŒBE CARY

A song for the plant of my own native West,
Where nature and freedom reside,
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,
To the corn! the green corn of her pride!

In climes of the East has the olive been sung,
And the grape been the theme of their lays,
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung
Thou bright, ever-beautiful maize!

TWO PLEDGES TO THE FLAG

I give my head and my heart to God and my country—one country, one language, one flag!

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

THE MAYFLOWERS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

“God be praised,” the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
“Behold our Mayflower here!”

“God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o’er.
For us the *Mayflower* of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more.”

Oh, sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall’s rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

THAT FIRST AMERICAN ROMANCE

RETOLD FROM "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

PART I

The earliest and sweetest romance of colonial America is that of John Alden and Priscilla. Have you ever heard it? Well, it will bear retelling.

One cold gray afternoon shortly after the close of that first terrible winter in the Plymouth Colony, John Alden, "youngest of all the men who had come in the *Mayflower*," sat writing letters "home."

The good ship was to return to England on the morrow, so the young man wrote and wrote.

And while John Alden bent his fair curls over his letters, Miles Standish, master of the little log hut in which the two lived together, strode up and down the sanded floor. Captain Miles Standish was military leader of the colony, and was the proud commander of an army of twelve good and valiant men. He was a small, grayish, weather-beaten man—the captain was—but he was big in spirit, and was a fine old fighter. John Alden—fair-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful—was a mere boy beside him.

It had been a fearful time—that first winter in the Plymouth Colony. The Pilgrims had had to fell trees, and build rude log and board huts with their own hands. The

clothing brought with them had proved insufficient. Their food was scanty and poor and consisted mainly of bread—for they had not yet become expert in trapping and hunting. As a result of these hardships, sickness had attacked them, and half their number had died during the winter. Added to all this, the Indians—once friendly—were now hostile and threatening toward the small remnant left.

Surely the brave captain had much to think about as he strode up and down the sanded floor!

Surely the blue-eyed John Alden had much to write about to the anxious folks back home in England!

But let's tiptoe up and look over John's curls for a moment— Lo, every sentence which he writes begins or ends with the name, "Priscilla"!

And take a peep into the heart of the big little captain who strides the sanded floor— But we *can't*. We will have to wait for him to speak and betray himself.

Now who was this "Priscilla" of whom John Alden wrote?

Why, Priscilla was a young Puritan maiden, the beauty of the Plymouth Colony. She had come over on that famous first trip of the *Mayflower*. And she was herself like a flower of May, budding to sweeten this western wilderness.

John Alden wrote and wrote.

The captain, now, was examining with pride his armor and weapons which hung spotless and bright upon the wall—a helmet of steel and iron breastplates here, and yonder a keen Damascus blade. With pride, I say, the

captain viewed them, for he had kept them bright with his own hands.

“Look at these arms,” he presently said to John Alden. “See how bright! That is because I’ve not left it to others. If you wish a thing well done, you must do it yourself!”

John Alden wrote and wrote—of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

Presently the captain spoke again:

“When you have finished your work, John, I have something important to tell you.”

Then straightway John Alden pushed his writing aside, saying:

“Whenever *you* speak, I am always ready to listen.”

Then, strange to say, the bold Miles Standish grew shy and embarrassed, and he had to try very hard before he could manage to say:

“I have been thinking, John, of the maid Priscilla. The Scriptures say ‘ ’tis not good for man to be alone’——”

John Alden’s heart stood still! His beloved and honored captain also loved Priscilla! But a yet greater trial was before John Alden, for already the captain was saying:

“Go to the damsel Priscilla, and say that a blunt old captain offers his hand and his heart.”

Think of it! Think of being sent to beg *for another* that which you wish more than anything else *for yourself!*

But John Alden, trying to hide his heart-break, answered with a forced smile:

“Remember your own words, Captain. ‘If you wish a thing well done, you must do it yourself!’”

But his friend insisted.

“I dare not—I have no skill in speaking. Now you, John, being a scholar, can speak my love to Priscilla in language best adapted to win the heart of the maiden.”

Poor John!

And now the captain whom he loved and honored took John's hand in his own and held it as he urged:

“Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of friendship!”

And John Alden was forced to answer, “What you ask in the name of friendship, I have not the power to deny.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand—not carrying the love of his own boy heart to lay at the feet of the maiden, but bound by his sacred word to offer the love of Miles Standish!

And it seemed to the heart-sick lad that his God had turned against him. Had not the good Elder Brewster begged them to place their affections *on High*? And had he not, Sabbath after Sabbath, lost the thread of the good man's sermon through slyly watching the maiden?

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his sorrowful errand. And as he went, he gathered the Mayflowers blooming along his way—gathered them for Priscilla.

“‘Puritan flowers,’ he said, ‘and type of Puritan maidens, Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla! So I will take them to her—as a *parting gift* will I take them!’”

PART II

“She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house, and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty.”

John Alden opened the door.

Priscilla was sitting at her spinning-wheel, with her psalm-book open before her—and her beauty was that of the flowers of May.

Suddenly over John Alden there rushed the thought of all he was losing by thus bringing another man's love instead of his own to offer. And while he stood dumb with pain at the thought, Priscilla rose and gave him her hand in greeting.

“I knew it was you,” she said, “when I heard your step. I was thinking of you.”

Thinking of him! Priscilla had been thinking *of him!*

But, poor John!— The next moment he remembered Miles Standish! And finding no words to express what he felt, he silently gave her his flowers for answer.

They sat down together and talked—talked of home across the dark ocean—of the beauty of English lanes in the springtime, of pleasant village streets, of near neighbors and old friends! They recalled that the *Mayflower* would sail on the morrow, and leave them stranded on this bleak and savage coast.

Priscilla was especially homesick, for her father and mother and brother had died in that fierce first struggle with winter.

Then John Alden spoke the message which he had brought her: Captain Miles Standish offered her his heart, his name, his protection.

But, in all ages, maidens have liked for their lovers to come boldly in person to woo, so this Puritan girl of three hundred years ago was indignant with Captain Standish.

But John was true to his promise: He spoke at length of what a fine man was the captain, and urged upon Priscilla the advantage of the suggested marriage.

Now Puritan girls of three hundred years ago could be arch and coquettish—when Elder Brewster's back was turned! So, as John Alden urged the cause of his rival, suddenly the little maid—her eyes overrunning with laughter—said:

“Why don't you speak for *yourself*, John?”

Poor John!

No wonder he fled away from the laughing, inviting Priscilla! Had he not promised Miles Standish? And did not the Elder teach that a man's word should be as his bond?

Surely, thought the poor lad, the very devil had tempted him—tempted him to win for himself the maid he had promised to woo for his friend! Surely, it would be doubly wicked in him, John Alden, to accept the love of the maiden. And so, he had fled from the laughing, inviting Priscilla. And he determined to ship on the returning *Mayflower* and be forever away from temptation.

But a man must confess his sins! John Alden went to Miles Standish, and told him *all* that had happened.

And did Miles Standish forgive?

“John Alden,” he cried in his anger, “you have betrayed me—me, *your friend!* Henceforward let there be nothing between us save war!”



CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH
DONNED HIS ARMOR
OF STEEL

Then came fearsome news to the colony. An Indian messenger arrived, bearing a challenge to fight—the skin of a rattlesnake filled with arrows!

The answer of Miles Standish and of the Plymouth Council was the same snake-skin, filled with bullets and powder.

War! War! No time now to think of wooing! Captain Miles Standish donned his armor of steel and his sword of Damascus, taking his long musket from the corner, and

marched away with ten of his army of twelve to meet and defeat the Savage.

In the little settlement, all was consternation. Indians might attack at any time from any quarter, and murder those who were left behind.

With his belongings packed to sail on the returning *Mayflower*, John Alden heard the fearsome news, and be-thought him of Priscilla. What if the red fiends were to descend, with him not there to protect her?— He would stay— He *must* stay to shield her life with his own!

Then the *Mayflower* weighed anchor, and set sail for the land which was to be “home” to them no more forever—for not one of that little band deserted from America’s great historic fight for religious freedom.

But though John Alden remained to protect Priscilla, he would not accept the heart she was eager to give him, because he was true to Miles Standish.

A long time was the captain gone, and many were the stories that floated back of how he was scouring the land with his “forces” and reducing the might of the Savage.

With autumn, came ships bringing kindred and friends, and cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.

In all the village was peace. The men were busy with felling the forests and building, with searching the sea for fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.

Then, into this scene of peace a breathless messenger entered. Miles Standish was dead—slain by a poisoned arrow! Miles Standish was dead— Woe!— Woe!

Miles Standish was dead—but—John and Priscilla were free to marry each other! Truly, “it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.”

On a beautiful golden morning, then, the people of

Plymouth gathered to witness the marriage of the youngest of all the men who had come in the *Mayflower* to the Puritan maid Priscilla.

But wondrous to relate—as the two stood with bowed heads to receive the blessing which the good Elder called down upon them, there appeared in the doorway a dark form clad in armor! For a moment it stood there unseen, but the prayer finished, it strode suddenly into their midst.

Miles Standish! The *living* Miles Standish!

Before they could cry out their astonishment, the captain had grasped John's hand. "Forgive me, my friend!" he exclaimed. "I have been cruel and hard!"

And John Alden replied: "Let all be forgotten between us, all save the dear old friendship."

Then the people crowded about their hero to hear how he had conquered the Indians. How he had *escaped from* the poisoned arrow!

And that is all I know about this first American romance, except that John Alden and his wife Priscilla and the good little, big little captain lived friendly ever after.

AUTUMN

BY ALBERT LAIGHTON

The world puts on its robes of glory now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF

BY EDWARD EVERETT

“White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide in my bark canoe; by those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter’s store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

“Stranger, the land is mine. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

“The stranger came, a timid suppliant, and asked to lie down on the red man’s bearskin, and warm himself at the red man’s fire, and have a little piece of land, to raise corn for his women and children;—and now he is become strong, and mighty and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, ‘it is mine.’

“Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man’s cup; the white man’s dog barks at the red man’s heels.

“If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west?—the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe.

“Shall I fly to the east?—the great water is before me. No, stranger; here have I lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

“Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps; the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle past thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat.

“The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build and I will burn;—till the white man or the Indian perish from the land.”

INDIAN NAMES

BY LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forest where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their names are on your waters,
Ye may not wash them out.

They're where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
That dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Upon her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut has wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves;
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart;
And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
 The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
 The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' land,
 Ye break of faith the seal;
But can ye from the court of Heaven
 Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
 With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
 A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?
 His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
 From that far land to Him?

THE BOY HUNTER *

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN, INDIAN

It will be no exaggeration to say that the life of the Indian hunter was a life of fascination. From the moment that he lost sight of his rude home in the midst of the forest, his untutored mind lost itself in the myriad beauties and forces of nature. Yet he never forgot his personal danger from some lurking foe or savage beast, however absorbing was his passion for the chase.

The Indian youth was a born hunter. Every motion, every step expressed an inborn dignity, and, at the same time, a depth of native caution. His moccasined foot fell like the velvet paw of a cat—noiselessly; his glittering black eyes scanned every object that appeared within their view. Not a bird, not even a chipmunk, escaped their piercing glance.

Our hunting varied with the season of the year, and the nature of the country which was for the time our home. Our chief weapon was the bow and arrows, and perhaps, if we were lucky, a knife was possessed by some one in the crowd. In the olden times, knives and hatchets were made from bone and sharp stones.

For fire we used a flint with a spongy piece of dry wood and a stone to strike with. Another way of starting fire

* From "Red Hunters and the Animal People," by Charles A. Eastman. Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers.

was for several of the boys to sit down in a circle and rub two pieces of dry spongy wood together, one after another, until the wood took fire.

We hunted in company a great deal, though it was a common thing for a boy to set out for the woods quite alone, and he usually enjoyed himself fully as much. Our game consisted mainly of small birds, rabbits, squirrels, and grouse. Fishing, too, occupied much of our time. We hardly ever passed a creek or a pond without searching for some signs of fish. When fish were present, we always managed to get some. Fish-lines were made of wild hemp, sinew, or horsehair. We either caught fish with lines, snared or speared them, or shot them with bows and arrows. In the fall we charmed them up to the surface by gently tickling them with a stick and quickly threw them out. We have sometimes dammed the brooks and driven the larger fish into a willow basket made for that purpose.

It was part of our hunting to find new and strange signs in the woods. We examined the slightest sign of life; and if a bird had scratched the leaves off the ground, or a bear dragged up a root for his morning meal, we stopped to speculate on the time it was done. If we saw a large old tree with some scratches on its bark, we concluded that a bear or some raccoons must be living there. In that case we did not go any nearer than was necessary, but later reported the incident at home. An old deer-track would at once bring on a warm discussion as to whether it was the track of a buck or a doe. Generally, at noon, we met and

compared our game, noting at the same time the peculiar characteristics of everything we had killed. It was not merely a hunt, for we combined with it the study of animal life. We also kept strict account of our game, and thus learned who were the best shots among the boys.

I am sorry to say that we were merciless toward the birds. We often took their eggs and their young ones. My brother Chatanna and I once had a disagreeable adventure while bird-hunting. We were accustomed to catch in our hands young ducks and geese during the summer, and while doing this we happened to find a crane's nest. Of course, we were delighted with our good luck. But, as it was already midsummer, the young cranes—two in number—were rather large and they were a little way from the nest; we also observed that the two old cranes were in a swampy place near by; but, as it was moulting-time, we did not suppose that they would venture on dry land. So we proceeded to chase the young birds; but they were fleet runners and it took us some time to come up with them.

Meanwhile the parents had heard the cries of their little ones and come to their rescue. They were chasing us while we followed the birds. It was really a perilous encounter! Our strong bows finally gained the victory in a hand-to-hand struggle with the angry cranes; but after that we hardly ever hunted a crane's nest. Almost all birds make some resistance when their eggs or young are taken, but they will seldom attack man fearlessly.

We used to climb large trees for birds of all kinds; but we never undertook to get young owls unless they were on the ground. The hooting owl especially is a dangerous bird to attack under these circumstances.

Our devices for trapping small animals were rude, but they were often successful. For instance, we used to gather up a peck or so of large, sharp-pointed burrs and scatter them in the rabbit's furrow-like path. In the morning we would find the little fellow sitting quietly in his tracks, unable to move, for the burrs stuck to his feet.

Another way of snaring rabbits and grouse was the following: We made nooses of twisted horsehair, which we tied very firmly to the top of a limber young tree, then bent the latter down to the track and fastened the whole with a slip-knot, after adjusting the noose. When the rabbit runs his head through the noose, he pulls the slip-knot and is quickly carried up by the spring of the young tree. This is a good plan, for the rabbit is out of harm's way as he swings high up in the air.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of all was the chipmunk hunt. We killed these animals at any time of the year, but the special time to hunt them was in March. After the first thaw, the chipmunks burrow a hole through the snow crust and make their first appearance for the season. Sometimes as many as fifty will come together and hold a social reunion. These gatherings occur early in the morning, from daybreak to about nine o'clock.

We boys learned this, among other secrets of nature,

and got our blunt-headed arrows together in good season for the chipmunk expedition.

We generally went in groups of six to a dozen or fifteen, to see which would get the most. On the evening before, we selected several boys who could imitate the chipmunk's call with wild oat-straws, and each of these provided himself with a supply of straws.

The crust will hold the boys nicely at this time of the year. Bright and early, they all come together at the appointed place, from which each group starts out in a different direction, agreeing to meet somewhere at a given position of the sun.

My first experience of this kind is still well remembered. It was a fine crisp March morning, and the sun had not yet shown himself among the distant tree-tops as we hurried along through the ghostly wood. Presently we arrived at a place where there were many signs of the animals. Then each of us selected a tree and took up his position behind it. The chipmunk caller sat upon a log as motionless as he could, and began to call.

Soon we heard the patter of little feet on the hard snow; then we saw the chipmunks approaching from all directions. Some stopped and ran experimentally up a tree or a log, as if uncertain of the exact direction of the call; others chased one another about.

In a few minutes, the chipmunk caller was besieged with them. Some ran all over his person, others under him, and still others ran up the tree against which he was sit-

ting. Each boy remained immovable until their leader gave the signal; then a great shout arose, and the chipmunks in their flight all ran up the different trees.

Now the shooting-match began. The little creatures seemed to realize their hopeless position; they would try again and again to come down the trees and flee away from the deadly aim of the youthful hunters. But they were shot down very fast; and whenever several of them rushed toward the ground, the little redskin hugged the tree and yelled frantically to scare them up again.

Each boy shoots always against the trunk of the tree, so that the arrow may bound back to him every time; otherwise, when he had shot away all of them, he would be helpless, and another, who had cleared his own tree, would come and take away his game, so there was warm competition. Sometimes a desperate chipmunk would jump from the top of the tree in order to escape, which was considered a joke on the boy who lost it and a triumph for the brave little animal. At last all were killed or gone, and then we went on to another place, keeping up the sport until the sun came out and the chipmunks refused to answer the call.

TIME TO RISE

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
“Ain’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head!”

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

SPRING

BY HENRY TIMROD

Spring with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair—
Spring with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all alee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamoured South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate,

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start.
If from some beech's heart
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

FRANKLIN'S THANKSGIVING

In the Articles of Belief which Benjamin Franklin wrote in 1728, he said, "Forasmuch as ingratitude is one of the most odious of vices, let me not be unmindful gratefully to acknowledge the favours I receive from Heaven." Then follows this prayer of thanksgiving:

THANKS

For peace and liberty, for food and raiment, for corn, and wine, and milk, and every kind of healthful nourishment,—Good God, I thank thee!

For knowledge, and literature, and every useful art, for my friends and their prosperity, and for the fewness of my enemies,—Good God, I thank thee!

For all thy innumerable benefits; for life, and reason, and the use of speech; for health, and joy, and every pleasant hour,—My good God, I thank thee!

[20 November, 1728.]

THE ORIGIN OF DISEASE AND MEDICINE *

FROM THE "SACRED FORMULAS OF THE CHEROKEES," BY
JAMES MOONEY

In the old days the beasts, birds, fishes, and insects could all talk, and they and the human race lived together in peace and friendship. But as time went on people increased so rapidly that their settlements spread over the whole earth and the poor animals found themselves cramped for room. This was bad enough, but to add to their misfortunes, man invented bows, knives, blow-guns, spears, and hooks, and began to slaughter the larger animals, birds, and fishes for the sake of their flesh or their skins, while the smaller creatures, such as the frogs and the worms, were crushed and trodden upon without mercy, out of pure carelessness or contempt. In this state of affairs the animals resolved to consult upon measures for their common safety.

The bears were the first to meet in council in their township in Ku-wa-hi, "Mulberry Place" (one of the high peaks of the Smoky Mountains on the Tennessee line near Clingman's Dome). The old White Bear chief presided. After each in turn had made complaint against the way in which man killed their friends, devouring their flesh and using their skins for his own adornment, it was unanimously decided to begin war at once against the human race.

* From the U. S. Ethnological Reports.

Some one asked what weapons man used to accomplish their destruction.

“Bows and arrows, of course,” cried all the bears in chorus.

“And of what are bows and arrows made?” was the next question.

“The bow is of wood and the string is of our own entrails,” replied one of the bears.

It was then proposed that the bears make a bow and some arrows and see if they could not turn man’s weapons against himself. So one bear got a nice piece of locust wood and another sacrificed himself for the good of the rest in order to furnish a piece of his entrails for the string.

But when everything was ready, and the first bear stepped up to make the trial, it was found that in letting the arrow fly after drawing back the bow, his long claws caught the string and spoiled the shot. This was annoying, but another suggested that he could overcome the difficulty by cutting his claws, which was accordingly done. On a second trial it was found that the arrow went straight to the mark.

But here the chief, the old White Bear, interposed and said that it was necessary that they should have long claws in order to climb trees.

“One of us has already died to furnish the bow-string, and if we now cut off our claws, we shall all have to starve together. It is better to trust to the teeth and claws which nature has given us, for it is evident that man’s weapons were not intended for us.”

No one could suggest any better plan, so the old chief dismissed the council, and the bears dispersed to their forest haunts without having thought of any means for preventing the increase of the human race. Had the result of the council been otherwise, we should now be at war with the bears, but as it is, the hunter does not even ask the bear's pardon when he kills one.

The deer next held a council under their chief, the Little Deer, and after some deliberation resolved to inflict rheumatism upon every hunter who should kill one of their number unless he took care to ask his pardon for the offense.

They accordingly sent notice of their decision to the nearest settlement of Indians, and told them at the same time how to make propitiation when necessity forced them to kill one of the deer tribe.

Now, whenever the hunter brings down a deer, the Little Deer, who is swift as the wind and cannot be wounded, runs quickly up to the spot and, bending over the bloodstains, asks the spirit of the slain deer if it has heard the prayer of the hunter for pardon.

If the reply be "Yes," all is well, and the Little Deer goes on his way.

But if the reply be in the negative, he follows on the trail of the hunter, guided by the drops of blood on the ground, until he arrives at the cabin of the settlement, when he enters invisibly and strikes the neglectful hunter with rheumatism.

No hunter who has regard for his health ever fails to

ask pardon of the deer for killing it. Some who have not learned the proper formula, attempt to turn aside the Little Deer from his pursuit by building a fire behind them in the trail.

Next came into council the fishes and reptiles, who had their own grievances against humanity. They held a joint meeting, and determined to make their victims dream of snakes twining about them in slimy folds and blowing their fetid breath in their faces, or to make them dream of eating raw or decaying fish, so that they would lose appetite, sicken, and die. Thus it is that snake and fish dreams are accounted for as evil.

Finally the birds, insects, and smaller animals came together for a like purpose of outwitting man, and the grubworm presided over the deliberations.

It was decided that each in turn should express an opinion and then vote on the question as to whether or not man should be deemed guilty. Seven votes were to be sufficient to condemn him. One after another denounced man's cruelty and injustice toward the other animals, and voted in favor of his death.

The Frog, Wala-si, spoke first and said:

“We must do something to check the increase of the human race, or people will become so numerous that we shall be crowded from off the earth. See how man has kicked me about, because I'm ugly, as he says, until my back is covered with sores!” And here he showed the spots on his skin.

Next came the Bird, who condemned man because "he burns my feet off," alluding to the way in which the hunter barbecues birds by impaling them on a stick set over the fire.

Others followed in the same strain. The Ground-Squirrel alone ventured to say a word in behalf of man, who seldom hurt him because he was so small. But this so enraged the others that they fell upon the Ground-Squirrel and tore him with their teeth and claws—and the stripes remain on his back to this day.

The assembly then began to devise various diseases with which to war upon Man. And had not their powers of invention finally failed them, not one of the human race would have been able to survive.

The Grubworm, in his place of honor, hailed the announcement of each new malady with delight, until at last they had reached the end of the list, when some one suggested that it be arranged so that colds should sometimes prove fatal to women.

On this the Grub rose up in his place and cried: "Thanks! I'm glad some of them will die, for they are getting so thick they tread on me." He fairly shook with joy at the thought, so that he fell over backward. As he could not get up on his feet again, he had to wiggle off on his back, and he has been travelling that way ever since.

But when the plants, who were friendly to man, heard what had been done by the animals, they determined to defeat their evil designs. Each tree, shrub, and herb, down

even to the grasses and mosses, agreed to furnish a remedy for some of the diseases invented to destroy man. And each solemnly promised, "I will appear to help man when he calls upon me in his need."

Thus did medicine originate, and the plants—every one of which has its use, if we only knew it—furnish the antidotes for the evils wrought by the revengeful animals. When the doctor is in doubt what treatment to apply for the relief of a patient, the spirit of the plant suggests to him the proper remedy.

PLUCK

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Be firm. One constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
See yon tall shaft? It felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunlight still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small as he looks, the law that never yields,
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet, in opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;
Leave what you've done for what you have to do.
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

THE LOST BOY OF PLYMOUTH

A STORY FOUNDED ON AN HISTORICAL HAPPENING

BY MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN

“*My*, but these berries beat salt herring!” exclaimed John Billington to the boys and girls with him in the woods near Plymouth. “I’m glad I’m not on the *Mayflower* now.”

“Beat Squanto’s parched corn, too!” The lad nearest to John spoke with his mouth full of the luscious fruit.

“We’ll have breakfast to-morrow, Patience!” called a third.

The Pilgrims had just passed through their first winter in the New World, and it had proved a terrible one.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the boys and girls were glad to get out in the fresh June air, and eat their fill of wild strawberries. The sun was bright and the birds were singing. The happy youngsters thought there was never such a charming day, nor such a wonderful country.

But they had forgotten one very important thing. The children of Plymouth had been told by their elders that they must never go beyond sight of Fort Hill. This was the hill that stood at the head of the one street which constituted the village. It was crowned by a wooden fort, on top of which had been placed two cannon for the protection of the little colony.

Hither and yon the children scattered, but John Billing-

ton was the most venturesome of all, pursuing his quest farther and farther. At first he was so busy picking the sweet, juicy berries, that he failed to notice that he had left his companions behind and was himself far beyond the safety-zone marked by a view of Fort Hill.

While he was busy filling his bucket, his thoughts were a good deal on Squanto's wonderful story of how the bear lost his tail, but when he finished, he looked up.

He was alone and quite deep in the woods. The others were nowhere to be seen. John started briskly in the direction in which he thought lay Plymouth, and ran along for quite a while without being really afraid.

Suddenly, however, he realized that he was in an unknown wilderness. He called and called again—the forest echoes answered, but not his little friends.

“I'm lost, and that's sure!” exclaimed the lad, beginning to think of many things not pleasant to happen to a boy in such a plight.

“The men will come to hunt me,” he thought, trying to be as brave as a Pilgrim to the New World should. “Squanto will find my tracks, and there are the dogs to be put on the scent.” But John had forgotten that he had been walking over thick grass a good deal, and had waded several branches, thus leaving neither tracks nor scent for Indian and dogs to follow.

After vainly hallooing again as loud as he could, John sat down to catch his breath and to think.

The silence of the woods was broken only by the falling

of dead twigs and branches from the trees, by the songs of birds, and by strange sounds from strange wood creatures, all of which made the lost boy long for home and companionship, to the point of tears.

“Now, Johnny, boy”—Memory was quoting his mother—“better be still awhile, and think hard.”

Whereupon he threw himself down on a soft bed of moss, and lay quite still, trying to think. He enjoyed resting after his long walk, and as time passed he somehow became less afraid. He closed his eyes, hoping that by shutting out the light he could think more clearly—but Johnny was fast asleep!

“John! Oh, John Billington!” But the call of the searchers, sent out to fetch him, was so far away that it did not disturb his deep slumbers. If he had only been awake to hear, he would have slept beneath his father’s roof that night. Ignorant that relief was near, however, and enjoying his nap, John turned upon his side and dreamed that his mother had made a fine pie of his berries, and that he must hurry and eat it so he could join the other children and play in the street.

The rising sun shone in his face and waked him. “Holy snakes!” cried John, “have I slept here all night and lived to tell the tale?”

He sprang to his feet, and as he did so, he saw a big, shadowy animal running away into the woods. Then he looked down and found that his pail had been overturned and that most of his berries were gone.

“That was a *bear!* And he’s been close enough to me to lick my face or eat me up!” With that thought, the frightened boy took a high jump and ran with all his speed in the opposite direction. Somehow the scene grew stranger and still more strange as he went.

Coming to a clear brook the lad stopped and bathed his face. Then he made his breakfast, as indeed he later made his dinner and supper, upon berries which he picked from the vines.

And then the sun slipped down behind the trees again. Remembering the bear, John climbed into a big oak to spend his second night in the woods. And he tied himself securely to the limbs with vines so that he would not fall out when he went to sleep. Then he made a pillow of his jacket, and settled down in a nest of matted grape-vines, to rest.

“I’ll pretend that this tree is a giant flying horse and that these limbs are his wings,” he said. “If I sit astride this big limb all night and trust to my good steed, he’ll carry me home.”

John was trying to do everything in his power to keep off fear. But as he sat on his “giant flying horse” looking into the deepening twilight, he suddenly caught his breath in astonishment. The air about, above, and beneath had begun to sparkle with little points of green fire.

“Are the stars falling?” the startled lad exclaimed, but the sound of his own voice only added to his fright.

After intently watching for a while, he saw that the

little sparks were *on wings*, for as they flitted in and out of the tree, they flew very close to him.

“Are they fairies come to help me?” wondered the boy—then a more terrifying thought—“Could they be *witches?*”

But no answer came to his question. However, as no harm seemed to develop from the tiny points of fire, and as there were wild animals to fear on the ground, John decided to remain where he was.

“Maybe God has sent these sparks to cheer me up,” he whispered.

Just at that moment, one of the sparks lit softly on his hand, and he took it gently between his fingers and examined it by the light of the now rising moon.

“It’s some sort of insect that belongs to this strange country,” decided the lad, no longer afraid, “I’ll call it a ‘firefly.’” He laid the firefly upon his palm, and presently it took wing into the night, lighting its way as it flew.

John then settled back upon his jacket-pillow and watched the stars come out in the sky and the moon rise higher. After a long while, he went to sleep.

“Woo-er! Woo-er!” A weird chorus of animal cries waked the sleeping boy in the middle of the night. Looking down he saw a pack of wolves gathered beneath his tree. This was too much for his childish nerves, and if he had not been tied in his seat, he would have fallen right down among the wolves. John sat stone-still and watched the creatures running around the tree. Then he began

to wonder if they could climb like bears, and if presently they would not come up and get him.

“And here I am all tied, easy for a catch,” he thought. But he did not untie his vine rope. He was afraid of falling out.

The lost boy wanted to be brave, but as the wolves renewed their howls, his blood seemed to freeze in his stiff little body. He hardly breathed, fearing to attract their attention.

Then suddenly, from far off, a wild call came, and the creatures beneath him answered. Another moment, and they dashed off into the night. When John looked down again, there were only the little cheery fireflies beneath.

The next morning came and went without bringing any signs of enemies. The day wore on. At last hunger and thirst overcame fear, and the plucky lad clambered down from his bed in the tree-top. His plan was to search for home, or white people, and to avoid Indians and other forest dangers. If he should see a bear, he would beat on his big tin bucket; if he espied Indians, he would hide; and he would spend nights in vine-covered trees.

Late in the afternoon, John heard a new sound, and one that puzzled him. It was a human call, but not in the tones or the words of Englishmen! Again it came, strange, resounding through the woods! Yes, it was a *savage cry*! And the thought gave the lad new terror.

If John Billington had only had a magic mirror there to look in, he would have seen faithful Squanto coming

nearer and nearer. But imagination furnished the boy with another picture. He thought he was being tracked by hostile savages who would surely kill him.

Again that long, wild call! John was by now so weak from hunger and from fear that he could not run, so he crawled behind some bushes and lay there as still as the wood-mouse that peeped out from its house to look at him. And Squanto, the friendly Indian who was helping to search for him, passed by unseen.

On the fourth day John was too weak to travel, so when his dragging steps brought him to a big spring, he struggled no farther. Upon reaching this cool and fragrant spot, about which wild flowers were blooming, he fell in an unconscious heap upon the brink.

It was the sound of human voices that roused him. And before he could gather enough strength to open his eyes, he heard men talking, but in an unknown tongue.

Then slowly John opened his eyes and looked at the men about him. They were big, strong, half-naked savages!

Everything grew black again. A long while later, he felt the hold of a hand on his hand, and his weight resting upon a pair of warm naked shoulders which moved under him as if in rhythm to a swinging walk. He once more slowly opened his eyes and saw that he was upon the back of an Indian brave and that four other red men were walking, single file, in the path ahead.

“Captured at last!” thought John.

It was not a long way that his captors bore him, but

the lad took little heed of the distance. He was by that time so weak—so nearly dead—that he was scarcely capable of feeling even fear.

When they bore him through a crude gate into an enclosure made by great piles driven into the ground side by side, John realized dimly that they were entering an Indian village, for Squanto had told him how the Indians built palisades about their villages to keep off the enemy. And when, at length, they carried him into one of the many queer pole-and-bark huts that stood about, and placed him on a grass mat, he looked around him with the weird aloofness of a boy in a dream.

The room in which he was lying was long and narrow, and seemed to be made of poles bound together by strips of leather and covered with some sort of grass mats and the skins of wild animals. Above him was a grass thatching—he knew this, for the Pilgrims themselves had used it to cover some of their houses.

The child's tired gaze shortly rested on a pretty, cheering fire, a little distance away, in some crude sort of fireplace. Something which steamed was cooking before it, and the sight of this sent through the boy the first thrill which he had felt for a long time.

Then John's glance returned to the savages who had brought him hither. They were talking together near the door, from which the deerskin flap had been pulled back to admit the light. And now they were filing out. The lad wondered if they were going to kill him and cook him in

the steaming pot. With the thought, the old trembling returned, and he tried to spring up to flee for his life, but he found himself too weak to rise.

The next moment, he felt a strong, kind hand laid upon his shoulder, and a deep voice beside him said distinctly:

“No hurt.”

The lad turned his frightened glance in the direction of the voice and beheld, seated beside him, a tall, handsome Indian with features marred by great patches of green and red paint. The savage wore a war-bonnet of eagle feathers that extended down his back. His jacket and leggings were of deerskin, handsomely beaded, and about his neck were hung long chains of shell beads and bear claws.

“You are the Medicine-Man,” said John, feeling a strange new confidence. Squanto had described to the Plymouth children the “Mystery-Men” or “Medicine-Men” of his people.

The big Indian seemed to be trying to read the boy's thoughts. “No hurt,” he assured again. He then turned to an old woman who had entered, and spoke to her in a strange language.

John caught the word, “O-ko-mi,” and the old woman repeated it, “O-ko-mi,” as she limped out of the room. In a short time John heard a loud voice outside cry, “O-ko-mi!” And soon the word was being repeated by many voices.

Of course the sick boy was mystified. “What is ‘O-ko-mi’?” he asked himself. He thought perhaps the doctor was sending runners into the woods for some sort of horrid

serpent with which to make medicine for him, for Squanto had told of such cures.

Before the voices became lost in the distance, the old woman returned, bearing a brown earthenware bowl which she filled from the steaming pot before the fire. Then kneeling beside John, she gave him some corn gruel—one sip at a time—from a spoon made of shell.

The half-starved boy thought the gruel was the most delicious food he had ever tasted. “More!” he cried as the old woman stumbled to her feet. “More!” He caught hold of her deerskin skirt and begged hungrily. The old squaw could not understand the boy’s language, but she evidently guessed his meaning, and shook her head. Then she moved across the hut to where a big gourd stood. From this she dipped some water in a smaller gourd, and handed it to John.

By this time the voices of the runners were heard approaching, still with the word “O-ko-mi” upon their lips. Nearer and nearer they came. John sat up to meet them as bravely as he could, whatever new horror these wild men were bringing to him. They were now at the door. Then, with one lusty cry they tossed a young Indian boy from their shoulders into the middle of the room.

The white lad and the red looked at each other. John saw that the newcomer was but a little larger than himself. Staring at him intently, he wondered what it all meant and what would happen next.

“Welcome Englishman!” exclaimed the Indian youth,



FORREST CORYDON CROOKS

"ASPINET, CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE OF NAUSET," EXPLAINED THE INDIAN BOY

his bright black eyes dancing with the excitement of the moment.

Then John began to realize the situation. "O-ko-mi" could speak English. The Medicine-Man had sent for him so they could all talk together.

O-ko-mi had addressed the boy in the same words that Samoset had spoken when he made his first visit to the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Evidently, now thought John, the boy must have learned the language, like Samoset and Squanto, from English fishermen who frequented the New World coast before the Pilgrims came to settle there.

The two lads smiled into each other's eyes.

"I am John Billington of Plymouth and have been lost in the woods," said the white youth.

O-ko-mi nodded his understanding, and made the explanation to the Medicine-Man.

"I want to go home," added John, wondering how the suggestion would be received. Every one was being kind to him, but he had heard so many stories about Indian "treachery" that he was far from feeling safe. But O-ko-mi made no answer to this, for just then a tall shadow darkened the doorway.

"Aspinet, chief of the village of Nauset," explained the Indian boy. John looked up at the tall chief and knew now that his fate lay in this man's hands. He knew too that it was Aspinet of Nauset who had led the attack on the Pilgrims at the battle of the First Encounter. How—how would the chief deal with *him*?

John wished very much that they would send him back home, but he was afraid to urge the request upon Aspinet.

He ate his supper with the family of the Medicine-Man, served by the same old woman. This time he was given fish and corn bread, both of which he enjoyed very much.

The children of Nauset played together in the twilight, and John joined them in chasing fireflies—those wonderful little insects that had puzzled him so much that night in the woods. But the lad was more than half-afraid of his savage playmates and O-ko-mi had begun to show quite a disposition to tease, which was anything but comforting.

When bedtime came, John found that the entire family was to sleep in one long bed which was a sort of pole frame built along the side of the hut. John was placed beside O-ko-mi, with the old squaw on the left of the Indian boy, and beyond her, a little girl whom they called "Nineta." The Medicine-Man and the other braves seemed to have gone off somewhere.

The lad figured it out that the Medicine-Man was the old woman's son, and that O-ko-mi and Nineta were her grandchildren.

John went to bed, but not to sleep.

He had begun to wonder where all the men had gone, and for what purpose. Could it be that his being there had led to another attack on Plymouth? Had he disclosed anything he ought not to?

He was facing the dark end of the hut, but he hated the shadows, so he turned over—but very carefully lest he wake O-ko-mi, who might tease again.

But O-ko-mi was awake! And as the weird firelight flickered up, the little red imp made a face at John, and poked him in the ribs. John thought he had never seen anything quite as hideous, for the savage child had painted up for his special benefit, and now crouched; rather than lay, beside him, as if ready for trouble.

“The Medicine-Man said ‘No hurt,’ ” protested the frightened lad.

“Oh, ‘No hurt’? ” laughed the little savage. “You come see the braves!”

With that the imp slid off the grass couch, and pulled John after him. John did not want to go, but he was afraid to struggle lest he wake those who were better sleeping, so he followed, though unwillingly.

Out into the night they slipped, and made their way among the dark and silent huts.

“Where are you taking me?” gasped John.

“I show you.” With these words, O-ko-mi led him around to the side of a very large hut, from which they now glimpsed—here and there—truant rays of light.

Pausing, the Indian boy very cautiously pulled aside a part of the straw mat covering the house, and signalled John to come and share his view.

Frightened but curious, John Billington applied his own eye to the opening.

What he saw was a council of braves at the head of whom sat the chief, Aspinet. Near to the chief, John shortly discovered the Medicine-Man.

The men were smoking and talking, but what was the dread burden of their discussion, the lost boy of Plymouth was too frightened to inquire. Were they planning an attack on Plymouth? Or were they devising some peculiarly cruel death for him, their captive?

In a moment John saw two athletic braves rise from their places at the council-fire and stand as if at attention while the chief addressed them. Then they withdrew from the circle together and left the hall.

At that, O-ko-mi' quickly drew John toward their own hut.

“Have those men been sent to fetch me?” whispered the white lad in alarm, but the little red demon who dragged him along, answered only in the most terrifying moans.

At that, John pulled with all his might to get away, but the savage was far stronger than he, and in a few minutes he was flung back upon his bed, with no hope of escape.

After some time more, the Medicine-Man entered, and was soon asleep beside O-ko-mi. But for a long time after, John lay awake, watching with wide eyes for the two athletic figures to enter the door.

Now he would listen to the heavy breathing of the Medicine-Man—who dealt with evil spirits as well as with

bodily sickness—and now he would half rise and gaze at the red body and black head of the boy who spoke his own tongue, but whose heart held secrets he could not fathom.

But at last when the lost child did fall asleep, it was to dream of his mother at Plymouth.

When morning came he rose with the others, and was sent with O-ko-mi to bathe in the spring branch. The savage boy was distinctly more pleasant this morning—for which the white lad was devoutly thankful—but as there still hovered about his red lips a sly, wicked smile, John was afraid to ask questions about the council they had spied upon, or the errand of the two braves who had left the hall together.

After breakfast John sat in the door of the hut, on the lookout for those two men, but they were nowhere to be seen.

All day he watched, but never did he behold them.

That night the old grandmother told stories to the children of the village, but she required them to come inside the hut because, as O-ko-mi explained to John, now that the leaves were on the trees and would be listening, the old stories might not be told in the open.

Again that night the members of the family took their places upon the hard pole couch, and again through much of the long night John Billington watched nervously for what he dreaded might come for him through the open door.

John Billington never ceased to watch for those two

athletic red men whom he had seen leave the Community House together that first night, and O-ko-mi never ceased to smile wickedly and mysteriously whenever the subject was alluded to between them.

One morning, as the lost boy was sitting sadly at the door of the Medicine-Man's hut and thinking of his dear mother and father at Plymouth, his attention was attracted by the sound of shouting down on the seashore. The next moment Nineta and O-ko-mi dashed past him to investigate.

"Come," called the red boy to John as they passed, "people—strangers—boat!"

John did not need a second invitation, and followed as fast as his legs would carry him till he could sight the stranger boat from afar. Yes, there indeed was a boat—but from where?

The next moment, John stopped dead-still with his heart in his throat—it looked like *the shallop from Plymouth!*

Another moment, however, and the wild agony of despair seized him. Standing up in front in the boat were figures which he mistook to be the two red runners for whom he had been watching so long and so fearfully.

The lost boy dropped down on the sand, and buried his face in his arms.

There were voices approaching, but what did it matter? Running steps—but he could not elude them if he tried! Then a pair of strong arms lifted him up. He was being

borne somewhere, but he was afraid to uncover his eyes. There was the swishing sound of water! Was his captor bearing him to the boat where those two mysterious runners awaited him? And now he was being handed bodily to another pair of arms—arms that seemed passionately eager. One glimpse into the face above him, and——

“*Father!*” cried the lad.

“Blessed be the name of the Lord!” said the voice that he loved better than any in the world except his mother’s.

When John’s father and the party who had come with him from Plymouth talked with the friendly Indians who brought the boy to the boat, many explanations had to be interpreted between them by the boy, O-ko-mi, and by the Pilgrims’ two Indian interpreters, whom John had mistaken for the runners from Nauset.

And in these explanations John learned for the first time that the two runners from the council he had spied on had been sent on the friendly mission of disclosing the lost boy’s whereabouts to the nearest Indian village, to be sent thence to the people of Plymouth. O-ko-mi had teased him by making him believe that their mission was hostile—this the little red imp acknowledged with a wicked smile that now had lost its mystery.

And John heard from his father all about the long search made for him—a search in which Squanto had borne a noble part.

Then the Indians withdrew with many assurances of

friendship, but the little red demon O-ko-mi made an ugly face at John as he went.

It was a long trip and a stormy one, but what mattered it?—They were going *home!*

First into view came Fort Hill—the sign of safety for Plymouth children. And then the crowded little landing-place, with the Governor himself there and all the people to welcome the lost boy home.

John was standing in the bow of the boat, his eyes strained shoreward to catch one certain form among the many. And at length, when his eager glance succeeded in singling out his mother, he sprang into the water and waded out—ahead of the others—to rush into her arms.

WE THANK THEE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see;
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

A CURE FOR THIEVING

We hear too much about the austerity of the Puritans and too little of the *human* side of them. The following incident, told of Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, gives us an amusing side-light on the character of one very pleasing as well as noble old Puritan.

Governor Winthrop was one day told that a neighbor of his had been stealing wood from his shed; and he forthwith sent for the man in seeming indignation.

“Go call that man to me,” he ordered. “I’ll warrant you, I’ll cure him of stealing!”

The poor offender appeared before the Governor in fear and trembling.

But good John Winthrop knew that the man and his family were very needy, and the winter was bitter cold. So that it was with a smile of sympathy that he said to the shivering culprit:

“Friend, it is a severe winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided for wood; wherefore, I would have you supply yourself at my wood-pile till this cold season be over.”

Then he laughingly asked his friends if he had not, indeed, “cured” the poor man of stealing.

This was one Puritan’s way of handling a pitiable breaker of the law.

ROGER WILLIAMS (1636)

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH*

Roger Williams stands out in history as the first American to openly champion an ideal freedom of conscience. Though himself a Puritan minister, he held that every man should be allowed to worship as he pleased. He told the people of Massachusetts that they had no right to tax—for the support of the Puritan church—men who did not belong to it. He insisted also that they do away with their law which said that only members of the Puritan church should have the right to vote on political questions. Roger Williams was simply trying to put an end to laws which all of us now know to be wrong.

But for the Puritans to do as this new prophet advised meant that they would have to change all their ideas, and this they were unwilling to do. Accordingly, they voted him a “troubler,” and decided to arrest him and send him back to England. Williams heard of these plans against him, so he slipped out of his home in the dead of night and escaped through the snow-covered forest.

He made his long and toilsome way to what is now Rhode Island. And there, in 1636, he founded the first American colony where religious tolerance was practised.

Why do I sleep amid the snows?

Why do the pine boughs cover me?

While dark the wind of winter blows

Across the Narragansett's sea?

* By special permission of the Page Company, Boston.

O sense of right! O sense of right!
Whate'er my lot in life may be,
Thou art to me God's inner light,
And these tired feet must follow thee.

Yes, still my feet must onward go,
With nothing for my hope but prayer,
Amid the winds, amid the snow,
And trust the ravens of the air.

But though alone, and grieved at heart,
Bereft of human brotherhood,
I trust the whole and not the part,
And know that Providence is good.

Self-sacrifice is never lost,
But bears the seed of its reward;
They who for others leave the most,
For others gain the most from God.

O sense of right! I must obey,
And hope and trust, whate'er betide;
I cannot always know my way,
But I can always know my Guide.

And so for me the winter blows
Across the Narragansett's sea,
And so I sleep beneath the snows,
And so the pine boughs cover me.

COLONIAL FLOWER-GARDENS

BY MAY HARRIS

When those who were to settle the wilderness of America made up their minds to leave England, and put the wide ocean between them and "home," they had to bid good-by to many treasures, dearly loved among which were their gardens.

The villages of England had narrow, crooked streets, but each of the little thatched cottages was bright with its dooryard of flowers; while the great houses of the gentlefolk had splendid gardens filled with flowers and beautiful shrubs set in grass as green as grass could be. Some of these English gardens had been kept up for centuries. One of the most famous of them belonged to John Evelyn, who described it so well in his diary that we know how gardens of that time were laid off and kept—with flowerbeds of every shape, and planted to blossom in every color, the whole being surrounded by hedges of box and yew clipped in the most fantastic forms.

A great English writer, Lord Francis Bacon, wrote at that time something very beautiful about gardens which we should always remember:

"God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed, it is the purest of all human pleasures."

So, since you see all English people loved flowers, you will not be surprised to know that those dear old Pilgrim

Mothers of ours put into their boxes among their most precious things—little packets of flower-seeds. Each also put in the basket which she carried on her arm a small pot filled with slips of her best-loved plants—rose, lilac, and lavender. Thus they started on their three-thousand-mile journey with the pleasant hope of making English flowers grow in that far-away country of America.

Doubtless, the first thought some of them had as they landed was of planting. Governor John Winthrop wrote in his journal, that as his ship drew near the place where Boston stands to-day—“There came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden.”

When the colonists landed, and after the heavy work of building their simple houses, they began their gardens of vegetables and flowers. The very first entry in the Plymouth record was for “Moresteads (farms) and garden plottes.”

In order to protect these gardens, they were first enclosed within rude board fences. Later on, palings were put about them, through which the flowers soon began to show their bright, happy colors. These little “front yards” bloomed the season through, and some of the old, old houses, built in that Colonial time, are still standing among flower-beds as old as they!

The “seeds from home” flourished in the fresh, new soil. Tall hollyhocks grew close to the walls of the houses, and peeped into the windows with laughing faces. In the corners of the yards, the women planted the precious

“slips,” and very soon they had roses and lilacs to remind them of their English gardens.

The little dooryards were full of small flowers. There were mignonette-beds of “little sweetness” close to the ground, and patches of the dear and fragrant clove-pink. Down near the gate, rows of blue larkspur stood like sentinels, while farther on were snapdragons—pink and white—and round beds of marigold, whose pretty name means Mary’s gold. And of course, there were petunias, and English daisies and, in a sheltered spot, that dearest of all flowers, the violet.

Roses and lilies and peonies are flowers that were known thousands of years ago—the Bible tells us of roses and lilies, and an old Roman historian named Pliny tells us of the peonies in his garden of long, long ago. So you see that these flowers come of very old families, and rightfully have a place of honor in all the gardens.

“English roses thrive very pleasantly in this climate,” an old Colonial writer tells us, and he made a list of the best loved of these roses.

First, there was the eglantine, the “rose of England,” which we know better as the sweetbrier; then the damask rose—called so because its petals had the sheen of satin; and cabbage-roses, one of the oldest of all—pink in color, and very sweet. The cinnamon rose was another. But the best loved of all was the “York and Lancaster.” This is called “the rose of history,” as it is named to commemorate the war of the Yorks and the Lancasters, fought

long ago in England. Its fragrance was known to Chaucer and Shakespeare and Spenser, the three earliest of the great English writers, who spoke of these roses in their poems.

All children love to play under lilac-bushes, and the quaint little Colonial girls, in their short-waisted dresses like their mothers', and tiny, close-fitting caps, played "flower ladies" under them in those days, just as you love to do to-day. They made daisy chains in early spring, and on May Day filled their May baskets full of "posies" to hang on the front doors of those they loved best, as the pretty old custom was in England.

Besides the flower-garden, every home had its kitchen-garden at the back of the house, where vegetables were grown. In one corner of this useful kingdom of cabbages and onions was always an "herb-garden." Here were planted the "herbs and simples" which every housewife knew—pot-herbs for soups and sauces, and herbs for medicines—how the children hated these! But among these despised ones, and as if to make amends, were the fragrant "herbs o' gráce," sweet-smelling rosemary, thyme, mint, balm, and sweet marjoram.

In Virginia and the Carolinas, the gardens enjoyed more sunshine, and the flowers grew faster and larger than in New England. At Westover, where Colonel William Byrd and his daughter Evelyn lived, the gardens were like those in England. There were terraces of roses and hedges of box, and all sorts of rare and fragrant flowers.

Of these beautiful Southern Colonial gardens only one has been preserved—that at Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. This looks to-day very much as it did two hundred years ago when the little Custis children played hide-and-seek among its flower-beds.

Magnolias and jasmines grew in the lovely Southern gardens just as the lilacs did in New England, and as tulips and hyacinths and narcissus grew in the Dutch flower-gardens of New York. The Quakers of Pennsylvania loved flowers too, and they had many beautiful collections. The first Botanic Garden in America was that of John Bartram, of Philadelphia, in 1728, who also collected many rare plants native to America.

But no matter where the garden was, some dear old grandmother would gather the rose-leaves every summer, and put them away in jars to make what was called “potpourri.” This potpourri was very fragrant and when the jars were opened, the scent of roses would fill the house as if summer had come again!

“These are my people and this is my land,
I feel the pulse of her inmost soul,
This is the life that I understand,
‘Savage,’ and simple and sane and whole.”

LONG TIME AGO (1700)

The following humorous story is told of the Reverend Mr. Bulkeley, of Colchester who was famous in his day as a giver of good advice:

“A church in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions which the members were unable to adjust among themselves, so they sent one of their number to John Bulkeley for advice, with the request that he send it in writing.

“Now it so happened that Mr. Bulkeley had a farm in the town upon which lived a tenant who was also writing for advice, but of a different character.

“Mr. Bulkeley answered both requests at the same sitting, and by an unhappy accident got the two missives mixed. When the misdirected letter arrived, the church members convened to hear the advice which was to settle their disputes. The moderator read as follows: ‘You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull.’

“This mystical advice puzzled the church at first, but an interpreter was soon found, who said, ‘Brethren, this is the very advice we most need; the direction to *repair the fences* is to warn us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members. We must guard the church by our Master’s laws, and *keep out strange cattle from the*

fold. And we must in a particular manner set a watchful guard over the Devil, *the old black bull*, who has done so much hurt of late.'

“All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Bulkeley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, the quarrelling subsided, and harmony was restored.”

The story doesn't tell how the farm tenant interpreted the letter *he* received.

HO! FOR THE BENDING SHEAVES

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Ho! for the bending sheaves,
Ho! for the crimson leaves
 Flaming in splendor!
Season of ripened gold,
Plenty in crib and fold,
Skies with depths untold,
 Liquid and tender.

Autumn is here again—
Banners on hill and plain,
 Blazing and flying,
Hail to the amber morn,
Hail to the heaped-up corn,
Hail to the hunter's horn,
 Swelling and dying!

PETER STUYVESANT

BY MAY HARRIS

Not long after Henry Hudson's discovery of the great river which bears his name, Dutch settlers came over and founded a trading-post on the small island at the mouth of the river. This island was called "Manhattan" by the Indians, but the Dutch named their little town, "New Amsterdam," for a great city in their native Holland. They were thrifty people, and they built up a large trade with the Indians in furs which they could sell at considerable profit.

The Dutch Government was much pleased with the growth of the colony, and in 1647 sent over a new governor. This was Peter Stuyvesant, the third Governor of New Amsterdam. The people knew Stuyvesant to be a man of importance at home in Holland, so when the ship brought him up the East River, they crowded close to the shore to welcome him. The cannon of the little fort on the island were fired in salute, and the people shouted. It must have pleased old Peter to hear it, as he rowed ashore.

The waiting crowds watched eagerly to see the Governor as he marched up the street to the sound of drum and fife. He was a tall man, past middle age, with a firm mouth, eyes that saw everything about him, and a long curved nose. He was handsomely dressed in the fashion of the time, with gold lace and ruffles, a high-crowned hat, and a shoe with a great silver buckle on it. Yes—just *one* shoe!—for Peter Stuyvesant had a wooden leg! But, oddly

enough, as he marched up the street with his escort of soldiers —“like a peacock, with great state and pomp,” as an old writer described it, no one dared to look at his wooden leg!

Peter was not young, but he had the high, proud gaze of an eagle. He had come to rule the people, and their first glimpse of him may have made them fearful. He made a speech to them, looking down on the crowd interestedly, and no doubt wondering what sort of people they would be to govern!

They were all dressed in their best—men in high-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, and their holiday coats with big buttons; women in short, quilted skirts, high-heeled shoes, and braided jackets, and little girls and boys dressed like their fathers and mothers.

Peter told them, “I shall rule you as a father does his children,” and the people cheered. As time went on, he kept his word. If he was firm, he was also just and kind, and the people realized that his laws were wise. They had little trouble with the Indians, as they were forbidden to sell liquor to them.

The Dutch “Patroons,” as the early landowners of New Amsterdam were called, improved their homes as they grew able, sending to Holland for the black and yellow brick which they used to trim the ends of their houses—like a checker-board—and for the black and yellow tiles they put on the roofs. You can imagine that these houses always had a cheerful look, and that the gay flower-gardens, filled with roses, dahlias, and the beloved tulips whose

bulbs came from Holland, added much to the pleasant appearance of the little town.

Peter Stuyvesant encouraged the people in their love of flowers and vegetables and animals. He had a splendid farm himself. The Dutch word for farm, was "bowerij," and the place where Peter Stuyvesant's farm stood long ago is now called "The Bowery" in the city of New York.

Peter also encouraged the people to keep up old customs of merrymaking, and to add the new ones of "corn-husking" and "apple-paring" bees. Not only the young people, but the older ones and the small children had part in these good times.

The Dutch women were wonderful housekeepers, and there was always in the home something delicious for a guest to eat and drink. Those Dutch kitchens in the time of Peter Stuyvesant must have been pleasant places. The great fireplaces had hooks and cranes whereon meat could be roasted and pots hung to boil, and the "dresser"—a long, low shelf running across one end of the room—was crowded with pots and pans of copper and pewter, kept as bright as gold and silver.

The colony prospered more and more, and Peter, after living with them for seventeen years, felt very much indeed like a father among his children. He went about the narrow crooked streets, chatting with his friends and smoking his long-stemmed pipe, and doubtless he felt that things would go on in this manner for the rest of his life.

But one day came news that made Peter very anxious.

He heard that the King of England, Charles the Second, had given the lands of the Dutch colony to his brother, the Duke of York, and that English ships had been sent out to take possession.

The news caused great excitement. The fort was a very small one, and the colony boasted only one hundred soldiers, but the Governor was a brave man, and was determined not to surrender. He went about seeing to it that every weak place was fortified, and if the work did not please him, he would stamp angrily with his wooden leg, and swear at the workers in Dutch words that sounded like thunder.

When the English ships came, the officer in command sent word to the Governor that if he would surrender, no harm would be done to the people or their property. The Council met with the Governor, and the members begged him to agree to the English terms, for they knew that the guns on the ships were capable of destroying their little town.

But Peter would not give in. He sat at the head of the table and smoked, frowning as he listened to their gloomy talk. And whenever they would stop for breath, he would repeat stubbornly, "I will *not* surrender!"

While they were yet talking, a letter was brought from the British officer, making still kinder promises of free trade and other privileges for the Dutch, if the Governor would only yield.

The people in the streets got news of the letter, and rushed to the Council-room to hear it. But Peter would not read it to them.

Then the Council told him he was wrong—that the people had the right to know the terms. At this the Governor rose from his chair, shaking with anger. He pounded the floor with his wooden leg, and he tore the missive into pieces.



“THEY SHALL NEVER READ THE LETTER!”

“They shall never read the letter!” he shouted furiously. He called for pen and ink, and, still trembling with rage, wrote an answer.

That answer was a firm and manly letter. He told the English commander that the Dutch had discovered and

settled this land, had bought it from the Indians, and made it their home. That it belonged to them, and as Governor of it, he was going to defend it.

After sending off this letter, the old man, to the despair of the Council, made ready for battle—marching down to the landing with his hundred soldiers. The English had six hundred soldiers and ninety-four guns. The colonists had only a hundred men and twenty guns! You can imagine how miserable the Dutch wives and mothers were, that morning in New Amsterdam, waiting for the English guns to destroy their happy little homes.

But Peter Stuyvesant would not change his mind. He had the spirit of the soldiers of his native country, who were willing always to fight to the “last ditch.” The gunners of the little fort were waiting his signal to open fire on the English ships, when a paper was brought to the Governor from the people of his town—a paper begging him to give up. This appeal was signed by all the citizens of New Amsterdam—his own son among them—and as he read the many names, the women and children crowded about him, crying and wringing their hands, and begging him to save them.

Peter Stuyvesant had promised to be *a father* to his people, when he talked to them at this same landing, seventeen years before. He remembered this now as he looked at the weeping women and children, and though his spirit was as strong as ever, he saw he would have to yield.

“I would rather be carried to my grave,” he told them,

when at length he ordered the white flag of surrender run up. Then for the last time at the head of his soldiers, old Peter Stuyvesant marched out of the fort, but with drums beating and with colors flying.

Soon the English flag was raised in the place of the Dutch colors, and the name of the sturdy little town was changed from New Amsterdam to New York.

Peter Stuyvesant lived the remaining years of his life on his farm. The English officer, Colonel Nicholls, admired the brave old Governor who had refused to surrender to him, and, as time went on, they became great friends.

A JUDGE OF WITCHCRAFT

Samuel Sewall was one of the seven judges of Salem, Massachusetts, who sentenced nineteen persons to hang for witchcraft. He was in later years much ashamed of this, and confessed in church how wrong he had been, asking the people to help him pray for pardon.

Sewall kept a diary for fifty-six years, and it gives us a most wonderful picture of Colonial times. In this diary he tells us of his courtship of Madame Catherine Winthrop. She, as well as he, had already been twice married, and both had grandchildren! It is very amusing to read what they said to each other, and of the presents he took her—such as “one-half pound of sugar almonds, cost 3 shillings,” and “a piece of Gingerbread wrapped in a clean sheet of paper.” But, after all, they did not marry!



A TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN

BY HATTIE WHITNEY

I passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew,—
Heartsease and tomatoes, and pinks and potatoes,
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau* with a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen-haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flag flowers lovely and tall,
And early blush roses, and little pink posies,
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden,—
It tumbled right in as I passed,
Mid wildering mazes of spinach and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

* Wife.

THE NEW YEAR KRULLERS*

ADAPTED FROM "A LITTLE COLONIAL DAME,"

BY AGNES CARR SAGE

At length the last day dawned, the eve of the glad *Nieuw Jar*, the time when every worthy Dutchman considered it an imperative social duty to call on his friends and neighbors, and when the seldom-opened front doors, with their shining brass knockers, swung on their hinges from early morn till late at night, to admit the well-wishers of the season.

In the cheerful kitchen of the Van Couwenhoven mansion, you may be sure active preparations were going forward. A royal fire blazed in the deep chimney, and the energetic *vrouw*,† clad in short gown and petticoat, was cutting out and boiling in hog's fat the light, rich krullers for which she was famous among the skilled housewives of the town.

"Out of the way, youngsters!" cried the busy dame to her young daughter and son, Rychie and Hendrick. "Take thy sister, Rick, and be off with her to the Verlettenberg. I am sure she would enjoy a bit of sledding this fine day."

"That I would," put in Rychie.

"I would rather go skating on the Salt River,"‡ said Hendrick.

*Adapted from "A Little Colonial Dame," by Agnes Carr Sage, by special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

† Wife.

‡ East River.

“But that you cannot do. I forbid it,” promptly replied his mother. “Only this morning thy father did say that the river is very unsafe since the last thaw. So, away with you both to the sliding, and here are two stivers with which to buy New Year cookies.”

On their way, the children stopped in at Peter Van Twinkle’s tidy little shop to invest in the sweet New Year cakes stamped with a crown and breeches. Hendrick made short work of his cake, but Rychie had scarcely begun to nibble hers when her eye fell on an aged man with flowing gray hair and beard, who was soliciting charity on the corner of the street.

“Oh, see, Rick!” she cried. “What a poor, forlorn old beggar! He seems perishing with cold and hunger!”

“Then he should go to work,” replied her matter-of-fact brother.

“But, mayhap, he can get no work to do. Ach, the sight of him makes my heart ache!” Saying which, the easily touched girl darted to the beggar’s side and shyly slipped her cake into his hand.

“A thousand thanks, kind little lady,” exclaimed the man warmly. “For, verily, I am near to starving, and you are the first who has heeded me to-day.”

He was evidently English, but Rychie cared not for that, and—carried away by her feelings—she added the guilder from her St. Nicholas stocking to her gift of the New Year cooky. At this, the ancient pronounced a graceful blessing upon her, although he seemed strangely

nervous meanwhile—starting at the glance of every passer-by. As soon, too, as the children moved on, he slunk into a dark alley and disappeared.

“Well, Rychie,” cried Hendrick, as they hurried on, “I must say thou art a silly noodle thus to fling away thy presents!”

But his sister only shook her flaxen head, remarking, “On Christ-Kinkle Eve, the good Knecht Rupert* bade us be kind and liberal to all.”

Twilight was falling ere the young Van Couwenhovens tore themselves from the fascinating sport of coasting, and wended their way home to find their bread and buttermilk awaiting them by the kitchen fire. Their parents were absent at a tea-drinking, and Grietje, their elder sister, had gone to a dance at the Bayard Bouwerie.

“Does the best parlor look neat and fine, Elsje?” asked Rychie as she finished her evening meal.

“Dat it do,” replied the old slave. “De sand on de floor am washed like white clouds and de brass chair-nails shine jes’ like little missy’s eyes. I ’spect de ole Mynheer and his *vrouw* gwine to come down and dance dis night, for sure.”

“What old Mynheer, † Elsje?” asked Blandina, Rychie’s little sister.

“De great Mynheer ob de portrait, your honored grandfader, of course. Hasn’t you chillens eber heard how ebery New Year Eve, when de clock strikes twelve, de

* A messenger from Santa Claus.

† Mister.

picture folk all come down and shake hands and wish each other 'Happy New Year!'?—Den if nobody disturbs 'em, dey dance in de firelight.'"

"O, Elsje, do they *really*?" exclaimed Rychie.

Hendrick, however, jeered at the idea.

"Ja, dey do so," protested the negress. "Massa Rick may laugh if he like, but my old *moeder* once saw de goster wid her own eyes, and watched 'em step a minuet.'"

"Then I wish that I could do the same, for it must be a rare sight," said Rychie, gazing up with increased respect and awe at her stolid-faced Holland ancestors.

And as the light from the hickory fire flickered over them, they seemed to beam down approvingly on her, as well as on the festal room with its high-backed chairs, its carved bedstead upholding a puffy feather-bed—ever the odd adornment of a New Amsterdam parlor—its huge chest containing the household linen, and its New Year table already set with bowls, flagons, and tankards of massive plate. And small wonder that the old Mynheer and his *vrouw* approved, for the vessels were filled with cherry brandy, Hollands, Geneva, and other strong waters, and the dishes with a tempting variety of cakes and sweetmeats—while conspicuous among the good things appeared Vrouw Van Couwenhoven's famous krullers, heaped upon a shining silver platter.

"Ah, how I should love to see them tread a minuet," sighed Rychie again to the approving portraits of her ancestors.

Even after her head was on her pillow, the idea haunted her dreams. And just as the tall clock in the hall struck eleven, she started up wide awake, with the vague feeling that something eventful was about to happen.

“The Old Year is almost spent,” she thought, “and very soon now the picture folk will come down to greet the New. Oh, I *must* them see!”

The household was by this time wrapped in deepest slumber, but, possessed by Elsje’s fable, Rychie crept out of bed, slipped on her clothes, and stole noiselessly downstairs—shivering at every step from sheer nervous excitement.

The best room was still illumined by the ruddy glow from the hickory logs, and Rychie basked for a while in the grateful warmth.

“They are quiet yet,” she thought, glancing up at the painted countenances, “but the hour draws near. I must hide or they may not come down. Good! Yonder is the very place!” And running to the linen-chest, she lifted the lid and stepped lightly in.

By placing something to keep the lid slightly raised, the curious little maid had as comfortable a hiding-spot as could be desired, nestled as she was among the lavender-scented sheets and homespun tablecloths. So cosy indeed did it prove, that Rychie became somewhat drowsy.

But when the clock—one of the very few in the New Netherlands—chimed the midnight hour, she became instantly alert, and peered eagerly out from her snug nest.

The corner where the chest stood was in shadow, but the firelight revealed the portraits still unmoved, and Rychie was about to utter an exclamation of disappointment, when her heart gave a great bound into her throat, for she saw a door leading to the rear of the house swing open, suddenly and silently.

Scarcely daring to breathe, then, she gazed with wide-open staring eyes as a dark figure, bearing a lantern, entered with stealthy tread. A very ancient man he seemed, bowed and bent, with long gray hair and beard, and with a sack thrown across his shoulders.

“It is the Old Year,” thought the fanciful girl, recalling certain pictures she had seen. But the next moment, she almost betrayed herself by a scream, for she recognized in the intruder the beggar to whom she had given her cooky and guilder that very afternoon.

Cautiously, the midnight marauder advanced into the fire-shine, hungrily eying the bountifully laden table. And then, all at once, a startling transformation took place. The bent old creature became straight and tall, the gray beard and hair were torn off and flung aside, and a handsome man in the prime of life stood before the little watcher’s astonished sight!

Rychie could scarcely believe her own eyes, and had to pinch herself to make sure that she was awake.

The intruder now seated himself at the table and ate and drank almost ravenously, snatching the viands and draining several glasses of Heer Van Couwenhoven’s choic-

est brands. His appetite satisfied, however, he threw himself back in his chair.

For some moments he sat there, seeming to hesitate about something. But at length, with a frown, he muttered, "Well, what must be, must, and here's for Cherie, home, and the boy!"

At this he seized a silver bowl and dropped it into his bag; following it up with the porringers and plates that were the very apple of the house-mother's eye.

Utterly aghast and too frightened to make a sound, poor Rychie watched the proceedings. But when the burglar laid violent hands upon a very old and beautifully engraved flagon with three handles, she murmured under her breath:

"The loving-cup! The dear loving-cup! Oh, mine vader's heart will it break to lose that!"

"Plenty of the needful here!" chuckled the thief to himself.

But the next instant his humor changed to alarm, as out of the shadows suddenly emerged a slim, wraith-like form, and a stern, girlish voice cried, "Stop!"

With an oath, the man drew back, looking as though he beheld a ghost, as indeed he must have thought he did. And, then, as Rychie exclaimed, "Ah, do not take the loving-cup of our forefathers!" he sank into a seat ejaculating, "By St. George* and the Dragon 'tis the little lady of the cake!"

* St. George is the patron saint of England. There is an old legend of how he slew a dragon and rescued a beautiful lady.

“That is so,” said Rychie, understanding him at once. “And is it thus you British reward all who do you a service?”

The man reddened. “Believe me, young Mistress,” he stammered, almost humbly, “I never dreamed this to be your home or naught would have tempted me here. And on my honor, this is the first time I have ever soiled my fingers with such work as this.”

“Then why begin now?” asked Rychie. “Do you not know it is wicked to steal?”

“I do, I do,” cried the miscreant, “but before you judge me too harshly let me tell you how I came to this. I was a gay young fellow, but never really bad. Cast off by my father for marrying—as he fancied—beneath my station, I left home and wife, determined to show my family that I could win fame and means by my own unaided efforts. I joined the army and was despatched out here to the Colonies, and though I say it myself, no more honest soldier ever entered the Province. Like an Angola slave I worked, I who had been born and bred a gentleman! But in the end my health gave way and for weeks I lay ill of a fever. I recovered, but only partially, and I could not endure the rude fare and the homesickness longer. One month ago, then, I deserted from Fort Orange (now Albany, New York) at the other end of the Great River. I will not harrow your tender heart with a recital of the pains and perils I underwent, as with an Indian guide I traversed on foot the long distance hither, suffice it, that I am here;

but the officers are on my track, though so far, thanks to this beggarly disguise, I have escaped detection right under their very noses. If caught I shall be shot."

The listening maid shuddered.

"Across the ocean," continued the man, "I hope and believe my patient, forgiving wife and my darling son are waiting and watching for my return. After all these weary, wasted years the desire to look upon their sweet faces has conquered my pride and every other feeling. But saving your guilder, I was utterly penniless, and so, for the first time, determined to take what was not my own, hoping that the end might justify the means!"

"Poor man!" sighed tender-hearted Rychie, the tears starting to her bonny blue eyes.

"To-morrow night," added the strange visitor, "the *Golden Unicorn* sails for England. Her crew, after the New Year festivities, will be so dazed that I can easily slip on board and conceal myself until the ship is far out at sea. Then ho for home and my little woman!"

"And will you go to her as a wicked robber?" asked the girl.

"No, by my faith, no!" cried the man, emptying his sack. "You have saved me from that, little lady, as well as from starvation to-day, for I would cut off my right hand before I would steal from you or yours. Give me but these krullers to eat while I am a stowaway, and all the silver shall be left behind."

"Yes, that will I do." And Rychie, much relieved and

rejoiced, herself dropped the cakes into the stranger's bag. "Now go at once and God speed," she added.

"But first," he urged, "I must have your promise not to mention this meeting until the *Golden Unicorn* weighs anchor at seven o'clock on the New Year night."

"To my mother, may I not?" gasped the little maid.

"No, no, to no one. Think, just think, my life is in your hands! Promise, I implore!" His tone was so agitated that the girl was touched.

"I do not like it, but I will promise," she said.

"Thanks, for I know I can trust you, and now farewell." And resuming his disguise, the deserter turned and departed, as he had come.

PART II

Gayly the sunbeams glittered on the black and yellow gables that first day of January, and fully as resplendent were the maids and matrons of New Amsterdam, in their Sunday-go-to-meeting muslins and brocades, silken petticoats, and multitude of chains. Rychie presented a curiously quaint, attractive little vision when she descended that morning arrayed in her best taffeta gown and embroidered stomacher, and with her amber beads about her neck.

Her face was hardly in accord with her attire, however, and she found the house in an uproar and every one demanding:

“What has become of the krullers? The New Year krullers?”

Madam Van Couwenhoven was flushed and angry. “Ach,” she cried, “but it is an outrageous theft and a mystery unaccountable.”

“Mebbe de great ole Mynheer and his *vrouw* gobbled ’em up,” said Elsje.

“What is worst of all, too,” said the mother again, “is that in the biggest kruller of them all I did hide a fine gold ring. It was at the request of Nicholas Bayard I hid it there, for it was to be his surprise gift to Grietje. That, too, is whisked away!”

At this Grietje blushed and looked concerned, while she suggested that perhaps little black Flip was the thief.

“If that be so, to the whipping-post shall he be sent without mercy,” cried the enraged Dutchwoman starting for the kitchen to find the little slave.

But before she could reach the door, Rychie interposed, exclaiming:

“No, mother, no! Flip is not the thief.”

“Why, mine Rychie! What canst thou know of this?” asked Heer Van Couwenhoven in amazement.

“I know—I know who has taken the cakes,” stammered the confused girl, “but at present I cannot tell.”

“Not tell?” gasped her mother. “Why and wherefore?”

“Because my promise I have given, but when the night comes then shall you know all.”

“But Maritje, this is outrageous foolishness,” cried her mother. “And I command you to say, at once, who has my New Year krullers.”

“And my ring from Nicholas,” added Grietje.

“That I cannot do,” protested Rychie. “It would be a lie. Oh, *mijn vader*, canst thou not trust me until the night-fall?”

“Surely, sweetheart,” interposed her father. “There, there, good *vrouw*, say no more, and leave the little one in peace. You would not have her break a promise?”

“There be promises that are better broken than kept. But *whom* did she promise?” the mother demanded.

Rychie was silent, and now even her father looked grave. “Speak, my child, whom didst thou promise?” he asked.

“That, too, I cannot say.”

“See, Wolfert!” exclaimed her mother. “It is stubborn she is, and truly bad it looks. But hearken to me, Maritje. This instant moment shall you speak, or else to your chamber go, and there spend your New Year day.”

At this the father puffed grimly at his long pipe, and Rychie, without a word, turned and left the parlor.

She felt that her tongue was tied. But the lump in her throat made her tug at her neck-beads as though they choked her, and she could not repress a sob as she thought of all the pleasure she would miss.

“But I could not help it,” she murmured as, ascending to her dormer-room, she removed her holiday finery and sat sadly down to work on her Flemish lace.

From time to time, too, she endeavored to console herself by repeating—"I am right. I know I am right." When once a promise is given never should it broken be." And all the while the New Year callers came and went, and the sound of merry greetings floated up from below, till she felt that her heart would break.

At early twilight, as Rychie sat in her lonely chamber, thinking of the deserter so soon to make his desperate attempt to leave the American shore, and of the wife and child awaiting him somewhere in that great Old World beyond the broad Atlantic, a voice on the shed roof without her window cried:

"Let me in, Rychie, let me in quick!"

On flying to open the casement, an exceedingly wet and bedraggled Hendrick tumbled at her feet, sputtering: "Oh, mine sister, run for dry clothes and a hot drink as fast as you can, for I am nearly drowned and frozen as well!"

Indeed, he seemed so, as he lay almost exhausted on the floor—his teeth chattering, his lips blue with cold, and his garments stiff from the congealing of the water with which they were soaked through.

Thoroughly alarmed, the girl hastened to do his bidding. She helped him to disrobe, ordered Elsje to prepare a warm drink, and covered him up snugly in her own feather-bed.

Then, and not till then—when a reaction had taken place and a delightful glow was stealing over the lad's

shivering frame—did she venture to inquire: “Whatever is it that has happened to you, Hendrick?”

“Why, I was on the Salt River, skating across to Breucklyn, when the ice broke and in I went. But for a shabby old fellow who risked his life to save mine, I should be down in Davy Jones’s locker this blessed minute.”

“And, oh dear!” exclaimed his sister, “thy fine kerck suit is quite ruined! Does the mother know it?”

“No, it was for fear of her that I came in by the roof, but outside I met the father and he is full of spleen because I went on the river. He says that now he will not take me with him on that trip up the Great River, and to visit at the domain of the Patroon Van Rensselaer!”

“Poor Rick! I am sorry for you,” said Rychie.

“What is queer, too,” he at last continued, “is that the old cove who yanked me out from under the ice seemed to know me. He called me ‘Van Couwenhoven,’ and gave me something for my ‘younger sister with the blue eyes.’ That must be you, Rychie, for Blandina’s are like hazelnuts.” And diving into the pocket of his damp breeches, Hendrick produced a very moist and soggy package, which, on being undone, revealed a single broken kruller!

“Well, I’ll be dondered!” exclaimed the boy. “Whatever made him send *that*?”

“Oh, I know! I know!” cried Rychie. “It is a token to let me know who your savior was, and”—her nervous hands were crumbling the kruller from which, the next

moment, Nicholas Bayard's ring for Grietje dropped out—
“and to return this ring!”

“*What*, do you mean that that brave old chap was the thief who walked off with the mother's cakes?” And Hendrick sat bolt upright in his bed in his excitement.

“It may be so, and it may not be so. Not yet can I tell you.” But Rychie's dimples came and went mischievously.

Then she hurried into her festival dress. When the clock struck seven, she tripped happily down to the best room, and, creeping to Vrouw Van Couwenhoven's side, whispered, “Now, *mijn moeder*, all shalt thou know.”

In mute amazement the family listened to her tale of the midnight guest, and, when she ended by saying: “I am sure he was no common, wicked robber. To-day he dragged our Hendrick from a grave in the Salt River,” the contrite Dutchwoman caught her to her heart, sobbing:

“O mine Rychie! my white lambkin! forgive thy *moeder!*”

Grietje hugged her rapturously. And tears were in the father's eyes as he asked: “How can I repay my daughter for rescuing the loving-cup of her ancestors and for her dreary day above?”

“By pardoning Hendrick, dear *vader*, letting him come to the New Year supper, and by taking him with you when you go up the Great River for the fur-trading.”

“Well, then, sweetheart,” replied her father, “to please thee, it shall be so.”

So Hendrick was summoned down. And a truly happy festal evening was spent within the home circle, beneath the gaze of the old Mynheer and his placid-faced *vrouw* who looked down approvingly from their heavy frames.

And at that very time, opposite Najack—an Indian settlement where Fort Hamilton now stands—the *Golden Unicorn* was ploughing her way through the floating blocks of ice, and on board was one more passenger than appeared on the captain's list—a concealed stowaway, whose pockets were stuffed with Dutch krullers and in whose heart was the sentiment of a then unwritten song—the song of ‘‘Home, Sweet Home!’’

FREEDOM IS KING

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE *

ADAPTED FROM A SKETCH BY HOWARD PYLE

When the seventeenth century was fairly packed away in the store-chest of the past, a score or more bands of pirates were cruising along the Atlantic seaboard in armed vessels, each with a black flag with its skull and cross-bones at the fore, and with a crew made up of the tags and remnants of civilization.

Up and down the Atlantic they cruised, and for the fifty years that marooning was in flower, it was a sorrowful time for the coasters, sailing to the West Indies with their cargoes of salt fish, grain, and tobacco.

Bulletin after bulletin came to port with its doleful tale of this vessel burned or that vessel scuttled, this one held by the pirates for their own use or that one stripped of its goods and sent into port as empty as an egg-shell. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston suffered alike. And worthy ship-owners had to leave off counting their losses upon their fingers and take to the slate to keep the dismal record.

Of all the pirates whose names appear in the history of Colonial America, Captain Kidd has the most conspicuous place in song and story, but a far bloodier than he was Captain Edward Teach—better known as “Blackbeard.”

* From “Buccaneers and Mariners of the Spanish Main.” Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

This Blackbeard was a real, ranting, raging, roaring pirate—one who really did bury treasure, who made more than one captive walk the plank.

Teach assumed the name of Blackbeard from the large quantity of hair which entirely covered his face. This he was accustomed to twist with ribbons into small tails which he would put behind his ears. In time of action, he wore a sling over his shoulder with three brace of pistols. And thus fearfully gotten up, he would stick lighted matches under his hat to make his eyes look fierce and wild.

For a time Blackbeard worked at his trade down on the Spanish Main,* but by and by he took it into his head to try his luck along the coast of the Carolinas. So off he sailed to the northward with quite a respectable little fleet of three vessels. From that time on he was actively engaged in the making of American history in his small way.

Blackbeard first appeared off the bar of Charleston Harbor, and there lay for five or six days, stopping incoming and outgoing vessels at his pleasure and entirely paralyzing commerce. All the vessels so stopped he held as prizes, taking captive their passengers and holding them for ransom.

And one may well believe that it was mightily awkward for the good folk of Charleston to behold, day after day, the black flag with its skull and cross-bones fluttering at the fore of the pirate captain's craft over across the stretch of green sea-marshes; and mightily unpleasant too to realize

* The sea about the West Indies and the northern part of South America.



From a drawing by Howard Pyle. Copyright by Harper and Brothers
BLACKBEARD BURIES HIS TREASURE

that prominent citizens of the Carolinas were being held prisoners aboard that very ship.

One morning Captain Blackbeard finds that his stock of medicine is low. "Tut," says he, "we'll turn no hairs gray for that!" So up he calls Captain Richards, the commander of his second vessel, and bids him take one of the prisoners and go up to Charleston to get the medicine.

There was no task that suited our Captain Richards better than that. Up to town he rowed as bold as brass.

"Look ye," he said to the Governor; "we are after this and that, and if we don't get it, why I'll tell you plainly, we'll burn those bloody craft of yours that we've taken over yonder, and cut the throat of every prisoner aboard of them."

There was no answering an argument of such force as this, and the worshipful Governor and the good folk of Charleston knew very well that Blackbeard and his crew were the men to do as they promised. So Blackbeard got his medicine, and though it cost the colony two thousand dollars, it was worth that much to be quit of him. Having gained a booty of seven or eight thousand dollars from the prizes captured, the pirates sailed away from Charleston Harbor to harry the coast of North Carolina.

About this time the king issued a proclamation offering pardon to all pirates who would surrender to his authority before a given date. So up goes Master Blackbeard to the Governor of North Carolina and makes his neck safe by surrendering—albeit, he kept tight clutch upon what he had already gained.

And now we find our bold Captain Blackbeard established in the good province of North Carolina, where he and his Worship, the Governor, struck up a vast deal of intimacy, as *profitable* as it was pleasant.

Becoming tired of an inactive life, Blackbeard afterward resumed his piratical career. He cruised around in the rivers and inlets of North Carolina for a while, ruling the roost, and with never a one to say him nay, until there was no bearing with such a pest any longer. So the Carolinians sent a deputation up to the Governor of Virginia asking if he would be pleased to help them in their trouble.

The Governor of Virginia *was* pleased, and forthwith sent down Lieutenant Maynard of the *Pearl* to fight this pirate who ruled it down there so like the cock of the walk.

Maynard found Blackbeard waiting for him, and as ready to fight as ever the lieutenant himself could be. Fight they did, and while it lasted it was as pretty a piece of business of its kind as one could wish to see.

Blackbeard drained a glass of grog, wishing the lieutenant luck in getting aboard of him, fired a broadside, blew some twenty of the lieutenant's men out of existence, and totally crippled one of his little sloops for the balance of the fight.

After that, and under cover of the smoke, the pirate and his men boarded Maynard's other sloop. And then followed a fine old-fashioned hand-to-hand conflict betwixt him and the lieutenant. First they fired their pistols, and then they took to it with cutlasses—right, left, up and

down, cut and slash—until the lieutenant's cutlass broke short off at the hilt.

Then Blackbeard would have finished him off handsomely, only up steps one of the lieutenant's men and fetches him a great slash over the neck, so that the lieutenant came off with no more hurt than a cut across the knuckles.

At the first discharge of their pistols Blackbeard had been shot through the body, but he was not for giving up for that—not he! As said before, he was of the true roaring, raging breed of pirates, and stood up to it until he received twenty more cutlass cuts and five additional shots, and then fell dead while trying to fire off an empty pistol.

After that the lieutenant sailed away in triumph. Those of Blackbeard's men who were not killed were carried away to Virginia, where most of them were tried and hanged.

But did Blackbeard really bury treasure along the sandy shores he haunted?

Why Master Clement Downing, midshipman aboard the *Salisbury*, and one who wrote a book about the *Salisbury's* efforts to put down piracy, says:

“A Portuguese sailor who had been among the pirates told me that he belonged to one of the sloops in Virginia when Blackbeard was taken. He informed me that if it should be my lot ever to go to York River, near an island called ‘Mulberry Island,’—provided I went on shore at the watering-place where the shipping used most commonly to ride—I might be well paid for my trouble, as there the

pirates were said to have buried considerable sums of money in great chests well clamped with iron plates. As to my part, I never was that way, nor much acquainted with any who ever used those parts. But I have made inquiry, and am informed that there *is* such a place as 'Mulberry Island.' If any person who uses those parts should think it worth while to dig a little way at the upper end of a small cove, where it is convenient to land, he will soon find whether or not the information I had was well grounded."

WHO SAILS THE SPANISH MAIN

AN OLD SONG

"Where go you, pretty Maggie?

Where go you in the rain?"

"I go to ask a sailor

That sails the Spanish Main

If he has seen my Willie—

If he'll come back to me.

Oh, 'tis sad to have a darling,

Sailing on the sea!"

"Maggie, pretty Maggie!

Turn back to yonder town.

Your Willie's in the ocean,

A thousand fathoms down!

His hair has turned to seaweed,

His eyes are turned to stones—

And twice two years have netted

The coral round his bones!"

WILLIAM PENN

THE APOSTLE OF FAIR PLAY

Roger Williams had already welcomed people of all faiths to his colony of Rhode Island, and the Catholics under Lord Baltimore had invited non-Catholics to Maryland, when the Quakers came to the section that afterward became the State of Pennsylvania, bringing with them also the ideal of religious tolerance.

The Quakers, or "Friends" as they called themselves, were a religious sect who had many quaint customs. A Quaker, holding all men to be equal, would not doff his hat to any man nor salute him by a title. In speaking he addressed his fellow man, not as "Mister" or "Lord" Somebody, but as "Friend." And he always used the familiar "thee" and "thou," instead of the pronoun "you," which then was considered more respectful. A Quaker would not take an oath, not even in the courts, because he believed it to be against the teachings of the Bible; besides, his doctrine was that a man's simple *word* should be as binding as an oath. Quakers were opposed to war and to any kind of fighting. They had no churches, but held their pious gatherings in the fields, streets, and other public places. Later, they had simple "meeting-houses."

Now it was against the English law for Quakers to assemble anywhere, because their teachings were opposed to the Established Church. But *law* never has been able to stop the advance of religious freedom. The Quakers continued to meet and to teach their tenets. This course soon brought on outright persecution, and for many years the "Friends" were more harassed on account of their devotion to their faith than was any other dissenting sect in England—they being flogged or pilloried or thrown into jail whenever caught coming together for worship.

The ranks of the Quakers were recruited mainly from the homes of the poor and the humble, but now and then men of high station would be attracted by the simple customs of these people and by their zeal under persecution, and would end by becoming Friends.

Such a recruit was the famous William Penn, the greatest of all the Quakers. Penn was the son of a rich man—an admiral in the British navy—and his father was a personal friend of the "Merry Monarch," Charles the Second. William Penn was brought up in the Church of England, but, becoming attracted to the Quakers, adopted their faith and some of their customs. As may be supposed, the old Admiral stormed and raged when his son joined the despised Quaker sect, but King Charles seems to have been only amused, and continued to be William's warm friend.

It is related that the Admiral gave his son wrathful orders about his newly adopted Quaker customs.

“You may ‘thee’ and ‘thou’ other folk as much as you like,” he commanded, “but don’t you dare to ‘thee’ and ‘thou’ the King, or the Duke of York, or *me!*”

But William did dare. And he did not hesitate to call the Merry Monarch “Friend Charles” to his face. He also dared to wear his hat in the royal presence.

There must have been much about King Charles the Second that was charmingly *human*. As the story goes on, instead of dismissing the uncourtly Quaker from his presence for failing to “uncover,” Charles merely turned the incident into a joke by removing his own hat.

At that, it was natural for Penn to ask the question:

“Why dost thou remove thy hat, Friend Charles?”

“Because,” replied the laughing monarch, “wherever I am, it is customary for only *one* to remain covered.”

It is pleasing to know that on his death-bed Admiral Penn commended his son for following the dictates of his conscience, and to know also that the King remained William Penn’s steadfast “Friend Charles.”

It is said that in every great crisis in human affairs a leader appears. Life in England had become intolerable for the Quakers about the time when the son of the great Admiral and friend to the King joined their ranks. But it was not long before William Penn decided to provide for his people a way out of persecution. America had afforded a refuge to persecuted Puritans and Catholics—why should not the Quakers also find religious freedom in the wilderness?



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

Now the King had owed a large sum of money to *Admiral Penn*, and for this money he was still indebted to the Admiral's son. William Penn asked King Charles to give him in payment of this debt a tract of land in America, on which to plant a Quaker colony. As may be imagined, Charles was only too glad to grant a portion of the vast, unconquered wilderness in payment of the money which he had borrowed—doubly glad, since by the transaction he was to be free of his debt, and England was to be rid of many troublesome Quakers.

The trade was made, and by it William Penn became the possessor of a large territory lying north of Maryland and west of the Delaware River. Though Penn was to own the land, Charles was still to be king over it, and Penn was to send to the King yearly two beaver skins in recognition of the King's sovereignty.

Although Penn designed his colony especially for the Quakers, he announced that he would welcome to it any settler of good character. All his plans were generous. The settlers were to have their own homes, every man in the colony might help to make its laws, and each person might worship God in the way he pleased. Think of what this must have meant to men who, in England, had been beaten and tortured for their religion, who were too poor to own any of the precious land of the Old Country, and who were too humble to be allowed a voice in making the laws which they had to obey! William Penn himself called his plan a "holy experiment," and such indeed it proved.

There was so much that was *fine* in the men who planted the thirteen English colonies on this Western Continent, that in history we are wont to pass over their faults. The day is at hand, however, when, if we are to hold to the ideal of *fair play*, we must acknowledge and condemn the white man's sins against the red savages of America.

But William Penn was not guilty of the common sin against the Red Man—land robbery. Although the Great Quaker bought his lands from the King, he recognized the Indian's right to them, and paid the Red Man too.

William Penn's colony prospered, and in time came to be the great State of Pennsylvania. But the lesson of Penn's simplicity, his fairness, his loftiness of ideals, is worth immeasurably more to the land of America than is the material prosperity for which he laid the foundation.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's
waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of
beauty,

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the
forest

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they
molested.

—LONGFELLOW.

A ROSE FOR RENT

BY ALICE MORSE EARLE*

The old custom of paying a rose for rent was known in America. The Rose Tavern, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, stands on land granted for the site of the tavern by William Penn for the payment of a yearly rental of one Red Rose. Also in Mannheim, Pennsylvania, stands the Zion Lutheran church, which was gathered together by the Baron William Stiegel, the first glass and iron manufacturer of note in this country. He was a man of deep spiritual and religious belief, and of profound sentiment, and when in 1771 he gave the land to the church, this clause was in the indenture:

“Yielding and paying therefor unto the said Henry William Stiegel, his heirs or assigns, at the said town of Mannheim, in the month of June, yearly, forever hereafter, the rent of one Red Rose, if the same shall be lawfully demanded.”

Nothing more touching can be imagined than the fulfilment each year of this beautiful and symbolic custom. The little town is rich in roses, and these are gathered freely for the church service when one red rose is still paid to the heirs of the sainted old Baron.

In a beautiful memorial window of the church, the

* From “Old Time Gardens” by Alice Morse Earle, used by permission of the Macmillan Company, publishers.

decoration of the Red Rose commemorates the sentiment of the founder.

In England, too, the custom of paying a Red Rose for rent was well known. The Bishop of Ely leased Ely House in 1576 to Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's handsome Lord Chancellor, for a Red Rose to be paid on Midsummer Day.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

THE APOSTLE'S FAIR PLAY

Penn's Proclamation to his "Vassals and Subjects"

My Friends: I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to lett you know, that it hath pleased God in his Providence to cast you within my Lott and Care. It is a business, that though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your chainge and the king's choice; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governour that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and if you will, a sober, and industrious People. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with—I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true Friend,

WM. PENN.

In the "Historians' History of the World" is found this description of Penn's "first grand treaty with the Indians":

“Under the shelter of the forest, now leafless by the frosts of Autumn, Penn proclaimed to the men of the Algonquin race the same simple message of peace and love. . . . The English and the Indian should respect the same moral law, should be alike secure in their pursuits and their possessions, and adjust every difference by a peaceful tribunal, composed of an equal number of men from each race. ‘We meet,’ such were the words of William Penn, ‘on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rain might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man’s body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and one blood.’

“The children of the forest were touched by the sacred doctrine, and renounced their guile and their revenge. They received the presents of Penn in sincerity; and with hearty friendship they gave the belt of Wampum. ‘We will live,’ said they, ‘in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure.’

“This treaty of peace and friendship was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun and the river and the forest for witnesses. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian.”

FRIEND WILLIAM AND FRIEND CHARLES

PLACE: In the Palace of the King.

TIME: 1682.

CHARACTERS: King Charles the Second and William Penn.

King Charles. Well, Friend William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.

Penn. Yes, I have, I assure thee, Friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

K. C. What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

P. The best security in the world.

K. C. I doubt that, Friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

P. I want none of thy soldiers, Charles; I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

K. C. Ah! what may that be?

P. Why, I depend on themselves; on the working of

their own hearts; on their notions of justice; on their moral sense.

K. C. A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

P. And why not among them, as well as others?

K. C. Because if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

P. That is no proof of the contrary, Friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest people in the world. Every day, they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish and venison and corn, which were all they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting-grounds for farms for themselves. Now is it to be wondered at that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?

K. C. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner, as they probably will.

P. I am not afraid of it.

K. C. Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting-grounds too, I suppose?

P. Yes; but not by driving these poor people away from them.

K. C. No, indeed? How then will you get their lands?

P. I mean to buy their lands of them.

K. C. Buy their lands of them? Why, man, you have already bought them of me.

P. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

K. C. How, man? No right to their lands?

P. No, Friend Charles, no right, no right at all; what right hast thou to their lands?

K. C. Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

P. The right of discovery? A strange kind of right, indeed. Now suppose, Friend Charles, that some canoe-load of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

K. C. Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great *impudence* in them.

P. Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages? Yes, Friend Charles; and suppose, again, that these Indians, on

thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

K. C. I must say, Friend William, that I should; how can I say otherwise?

P. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in the heathen? No. I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God Himself, in His justice and mercy, and thereby insure His blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

A LITTLE QUAKER

(A True Incident)

BY EDITH M. THOMAS *

“With hands clasped softly in your lap,
And hair tucked back beneath your cap,
And snowy kerchief trimly crossed,
And lifted eyes in reverie lost—
Friend Phœbe, won't you tell me why
You look so far away and sigh?
Why don't you leave your little chair,
And take the sunshine and fresh air?”

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“Friend Edith, I will tell thee why
I sit so still, and sometimes sigh.
Dear Grandma says we can't be right
Unless we have the 'inner light,'
(I didn't have the 'inner light'
Although I tried with all my might!)
Well, First Day morning Grandma goes
To meeting, always, as thee knows,
And either takes John, Ruth, or me;
I go one morning out of three.

“'Twas 'silent morning' yesterday.
High up sat old Friend Hathaway;
His thumbs upon his cane were placed,
And he looked stern and solemn-faced.
Friend Hodges and Friend Underwood—
They wouldn't smile—not if they could!
(Thee knows, I think they're very *good*!)
Up in the gallery they sat,
Each one looked down beneath his hat,
And thought, and *thought*, and THOUGHT,
and THOUGHT,
But wouldn't speak out, as they ought!

“It was so still inside the house
That I could hear the little mouse
A-gnawing, gnawing in the wall.

Outside it wasn't still at all!
The birds were singing in the trees,
And I could hear the boring-bees
(The clumsy kind of bee that leaves
Those little holes along the eaves.)
It was so very still inside
To keep awake how hard I tried!
I ate a peppermint, or two—
But that was very wrong I knew.
All of a sudden, then, the birds
And bees began to sing these words:
'Friend Phœbe, come outside and play,
And never mind Friend Hathaway!'
It seemed to me I must obey—
I walked straight out the open door!
No child, thee knows, did so before.

“To punish me (I'm sure it's right—
I didn't have the 'inner light!')
I'm not allowed to go and play
Till I make up for yesterday.
Oh, dear, I mustn't speak to thee—
It's 'silent meeting'—don't thee see?”

A NAUGHTY YOUNG QUAKER

ADAPTED FROM "HUGH WYNNE," A NOVEL BY
S. WEIR MITCHELL *

I was born in the City of Brotherly Love, founded by William Penn on the banks of the Delaware, and my earliest memories are of the great river with its ships, and of brave gentlemen in straight-collared coats and broad-brimmed beaver hats.

I have but to close my eyes to see again the home in which I lived. The house was of black and red brick, having two windows on each side of a white Doric doorway. The door, itself, was divided, I remember, into an upper and a lower half, and I recall in the upper half a bull's-eye of thick glass with below it a great brass knocker. The grounds stretched down to the water's edge, and before the door were still left on either side two great hemlock-spruces that must have been part of the noble woods under which the first settlers had found shelter.

In the garden were many fine orchard trees from the fruit of which my mother made wonderful sweets for winter use. Here also that thrifty lady had planted many herbs and simples from which to brew medicines for her family. And among all these useful things were flowers—flowers

*Adapted from "Hugh Wynne," by S. Weir Mitchell. Published by The Century Company.

whose every breath was laden with memories of a far-off English home, together with many wildings which my mother had found in the Governor's woods.

But I started to tell thee of a sad day when the Devil tempted me and I fell.

I mind me now of a certain beautiful spring morning on which I stood on my father's door-step ready for school.

“How was I dressed?” Why, how should I have been dressed except in the gray homespun breeches and jacket, low shoes, and flat beaver hat of the Friends? “Breeches?” Yes, to the knees, *of course*.

My mother was there to say good-by to me that morning. My mother was *always* there to say good-by to me, and to caution me against the wiles of the Devil who ever waited just around the corner to ensnare little boys. Dear, ever dear lady! I can see her now as she leaned smiling upon the lower half-door—can see her in her stiff gray gown and blue-chintz apron, with her broad white beaver hat tied under her pretty chin. She had a quantity of brown hair, I remember, which was so curly that it was ever in rebellion against the custom of the Friends. Mistress Rawlinson and all the other dames of Philadelphia wore their hair flat upon the temples and drawn back very straight. I like curly hair. I have always liked it since a certain memorable visit paid us by our cousins, the Beverleys of Virginia. They *all* wore curls—those worldly, charming Cavaliers of the South—and they had very gay

manners too, and talked of “fox-hunting” and “horse-racing”— But these are unseemly subjects for a Friend!

My mother waited to say good-by to me.

“Thee hast barely time, Hugh,” she exclaimed, “and thee wilt have to run.—Be a good boy!” And she thrust into my hands a basket of cookies for my master, David Dove, who kept school in Vidall’s Alley near Chestnut street.

And as I sped away, the last message that her sweet voice brought me was—“Be a good boy!”

“Easier said than done,” an old proverb hath it.

I did not see the Devil waiting for me around the corner, but I did see, well across Friend Pemberton’s garden fence, the most wonderful green apples I have ever set eyes upon. I can’t tell thee how fine those apples were—how big!—how sour-looking!—how *green*!

And the fence was not *very* high.

Of course I knew that it was wicked to steal. But thee hast no idea of the greenness of those apples!

It didn’t take long to fill my breeches’ pockets, but when it came to my stomach, that was another question. Anyway, I had not nearly succeeded in eating all that I *could* have held, when I suddenly remembered Master David Dove! I should be late to school—I knew it! And then a vision rose before me of a punishment which I felt was more than I could bear. It was not that I feared a birching at the hands of David Dove—ah no! It was something more bitter still.

I quickly climbed back over Friend Pemberton's fence and made haste toward Vidall's Alley. But I had made only a short part of the distance when David Dove's dreaded punishment for tardiness met me face to face.

A searching-party of big boys was out after me, and this is what they did: One tied a lantern about my neck as if for to show me the way, while another, marching before, rang a bell continuously to announce that the Lost was found. I need not tell thee that we brought shopkeepers to their doors, and created a deal of mirth along the way which seemed to me then sadly out of place.

Then, as if my cup were not already overfull, whom should our fantastic procession meet but *my father!* I have never forgotten it—I shall never forget. He looked at me very straight, but went past us in silence. I, only, knew what that stern silence promised.

At school the children laughed, of course—all except Darthea Peniston, who burst into tears at my plight.

All that day, I thought of my father's stern gaze in passing, and I was in no great haste, I can tell thee, for dismissal of school and home-going.

When we were turned out for the day, however, things suddenly took on a new interest. As we went down the school steps Jack Warder whispered to me that one of my father's ships was in from the West Indies, and suggested that we slip off from the other boys and repair to the dock. It needed only his suggestion.

A full hour we must have spent there among the old

tars, listening to hair-raising stories of pirates on the Spanish Main. A full hour was I forgetful of the wrath to come of my father and of, alas! the telltale apples in my pockets. I wonder now we did not think to eat the rest of those apples—Jack Warder and I—I would that we had!

With my pockets full of incriminating apples, then, and my mind full of Blackbeard and Captain Kidd, I returned to my home that luckless afternoon.

I had an interview with my father— Yes, I had an interview with my father, and I count it the most unpleasant half-hour of my none-too-happy life. There were four of us at the interview—my father, a stout birch rod, and myself, together with my precious mother, who wept the only tears there shed. Dear, dear lady, seen through the mist of years! Thy tears too have worked to save me—thy tears and my father's stern but just accounting!

But my day of disaster was not yet ended. A sinner must confess his sin! So said my father, and so indeed my own conscience now agrees.

It was nearly dark when I presented myself at the door of Friend Pemberton, and rapped timidly with the huge brass knocker. Friend Pemberton himself opened the door. I thought to die! I tried to speak, but could not. At last I silently drew out the apples from my pockets and, one by one, placed them along the top of the half-door.

“They are thine,” I at length managed to say. “I *stole* them from thy orchard.—Father says I'm sorry.”

I can see Friend Pemberton now—the stout, rosy gentleman, with the kindest of faces twinkling above his severe, straight collar. I can hear again his gruffly gentle voice saying:

“Thee hast been a very naughty boy, Hugh!” And then, as I dropped my head lower, “But thee must come again when the apples are red ripe and take as many as thou wilt!”

There, thee hast my story!

What sayest thou?—The “Quakers,” as thou art pleased to call us, are “too strict?”—“too severe?” Nay, nay, lad, A theft is *a theft!* And I tell thee that if ever these colonies of America fulfil their glorious promise, much will be owed to these same “Quakers” who interpret the Eighth Commandment to mean:

“Thou shalt not steal—not even from the Red Savage his coveted lands!”

“In learning,” proudly said the birch,
“I once played quite a part;
Whenever little boys were dull,
Why, I could make ’em smart.”

THE OAK-TREE

Of all the trees known to the people of England, the oak is the one they love best. When England was a wild and savage country—two thousand years ago—they had priests called Druids, who built their rude temples under the most splendid oak-trees they could find. These Druids taught the people that the oak was sacred.

As the people of England grew civilized, they no longer worshipped the oak, but they thought of it as one of their greatest treasures. Of it they built houses, churches, and ships, and they were proud to compare themselves with the rugged tree. "Hearts of oak" was a term the kings often used in speaking of their loyal followers. The oak-tree, then, was a sort of symbol of independence, strength, and courage.

So it was with the greatest joy that the colonists of New England and Virginia discovered oak-trees in the new country. Here they found many kinds of oaks they had never seen before—for there are three hundred varieties of the oak! Fifty of these belong to America. We can imagine how eagerly the early settlers compared the oak-trees of the American forests with those of England. The white oak is the best known of the American kinds, and it holds the place in this country that the English oak does in England.

The most beautiful of the oak-trees in our country are

the live-oaks of the South. These splendid trees are enormous in size, and keep green all the year round in the pleasant climate of our Southern States.

Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those men
Who always are ready—steady, boys, steady!—
To fight for their freedom again and again!

TREES

BY JOYCE KILMER *

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

* From "Trees and Other Poems," by Joyce Kilmer. Copyright, 1914, George H. Doran Co., publishers.

HEART OF OAK

BY FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

A story of the Connecticut Charter Oak in which all the essential points are true to one version of the dramatic incident.

PART I

PLACE: Hartford, in the Colony of Connecticut.

TIME: Eighty-nine years before the Declaration of American Independence.

“Hist! Did you hear *that?*” The frightened children cuddled closer together.

“It is the *wind*,” said the mother. But she listened long and anxiously before she bent again over the home-spun shirt upon which she stitched.

“It is a witch, Mother,” gasped the dark-eyed Elizabeth, “I heard the swish of her broom against the roof! Didn’t *you*, Hannah?” But before little Hannah could answer, the mother said firmly:

“It is the wind that you hear.”

“But this is Hallowe’en—the night when the witches ride,” insisted the older girl, her dark eyes big with wondering fear.

“It is not near the witching hour,” said the mother. She seemed troubled, but not about the spirits of the air.

“I wish your father would come,” she added aloud.

At this a tall lad left the window at which he had been

watching, and came forward into the light of the tallow dip. He was a strong, sunburned lad, bred to hard work and hard fighting—for the pioneer boy of America had a man's task to perform in the winning of the New World. It was evident now that he, like his mother, was anxious about something which was not akin to witch or warlock.

“Father doesn't believe in witches,” he said now, and as if defying whatever spirits might be riding the night.

“Throw on another log, Ichabod,” said his mother to him, “and turn the venison.”

The lad heaved another log onto the big dog-irons, and retwisted the cord by which a haunch of venison was swinging and turning before the huge fireplace. Slowly the browning venison revolved with the untwisting of the cord, and a rich odor of roasting meat filled the big log room.

“I thought we were going to try our fortunes,” said little Hannah, coming forward with a lapful of chestnuts, and looking wistfully at the bed of hot ashes.

The mother exchanged knowing glances with the tall Ichabod.

“It is our *misfortunes* which we will try out to-night,” she said.

The sound of a heavy step outside brought them all to listening attention.

“Father!” cried little Jonathan, running to the door. But it was Ichabod who sprang to withdraw the heavy bolt; and the mother, so steady, so quiet, as a usual thing, was instantly on her feet.

Ichabod flung open the door, and for a moment there stood upon the threshold what seemed to them a father bewitched—so white and so drawn was the strong face of him—so like live coals his fevered eyes.

“What’s the *matter*, Father?” It was Ichabod who asked.

“The witches?” questioned Elizabeth.

“The Mohawks, Daddy?” little Hannah cried.

“The *English!*” answered the father. And he came heavily forward, leaving Ichabod to bar the door against what lay beyond.

The mother did not question. She only laid her hand upon his breast and waited for him to speak—waited with her quivering, eager face upturned to his.

“Governor Treat says we will have to surrender our Charter!” was his answer to her eager look.

“*Father!* I thought you said we would *never* give it up!” Ichabod cried in anguish, for young hearts break easily.

“What is our ‘Charter,’ Daddy, and who must we give it to?” asked little Hannah, pressing forward. But her father had sunk into a chair and was staring beyond. He did not seem to hear.

But Elizabeth drew Hannah aside to keep her quiet, and answered:

“Our Charter is a written promise given us by King Charles—a promise that we shall be free to rule ourselves. But there is another king in England now—King James—

and he has sent his soldiers to take our Charter away from us. Don't you remember the big man who rode at the head of the Red-coats this afternoon? That was 'Sir Edmund Andros.' King James has sent him to rule over us. Sir Edmund says that we must give him our Charter to-night—and if we *do* give it to him, we won't be free any more!" The girl's voice failed her.

"Father, I thought we were going *to refuse!*" insisted Ichabod.

The white-faced man sat now with one fist pressed hard against the other palm, his eyes still staring at whatever it was they saw. When he spoke, it was as if to the thing he faced:

"They drove us out of England when all that we asked of them was our *God!*" he said with tense quietness. "They left us to struggle and starve——"

"*Joseph!*" said his wife.

"And now that we are winning out against the savages and the wilderness—now that our grain and tobacco are as so much *gold*—the long arm of Tyranny would reach across the seas—" The man stopped, white to the temples.

Silent, they stood—dumb, before a tragedy that was too vast for tears.

"But *must* we, Father?" It was Ichabod who questioned.

"Governor Treat says we must give up the Charter, or the whole colony will be held guilty of rebellion," the father answered, as if all hope indeed were fled.

After a moment of silence, however, the spirit within him suddenly flamed up, and he sprang to his feet.

“The musket, Elizabeth!” he ordered sharply. “My cap—quick!” And he flung on his coat again.

“Joseph!” cried his wife.

“I’ll not be back—not for days, maybe—take care of the children.” He paused a moment—a moment in which the familiar “Good-by,” forming upon his lips, changed itself to its sweet first meaning:

“God be with you!” he said. And the next moment he was gone.

Ichabod and his mother looked at each other.

“What is it he is going to do?” asked the boy.

“You must follow and be with him through it. I am afraid of his mood!” she replied quickly.

“Oh, Mother, it’s the night the witches ride!” And Elizabeth staggered back against the wall.

“Father doesn’t be-believe in witches,” the boy managed to force out between his chattering teeth. “No, I’m only *cold*, Mother. I’ll go help Father.”

“Sir Edmund ordered that the Charter be brought him to-night at the Tavern—your father will go there, be-like,” the mother explained hastily.

And Ichabod darted out to trail his father through the dark.

But it was by no means a fearful trip, that which the lad made to the Tavern. The stars revealed the guiding tree-tops, and whatever witches there were, kept consider-

ately away. Besides, the coming that afternoon of Sir Edmund Andros at the head of a band of British soldiers had so startled the little settlement that everybody in it was still stirring. The vicinity of the Tavern itself was quite bright and noisy.

Ichabod knew the Tavern-keeper and the Tavern-keeper knew him. So, when the lad entered and made his way through the motley company of rudely dressed colonists and gaudy, red-coated soldiers of King James, the old Innkeeper at once lent him a confidential ear.

“My father—is he here?” questioned Ichabod, in a whisper too low for any except the friendly ear.

“Old Council-Chamber—stair in the lane,” said the host as quietly.

The boy turned and made his way through a side-door out into the lane which connected the two parallel streets. He knew the ground perfectly.

Here was the enclosed outside stairway of the Tavern, leading immediately to the hall which had been, until recent months, the Council-Chamber for the settlement. The door admitting to the stair had been propped slightly open, as Ichabod quickly noted.

He entered stealthily. The stairway was dark except for a very dim light at the top. This light Ichabod knew must come directly from the Council-Chamber. The stair had been built up to a window of the Chamber, but this window had never been made into a door, as was probably first intended.

Ichabod crept up the stair and paused at the open window. Inside this entrance hung heavy curtains, through the slight parting of which shone the dim light which the boy had followed. He peered into the Council-Chamber. Within ten feet of him stood his father, his uncle, John Wadsworth, and Master Nathaniel Stanley. The three were talking very quietly and with heads close together, but evidently they were much excited.

Ichabod parted the curtains and stepped inside the window. The men turned with a sharp start.

“What are *you* doing here?” Ichabod’s father demanded of him.

“Mother sent me to be with you,” said the lad.

The father’s face softened, but he knit his brows in annoyance.

“Let him stay, Joseph, he is a Wadsworth,” interposed Ichabod’s white-haired uncle. And the matter was settled.

“Ask Lane to make him an attendant,” suggested Master Stanley. Ichabod’s pulse leapt. He was to be allowed to be present—present at whatever was to happen.

The three men exchanged glances, and then the father said to his son:

“If anything should happen, Ichabod——”

But white-haired John Wadsworth interrupted again:

“The lad is a Wadsworth, Joseph, speak to him frankly.” Then, without waiting for the father to resume, John Wadsworth said to the boy:

“The Charter must be delivered, lad, else the whole

colony stands guilty of open rebellion. But if, after the formal delivery is made, *the lights should go out and the Charter disappear*, on whom could the guilt be fixed?"

A tap at the door caused dead silence, but when it was repeated Nathaniel Stanley turned the key and admitted the Tavern-keeper.

"The British lackeys arranged the tables," said mine host, "but I took a quiet hand with the candles. Come and see if they be right."

They turned at once to where two tables and a number of chairs had been placed in the centre of the room in the form of a "T." Two large candelabra stood—one at the centre and one at the end of the *stem* table. They seemed to be the sole means for lighting the chamber.

"Exactly right," replied Ichabod's father, measuring the distance between the two candelabra with outstretched arms.

The others laughed and nodded their approval.

It was here that Stanley said significantly to Ichabod: "Watch Andrew Leete to-night!"

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Oh," whispered the other with a little laugh, "Andrew Leete is subject to epilepsy, you know. He had a falling fit the other night and upset everything within reach."

Stanley's subdued but mirthful laugh was quickly caught and echoed by the others, but Ichabod flinched. He could not see why poor Andrew Leete's affliction should be made the subject of jest.

“Bring the end lights a trifle closer,” said Stanley, himself carefully measuring the distance between the two candlesticks.

“Sir Edmund Andros will sit here.” And Ichabod’s uncle pointed to the centre of the cross table.

“But shouldn’t the candles be nearer to Sir Edmund?” broke in the boy.

The men again laughed significantly.

“Nay, lad,” said the Tavern-keeper, “there will be light enough for the royally commissioned upstart to see all that the men of Connecticut intend him to!”

“Make this boy an attendant, Lane, I would have him share in so vital a scene.” It was Ichabod’s uncle who spoke.

PART II

A little later Sir Edmund Andros, resplendent in gold lace and powdered wig, sat at the centre of the cross table, presiding over an assemblage strangely mixed of showy English grandees and weather-beaten, roughly garbed men of Connecticut. The self-satisfied faces of the Britishers showed red and white and smug in the flare of the fourteen candles. The countenances of the Colonials were strained and white even under their bronzing.

Ichabod had been directed to stand behind the chair of the Colonial Governor, Treat. He had also been told to “watch Andrew Leete.” Fortunately, from the boy’s position behind Governor Treat, he could look Master Leete almost full in the face. Now why should he watch

Andrew Leete? he wondered. That reference to *epilepsy* must have been but the cover for something else.

The company had entered and filled the room so quickly that Ichabod had lost sight of his father, and he now looked uneasily but vainly about for him. He was not among the distinguished Colonials for whom the stem table—the table where the lights were—seemed to have been reserved. He was not one of the Colonials who filled the long line of chairs against the wall. Where *was* his father? Ichabod grew more and more uneasy.

If only his uncle had not been interrupted when he began to tell him that secret something! The boy was dazed, frightened, excited. “If the lights should go out and the Charter disappear,” his uncle had said.

Were they going to try to *steal* the Charter?—How?—When?—*And where was his father?*

With an effort, the lad brought his attention back to the scene before him. A big man was now reading from a scroll of parchment.

Ichabod tried to understand, but all he could make of it was that the King said the Charter was to be given up to Sir Edmund Andros, who would thenceforth rule, not only Connecticut, but all three of the New England colonies.

The boy’s heart swelled with indignation. The faces of the Colonials grew whiter still under the flickering candle-light.

Then the big man with the roll of parchment sat down. The resplendent, royally appointed Governor looked with

triumph into the face of the people's elected Governor, who after to-night was to be their ruler no more.

But Governor Treat's proud head was erect—Ichabod, though behind him, could see that he was meeting the look of the usurping tyrant. The faces of the Colonists about the table grew keen, expectant!

Governor Treat turned and motioned to Nathaniel Stanley, who came forward with a scroll.

The Colonial Governor cut the deerskin string and unrolled upon the table an impressive manuscript. Ichabod knew by the half-sob in the deep-drawn breath of the men about him that this was the Charter of Connecticut rights—to be theirs no more beyond this hour!

Unless, indeed— But Ichabod was afraid to hope.

Governor Treat had risen and was now speaking. He was telling the story of the sufferings of the colony—how they had worked and builded, how they had fought and labored, and many had died. It was an old story to Ichabod, for the children of Colonial times played an heroic part also in the tragic drama of freedom. The slim, sun-browned lad, standing so straight and tense behind the chair of the Colonial Governor, had fought knife-to-claw with a wildcat, and, gun in hand, had helped to track the Red scalper through the Connecticut woods. He listened to the story the people's Governor was telling, but ever and anon his troubled thoughts would wander to the strange absence of his father.

Suddenly his glance became fixed by a strange move-

ment of the curtains over the stair-window. Ichabod shifted his position until he could see better. Between those slightly parted curtains peered a man's set face—the face of his father!

His father was waiting behind that curtain and at the top of that secret stair!—*Waiting for what?* But suddenly his full attention became fixed on the speaker's words.

“If,” thundered Governor Treat, “if the rights of the people are invaded, and they cannot obtain redress, it will result in another removal, and to a territory *under a flag that respects its own acts!*”

A gasp went up from the assembled company. Ichabod saw the hand of a red-coated officer slapped to the hilt of his sword—saw the long brown fingers of a Colonial steal to the handle of his hunting-knife. Men leaned forward, eager for—afraid of—what was coming next.

But Sir Edmund Andros, though white with rage, answered in unexpectedly even phrases.

The boy Ichabod could not understand him. He could only guess the tragic meaning of the Royal Governor's words by the despairing looks on the faces of the men of Connecticut. All indeed was lost!

Then suddenly Andrew Leete rose to his feet, while every Colonial in the Chamber turned quickly toward him. Ichabod saw the epileptic take his stand exactly between the two candlesticks.

The dawning of an idea sent the boy's blood leaping through his brain. He “watched Leete.”

On the table, between the lights, their beloved Charter lay unrolled.

And now Andrew Leete was leaning forward on the table.

“King James has forgotten that covenants fairly entered into must be *kept!*” he roared at the British usurper. “That Charter is in force at this hour. No judgment has been rendered against it. It was granted under the great seal of England, and cannot be surrendered unless the surrender is given under the seal of this colony.”

Leete’s face had grown purple. A Colonial sitting near Sir Edmund said quietly to him:

“He is subject to epilepsy, your Honor—I am afraid——”

Ichabod began to catch the meaning of things, and turned quickly back to Andrew Leete, who was now chokingly speaking:

“Remember, it is Charles I’s last word, and that is why I use it, that ‘*measures obtained by force do not endure!*’”

With that Leete plunged forward upon the table, his outflung arms upsetting both candelabra.

The room was in total darkness!

For a moment all was confusion—rattling of overturned chairs, smothered exclamations, stamping feet! But amid it all Ichabod caught the rustle of parchment—plainly some one was making a dash for the stair-window.

The lad himself sprang to the window to join his father,



LEETE PLUNGED FORWARD UPON THE TABLE

but already a fleet pair of feet were bounding down the secret stair.

Ichabod sought to follow, but a button on his jacket, hooking into a rent in the curtain, delayed him for one agonizing moment. When he did get free, he fled down the old stairway, but only to glimpse by the light of the new moon a figure disappearing in the distance.

The boy came to an abrupt halt. To follow might mean to betray his father! He stood still in doubt, his fingers grasping his jacket to keep the pounding heart of him from bursting.

At that moment a hand was suddenly placed on his shoulder, and he would have cried aloud for fright, had not Nathaniel Stanley's familiar voice whispered:

“Go home to your mother, lad, you must not be caught here.”

“But my father?—The Charter?” gasped the boy.

“Joseph Wadsworth has the Charter, and that means that no Britisher will ever lay impious hands upon it, lad. Your father, too, is safe, for none but the loyal know.”

Then yielding to a gentle shove from the man's hands, Joseph Wadsworth's son set his tear-stained, radiant face toward the mother who waited.

Witches there may have been—careering about over Hartford Town that night—but Ichabod did not look up to see. Shrieks of warlocks may have mingled with the howl of the winds that swept him as he ran—but the son of

Joseph Wadsworth did not hear. His boy heart was full of a great ideal, and nothing else was of moment.

“Mother,” he cried, when at last he burst into the cabin door, “Father is all right, and our Charter is safe—safe in his hands, for none but the loyal know!”

“God be with him!” said the wife.

And He was.

History tells us that Joseph Wadsworth concealed the Connecticut Charter in the hollow of an old oak-tree till the hunt for it was over, and it could be more securely hidden.

Charter or no Charter, Sir Edmund Andros tyrannized for a short space over Connecticut and the other New England colonies. In less than two years, however, King James was driven from the throne of England by his own subjects, and the people of Massachusetts promptly clapped Sir Edmund into prison.

When this happened, the men of Connecticut quietly got out their dear old Charter, and set up again their almost free government.

The Charter referred to in this story gave most extraordinary rights to the people of Connecticut, making them all but free. It was granted by King Charles II, who had his own good reasons for wishing to be popular with his subjects, and the chances are that no succeeding monarch would have been as generous. True, a later king reconfirmed the Charter, but most probably because that

was the best way out of a difficult situation—for the men of Connecticut still stubbornly clung to their “Magna Charta.”

It is of record that the people of Massachusetts, who *did* surrender their Charter to Sir Edmund Andros, never regained all of their original rights.

It is fairly safe to say, then, that had not Joseph Wadsworth snatched the Charter of Connecticut away to safety that Hallowe’en night, the liberties which it guaranteed to the colonists would never again have been theirs under British rule.

Another interesting fact about this Charter is, it was so liberally drawn that the people of Connecticut did not have to change the form of government it provided, when, a hundred years later, that colony became one of the States of the United States of America. Connecticut did not adopt a *State constitution* until 1818.

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

TRAVEL IN COLONIAL DAYS

When the first settlers came to Virginia and New England, they found a country covered with great forests, and, of course, without any roads for getting about through them.

At first this did not trouble them. The country was so wild, and the savage Indians kept them so busy with war-making, that the colonists were content to stay in one place. They grouped their little huts inside of *stockades*, so that all the men might combine to fight off the Indians. The lands which they cleared for cultivation were always those close to the stockades, in order that the laborers might quickly take refuge when foes approached.

The danger from Indians lasted a long time. The savages were slow to make friends, for they felt that the white people were enemies come to seize their country. Each year brought fresh shiploads of strangers to settle in the country, and as the white people became more numerous, the Indians would move farther and farther back into the heart of the continent.

Then, along the coasts of New England and Virginia, little towns began to spring up, and, in order to go from one town to another, the settlers had to make roads through the forests. This was a difficult undertaking. The Indians had worn trails through the woods by walking one behind another in the way we call "Indian file," and though these

were merely footpaths, many of them were followed when the whites found it necessary to make roadways. But even this sort of road-building required hard work.

We will *suppose* the case of some settlers who wanted to move from Plymouth to Roxbury—a distance of about fifty miles. They started with rude ox-wagons piled high with their pots and pans and precious feather-beds, on the tops of which were perched the old women and the little children. The older children walked with the men and women beside the wagons, and every one looked all about with uneasy eyes for Indians. The Indians could move as fast as birds and as noiselessly as shadows, and often the travellers would glimpse their painted forms lurking behind rocks or bushes.

They had need to have stout hearts as well as stout bodies. The men carried axes on their shoulders to cut away the trees for passage of the wagons, and their guns were ready in their hands. You may imagine how scared were the children, as they penetrated these strange, dark forests. The heavy wheels of the wagons bumped over the roots and stumps and rocks. At other times they would cross long stretches of swamp-land where the wagons would get stuck in the bog, and have to be pried up with heavy poles. Often, the streams were too deep for the wagons to cross, and the movers would have to wander along the banks in search of a shallow crossing.

Quite different was all that from the comfortable methods of travel of these days and times!

Later on, when horses were brought over from England, the people went everywhere on horseback, except when they had to move their household belongings. The women rode behind the men, just as they had done in England, on a sort of cushion called a "pillion," strapped behind the saddle.

But even on horseback a journey was a tiresome thing in Colonial times. How often the colonists must have remembered the beautiful roads of England, running smooth and firm throughout the country! And we know that they must have planned some day to build such roads for themselves. Madam Sarah Knight, who rode from Boston to New York in 1704, has left us a description of her adventures, telling us about the rough roads, the loneliness, the fear of bears, and the poor food she found at the taverns along the way. It was a wonderful journey for a woman in those days, and she acknowledged that there were moments of danger when she wished she had stayed at home!

Down in Virginia Colonel William Byrd travelled a great deal, and he found the roads not only hard to travel, but difficult to find. He tells us about them in his *History of the Dividing Line*. Chastellux, a French traveller, said that practically speaking *there were no roads!* He writes of having needed a *compass* when he went to see Thomas Jefferson at Monticello.

As New York and Boston prospered and grew, the roads close to these cities were improved, and on them were es-

established lines of stage-coaches such as were used in England and in other countries. These stage-coaches were great, cumbrous vehicles—closed carriages—swung on springs, with seats inside for passengers, and the top arranged for luggage. The driver's seat was high up, in front, and behind there was a place for the *guard* to ride. The guard was always armed with a pair of pistols, for, though the fear of Indians passed, the danger of *highwaymen* remained many years. No doubt the presence of the guard made most stage journeys safe; but sometimes parties of robbers, mounted on horseback and wearing black masks, would lie in wait for a stage at some desolate place, overawe the driver and the guard with pistols, and rob the travellers. So you may see that a journey by stage-coach was not always dull and uninteresting.

The coach was drawn by four fine horses which always travelled at full gallop. The horses were changed by relays every ten miles. As the stage would draw near a road-house or tavern where horses were kept, the guard would blow his horn loudly. In a few minutes, with rattle and groanings, tramlings and snorts, the stately old bus would swing into the yard and slow down to a stop, to find a fresh team waiting to be buckled up in place of the tired steeds.

The stage-driver always kept his horses moving at their utmost speed, and the passengers were shaken backward and forward and up and down! In Pennsylvania and Virginia, sometimes, the roads would be so rough from the washing rains that progress had to be slow. The driver

would shout to his passengers: "Lean to the right!" and then, as an historian of that time expresses it, all the "jostled and bethumped travellers" would crowd to the right side of the coach. And maybe a little later the coachman would roar "Left," whereupon the poor passengers would pitch themselves over to the other side of the coach.



AS THE STAGE WOULD DRAW NEAR . . . THE GUARD WOULD BLOW HIS HORN LOUDLY

Often, when the road was too bad to afford passage, driver and passengers would have to get out and cut a *new road* through the woods.

Then, at his journey's end, a traveller from a distance, after being jostled and shaken over rough roads and half-drowned crossing rivers, would have to "stand and de-

liver'' the news, for everybody crowded about him and pressed him to talk, no matter how jaded and tired he was.

So, as you see, to go anywhere in those days was beset with difficulties, and people thought a long time before starting on a journey. And there is a story of a man in Boston who was so very cautious that he made his *will* before starting for Philadelphia:

THE SPARROW AND THE BOY

FROM "GOOD WORDS"

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him.
Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad,
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees—
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?"
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

THE BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The country was in the beginning of its development when Benjamin Franklin was born in what was then the small town of Boston, in 1706. His story, which he himself tells us, charms from the first. One of a family of seventeen children, Franklin seems to have come into the world with a happy spirit, and to have enjoyed life from the very first, in spite of poverty and hard work.

He said himself that he did not remember when he learned to read—he seemed always to have known how! In the one year that he went to a grammar-school, he advanced rapidly. And he studied and played with equal spirit, and got into mischief and was soundly spanked for it in the way that is usual to boys.

One of his young ideas was to convert a stretch of salt marsh close to the sea into a wharf from which he and his schoolmates could launch their boats. To this end, he and the boys who followed his leadership carried great stones from a heap which had been collected by some carpenters to build a house, and began their labors. The carpenters missed the stones, and the boys were discovered and reported; whereupon they were punished by their irate fathers and forced to abandon their enterprise. Franklin says, regretfully, that though he demonstrated the utility of the work, his father convinced him “that what was not honest, could not be truly useful.”

When Benjamin was eight years old his father took him from the grammar-school, thinking that he should be taught more practical things, such as arithmetic—which, by the way, Benjamin hated. Though the lad had a good teacher he never became friends with arithmetic, and he left school at the age of ten, with the record of failure behind him. The rest of his education was to come to him through reading and through personal contact with the world.

His father was a tallow-chandler by trade, and had a shop in which Benjamin was taken as assistant. It is easy to see how such a life would irk a boy of that age—being shut up in the little dark, dingy shop, with its smell of tallow, while outside were sunlight, and fresh winds filling the sails of the boats as they hurried out to sea!

The boy loved the sea, and the stories he listened to and the books he read strengthened his wish to rove over it in search of adventure. He could swim like a fish and could manage a boat with ease when he was ten, but his father discouraged all thoughts of following the sea as a profession.

The father's first idea was to keep Benjamin in the shop, but this he soon found would not do, for Benjamin had a way of escaping from his work to some quiet corner, with a book. Since he could not go to sea, he would escape to books for the adventure he craved!

We know how easy it is these days to gain access to books, for every town has its library, where a book on almost any subject may be borrowed to be read in one's own home. It was very different in Franklin's day. His father

had very few books—and those mostly sermons; and the little boy made desperate efforts to find other things to read. He says that all the money that came into his hands was spent for books.

Not once or twice in the story of our great country the hardships which came to one boy worked a great good to many others. Every boy and girl who borrows a book from a library should remember that it was that little book-starved boy of two hundred years ago who, as a man, founded the *first public library*.

Benjamin Franklin's father was just and kind, but plans for the boy's future worried him a great deal. And since he could not agree that the son should go to sea, and it was plain that Benjamin would never do well in the shop, he tried with a great deal of wisdom and patience to discover in what direction the boy's talent lay.

But if Benjamin was called "the many-sided Franklin" later in life, the cap fitted equally when he was a boy! He was interested in every occupation, and through his father's efforts he gained a passable knowledge of many things. He must have been a quaint-looking little lad at twelve, walking out with his father, in buckled shoes, his hair tied back with a ribbon—and with his young head filled with plans of what to do with his life! In this day and time a boy of twelve has very little thought of the future—he is busy only with lessons and play.

The final decision was that Benjamin should be apprenticed to his older brother, who was a printer. Ben-

jamin's great love of books seemed to indicate that this choice was a wise one. At least, as time went by, he became a very good printer, though his brother was not an agreeable person to work with. He had the opportunity to read more books and to make many new acquaintances. His ignorance of arithmetic bothered him, so he bought "Cocker's Book on Arithmetic" and went through the whole "with the greatest ease."

Being much pleased with some volumes of *The Spectator*, which he came across, and thinking the writing "excellent," he wished if possible to imitate it. "With that view," he says, "I took some of the papers and, making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by for a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again." The essays in *The Spectator* were written by men famous then, as now, in English literature. Franklin in his study of them gained a mastery of the English language that in after life, as a statesman, an author, and a diplomat, he used with all the power of his quick wit and able mind.

He put his desire to write into use first as a contributor to a newspaper which his brother began to print in 1720. This was the second newspaper printed in America, and was called *The New England Courant*. The first newspaper was *The Boston News-Letter*. The idea of a second paper was discouraged by the friends of Benjamin's brother, who deemed one newspaper enough for America! But Benjamin's brother persisted in trying it awhile, and one of

Benjamin's duties was to carry the papers to the subscribers after having worked at "composing the types and printing off the sheets."

Different friends of his brother's wrote "little pieces" for this paper, and Benjamin, a boy of fifteen, determined to write some too! But fearing that his brother would not print his "little pieces" if he knew who had written them, Benjamin disguised his writing and "put an anonymous paper under the door of the printing-house at night." His brother found it, read it to his friends, was pleased, and printed it. We can imagine Benjamin's delight, and his pride in the fact that when guesses were made at the author they named "men of learning and ingenuity."

His brother's discovery of the real author did not please him. Benjamin found his path as his brother's apprentice growing step by step more difficult. To jealousy and injustice, physical ill-treatment was added, so that finally this apprentice, who was now a big, awkward lad of seventeen, decided to run away to New York and try to find work there as a printer. Accordingly he sold his few precious books to get a little money, and started upon his first venture alone in the world by taking passage on a sloop for New York.

There was no work to be found in New York, but he was recommended to a printer in Philadelphia, and he departed for that city in a boat. This second voyage, though shorter, was indeed a hard one. There was a storm, and the food and water gave out, and Benjamin reached the

land feverish and sick. Nevertheless, he started the very next day on his journey from Amboy to Philadelphia. Part of the way he walked—wet and cold and often hungry—a strange boy in a strange country, with only a few pennies in his pocket, but within his heart the determination to conquer the world! And so he journeyed to Philadelphia—the city that in later years claimed him with pride as her greatest citizen. Let Franklin himself tell you of this experience:

“I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatman for my passage.

“I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker’s he directed me to. . . . I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife’s father; when she, standing at the door saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance.”

And there in Philadelphia, at seventeen, we may say that Franklin stopped being a boy. Far from his own people and thrown on his own resources in a strange city, he developed rapidly the self-reliance and steady judgment that



SHE . . . THOUGHT I MADE . . . A MOST AWKWARD, RIDICULOUS APPEARANCE

helped to make him the great man you will read of in history. The list of things he did is a long one; he was a printer, an editor, an author, a scientist, an inventor. He was the founder of the public library in Philadelphia; he founded, also, the University of Pennsylvania and the Pennsyl-

vania Hospital. He was special representative of the Colonies to England for a number of years, Ambassador to France, one of the committee of five who drafted the Declaration of Independence, and one of the delegates who framed the Constitution of the United States. He received degrees from many famous European universities, and his ability as a statesman was recognized by both France and England, to which countries he was sent on difficult missions.

Benjamin Franklin lived to be eighty-four years old, and he seems to have kept to the last the enthusiasm of his youth and his interest in humanity.

THE FIRST ARMED CLASH FOR THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS (1676)

The "rebellion" led by Nathaniel Bacon in 1676 was at bottom for the same cause as that which a hundred years later was led by George Washington. The immediate occasion was different, but the basic cause was the same in both: the inalienable right of British subjects to have self-government. Both of them were based on the original charters under which Virginia was planted. Both of them were founded in the liberty-loving character of Englishmen expanded under the broad skies of the Old Dominion.

—THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

In Jamestown, Virginia, one hundred years before the Declaration of American Independence there occurred the first clash of arms in America for the people's right of self-government.

Lord Berkeley, the Royal Governor of the colony, had

grown old and tyrannical. He had lifted his favorites and tools into places of power, and managed to keep them there by failing to call new elections at the proper times. Thus gradually did Berkeley gather almost all power within his grasp, and he and the men who were his tools continued to trample on the chartered rights of the people. They appeared to have forgotten that the Jamestown Colony was intended as "a more free home for liberty-loving Englishmen."

But the Jamestown colonists had *not* forgotten!

A clash came, of course—a clash was due to come. And the "Naturals," as the Indians were called, furnished the immediate excuse for it.

To the north of Jamestown—for many miles—the settlers had built plantation homes, and these, of course, were beyond the protection of the Jamestown fortifications.

To the farther north were tribes of hostile Indians—a constant source of trouble. In the latter years of Lord Berkeley's rule the Indians were almost continuously on the war-path, and again and again descended upon inhabitants of the northern plantations, leaving behind them a trail of blood and fire.

The people appealed to the Royal Governor to send forces to protect them, but appealed in vain.

Their Governor with his "Grandees" was just then engaged—with these same murdering savages—in a secret and unlawful fur trade which was bringing him great wealth. Naturally, he did not like to have his money-making in-

terfered with, so he turned a deaf ear to the planters, and left them to be scalped.

But the planters did not relish being scalped, so from among their own numbers they raised and armed forces to resist the operation.

And they "humbly petitioned" the Governor to appoint a commander to lead them, and to grant them a *commission* to march against and punish the "Naturals."

The Governor not only bluntly refused this, but forbade their repeating the request. In the meantime he continued, against the law, to traffic with the Indians, and actually to sell to them the arms and ammunition which they afterward used against the white planters.

The distressed planters then determined to march against the Indians *without* a commission from the Governor. Young Nathaniel Bacon—a gentleman of quality and education, and kinsman to the great Lord Bacon—was asked to lead them, and accepted the perilous honor.

In accepting leadership of the oppressed and imperilled settlers, however, Nathaniel Bacon stoutly reaffirmed his loyalty to the king, and also required his men to take again the oath of allegiance to their sovereign.

Bacon and his followers then marched against and punished the Indians. Whereupon Lord Berkeley declared them all "rebels" and "traitors."

Bacon then wrote to the Governor, insisting that he had only protected the people from ravage, and asking that Berkeley grant him time to lay the whole matter before the

King, who, of course, was three thousand miles away—across the ocean.

Berkeley's answer to this was to have Bacon arrested for *high treason*. This was going a little too far, however, as Berkeley very soon became aware—for now nearly all the people had come to sympathize with Bacon.

Not even a Royal Governor cares to hang a popular man for doing what the people consider right, so my Lord Berkeley then made a fine show of “forgiving” the “rebel,” and *promised* to give him the much-desired commission against the still hostile Indians.

While away on his first Indian campaign Bacon had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses—the law-making body—and now he took his seat not only in that representative body of people, but also in the King's Council for Virginia. The piqued Governor, however, upon first one pretext and then another, continued to defer giving Bacon the promised commission.

Bacon then proceeded to have enacted wise and just laws. Among these were laws restoring to Virginians the general right to vote, lowering oppressive taxes, and calling an election by which the tyrannical men who had held office far overtime might be deposed.

But only *on the surface* was there peace in the colony, for Berkeley and his discredited Grandees beheld with increasing alarm the works of this young defender of the rights of the common people. And the time was not long before they began to plot his downfall.

For further dramatic happenings between Virginia's Royal Governor and Virginia's young Torch of Revolution, the reader is referred to the story, "Heart of Gold," immediately following.

HEART OF GOLD *

BY FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

A story in which all the essential points are true to history.

PLACE: The Royal Colony of Jamestown, Virginia.

TIME: One hundred years before the Declaration of American Independence.

PART I

Civil war in the Virginia colony!

Ay, civil war right there on the door-step of his Majesty's loyal subject, Henry Cocke, and in the very midst of his Majesty's colonial capital, James City, Virginia!

Civil war! But what else could one expect when a fiery young believer in Nathaniel Bacon and an equally fiery young supporter of the Royal Governor engage in a boyish quarrel?

"You!" exclaimed young Harry Cocke, after the first exchange of incivilities, "you, the son of a Cavalier, to make smooth excuse for a leader of rebels against the King!"

"Against the *Governor!*" corrected Dick Lightfoote, touched in an e'er-sore point, "Nathaniel Bacon rebelled against the *Governor.*"

* Nathaniel Bacon called his followers "Hearts of Gold."

“Against the *King!*” young Cocke contended hotly. “Governor Berkeley stands to us Virginians in the place of His Most Gracious Majesty! He says so himself.”

“Governor Berkeley is *not* the King!” retorted the other. “And Master Nathaniel Bacon says so!”

“So, so!” exclaimed the taunting Harry. “The rebel is poking his head up again!—and that after he has promised submission.”

Again was Dick stung to the quick. Nathaniel Bacon had already led his first expedition against the murdering savages—yes, and had led that expedition after the Royal Governor had refused the colonists the right to fight!

“The rebel is poking his head up again!” taunted Harry, “and *that* after he has promised submission!”

Dick Lightfoote flamed. “‘Promised submission!’” he cried. “Yea, but why?—why? Nathaniel Bacon promised submission because old Governor Berkeley agreed to give him that commission against the Indians, and because he had to take his place in the House of Burgesses awhile to make some decent laws for the people.”

“‘Decent laws?’” cried Harry.

“Yea, laws for making the taxes lower, laws to give all Virginians the right to vote!” snapped Dick.

“And has your Master Bacon *received* his commission against the Naturals yet?” sneered the other.

Harry had touched the sorest point between the two factions, for still the Royal Governor was withholding from Nathaniel Bacon the commission against the Indians, to

obtain which Bacon had made the temporary peace. But Dick was now making a supreme effort to get his temper under control again.

“The Governor has promised him the commission,” he answered, “and now that Master Bacon has accomplished his reforms——”

“Now, by my troth,” stormed Harry, “you are trying to say that your Nathaniel Bacon is master of Virginia!”

“Answer me!” insisted Dick. “Wasn’t it Master Bacon’s influence that made the new laws?”

“‘The new laws,’ yea indeed,” exclaimed the other in a towering passion now. “But my father says nobody cares for Bacon’s ‘new laws’ except the rabble who are not fit to be free! Just you wait, Dick Lightfoote!—Just you wait till the hour of midnight strikes, and *then* see who in this colony of Virginia will dare to dictate terms to the Royal Governor!” In blind anger now, Harry forgot all discretion. “I’ll wager you my cloak,” he choked out in his wrath, “that to-morrow’s sun sees no free rebel sitting in the King’s Council!”

“*What?*” gasped Dick Lightfoote.

But instantly Harry realized his terrible blunder! In his passion of boasting he had disclosed something which the young Baconian should never have been allowed to hear. The recognition of his grave misstep sobered him now, and he at once bethought himself of how he could throw Lightfoote off the scent.

“It is always safe to laugh when closely pressed,”

Harry had once heard his father say, so now he managed what he thought to be a quite natural chuckle.

But it was time for young Lightfoote, too, to play a part. He had caught the other's suggestion of danger to his beloved Nathaniel Bacon, and had noted that the already gathering night was the time appointed by the enemy to strike. However, Dick wished very much to throw Harry off guard, so that he might tell more.

“I'll take your wager,” he cried gayly, “and Master Lawrence shall hold the stakes.”

Harry's face had crimsoned, but he laughed again as he said: “Nay, nay, I did but try to take some of the strutting turkey-cock out of you, Dick Lightfoote. Ever since Master Nathaniel Bacon procured you the office of page to the Council you have known more of public affairs than the Governor himself.—'Tis nothing—what I said to you.”

But Dick Lightfoote was not so easily deceived. He knew well that in Harry's unwary anger he had spoken the truth—that there *was* a plot brewing against Nathaniel Bacon! Nevertheless, it seemed the part of wisdom to lend himself to Harry's pretense of jesting, so he said quite naturally:

“The turkey-cock must be strutting over to the Ordinary,* or Mistress Lawrence will be telling my friend Bacon that I stay away from my boarding-place till unseemly hours.”

*Ordinary: main room of a tavern for general meeting-place—a respectable bar.

Harry was anxious to be friendly now. "It must be very—*awkward*—not to have any parents or home—just a 'patron,' as you have," he said.

"Not when the patron is *Master Bacon*," the other replied proudly.

When Dick Lightfoote left his adversary, it was to saunter away carelessly as if he were convinced indeed that Harry Cocke had been but jesting.

But Harry Cocke had *not* been jesting—Dick knew that, all too well. Harry Cocke had spoken *the truth*—there was danger that night to Nathaniel Bacon, the gallant defender of the lives and rights of Virginians! Harry had spoken of *midnight* as the hour of fate. Well, "forewarned, fore-armed"—there was time yet to save the situation. Time yet—Dick whistled as he went slouching along toward the Lawrence Ordinary, well aware that Harry's suspicious gaze was following him in the deepening gloom.

Once across the Lawrence threshold, however, his whole manner changed. He was alert now—eager, swift! He wanted Master Lawrence—wanted him *at once*. But the master had not returned from his fishing-trip across the river, so the black slaves reported. Their mistress, then? But, alas! Their mistress was too ill to be seen.

Dick thought fast. Master Drummond—he could be trusted. For Master Drummond, like Master Lawrence, had been Nathaniel Bacon's friend through storm and shine. But the Drummond home lay within sight of the

home of Henry Cocke, and the road passed Harry's very door. That way held too much danger of discovery.

It remained for Dick himself to go to Nathaniel Bacon. That there was danger to himself in such a move, Dick knew of course. He knew also that there was danger in it to the cause to which he was pledging his boy heart, and this gave him pause.

If Berkeley's minions were to strike that night, surely by now they must be alert to all unusual moves. For him, Dick, to be seen in secret conversation with Bacon, or to be suspected of searching him out, would arouse suspicion at once.

But he must get to Nathaniel Bacon!

Dick seized his chance when the blacks were not looking, and slipped quietly out of the back door. There was no street here—only the promise of one—and the night was now black dark! Down yonder was the river. But to the left, at a considerable distance through the darkness, was the rear of the house occupied by Master Bacon during his residence in James City. The lad could see a dim spark of light in the one rear window.

Dick crept along through the tangle of growth which filled the partly open back street. But suddenly the sound of swift strides through the weeds brought him to a stand, with his heart in his throat. He had nearly run into two large, dark figures that were hurrying across his path in the direction of the river. A step more, and he would have touched them!

“The road and the river are picketed with men,” one of the dark figures growled out as they passed. “They are in wait to kill him should he attempt to escape.”

Dick gasped, but stood quite still.

“It were a pity to compass it that way,” the other croaked. “A rebel should be given the gift of the halter.”

“Yea,” replied the first voice, “and that will he be! He is to be arrested to-night. It is ours to see that he does not escape this way, and to kill him if he tries it.”

More was said between the two now vanishing figures, but Dick Lightfoote could not catch the words. As the steps passed on, he made swift way toward the point of light in the distant window.

PART II

When Dick reached his goal, it was to find the Bacon house shut and deserted. Desperate now, the boy crept around the house and came out on the main street. Across and farther down was the State House, the area in front of which was lighted by several “lanthornes.”

Dick stopped in his tracks abruptly. Right before his eyes was Nathaniel Bacon, and in conversation with the Royal Governor of the colony!—the treacherous Berkeley.

The boy was too much frightened to think clearly, but he felt the desperation of the situation. River and road were beset in case the prey should try to escape—the arrest was to be staged in town! And before him were Nathaniel Bacon and the Governor! Now who knew but that

here was to be the place of arrest, and Berkeley the man to give the signal?

The lad was thinking now—thinking fast. He must approach the two in the hope of some slight chance of warning Master Bacon. And he must have an excuse for so approaching the two most distinguished men in the colony. But whatever was to be done must be done with seeming innocence and frankness.

Dick walked directly up to within a respectful distance of the two, and stopping with a low bow, waited, hat in hand, for permission to speak.

“How now?” said the Governor, startled at the sudden appearance of the lad out of the darkness.

“Your Honor,” said Dick with another courtly bow, “I am charged with a message for Master Bacon. May I have your gracious permission to deliver it?”

Instant suspicion transformed the Governor’s face. But he must have reflected that *treason* would not be likely to approach so openly, for his voice was not unkind as he replied:

“Yea, an thou say it quickly and be off.” However, the Governor made no move toward allowing Master Bacon to receive the message in private, but remained standing between the two.

Nathaniel Bacon turned immediately to the lad, and the light of the largest lantern now fell full upon him. Dick thought that he had never seen his ideal so handsome before.

“The most accomplished man in the colony” was not

tall, but was slender, and of arrow-like straightness, which fact easily gave the impression of height. He was a young man, with straight features and fine dark eyes. As Nathaniel Bacon stood now in the light of the lantern, his plumed Cavalier hat tilted slightly to one side and his handsome cloak thrown gracefully around his shoulders, he made a picture that the admiring lad was ever after to remember.

“An thou say it quickly and be off,” the Governor repeated sharply.

“Master Bacon,” said the lad with first another bow to the Governor, “Mistress Lawrence is ill for fear that something has befallen her husband.” As he spoke, Dick was keeping his eyes on Bacon’s, and trying hard to *look* a message of warning. And he thought Bacon caught the meaning in his glance, for the handsome dark eyes narrowed slightly as that gentleman asked distinctly:

“Is there *trouble*—does she think?”

“Yea,” said the lad, and then with a slight change of tone, “Master Lawrence was fishing to-day at Archer’s Hope, and he has not yet returned to her. He was to have speech with you to-night, and Mistress Lawrence was in the hope that I would find him with you!”

Again Bacon’s dark eyes narrowed. “Nay, lad,” he said, “I know nothing of—the trouble.”

The Governor’s unsuspecting glance shifted to Bacon, and Dick seized the opportunity to give his friend a look of unmistakable warning this time.

“Master Lawrence told me to tether his horse at Arrow Point against the return of his boat,” said the boy. “*I hope he will be there shortly.*”

“I am *sure* he will,” said Nathaniel Bacon, returning a swift signal in his own glance now. “But we are taxing his Honor’s patience—Good night.”

“Good night;” echoed the lad, and with a low bow of deference, he backed out of the distinguished presence.

An hour later, at the head of a sharp, triangular glen, a frightened lad stood well back among the bushes soothing a restive horse.

Would Master Bacon come? *Had* he understood, or was this seeming chance for him to escape but a forlorn hope indeed?

This was “Arrow Point.” Dick had been safe in using the name in the hearing of the Governor, for it was the lad’s name and Master Bacon’s for a spot which they had christened themselves, and they only so called it.

In the ruse about “Master Lawrence,” Dick had tried to tell Bacon that there was going to be trouble, and that there would be a horse waiting for him at just this spot. Nathaniel Bacon’s friends were chiefly in the outlying settlements, and the lad was shrewd enough to realize that his first move would be to go to them.

When Dick delivered his message to Bacon right under the very nose of the wary Governor, he had thought that it was understood by the man he was seeking to warn.

But here in the dark all things looked black to Dick. He was just wishing that he had stayed at Nathaniel Bacon's side, when a low voice spoke out of the dark:

“Dick!” it said.

“Here,” answered the lad, as softly, while his heart leaped within him.

In a few seconds, Dick had whispered to Nathaniel Bacon the news of the plot against him.

“The road and the river are patrolled against you,” said the boy, “but we can make it, I think, through the swamp.”

“‘We?’” echoed the other.

“I am going with you,” said the boy.

A silence fell between them there in the dark. And then the man's voice said: “I go but to come again with men at my back. It is a perilous undertaking, lad.”

“I will go with you, and return with you,” whispered the boy.

There was another pause, and then the man's voice—somewhat husky now—replied:

“Then it is you and I together!—Come, lad.”

The next moment, he swung into the saddle, the boy scrambled to a place behind him, and they took the dark and danger together—“Cavaliers,” knights, in the service of what was to become the great American Ideal!

It was a rough way and a winding—that which they threaded through the black dark, for they were fain to avoid the open road, and to follow rather the ways which a horse-man would least be expected to travel.

In dead silence too they went, till they were well out in the open country. Here, the danger of ambush past, the man in the saddle wheeled their horse abruptly into the main road, and spurred sharply forward for the northern plantations. A blustering wind was against them, and roaring pines around, while towering storm-clouds, gathering over the King's city, menaced from behind.

Here it was that Bacon broke their long silence. Dick was never to forget that moment, for it was then that the rebel patriot turned and said to him:

“You are a brave lad and true, my heart of gold!”

The boy did not answer, but only pressed a little closer to the lithe form to which he clung for security.

Hard galloping for a mile or two, amid the rumble of the coming storm, and then the leader slackened his urge, and called back to the boy:

“Can you hear me, Dick?”

“Ay, ay, Sir,” answered the boy.

“I would have you know me, lad, for what I truly am,” said Dick's hero. “It is only the cries of my brethren's blood which have wakened me to public revenge, for I do abhor rebellion.” *

The night-wind challenged and blustered, but Dick drew closer, till he could feel the beat of the strong heart beneath his encircling arm—till his keen, eager face was swept by the backward fluttering plumes of the Cavalier hat.

* All sentiments attributed to Bacon in this story are taken from his published letters, proclamations, etc.

But Nathaniel Bacon was speaking again:

“Loyalty to our King has been the preface in my proceedings to all men,” he cried passionately now. “I have always accounted the justness of authority a sanctuary; I have never otherwise said, nor ever will have any other thoughts. And I ask only to lay the whole matter before the King. But the savages continue to slay the King’s subjects, and my Lord Berkeley and his crew continue to trade them arms and ammunition for the spilling of English blood!”

Dick felt the slight, but sinewy, frame tremble with emotion, and then the speaker burst out again:

“By the blood that is daily spilled, I will have that commission, and my Lord Governor shall sign it!”

Dick gasped.

“And will you dare?” he cried.

“I dare be brave as I am innocent,” Nathaniel Bacon called back through the now bursting storm.

Onward amid the clash of elements—the rushing wind, the rocking forest!

Then once again from Nathaniel Bacon—passionately, and as to the raging night itself:

“And they write me ‘traitor,’ ‘rebel’!”

“Yea”—from the Heart of Gold behind him, while hot tears suddenly bathed a boyish face—“yea, Master, but in fairer time they will write you *fair*!”

PART III

“Bacon is coming back and at the head of a raging tumult!”

The wild rumor flung James City into consternation. The astounded Governor made haste to order a hot reception prepared for the “rebel’s” returning. But alas! authority presents only a sorry figure when obedience lags. The people of the King’s colonial capital were not at heart with their Royal Governor. The wisdom and justice of Bacon’s laws, added to “the personal charm and genius of the daring youth,” had so appealed to them that, in all the King’s city, willing men enough were not to be found to uphold the King’s Governor against the beloved rebel who, to “drum-beat and to heart-beat” was now marching down upon him.

“To save his face,” the Governor then ordered that there be no defense of the town whatever. This was the old trick of seeming to be very peaceable in order to conceal weakness.

Accordingly the King’s Council and the Burgesses were sitting in their accustomed sessions at the State House, when Nathaniel Bacon marched into Jamestown at the head of half-a-thousand men.

“I will go with you, and I will return with you!” Dick Lightfoote had said that stormy night to the fleeing, hunted Bacon.

And, on this sun-kissed day of triumphal returning,



*“BACON IS COMING BACK AND AT THE HEAD OF A RAGING
TUMULT!”*

Dick, mounted upon a splendid bay and holding a brazen trumpet to his lips, rode before his beloved hero to herald his advance.

The heart of Nathaniel Bacon may have swelled with pride that day, but he was not so proud as Dick, nor did he sit his horse one whit more gallantly than did the young herald as he rode down the main street of Jamestown sounding the advance of the people's rights against tyranny.

If only Harry Cocke were out to see his state! Dick looked to right and to left for Harry, but nowhere was he to be seen amid the throngs now gathering from all quarters. It was a mixed crowd that, and made up of many men of many minds. But by far the greater number of them sympathized with Nathaniel Bacon. And, here and there, all down the line of march, the spirit of a people who were destined to be free proclaimed itself in wild applause.

“To the State House!” the order ran. And a short while thereafter, the house in which the King’s Council and the Burgesses were sitting in session, was surrounded by the armed followers of Nathaniel Bacon.

Panic ran through the little city, and the populace gathered around the besieging forces. Here, for the first time, Dick saw Harry Cocke. Indeed, he all but rode over that young gentleman—for Harry deliberately squared himself in front of Dick’s charger.

“Traitor!” called young Cocke, shaking his fist at the lordly trumpeter.

“*To your Governor, mayhap,*” answered Dick defiantly, “but not to the sovereign people of Virginia!”

At this moment, however, Nathaniel Bacon rode forward, and Dick reined his horse sharply aside to make way for his leader.

Handsome—aflame with high purpose!—the young patriot was now the centre of all attention.

“Go tell my Lord Governor,” he commanded one of

his men, "that Nathaniel Bacon waits to receive his promised commission against the Indians."

The bearer of the message went quickly within.

A silence fell upon that waiting throng. A long silence broken only by ominous mutterings. Then the messenger reappeared at the door of the State House, followed by a committee from the Council, who approached Nathaniel Bacon and engaged him in parley.

Dick could not hear what was being said between them. But he could well guess, from the dramatic gestures of his master and the scowls of the Councillors, that they were making small headway toward a peaceable settlement. And all the while young Cocke stood near in scowling defiance.

"See!" cried Harry to Dick presently, "the Councillors are returning to the State House—returning *in disdain!* They have refused your Nathaniel Bacon's insolent demand!"

"Ay, but look at my Nathaniel Bacon's face!" answered Dick.

The ominous mutterings were swelling threateningly now, but Bacon's voice commanded:

"Steady, men!"

Almost at the same instant, the Royal Governor followed by the Council appeared at the door of the State House. For a full minute, Lord Berkeley stood there, hotly imperious, and waiting as for his enemy to advance.

Bacon dismounted from his horse, but stood immovable,

and returned the Governor's look of awaiting the next move.

Then, to the astonishment of all, the Royal Governor marched down the steps—the people falling back to make way for him, all except Nathaniel Bacon! Right up to Bacon he strode.

“Rebel! Traitor!” he cried. “I denounce you as an enemy to the King!” He tore open his bosom. “Here! Shoot me!” he cried. “A fair mark-shoot!”

A flash of admiration swept the face of Nathaniel Bacon, who quickly and quietly protested:

“Sir, I come not, nor intend, to hurt a hair of your Honor's head!”

“Fair words for a rebel!” cried the aged Governor. “But our swords, and not our tongues, shall settle between us. Draw! And in single combat shall the judgment be won!”

“Nay,” cried Bacon almost entreatingly. “Your Honor may please to put up his sword. It shall rust in the scabbard before ever I shall desire you to draw it! I come for a commission against the heathen who daily spill our brethren's blood—and no care is taken to prevent it!”

Bacon paused. Dead silence reigned. The climax had come between them—the climax of that first, historic fight for the rights of Americans!

The oppressor stood silent. The oppressed held their breath.

Nathaniel Bacon, the patriot rebel, waited for the an-

swer which was to mean so much to Americans of all after-times.

But that answer was—only silent, lordly contempt!

The Councillors were around the Governor. The Burgesses looked on from the second-story windows of the State House.

Bacon spoke again, and with choking passion now:

“I came for a commission, and a commission I will have before I go!”

The lordly, contemptuous Governor would have withdrawn here, had not Bacon suddenly placed himself in front of him.

“You have promised, and you shall fulfil!” he cried. “By the blood of Englishmen sacrificed to your iniquitous trading, I will have your promised commission, to save the lives of the remnant left!”

But at this, the haughty Governor only turned upon his heel to end the interview.

But again Bacon blocked his path.

“Ready! Aim!” he called to his men.

And in an instant “the loaded muskets of the fusileers pointed with steady aim and true toward the white faces in the State House windows,” toward the breasts of Governor and Councillors.

“We *will* have it!” now shouted the fusileers. A quick-witted Burgess waved a handkerchief from an upper window, and called, “You *shall* have it!” And the victory was won.

The beaten Governor retired to the State House, and drew up a commission for Nathaniel Bacon as commander against the Indians. It seems that the terms of this paper were objectionable, however, for Bacon promptly tore it up, and himself dictated the commission he desired. This, the Governor was obliged to sign.

Then "to drum-beat and to heart-beat" Nathaniel Bacon and his tried and true followers marched out of the King's city to set their faces against the savages.

And Dick Lightfoote went with Bacon, but not until he had taken a final fling at Harry Cocke:

"My Nathaniel Bacon has received his commission against the Naturals," he laughed, "and *your Royal Governor has signed it!*"

Governor Berkeley now again declared Bacon a "rebel," and raised a force to march against him. Bacon, "abhorring rebellion," begged that the whole matter be laid before the King, but this Berkeley refused. Civil war followed, in which Bacon triumphed until death by sickness struck him down.

After Bacon's death, Berkeley quickly regained his lost ground. In his orgy of revenge, he hanged so many Baconians that the King exclaimed in disgust:

"The old fool hath hanged more men in that naked country, than I did for the murder of my father!" And the King recalled Berkeley to England, putting in his place a governor who was more to the taste of the Virginians.

Popular history has written "defeat" against the name of Nathaniel Bacon—but let us judge by final results:

Bacon so punished the Indians that they never again seriously troubled the Virginians.

Bacon's wise and just laws—repealed by Berkeley—were re-enacted after Berkeley's recall.

And Nathaniel Bacon, through his contention that the people *had the inherent right to resist oppression*, lit the first signal-fires of American liberty.

As for Dick Lightfoote, he lived to hear the opening rumble of that greater American Revolution, in which another Virginian was to lead, not only his own people, but the people of all the thirteen English colonies, to victory and freedom!

"Loyal!" Methinks the antique mould
Is lost!—or theirs alone,
Who shelter Freedom's heart of gold,
Like Douglas, with their own!

—FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

BY THOMAS MOORE

The great Dismal Swamp near Norfolk, Virginia, was an almost trackless tangle of cypress-trees and roots and undergrowth so vast in extent as to have, nearly lost in the centre of it, a lake seven miles long. It was a place

haunted by many a fearful legend, for the Indian, the white man, and the negro slave, all wove about it gruesome stories. Like Sleepy Hollow in New York, it had its Headless Horseman, and it became generally a refuge for unhappy ghosts, for fugitive criminals, and runaway slaves. A story is told of a young man, who, having lost his mind at the death of the girl he loved, imagined that her spirit plied the Lake of the Dismal Swamp in a white canoe with a firefly lamp. Eager to join her, he fled into the Swamp, and was never heard of more.

“They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a heart so warm and true;
And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

“And her firefly lamp I soon shall see;
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangles of juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
“Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?”

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
“Welcome,” he said, “my dear-one’s light!”
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him far from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter’s camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS

BY MAY HARRIS

Wild flowers are among the most interesting features of a new country. To the student they whisper valuable secrets about the climate and the soil in which they grow. Many men—and some very great men—have devoted their lives to the study of plants and flowers, and have written wonderful books about them. These books afford delightful reading, and help us to interpret the more wonderful book of Nature—to find for ourselves—

“—tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.”

The best way to study wild flowers is to go to their haunts and make friends with them—and that is what every child in the world wishes to do.

We may be very sure that one of the first interests of the children of the colonists was the discovery of new flowers—flowers they had never known in England. Finding strange blossoms was adding fresh pages to the flower books, while meeting flowers that recalled the English ones they had known, was really glimpsing familiar faces in a strange land.

The woods and fields of this new country were full of flowers, and those little Colonial children had a quaint name for the tight, round bunches of blossoms they gathered to take to their mothers and teachers: they called

them “tussy-mussies”—a queer name, was it not? A man named John Parkinson wrote a book about flowers in 1690, in which he said:

“There be some flowers that make a delicious tussy-mussy, or nosegay, both for sight and smell.”

But those children of the early settlers had need to be very careful at first, for the newness of the country made flower-hunting difficult, and often the presence of wild animals or of Indians rendered it dangerous. But later, as the pioneers pressed back the wilderness, children had a larger freedom in forest and field.

Each month brought its wonderful procession of flowers; and to be allowed to go into the woods on a bright spring day, and gather armfuls of gorgeous blossoms was one of the rewards of being good. But little fingers were not allowed to pluck blooms from the gay beds in Mother’s front yard. These were precious things, for the seeds and roots had to be brought to the Colonies from England and Holland far away over the sea.

The very earliest blowing flower of all—the *trailing arbutus*—is found in the South as well as in New England. Arriving somewhat later, *wild violets* bloom all over the country, in soft shades of blue. In the early days of spring also, a white flower comes to join the pink arbutus and the blue violets. This is the *bloodroot*, a delicate, one-flower plant, whose crimson juice was used by the Indians to paint their faces and tomahawks. It grows everywhere from Canada to the Southern States but has to be looked

for very carefully, on rocky hillsides and under the winter leaves.

After these hesitating beginners, the flowers come thick and fast, not only treading on each other's heels, but crowding together as if glad of company. Lilac-colored *foxgloves*, yellow *primroses*, and pale-purple *iris* blooms beckon to eager children from the shady depths of the woods. *Wake-robin* and *trillium* also come in "the sweet o' the year," as spring has been beautifully called; and in the days when the sun is beginning to warm the soil, we find *spring beauty* creeping along the ground—

"So bashful when I spied her,
So pretty, so ashamed!
So hidden in her leaflets
Lest anybody find!"

This dainty little flower, whose pink color reminds us of the arbutus, shuts its petals close except when the sun shines, and it grows best on the banks of streams. You see, wild flowers choose their places to live in very carefully. Some, like the arbutus and the bloodroot, grow on steep hillsides in rocky soil, but many others require moisture. In the swampy places, children find those queer, dark-brown flowers we know as *sweet shrubs*. These flowers keep their spicy sweetness even when withered and dry; and a little boy's pocket, in springtime, generally has a handful of sweet shrubs mixed in among its other treasures.

One of the most beautiful of American wild flowers is

the *yellow jessamine* of the South, whose tiny golden trumpets, in early spring, make garlands of fragrant bloom over all the deep wood places. The *dogwoods* are always white blooming for Easter; and if you have ever seen a *crab-apple* tree covered with its rose-pink flowers you will need no word-painting to bring back the memory of its beauty and charm.

May is the month for *mountain-laurel* and *wild honey-suckle*—masses and masses of pink, with bees and butterflies fluttering over them. This is the “dress-up” time of the year, and nearly every little girl wants a frock as pink as the flowers! Down in the swamps, all over the country, there is another pink flower for children to find—the little *Arethusa orchid*, as fragrant and as dainty as if it had come straight from fairy-land.

Do you know *Queen Anne's lace*—growing like a green-white mist by the water's edge? and the white *wind-flower*, creeping close to the ground, with a tear-drop in its heart?

In summer, *Indian pinks* flame red in the shady places; *brown-eyed Susans* laugh all along the zigzag rail fences, and *meadowsweet* and *deer-grass* may also be found.

Then there are quaint flowers, not easy to find—*Jack-in-the-pulpit*, preaching a sermon in the corner; the *lady's-slipper* orchid, looking like a badly shaped shoe for a fairy; and, late in the summer, when the flowers are growing scarce, the *butterfly-weed* waving its vivid orange flowers. *Spiranthes*, or *ladies'-tresses*, put up their delicate spiral blooms in late September, and with them come those queer, white fungus flowers called *Indian-pipes*. In October the *goldenrod* makes even the shabbiest fields bright

with its sunshine; and in November, when the trees are bare, the *gentian*—loveliest of all lovely blue flowers—waves the farewell of the flowers to the Year.

These are just a few of our American wild flowers. How many of them do you know?—and can you think of the names of some others that are friends of yours?

Flowers stay only a short while, but they come back every year; and these that bring so much of pleasure to us, are the very same little blossoms that delighted the boys and girls of the Long Ago.

A SONG FOR APRIL

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN*

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

* Reprinted from "Rain Song" by permission of Robert Loveman.

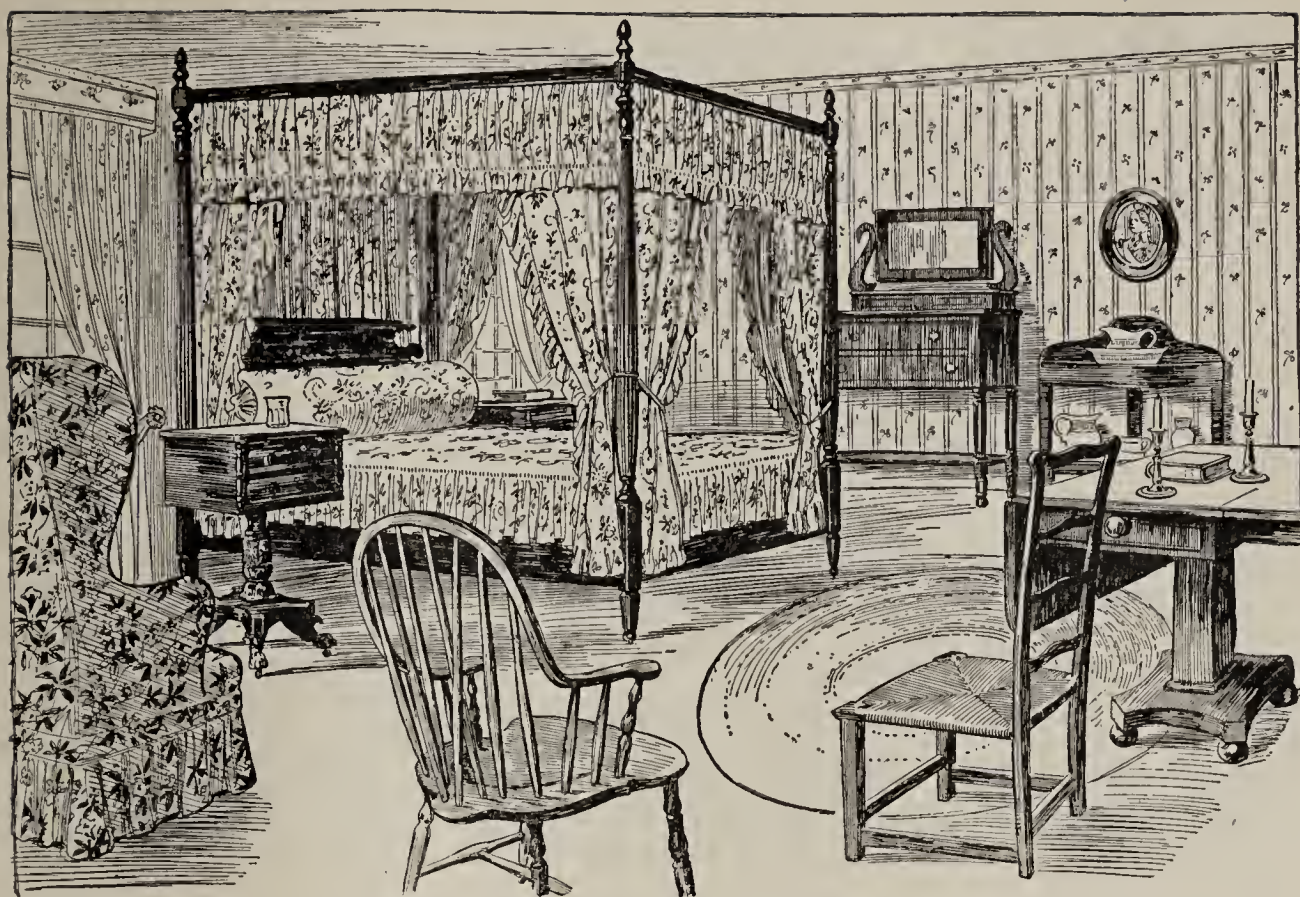
COLONIAL HOMES

It must be remembered that what we call the "Colonial Period" of our history extended over more years than are covered by the life of our *nation*. For one hundred and sixty-nine years England ruled the English-speaking people of America, while it has been only a hundred and forty-four years since we threw off that rule and established the "United States."

So, when we speak of "colonial times," we must not forget that that period covered nearly two centuries of marvellous growth. We must be sure to remember also that the crude beginnings which we are apt to think of as "colonial" were only *beginnings*, and that later colonial days saw a most wonderful advancement.

The first colonial homes, then, consisted of holes dug into the earth on the banks of the James River in Virginia, of log homes, and of cabins of crudely sawed boards. In Virginia the first houses were made of logs from trees which the settlers cut down and hewed with slow and painful labor. The cracks between the logs were filled with clay to keep out wind and rain, and the doors and window-shutters were made of rude boards. In New England the cabin of rudely sawed boards was the type.

But of course the people wanted better houses, so they soon established lumber-mills and brick-yards, and began to build homes of a more pretentious kind. Some of these



BEDROOM IN A COLONIAL HOME

better houses are still standing, and I want to tell you about two or three of the most famous ones. Remember, they belong to the time of your grandmother's grandmother's grandmother.

One of these old houses is in Salem, Massachusetts. Now colonial Salem, as you may know, enjoyed a very questionable distinction.

In those early times people very generally believed in witches, but in parts of New England the fear of them became for a short time frantically hysterical. In Salem the persecution of supposed witches was especially violent, and twenty innocent persons there were put to death for witchcraft.



THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

With its many gables, its general air of gloom and mystery, the house is like a ghostly monument of tragic history

But I was going to tell you about an old house in Salem. This house is known as "The House of the Seven Gables," because of a story by that name written about it by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is said to have been the home of one of the cruel judges of Salem, before whom people were tried and condemned for witchcraft. Hawthorne's story has made this house known to all the world, and no visitor goes to Salem who does not wish to inspect it.

When you see it from the street, with its many gables, its small windows, its general air of gloom and mystery, the house is like a ghostly monument of tragic history. But when you go within, and you remember Hawthorne's

story, you actually feel that it has a voice—yes, and a very familiar voice. And you want to listen to every word it says.

Miss Hepzibah's tiny shop, where the children used to spend their pennies for gingerbread elephants and "Jim Crows," is still open, and there you can buy the same sort of things to-day.

The rooms are furnished as they were two hundred years ago—from the parlor with its white-panelled walls and quaint tables and chairs, to the wonderful old attic where many ancient things are stored away. In this attic you can see an old seaman's chest, a relic of the times when voyages from Salem were made by the great sailing-ships of the past, and a spinning-wheel that could tell quaint stories of the hands that had guided it. From one of the heavy beams of the roof hangs a parrot's cage, brought from some distant and tropic country—perhaps by the same seaman who owned the old chest. The colonists of New England seem very real and very near to you as you roam this many-gabled old house.

Another colonial house is "Westover," the beautiful home of Colonel William Byrd, built in the latter part of the seventeenth century, on the river James, in Virginia.

This William Byrd was a man of great wealth, and his home was the handsomest in that part of Virginia. The bricks to build the house came from England, and so did the furniture, china, and glass. It was a very large house, so that many guests at once could be entertained by the



WESTOVER

Westover was a centre of hospitality for William Byrd's friends and neighbors

hospitable owner, and it had a splendid entrance-hall and stairway.

The library at Westover was a very large one for those days, including over three thousand volumes. It contained many books given Colonel Byrd by famous writers whom he had known in England. Pope and Chesterfield and Dryden and Swift were personal friends of his. The colonel was a great favorite at the English court on account of his wit and his grace of manner. His portrait, painted by Kneller, hung on the wall at Westover—a handsome Cavalier in a curling wig and the picturesque clothes of the period.

Westover was a centre of hospitality for William Byrd's

friends and neighbors. The Carter, Page, Fairfax, and the Chiles families were all frequent guests at the stately old mansion, and distinguished travellers from abroad were often entertained there.

William Byrd's beautiful daughter, Evelyn, was born at Westover, and there also she died. Her tomb and her father's are in the old flower-garden at Westover—both almost covered by the trailing green and the blue star flowers of the periwinkle.

Nearly a hundred years after the building of Westover, what was to become a very famous mansion was built in New York. This was "The Pastures," the home of Philip Schuyler, and it was built by his wife while he was in England on government business which kept him two years.

A descendant of the Schuyler family has described the way it appeared when the owner saw it first:

"It was a pleasant sight that met the eye of Philip Schuyler as he approached Albany on his return from England in 1762. A large new house of yellow brick, substantially built, stood on the slope above the high river-bank about half a mile south of the city. It commanded a fine view of the Hudson, beautiful in those early days, with its green shores sloping to the water's edge, its willow-fringed islands lying out in the stream. Promontories crowned with noble trees extended out into the water, on the pebbly beaches the tide splashed and rippled, and in every direction the white sails of the passing boats gave life and animation to the scene."

Like Westover, "The Pastures" was a centre of entertainment. People in those days were very hospitable, and guests who came were so cordially welcomed that they frequently remained for weeks and months. One old story tells of a guest who lingered seven years!

The name "Schuyler" was a famous one in the history of Dutch New York, and General Philip Schuyler was a brave and patriotic soldier of the Revolution. The marriage of his daughter, Betsy Schuyler, to Alexander Hamilton, then Washington's aide-de-camp, was a brilliant war-time wedding. Old accounts tell us of the beauty of the bride, and of the many notable people who gathered in the old house for the occasion.

Like most colonial houses, "The Pastures" has a very beautiful stairway. The mahogany railing of this stair bears the cut of an Indian tomahawk which tells a thrilling story. Just after the Revolutionary War a raid was made on the Schuyler house by a band of hostile Indians. The family rushed to an upper room for safety, forgetting in their flight a baby asleep in the lower hall. On realizing that her baby sister had been left, Margaret Schuyler, a young girl in her teens, dashed down the stairs, caught up the baby, and fled with it back to safety. As she flew up the broad stairway, an Indian threw his tomahawk. It barely missed the baby's head and buried its edge deep in the stair-rail.

This old house, standing serene and peaceful by the Hudson, has entertained many famous guests—men who

were the makers of American history—Washington and Franklin and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Lafayette, Hamilton, General Burgoyne, Major André, Baron Steuben, Philip Livingston, and Aaron Burr. It is a distinguished guest roll.

THE SONG OF YOUTH

BY M. B. C. HANSBROUGH

The sun is awake in the cradle of day,
And the new-born life is fair,
And joy cries loud from the lark in the cloud,
And pure is the perfect air!

O, open your petal lips, my rose,
And sing with your perfumed tongue,
For every dawning is day made new,
And all the world is young!

With bees in the verdure and birds in the blue,
And nectar in every flower,
A languishing star that still lingers for you
With the heaven's first flush of power,

With love in the earth and the air, my dear,
And laughter like matins sung,
The soul is reborn with each day, and life,—
Ah, life is forever young!

KNIGHTED

A story of the saving of the Protestant English colonies from destruction by the Spanish of Florida, in which all the essential points are true to history.

BY FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

A boy member of the debtors' colony of Georgia writes to his mother in England

FREDERICA IN THE COLONY OF GEORGIA,

MY HONORED MOTHER:

6th July, 1741.

Father says I must write down for you, from day to day, just what we are doing, because something might happen to us, and then you might never know. As the couriers go out to Charles Town, I'll post the letters to you. He can't write himself, you know, because he and the other men are working night and day on the defenses of Frederica. I strained my ankle this morning or I would be carrying water.

Yesterday was a terrible day with us! And to-morrow— But you say I always begin at the wrong end of a story. I will answer your questions first.

Yes, Father is well—so well, Mother, you wouldn't know him. Do you remember how he used to sit always with his head down? Think of it—my splendid Father there in the Marshalsea Prison among the criminal and the vile just because he could not pay a debt of fifty pounds! He holds his head up now, Mother, and looks men in the

face again. When he is working or fighting, I am sure he almost forgets the Marshalsea. He loves this New World because its sky and sea and forests stretch out forever, and, as he says, a true man is not limited here. I never studied the word "limited," but I think I know what he meant.

Yes, I have seen General James Oglethorpe!

And what do you think? I am sitting right now where I can see him and my father. They are walking together and talking earnestly, and the General has his hand on Father's shoulder. I wish *I* were a man! I'd be brave too, and maybe the General would put his hand on *my* shoulder! It's terrible to be just a boy! But I could fight if they would only let me. General Oglethorpe was a soldier under the great Duke of Marlborough when he was only fifteen. Boys don't have any fun *now!*

Now there goes that French Man passing just as close to father and the General as he can make an excuse to—he's trying to hear what they are saying, and I *know* it! I'm so glad you taught me French, because it may help me with him. Wish I knew it well.

But I am talking at the wrong end of the story again! I have not yet even told you who Frenchy is. He came down the other day with a party of volunteers, and Lieutenant Sutherland accepted him and put him to work. But I *hate* him! Ever since he has been in camp he has hovered close to General Oglethorpe, and you ought to see the look in his eyes when he watches the General *and*

doesn't know that I am watching him. You know that the French are to the west of us and claim out to Never. Also they don't like us any better than the Spanish do.

If I were only a man, I would do something besides just *watch* that French fellow. I've a good mind to call out to him to mind his own business. They might be saying something they don't want him to hear!

But I can't interfere, I'm nothing but *a boy!* That Tim Mulligan laughs at my size, and says that the first time he saw me he took me for a Georgia mosquito and started to kill me. Tim Mulligan thinks he's so *big!*

But I meant to tell you about General Oglethorpe. He is fine, Mother—tall and brave and handsome. You know they call him the “gentleman of unblemished character.” And he treats every man in the colony as if he were just as fine as himself.

They all adore him—all, that is, nearly all. A few don't like him because he won't allow negro slaves and rum in Georgia. He says that they would be bad for the colonists. The Indians almost think him a Great Manitou. He paid for their lands instead of taking them by force—like William Penn, you know. And he is so good and so just that they even bring him their savage quarrels to settle. Because they love General Oglethorpe, the Indians are our strong allies against the Spanish. One of them—“Jim” we call him—is my partner.

Of course, you know that General Oglethorpe not only doesn't receive any pay for his work for the Colony, but

is also spending his private fortune upon it. Think of doing that to help prisoners for debt!

And oh, Mother! He talked to me the other night—when I was cleaning his musket. Think of it, General Oglethorpe talked *to me!* He says that service is the goal of Manhood. I wish you could see how clean I got that musket. And he says that nobody realizes what this little handful of Georgians means to the English colonies of America—that if we are wiped out, the chances are that English-speaking America will be wiped out.

And you ought to have heard him picture how it's going to be, some far-off day, if we English can only hold our own here against the Spanish on the south and the French to the west of us. He says that these forests will give way to harvest-fields—broader and richer than the world has ever known before—that there will be thousands of boats on these beautiful rivers and ships of all lands in our harbors, that rich mines will be opened and great cities builded. And that all the people will be happy and free—with not a prison for debtors *anywhere!*

If I were only a man!

And oh, Mother, I'll have to tell you now—the Spanish are marching upon us—they are almost here!

Yesterday, our General had a terrific encounter with them in the harbor, where they had entered with thirty-six sail—the combined fleets of Cuba and St. Augustine. They outnumbered us fearfully, men and ships, and though we killed hundreds of them, they finally got past our batteries, and have landed thousands of men at St. Simon's.

These, our scouts say; are marching toward Frederica. They say they will be on us by to-morrow.

General Oglethorpe beat them here by a forced march, and is now preparing to go out and try to stop them. He reminded the men this morning that the King had liberated them from the horrors of the debtor's prison on their promise to stand between the Carolinas and these Spanish hordes. And he told them that if Frederica is lost, the English colonies will be lost, and their promise will be forever broken.

They are working like mad on the defenses. And I ought to be carrying them some water. But I don't want to carry just water—I want to carry a musket—I want to carry *a cannon!*

There goes that French Man—I wish he were back in Louisiana! I'm going to get my crutch and follow him.

I will write you again—maybe—after to-morrow.

Your loving

WILLIE.

Postscript: Father sends his love.

FREDERICA IN THE COLONY OF GEORGIA,

8th of July, 1741.

MOTHER:

The battle is over, and the Georgians are still between the Spanish and the Carolinas.

Father was wounded, but he is going to be better—our General says so—so, of course, it's true. He was shot in the breast.

We had trouble with him last night when his fever was so high. He thought he was back in the Marshalsea, with

the prison rats running over him and the ravings of the smallpox sick around. He wouldn't believe that it was only a tent which shut him in. But General Oglethorpe came by on his rounds among the wounded, and had Father carried out under the stars. Then he knelt down beside him and showed him the forest and the sky.

Father quieted at once, and whispered:

“Are we in the Better World, General?”

“We are in a *New World*, Corporal,” our General replied, “and one which you are helping to make a better.” Father smiled at that, and shortly dropped off to sleep. He is quieter this morning, but is still afraid of the tent.

I wish I could tell you about the battle yesterday, but I simply can't describe it. The Spanish advanced on Frederica, and General Oglethorpe went out to meet them. There were many, many more of them than of us. Our men hid in a thicket in a marsh, and attacked the enemy when they stopped to rest. We killed so many of them that we are calling the fight the “Battle of Bloody Marsh.” And they ran, Mother—the rascals ran, leaving muskets and cannon behind them and their dead unburied. And we captured some prisoners too.

But the Spanish have got under cover of the guns of their fleet, and have halted. Our men are saying that they have stopped only to turn and come again when they find out how weak we are. The one thing needed now is to keep them *from finding out*.

Mother: I had to stop here because a soldier came to me with a summons. I'm to report to the General in half an hour. Think of it!—I, your boy, am summoned to a conference with General Oglethorpe!

Hurrah! I'm in it at last! General Oglethorpe needs me because I can beat a drum like all creation! We are going to slip up under the Spanish guns to-night, scatter all about among the palmettos, and drum as if there were a billion of us. We are going to scare the life out of the Dons! We are going to run 'em into the sea!

Hastily,

BILL.

Postscript: My foot is *all right*.

Postscript: Tim Mulligan, our mess sergeant, says he wants to stuff me full before I start for the palmettos, so I will make at least *one* good mouthful for the alligators. I informed Tim that there are worse things than being eaten by alligators, and he said he wished I'd tell him what. I'd hate to have as little sense as Tim Mulligan!

FREDERICA IN THE COLONY OF GEORGIA,

July 13th, 1741.

MOTHER:

We are betrayed—cruelly betrayed—and by that French Man!

We slipped down to St. Simon's to beat up the Spanish camp at night, but just before we got there, the French Man—who had gone with us—suddenly fired off his musket to warn the enemy, and took to his heels in their direction.

I was nearest to him when he fired—I had kept near him on purpose, as I didn't trust him—so when he started, I grabbed him. I held on, of course, and of course he beat me. But I didn't turn loose until Frenchy kicked me on my bad ankle, and things went black for me.

When I came to my senses, Indian Jim was kneeling by me in the starlight. He had seen the struggle—you know what good eyes Indians have—but hadn't got to us in time to hold Frenchy. Jim said that scouts had followed the traitor right up to the Spanish camp, but couldn't catch him.

By this time he has told the enemy how pitifully few of us there are!

Father is better this morning but they won't let him see me, because I am so knocked up. And I haven't seen the General either. I am glad I can still write, because I would be awfully lonely if I couldn't—with the men so busy.

But I didn't finish about last night. Word came to us there in the starlight to drum for all we were worth. Jim had a drum too, and mine was still by me. I got him to carry me nearer the enemy—where our work would count most—then I played that the old drum was Frenchy and started in on it. I am telling you this, Mother, not to brag, but just because I want you to know that I did my best.

Well, we made the night reel with the Grenadiers March, and if that French Man hadn't got across to betray our weakness, we would have made the Dons think there were a billion of us, and scared them into the sea.

As it was, they didn't come out to attack us, and we retired.

Wasn't it mean, *mean* in that French Man to spoil our fun!

I had to stop here, Mother, to do— Guess what? To examine a Spanish prisoner in French!

We are going to play the most wonderful trick on the Spanish! But I don't know where to start telling you, I'm so excited.

General Oglethorpe wanted to use a Spanish prisoner who didn't know any French, but he didn't want the man to suspect that he was being examined. So, he sent the man to me. I was to play I was a creole and couldn't talk anything but French, and they were supposed to be trying to get somebody who could understand me.

Well, they brought the prisoner to my cot, but he couldn't understand French at all! That was exactly what they wanted, you know—a Spanish prisoner who could *not* understand French. Later they took him to the General.

And now for the trick, Mother—I'm not telling a soul in the world but you: You know I told you that our only hope is to fool the Spanish about our numbers. Well, General Oglethorpe has written a letter to Frenchy—in French of course—which is going to fool the Dons again, and make them believe that what Frenchy must have told them about us is all a falsehood.

General Oglethorpe offered my Spanish prisoner his freedom if he would carry the letter to Frenchy, and the man agreed. And remember, he can't read it on the way—he might not deliver it if he could.

The letter is to the French Man, and pretends to be friendly, as if he were *our* spy. It tells him he must be sure to make the Spanish believe that General Oglethorpe's forces are *very weak*, and if possible, to pilot them up under our hidden batteries so we can smash them to pieces. The letter tells Frenchy that if he will do this, General Oglethorpe will pay him double the sum he has already paid him. Now, Mother, the General hasn't paid Frenchy anything. We are just pretending—to fool the Spanish, you know—because, of course, they will take the letter away from our messenger and read it. The letter tells Frenchy further that if he should fail to get the Spanish to attack us again, to *be sure* to keep them at St. Simon's for three days longer, when we will be reinforced by two thousand infantry and six men-of-war. Of course, Mother, we are only trying to get them *not* to attack—trying to scare them *away from* St. Simon's, because we have no hope of reinforcements at all.

The prisoner has gone with the letter.

General Oglethorpe says that if the Spanish get it from him and *believe it*, they may get scared, and leave. But that if they do not, we must die with our backs to the Carolinas.

Yours desperately,

BILLY.

FREDERICA, IN GEORGIA, 17th of July, 1741.

MOTHER MINE:

Don't ever call me your "little boy" any more, for something wonderful has happened to me! I——

Forgive me, Mother, I should have told you first that Father is going to get well—the General was right, of course.

And the Spanish have gone! The decoy letter worked, and they turned tail and fled to their ships to sail for St. Augustine at top speed. We got the whole story from some of our men who were prisoner to them, and who escaped in the general mêlée. And such a confusion as they left behind!—arms and equipment of every kind, and stores in profusion. But they burnt the village of St. Simon's as they went.

It seems that they searched our prisoner-messenger as soon as he got there. You see, he had told them that he did not have any message of any kind. Of course, they found General Oglethorpe's letter to Frenchy on him, and at once called a council of war.

Frenchy was summoned, and denied bitterly being in our employ. It seems that he was spying on us *for them* when he dropped down into our camp and enlisted with us under Lieutenant Sutherland.

But though Frenchy protested that they were being tricked by us, and begged them to believe that they could crush Georgia like an egg-shell, they wouldn't trust him again.

And then they got to quarrelling among themselves. About that time they sighted a few fishing-sail in the distance and, thinking that General Oglethorpe's "six men-of-war" were bearing down upon them, they made for their ships in panic.

Did you ever hear of anything like it, Mother? With just two ships and only six hundred men, General Oglethorpe has for fifteen days baffled the Spanish with their fifty-six sail, all told, and five thousand infantry!

I heard him speak to our men when the news came of the flight of the Spanish. He told them that they had kept their promise to the King nobly, and made safe for all time his colonies of the Carolinas. And I couldn't help wondering, Mother, if the King wouldn't be glad that his Georgians—the few that are left—are spared from the Spanish too.

And now for myself—and I feel so ashamed of the beginning of this—as if I mattered among men like these!

But I matter to you, Mother, and I am telling *you*. You know I wrote you about trying to hold Frenchy the night he betrayed us, and how he beat me up? I didn't tell you, but he got me bad—that's how I have had time to write so much. I've been in bed ever since. But I am going to be all right soon. They didn't tell Father that I was knocked up, and I didn't tell anybody how it happened—I thought they would say I didn't have any sense, being such *a boy*.

But this morning Indian Jim got back with his rangers,

and came in to see me. And what do you think? When I told Jim that I hadn't said anything about that night in the palmettos, he picked me up and carried me in his arms to Father.

And, Mother, General Oglethorpe was there talking to Father at the time. Then, if you will believe me, Jim told both of them the whole story—how I had watched Frenchy in camp, how I had kept close to him that night and clung to him in spite of his beating, and how I asked to be taken nearer the enemy so that my drumming would sound loud.

I didn't know what to do or what to say, I was so embarrassed.

Father put his sleeve over his eyes, and didn't say anything.

But General Oglethorpe laid his hand upon my shoulder and said:

“Son, you are *a man!*”

So, Mother mine, I am not your “little boy” any longer—Father says to tell you that my General has conferred the rank of Manhood on me.

Your son,

WILLIAM.

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
“’Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.”

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE SOUTHERNERS

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE

Sweeping down below Virginia's capes
From Chesapeake to where Savannah flows,
We find the settlers laughing mid their grapes
And ignorant of snows.

Kind skies above them, underfoot rich soils;
Silence and savage at their presence fled;
This Giant's Causeway, sacred through their toils,
Resounded at their tread.

With ardent hearts and ever-open hands,
Candid and honest, brave and proud they grew,
Their lives and habits colored by fair lands
As skies give waters hue.

The race in semi-feudal state appears—
Their knightly figures glow in tender mist,
With ghostly pennons flung from ghostly spears
And ghostly hawk on wrist.

.
Swift hoofs clang out behind that falcon's flights—
Hoofs shod with Golden Horse Shoes* catch the eye!
And as they ring, we see the forest knights—
The Cavaliers—ride by!

* Golden Horse-Shoe Knights. Legend says that golden horseshoes were given to the "knights" who, with Governor Spotswood of Virginia, opened up to settlers the Blue Ridge valley.

A CAVALIER TOAST

BY GUSTAVE MERTINS

May the pleasures of life all abide with you;
May God in His mercy provide for you;
With Love and with Laughter to ride with you,
Go joyously, day by day!

This World's but a breadth and a span, my boy;
The Lord only knoweth its plan, my boy;
Here's the heart of a man to a man, my boy,—
God bless you and keep you always.

CAVALIER CHILDREN OF LATER COLONIAL TIMES

The people who settled in Virginia and those who settled in New England were both of the same Heart-of-Oak British stock, and held to the same great principles of life. In the mother country, however, they had belonged to opposing factions—Cavaliers and Puritans—and they had very different ideas of living.

The New England settlers were “Puritans”—those who had sought to “purify” the established church. They were very religious and quiet, and they wore “sad-colored” clothes and believed it their duty to be sober-minded.

To Virginia came the Cavalier class—along with many others, but they were what we call the “dominant” class. These Cavaliers were the supporters of the King and of



A VIRGINIA PLANTER

the established church, and many of them were representatives of the finest old English families. They wished to live in Virginia exactly as they had lived in England, and they believed in being just as happy and as gay as possible!

These Virginia people lived on plantations which were so large that the houses were of necessity many miles apart. Each man lived like a prince in a big house on a vast estate and the social life of the Cavaliers was moulded on the same system as that of England.

These great distances between the homes of the planters, however, worked one hardship—the children did not live near enough to each other to be gathered together in schools, as they were being so successfully gathered in the many little manufacturing villages of the North.

However, the Virginia children were not without instruction, for their fathers—most of them wealthy men by later colonial times—sent “back home” for tutors for them, and as the children grew up, sent *them* back home to college.

If you had been a little boy in Virginia in the seventeen hundreds this is the kind of home you would probably have had—that is, unless you happened to be one of the “poor whites” that nobody writes pretty pieces about:

First, there was the house—built on the most beautiful spot to be found, and planted about with oak-trees; for English people loved the oak best of all the trees.

Your house—of brick, or stone maybe—had large rooms, a long hall, and a beautiful staircase. And there

was a wide porch with lofty columns and a broad, hospitable flight of steps.

The furniture and fittings were brought from England, too—mirrors in carved gilt frames, spindle-legged chairs and sofas and tables, a tall desk called a “secretary” where your father kept his letters and papers, sacred from every touch but his. Then there was a spinet—a sort of piano—for your mother to play on when she sang that sweetest of all English songs, “Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes!” And all through your dim old rooms was the scent of roses from your grandmother’s potpourri jars. Upstairs the rooms had beds with tall, carved posts, with curtains all around, so that when you went to bed you seemed to be sleeping in a tent.

One of the rooms down-stairs was the schoolroom, and every morning you were marched in with your brothers and sisters to do lessons. Sometimes your teacher—he was called a “tutor”—was English, and sometimes he was Scotch; but always he was a young man who knew a lot about Latin and was cruelly determined you should too! When lesson time was over, how you raced for out-of-doors!

Outside the house were the flower-gardens, beds of bright color bordered with box, where your mother loved to walk every morning and gather flowers for the house. Beyond the flower-garden was the orchard with rows of beehives among the apple and cherry trees. Then came the round dove-cote for pigeons, and a barnyard full of

cackling geese and hens. The stables were beyond all this—and full of beautiful horses, the pride of your father's heart. Virginia gentlemen loved horses and dogs next to their families, and when they rode out fox-hunting, mounted on those satin-skinned thoroughbreds with the fox-hounds yelping at their heels and pulling at the leash, you watched them and wanted—oh, so badly!—to be a man so you could go with the merry crowd! You and your brothers had your ponies—you were taught to ride just as soon as you could sit in a saddle!—but riding a pony seemed a tame amusement as you watched your father and his friends, in their scarlet coats, ride off to hunt the fox!

The old negro man who drove your mother in the big family coach with four—and sometimes six—horses would be sorry for you and say:

“Never mind, little Marse! By an' by, *you* gwine fox-huntin'.”

Back of the stables ran a little lane straight down to “The Quarter.” This was the place where the negro servants lived. There were rows and rows of cabins—each with its little bit of ground planted in vegetables and flowers. It was like a small town. And after the day's work was over, the negroes would sit on the door-steps picking on their home-made banjos, and singing their soft half-savage melodies. You loved to listen to them—and also you loved to hear the stories the old darkies told—stories about animals and birds that talked to each other like people. You would sit breathless to listen! You never

thought then of the grave question of "slavery"—you and your black friends were children together, they in race and you in years, and, somehow, you both "belonged."

Most of all, you loved your old "black Mammy" who took such care of you when you were little, and rocked you to sleep at night with queer old songs you never forgot! Mammy was always as black as a coal. She wore a bandanna handkerchief for a turban, and a blue homespun dress with a white apron.

The little negro children were called "pickaninnies"; you liked to play with them, for they always did as you told them. One of your best games was to play that you were a general and they your soldiers.

But all the time after lessons was not play. There were hours with mother and father, who had things they wished to teach you. They said their children must be ladies and gentlemen, and they took great pains to make them so. You were taught to be polite and courteous. When your sister dropped her handkerchief, you had to pick it up and hand it to her nicely. You at first objected bitterly to doing this, but Mother said that was the way gentlemen did. You saw that father always rose to his feet when Mother or any other lady entered the room, so you learned to do so too. And your sisters learned to drop a courtesy gracefully—as all the girls and ladies did in those days—and all of you were taught to dance. Many visitors came to your house, and sometimes you heard them say: "What well-mannered children the Virginians have!"

Your father taught you to speak the truth and always to keep your word. You thought him the finest gentleman in the world, and you wanted when you grew up to be like him.

Life on the plantation was very busy. Everything needed was made on the place. There were mills to grind flour and meal, and blacksmith and other shops. Leather was tanned on the place and made into shoes. The negro men were trained as carpenters, bricklayers, etc., and the negro women were taught to spin thread and weave it into cloth, and then to cut out the cloth and weave it into garments.

I think the children in those days had the chance to see a great deal that was interesting, and must have been very happy.

We know some of these Virginia children by name. Evelyn Byrd you have heard of. The Carter children lived close to Evelyn's home, "Westover," and she played with them when she was a little girl. The Carters were a large family, and the boys and girls were high-spirited like their father. He was called "King Carter" in fun, because he was very rich and wanted to control every one—but his real name was Robert. He was one of the most brilliant and able men of his day. King Carter had twelve children, and they led a lively life of it on their father's great plantations. There were three of these plantations—each with its big house, and one of these houses, "Sabine Hall," is still standing.

And in 1706 a little girl named Mary Ball was born in Virginia. Her father, Colonel William Ball, was not wealthy, so Mary was brought up in a very modest way. Her father's home, a very simple one, was in a part of Virginia called "Epping Forest," and little Mary was so pretty that she was called "The Rose of Epping Forest."

An old letter written in 1722 gives us a charming picture of the sort of girl "The Rose of Epping Forest" grew to be: "Mistress Ball, and her sweet Molly," says the letter, "have just paid us a visit. Mamma thinks Molly the Comeliest Maiden she knows. . . . She is very sensible, Modest, and Loving. Her hair is like unto flax; her eyes are the color of Yours, and her cheeks are like Mayblossoms. I wish you could see her."

This dear little girl, when she grew up, married a man named Augustine Washington, and their son George was the great first President of the United States.

And then there was little Sally Fairfax, the daughter of Brian Fairfax, who was George Washington's friend and pastor. Sally was born at Belvoir, a large plantation that adjoined Mount Vernon, and as her aunt had married Lawrence Washington, the then owner of Mount Vernon, Sally played as a child in the beautiful old gardens that slope down to the Potomac. George Washington was very fond of this little girl.

Sally Fairfax was the devoted companion of her father, and we know from a diary which she kept when she was only ten years old, that she took an interest in everything

around her. When her mother gave a Christmas party at Belvoir, Sally quaintly wrote of the preparations:

“On thursday the 26 of decem Mama made 6 mince pyes and seven custards 12 tarts 1 chicking pye and 4 puddings for the ball.”

The little girl played chess with her father's friends—an unusual accomplishment for one of her age. Her journal, which has been preserved by her relatives, is finished by a tail-piece drawing of a jackdaw. The bird is far bigger than the tree upon which he is perched, and underneath is written in large letters: “HA! HA! HA!”

Finished with a laugh—like a Cavalier!

THE MINUET

BY MARY MAPES DODGE

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I could not doubt it,
How she danced, my grandma—long ago!
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirts she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
Smiling little human rose!

Grandma's hair was bright and shining,
Dimpled cheeks, too! ah! how funny!
Bless me, now she wears a cap,
My grandma does and takes a nap, every single day;
Yet she danced the minuet—long ago;

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stockings—
Every girl was taught to knit—long ago—
But her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow—long ago.
Grandma says our modern jumping,
Rushing, whirling, dashing, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle people—long ago.
No, *they* moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly, curtseying back again.

Modern ways are quite alarming, grandma says,
But boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean, of course—long ago,
Sweetly modest, bravely shy!
What if all of us should try just to feel
Like those who met in the stately minuet, long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore—long ago.
And if in years to come, perchance,
I tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
We did it in some such way, long ago.

EVELYN BYRD AS QUEEN OF MAY

BY MAY HARRIS

A little girl with hair like brown silk, and eyes that tilted at the corners, came running down the great staircase of Westover House.

She was eight years old, and this was her birthday, and her aunt who was taking care of her at Westover while her father and mother were in England, had told her she could do anything she wanted to do—in reason—on this birthday.

It was May, and outside the sun was shining. The big lilacs of Westover were in bloom, and a mocking-bird was singing so hard that Evelyn thought he was trying to say:

“Two is company, three is a crowd!
Go away! Go away!”

For Evelyn wanted to go down the river in her own boat to take part in a May-pole dance given by her little Custis cousins—but she wanted to go with nobody but Mammy to look after her!

For dear old Black Mammy never said: “Don’t sit that way, Evelyn!” “Don’t hold your hands so!” “Try to be a good little girl!”

Those were the things her aunt said! What Mammy said was:

“Mammy’s chile mustn’t do dat-a-way! Miss Lucy’ll say when she come back, ‘Mammy, you ain’t managed ’er

made a shining path for their boat. The two negro men who rowed the boat were as black as jet, and they looked all the blacker for being dressed in white. So did old Adam—whose head was also as white as snow. Adam sat very straight and proud in his end of the boat, for was he not the chief protector to his master's most precious possession? Full of his importance, he directed almost every stroke of the oars, saying over and over:

“Pull, niggers! Pull together!” Evelyn thought he chanted it like a song.

By and by, as they rowed down the river, they heard distant voices singing where the negroes were at work in the tobacco-fields. These fields stretched away from the river—mile on mile—as green as grass, and as level as the sea. Tobacco was a very valuable crop in Virginia, and the laborer had to be careful not to break the young, tender leaves. They sang as they worked—in one part of the field some of the voices would chant the words, while ever and anon from another quarter would come in full-throated chorus, “Long time ago!” Evelyn always heard the chorus, which seemed to sweep up like an echo, but the other words were softer, being blurred by the distance.

Evelyn loved the water. She liked to watch the oars dip in the river and the little waves go out from the boat. She sat very still and thought how beautiful the river was, and how she loved Mammy and Frisk, and what a good time she would have with her cousins when she got to Brandon. And she was sorry for the rose she had pulled

which the sun had begun to wither. She dropped it over the side of the boat, and said, "Poor little rose!" as it floated away.

But as it left her, seeming to swim away, an idea struck her.

"Uncle Adam," she exclaimed, "I am going to give Frisk a swim—Mammy says every dog can swim."

But old Adam quickly forbade.

"Honey, don't you know dat dog ain' much more'n got his eyes open," he exclaimed, "he'd git drowned in dat current 'fore you'd know it!"

Evelyn caught her breath at the narrowness of her darling's escape. And she hugged the baby dog very close, as she looked with an awakened fear at the cruel current.

The boat-landing at Brandon was crowded with children as Evelyn Byrd's boat came down the river, and they called out to her and waved their hands in eager welcome.

With them was the Carter children's tutor, young James Blair, whose father had founded the first college in Virginia—William and Mary. This young man, and the Harrisons' English governess, a tall, red-faced lady with a deep voice, guarded the children against the danger of falling into the river. In the background were the negro nurses—black faces made blacker by gay turbans and stiff white aprons. And high on the slope above the river was Brandon, one of the most beautiful homes in Virginia.

As for the children that happy morning, they were

everywhere!—laughing and shouting and calling to Evelyn. When her boat reached the shore, and she stepped out, she was surrounded!

Elizabeth Carter, a bright-faced, red-haired girl of ten, rushed to meet her with:

“Oh, Evelyn, Dan came last night. But he can’t speak to you, he’s not allowed to. Come here, Dan!”

“Bob told him he shouldn’t talk,” explained Betty Fairfax, a tomboy with a tangle of black hair. “Bob says Dan is a mollycoddle!”

“Mollycoddle! Mollycoddle!” sang the other children, dancing up and down.

At this, a little chap about eight years old darted out of a group in the background, and, without a word, struck Bob Carter with his clinched fist.

Bob, a much larger boy, laughed, and made no effort to strike back, but drawled out, imitating his tutor’s manner:

“Little girl-boys ought not to fight. Run away, Baby!”

Evelyn’s eyes flashed. She went close to the boys and looked straight at Bob.

“Dan is *my cousin*,” she said like a flash of lightning. “Don’t you *dare* to make fun of him!”

The tutor and the governess here interposed hurriedly. The children must hurry up the slope to the house and dance the May-dance.

“We waited for you, Evelyn,” Miss Jarvis, the governess, said in her deep voice, “because you can lead the dance better than any of the others.”

“You must choose the May Queen,” Blair called out to them. “You children must come to me, one by one, and tell me whom you vote for.”

The children flitted about like a swarm of bees, chattering in high-pitched but sweet, childish voices. But Miss Jarvis soon marshalled them in a row to go to Mr. Blair.

Then, one by one, they approached and whispered to him their choice for Queen of May.

When the last one had voted, the tutor quickly added up his list, and made a gesture for attention.

“Little ladies and little gentlemen,” he said loudly, “the choice has fallen on our visitor, Evelyn Byrd. She will lead the dance, and she will choose her partner. But first she must be crowned.”

A shout went up from the boys.

“The wreath—where is the wreath?” Miss Jarvis demanded in a voice like a bell.

One or two of the girls wore disappointed faces. Judith Carter, a fair-haired little thing, looked quite downcast.

Daniel Park Custis was standing by Evelyn, withdrawn from the others, and Bob Carter, who had voted last, stood watching them.

Miss Jarvis here approached with a wreath of tiny picayune roses, and leading baby Martha Randolph.

“Martha wants to crown the Queen,” she said. Then Blair raised the little girl in his arms so that she might place the wreath on Evelyn’s dark-brown hair.

Bob Carter came up quickly.

“Dance with me,” he said commandingly to Evelyn.

Evelyn looked beyond him.

“I will dance with Daniel,” she said quietly.

The May-pole stood in the centre of the lawn, with long ribbons streaming in the sunshine, and with a great bunch of roses fastened at the top.

Miss Jarvis motioned to the negro fiddlers under the old oak, and they struck up a gay tune.

How the children danced, catching the swinging ribbons on the May-pole as they circled about it! And as they wheeled in waving lines, they sang in happy, youthful voices one of the May carols of Old England:

“The rose is red, the rose is white,
The rose is in my garden;
I would not part from my sweetheart
For twopence, ha’penny, farden.”

Miss Jarvis and Mr. Blair watched the pretty scene, and heads showed at the windows of the “big house.”

“King” Carter, the father of the Carter children, was not at home; but the children’s pretty stepmother had strolled down the terrace to watch the merrymaking.

When the dance was ended, Aunt Dinah, the cook, appeared with a great silver tray crowded with glasses of syllabub, while behind her followed two grinning negro girls bearing frosted cakes.

The children feasted and played until half past eleven, when Evelyn’s old Mammy got up from the shade of the

big oak-tree where she and the other negro nurses had been gossiping, and called out:

“Time for little Missis to go home!”

The entire party followed Evelyn down to the landing, where they crowded about her with never-ending good-bys.

But just then an unlucky mishap occurred. In the excitement and fun Daniel trod on Evelyn's wee dog Frisk, and stepped aside quickly at the little creature's yelp. But in springing aside, he missed his footing and fell into the great river. And no one knew why or how, but Frisk too was bowled into the water.

There was a moment of silent, agonizing suspense, but Blair and old Adam caught the little boy as he came to the surface, frightened and screaming. Then confusion reigned—a confusion of cries and exclamations, and high above the other voices came Evelyn's:

“Oh, Frisk! My little Frisk!”

And as they looked they saw the tiny white dog swept out by the current from the bank toward the middle of the river.

Evelyn ran down to the edge of the water, but a quick hand was laid on her arm. She tried to get away, straining her little body in dead silence, but Mammy's grip was like iron.

Then, as the little girl watched despairingly, a big splash sounded in the water, and Bob Carter—his head like a black ball on the water—struck out from the shore.

Young Bob knew how to swim—his tutor had seen to that. And as Blair watched, he knew that the boy was in no danger.

The swimmer made swift, sure strokes, and soon glad cries from the children told that he reached the little dog.

Here Blair jumped into a canoe and went to Bob's help, bringing the dripping boy and the dripping dog ashore.

Bob held out the dog to the now sobbing Evelyn without a word, and Evelyn took Frisk in her arms and held him close. Then she looked at Bob, whom she must thank. The tears were thick on her lashes, and for a moment she could not speak. Then:

“*Next* time I will dance with you,” she promised.

Bob nodded. “All right,” he said.

Evelyn came home as the great bells on the plantation were ringing for noon. When the boat reached the landing, she walked up the steps and through the garden, followed by old Mammy. Miss Parke had come to meet her with a letter in her hand.

“From Father?” Evelyn cried, putting down little Frisk and running to her aunt.

“Yes,” Miss Parke said. “He has sent for you to go to England by the next ship.”

The little girl wanted to see her mother and father, but she thought of leaving Westover and all the things she loved, and she began to cry—not loudly, but with trembling lips, and the tears running down her face. For



“OH, FRISK! MY LITTLE FRISK!”

she loved her dear Virginia home, and she knew it would be a long time before she would see it again.

Evelyn Byrd went to her father and mother in England and lived there a long time. She attended school there and was taught all the things young ladies of the time should know, and she grew into a wonderfully beautiful girl.

Her father took her to Court, and he was very proud of his daughter, for everybody admired her. When the king saw her, he exclaimed:

“Is it possible that such beautiful birds grow in our forests of Virginia?”

Several great artists painted her portrait, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, when she sat to him, painted a cardinal bird in the background of his picture of her.

Evelyn Byrd had grown up to be as sweet and good as she was beautiful, and the people of England were sorry when her father took her back to Virginia.

AUTUMN FIRES

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,

The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

COLONIAL INDUSTRIES

You need not to be told that the colonists found it necessary to work very hard from the moment they landed. They all worked—men, women, and children! First, it was for food and homes; and then, as they became comfortably settled, their thoughts and efforts turned naturally toward making money.

To do this, they studied and developed the natural resources of the new country. Sir Walter Raleigh, as we know, had learned of the use of tobacco from the Indians before the settlers came to Virginia. And the English people, once they had learned the pipe, seemed not to be able to get enough *smoke*—they wanted tobacco by the ship-loads! So, when the settlers came over to Jamestown, they knew they had a ready source of wealth awaiting them in tobacco-fields. They *cleared* their lands as soon as possible, and learned from the friendly Indians how to plant tobacco and how to harvest and dry it for use.

An old writer tells us that the tobacco-planters began to sow the seed early in March. These seed are smaller than mustard-seed! They were planted in small beds, and

protected from the cold until the ground was warm with the spring sunshine. Then, in May, the small plants were placed in the fields in long rows. They soon grew into large, vigorous stalks with broad green leaves, which in the distance somewhat resembled cabbage-plants.

All through the long, hot summer the rows of tobacco were carefully tended and kept free of weeds. And the planters, as they watched the green fields grow in the sunshine, thought happily of the things they might buy with the cargoes they should send away—of linens and silks for their wives and daughters; furniture, china, glass, and wine—all the soft, fine luxuries of living—not to say of many useful things.

In September the tobacco was cut and put into houses where it dried slowly. This required very careful management, for if it dried too fast the flavor was ruined.

When quite dry the tobacco was packed into hogsheads and stored away to wait for the coming of trading-ships. In November they began to come in—"at least twenty or thirty of them," says an old writer. The ship-owners brought everything they could think of to tempt the settlers to trade, for tobacco was money in those days, and brought almost fabulous prices in far-off countries. So when the ships sailed away, they were heavily laden with the "coin of Virginia," you may be sure.

Tobacco is still grown in Virginia and in other parts of the country where the Indians once raised it to smoke in their "peace-pipes."



WHEN THE SHIPS SAILED AWAY, THEY WERE HEAVILY LADEN
WITH THE "COIN OF VIRGINIA"

If the Virginians found that much wealth could be made by raising tobacco, they also discovered that they needed laborers to help them in the fields; and in 1619 twenty negroes, brought from Africa, were readily bought by Virginians and held as slaves. The custom of owning slaves was as old as the human race, and at that time slavery existed in many parts of the world. There were still many countries, and many enlightened people, that

had not waked up to the fact that slavery was wrong. Very soon all the other colonies, like Virginia, were buying and working slaves.

In South Carolina and Georgia tobacco was found not to grow as well as in Virginia; but here cotton—which, like tobacco, is a plant native to America—was widely and successfully raised, and the slaves were kept busy with this crop.

Close to the sea and on islands in these two States there are lowlands and swamps that were planted in rice. Southern planters also cultivated indigo, a vegetable from which a valuable deep-blue dye is made.

So we see that the Southern colonies had four great sources of agricultural prosperity—tobacco, cotton, rice, and indigo. Large plantations for the cultivation of these crops were spread out wherever a colony was founded, and upon these, with the aid of slave labor, great fortunes were made.

We know how different is the climate of New England and New York from that of the South. Ice and snow and cold make the winters long and difficult in these north-eastern States; but even under such arduous conditions this section of our country offered its own special fields of industry to the sturdy newcomers. The woods of this colder region were then full of fur-bearing animals, and the settlers soon learned from the Indians the best methods to snare and trap them. The trade in furs was so profitable that other countries, particularly France and Holland, sent over ships to trade with the Indians. Far inland, in the

desolate wildernesses, *trading-posts* would be established, where furs would be bought for a trifle from the Indians and then shipped to Europe to be sold for high prices.

Next to the fur trade was the lumber industry. From this source the New England colonists gained much wealth. From the splendid forests that grew close to the water's edge, they built ships to sell abroad. New England built vessels sailed to all parts of the world, and grizzled old sea-captains brought home many strange and beautiful things from the far countries of India and China and Japan. The forests furnished also great quantities of naval stores—tar, pitch, and turpentine; and likewise shingles and clapboards for a large trade.

These thrifty settlers traded along the shore, from one colony to another, and engaged in fishing off the Newfoundland banks. They employed many vessels in carrying cargoes at good freight rates, and thus rendered seafaring in the West also a profitable business.

For many years the colonists sent abroad or received cargoes without tax. But in the middle of the seventeenth century England began to hamper their trade with each other by imposing taxes on it. And she also compelled the colonists to send to her all their products intended for foreign markets, thus keeping them from going into the open world markets where they could have got better prices. At one time American manufacturing was prohibited as interfering with the sale of English goods in American markets!

To the colonists all this seemed very harsh, for they felt themselves to be simply "a body of English people living across the sea," and believed that they should have the trade privileges of Englishmen. As early as 1642 the Virginia Assembly boldly declared "freedom of trade to be the blood and life of a community."

So, step by step, did the selfish Mother Country approach her day of reckoning with her ill-treated colonies in the West!

VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

FROM THE POEM BY FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

The Knightliest of the Knightly race,
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
The kindest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Raleigh round the land,
With Smith around the seas.

Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The Lily and the Rose!
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth;
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth!

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR

BY ROSE E. YOUNG

On a stream in Virginia, in the days when Virginia belonged to the English, there stood a plain little schoolhouse that was known as the Bridges Creek School. Among the boys that used to say their lessons there, was a tall, blue-eyed lad named George, the son of a widow, who lived not far from the school.

George was the sort of boy that not only teachers but other boys like very much. When he studied, he studied hard; and when he played, he played hard. He was large and strong, and excelled all his schoolmates in running and leaping and throwing.

One very likable thing about him was his fairness. Though he was only fourteen years of age, the other boys used to bring him their quarrels to settle, because he could tell who was in the wrong.

Besides being fair, he was honest and manly. He had a way also of persevering in everything that he tried to do, whether it was working a hard sum in arithmetic or riding a bucking horse.

He was careful and painstaking in all his school work, but the study he took most interest in was surveying. From this he was learning how to measure land, and how to show the boundaries of estates and farms. He had decided to become a surveyor.

George made surveys all over the neighborhood, and kept regular books in which he entered the boundaries and measurements as carefully as if they belonged to real surveys, instead of being school work. He left school before he was sixteen; but he went right on with his study of surveying, and when he was sixteen, he was given a surveyor's license.

Surveying was of great importance in those days, because there were many Virginians who had large tracts of land, the boundaries of which had to be fixed.

One of these Virginia landowners was a man named Lord Fairfax, whose lands reached beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. He often visited George's brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, Lawrence's beautiful home on the Potomac River, and used to meet George there.

He was a queer old gentleman, but he learned to like George very much. This was not surprising, for George's manners were modest and frank and pleasing. As soon as the young surveyor received his license, Lord Fairfax decided to give him a chance to do some real surveying.

In company with a young kinsman of Lord Fairfax's, he was sent out to make a survey of the Fairfax lands beyond the Blue Ridge. It was his first journey into the great wilderness, and it was full of interest to him.

There was snow on the mountain tops when the young travellers first set out, but spring was not far away. They rode through thick forests, and over high mountains into a

vast and beautiful valley, beside a river that the Indians called the "daughter of the stars."

One night a band of Indians came upon the surveying party, and George had a chance to see an Indian war-dance. Up to this time he had not had much to do with Indians, but he thought it likely that he would have to deal with them often in his business, so he watched these closely, as they whooped and yelled and twisted and turned.

About two weeks were now passed in a wild country in the mountains, where the work of making the survey was carried on. Most of the time the young surveyors camped out, living on wild turkeys and other game. Each had to be his own cook; chips of wood had to serve for dishes.

One day the wind was so strong that their tent was blown down; another time they were driven out by smoke; another time by rain; and one night the straw on which George was sleeping caught fire, and he was awakened by his companion just in time to escape scorching.

At last the work was finished and George returned home and made his report to Lord Fairfax. His lordship was greatly pleased with what had been done, and used his influence to get George appointed public surveyor.

That was the first public office that the young surveyor ever held. But it was by no means the last. While he was still a very young man, he was in command of important movements against the French and Indians, who were fighting with the English for possession of the Ohio Valley.

When the English were at last successful, the young commander returned to Mount Vernon. This was now his own property, for his brother Lawrence had died and willed it to him.

After some years, trouble came to Virginia and to all the other English colonies in America. England, the mother country, began taxing the Americans unjustly, and they began to rebel at the injustice.

The English king determined to break the rebellious spirit of the colonists. In vain did the Americans try to get their rights by petition to the king. There was nothing left for them to do but to take up arms against the mother country.

The Congress of the Colonists asked the master of Mount Vernon to leave his pleasant home, where he had lived for fifteen happy years, and to become the commander-in-chief of the American army. He agreed to do so.

Perhaps you may have read how he led that army, through terrible sufferings and bitter defeats, to final victory over the English.

Perhaps you have read, too, that when peace was declared he became the first President of the United States of America, the nation that he had done so much to make. Perhaps you know that to this day the name of the young surveyor is the greatest name in American history—George Washington.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

In the cool of a starlit September night a long procession of boats floated silently down the St. Lawrence toward the city of Quebec, bearing the main body of Wolfe's army. In one of the first of the boats, quietly speaking to some of his officers, was the great general himself—the man who was to lead an attack against the French army of nearly twice his strength of men. Yet, in his words there was no suggestion of anxiety. There was no hint of his own bodily weakness, of the nights of racking fever which he had suffered in the last few weeks of the siege before this final attack, of the days when, forgetful of his own pain, he had gone from tent to tent encouraging and inspiring his men. Now, on the eve of the most daring, most critical and dangerous operation of the war, an attack which, from the very position of the two armies, seemed doomed before it began, Wolfe was quietly repeating the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

There was something peculiarly apt about one of the stanzas:

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

“Gentlemen,” he said when he finished the poem, “I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow.”

Twice, during the silent progress of the barges down the river, they were hailed by sentries from the shore. But Wolfe’s men had been prepared to be halted, and one who could speak French was ready with instant responses.

“*Qui vive !*” the cry rang out through the night.

“*La France !*” came the instant reply.

“*À quel regiment ?*”

“*De la Reine.*”

Later, when the sharp “*qui vive*” rang out again, the reply came from one of the barges in a whisper.

“Make no noise. The English will hear us. These are provision boats.”

In the last hours of the darkness Wolfe landed a patrol under the dark wooded cliffs on which stood the citadel of Quebec. This body was able to overcome the sentries on the narrow path up the cliff, and surprised and overwhelmed the guard at the top before they could spread the alarm.

Then the main body began the almost superhuman task of scaling the cliffs and carrying their pieces and equipment to the top. The darkness of the night, which was lighted only by the stars, aided them in their work, but the time was short, and the strength of the men was weakened from the sickness which had ravaged the British camp and the intense heat of the summer during the long siege which had preceded the attack.

In Quebec dawn broke to the accompaniment of alarm drums. Whispered rumors passed rapidly through the garrison of the city, and a message of warning was carried to Montcalm, the commander of the French forces. When the sun rose over the vast, flat plains of Abraham it shone on a long unbroken line of red where the British troops, successful in their perilous ascent, had massed in a perfect array of battle. The amazement of the French at this incredible sight knew no bounds. Montcalm, warned by hurrying messengers, could not believe that the position which he had supposed so impregnable—a position he had held so securely during a long summer of siege—was now actually in the hands of the enemy. When he was convinced of the extent of the danger he became desperate and, against the advice of his staff, ordered an immediate assault on the British lines. He saw at a glance that his only hope lay in a sudden violent offensive before the British could dig in. Once intrenched, he saw that there would be no chance of defeating them, but a quick attack before they could strengthen their position might easily rout them.

The French soldiers, although superior in numbers, had suffered from the siege far more than the British. Long periods of hunger had been weakening and demoralizing. They advanced bravely, but were unable to keep the solid front that the British maintained, unflinching, to the end. When they had advanced within range a volley from the British muskets mowed down their ranks with a withering storm of bullets. Before they could reorganize, a second

volley caught them, and in the moment of halt and confusion, the British troops with Wolfe himself, utterly careless of his danger, at their head, charged into hand-to-hand combat.

The charge was brilliantly successful for the British, but it cost them their heroic leader. In the first rush of the charge Wolfe was mortally wounded. Carried to the rear he refused all medical assistance and, until death overcame him, tried to follow the progress of the battle. An officer near him, watching the rout of the French, cried excitedly:

“See how they run!”

“Who run?” asked Wolfe.

“The enemy, sir! They give way everywhere.”

“Then tell Colonel Burton to march Webb’s regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I shall die in peace.”

But on the other side of the broken line of the French, in a hospital in Quebec, another soldier no less brave lay dying with a sadder word on his lips:

“I am glad,” said Montcalm when the surgeon told him that he could not recover; “I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.” Later, when some of the garrison officers asked him for his orders, he answered:

“I will give no more orders. I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is short; therefore pray leave me.”

The officers left him with his confessor. He died expressing his contempt for the mutiny and rout of his men.



"WHO RUN?" DEMANDED WOLFE

He was buried, according to his own wish, in a shell-hole on the field of battle.

Thus perished two brave men; soldiers in the best sense of the word, fearless alike of pain and death. They are the two great figures of the French and Indian War. Both of them will be remembered in the histories of three nations for their heroism and the tragic coincidence of a death which came to each of them in the moment of his greatest bravery; Wolfe leading his men into a charge, Montcalm trying to rally his troops in the face of death.

THE BETTER WAY

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone;
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record, which all men may read;
This is the better way.

IN OLD VIRGINIA

BY B. B. VALENTINE

I love the mountains wreathed in mist,
The twilight skies of amethyst,
The groves of ancient oaks sun-kissed
In Old Virginia.

I love the gorgeous trumpetflowers,
Wild rose and honeysuckle bowers,
The woodland incense after showers
In Old Virginia.

I love the laughter of the rills,
Cloud shadows stretched athwart the hills,
The jocund song of him who tills
In Old Virginia.

I love the martial ranks of corn,
Their blades agleam with lights of morn,
The curtains of the night withdrawn
In Old Virginia.

I love the Ocean's deep tone roar,
Surf lashed to foam on wind-swept shore,
The spray-born rainbow arching o'er
In Old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood,
The deference paid to womanhood,
The chivalric and gentle blood
In Old Virginia.

I love the love of native sod,
The simple faith that trusts in God,
The heads bowed 'neath the chastening rod,
In Old Virginia.

ENGLAND SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

In 1619, when the first law-making body of representative Americans met together in the little state-house in Jamestown, it was truly said that "this people have got their reins of servitude into their own swindge." Five years later these same representative Americans passed a law providing that *no taxes should be levied or applied in Virginia but by and with the consent of the Virginia Assembly*. In that hour England should have read "Revolution" in the handwriting on her wall.

In 1620, while at anchor in the Provincetown harbor and before they had yet set foot upon Plymouth Rock, the Pilgrims of the little *Mayflower* drew up and signed a compact to make just and *equal* laws, to which they all promised "all due submission." England should have learned then that "government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed."

When in 1635 the tyrannical Sir John Harvey was removed from his post as Governor of Virginia by the people's Assembly, England should have known that she had not seen the last of trouble with the Virginians.

The first American-written constitution—that of Hartford, Connecticut, and two associated settlements—was expressed from beginning to end in terms of an ideal *Democracy!* There was in it no mention of allegiance to the Mother Country, no pledge of fealty to her king. In that first American-written constitution of 1639, England should have read the doom of her rule in America—but England was blind, blind! And blind she continued when years later the men of Connecticut snatched away to safety in the Charter Oak that first American-written constitution.

When she allowed her little colony of Maryland to lead her and the Christian world in establishing by law (1649) perfect liberty of conscience, England should have known that she was yielding her boasted leadership.

The Lords Proprietors of Carolina drew up for their people a "Grand Model" of government establishing orders of nobility for Carolina and, by the same token, ruling that the "common people" should not only be denied political rights, but should be forever debarred from reaching a higher rank. Twenty years were spent by the proprietors in the effort to enforce their "Grand Model" upon the liberty-loving colonists, but spent in vain, for there was democracy in the very air of Carolina. And

later, when these same Carolinians rebelled against their proprietors, deposing the governor appointed by them, and electing one of their own choice in his stead, England should have at least *begun* to suspect the temper of them.

And when, in 1676, Nathaniel Bacon rose in open rebellion against the royally appointed Governor Berkeley, first forcing from him universal suffrage for Virginians and then—on the royal appointee's failure to keep his promise—smoking him out of Jamestown with fire and sword, England should have known that the time was not far off when fire and sword would avenge many another broken promise of hers to her colonies.

And when, in 1689, the people of Boston seized and imprisoned their royal Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, England should have known that here was a people whom no act of tyranny could cow—that not even political martyrdom—which she afterward meted out to Massachusetts—could force that grand old colony to recant from the faith of the Democracy which was hers.

When Nicholson, acting governor of New York, was compelled by the colonists to leave his post to make way for one of the people, England might have seen that which would have saved the spilling of English blood in the years which were to follow.

England should have known from the first that she could not hold in vassalage her colonies of America.

By the English blood that was theirs, she should have known it.

By the blood spilled for English liberty on English soil, she should have known it!

By all that had gone before in her own history, she should have rightly read that which would follow after.

But she was blind—blind to the clouds of revolution which were piling higher and higher, blacker and blacker in the West!

FOR YOU, O DEMOCRACY!

BY WALT WHITMAN

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone
upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the lifelong love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the
rivers of America, and along the shores of the great
lakes, and all over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each
other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these from me, O Democracy!

THE BOY WITH THE HOE

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?

Say, how do you hoe your row?

Do you hoe it fair?

Do you hoe it square?

Do you hoe it the best you know?

Do you cut the weeds as you ought to do?

And leave what's worth while there?

The harvest you garner depends on you,

Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?

Are you making it straight and clean?

Are you going straight,

At a hustling gait,

Do you scatter all that's mean?

Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,

And dance a step or two?

The road you hoe leads up a hill;

The harvest is up to you.

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